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[Vol. XI. OLD SERIES.]

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Original Articles.

L. E. L.

"A poetess in spirit, by the touch,
On a pure strain'd, she needed not the rules
Of pedants, sophists, dogmatists, and such
Art's trickery, or the doctrines of the schools
The glow was at her soul, and so she sung,
Life in her words, and heart upon her tongue.
Her theme was love!"—DELTA.

Poets have hitherto been classed by critics, according to some inherent mark of distinctiveness, upon much the same principle as governed the late Baron Cuvier in determining the various genera of irrational animals:—epic poets, lyric poets, didactic, dramatic, satiric, and erotic poets; and several more whom it would be troublesome to myself, and useless to the reader, to more particularly mention. For my present purpose, I shall make a new classification, more rational than the foregoing, and less perplexed by those nice distinctions which are only divided by thin partitions of intellectual wall; and which often break down the too "nice barrier" which criticism has been pleased to erect between them. Such a dramatic poet as Shakspeare is as essentially heroic as Homer; and a satirist like Horace, yea and even like the less miming Juvenal, is, inferentially at least, and to all good intents and purposes, didactic. So with the rest: but in my proposed arrangement there can be no such mingling, and according to it, each individual must stand upon his single merits, *sans* any support from belonging to a party. I make four classes of poets. First, those whom the multitude of readers both like and understand: Second, those whom the multitude like but do not understand: Third, those whom the multitude neither like nor understand! Fourth, those whom only the few like and understand. Among the first class stand pre-eminent such poets as Burns and Scott. In the second class I place Miss Laydon herself, but not by herself. In the third such poets (and fraught as they are with genius it says but little for the march of intellect to *have* to place them there) as Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the like. In the fourth, Milton, Young, Shelley, Hemans, and a good many more. Of the ancient, and the old English, poets I have not said any thing; but they may be lumped generally (oh! for the march of intellect, again!) into the third and fourth classes. I am certain that the decay of true poetic taste among us is not because (as we would flatter ourselves) our minds are above it; but because our minds are weakened by the "thin potations" of modern education. We are taught, or we teach ourselves, a little of every thing. We get a smattering of an art or science from an article in an Encyclopedia; and the skimmings of a book from an article in a Review; and with depth of knowledge has vanished depth of feeling, and capacity of judgment. It is now that an observer may be satisfied of the force of Pope's profound remark, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;"

and may perceive, and lament the while, that almost our whole stock of what merits the name of literature consists of the heir-looms handed down to us by our Fathers, who were the giants of those days, and who, if they now existed, would be the Titans of these. The want of the present age is profundity. We are merely the swallows of literature, who skim its surface, and just dip the end of the longest feather of our mind's wing into its waters, and then imagine we have imbibed it deeply! We can no more pick out the soul of a poet from his work, than a midge can penetrate to the kernel of a nut; and in the midst of "thoughts" that breathe and words that burn" we can see nothing but rhyme and measure, and an occasional happy expression! We understand a little of poetry, because we understand a little of every thing in these prodigious times, but we no more have a thorough and intellectual comprehension of poetry than we have of any thing else, beyond our own particular profession or handicraft—not having always even of *that* a truly competent acquisition. This is the age of unwholesome excitement, fed upon clap-trap; and with the minds which arise in such an age genuine poetry can obtain no fellowship. Then why do genuine poets write? Because such poets can no more help pouring forth their inspired strains, than the true prophet of old could help prophesying, though he knew that but a very small number of those who heard, either appreciated or regarded him. But why, then, (the self-deemed shrewd reader may ask) are such poets as Burns and Scott, by your own admission, universally admired, if the mind of their age is not attuned to poetry? Because their poetry is for the most part—and the most unequivocally admired part—the poetry of human action and passion; and the most refined and imaginative of both their strains are not really the most admired of the multitude. To comprehend and to like the poetry of mere human nature, does not require so magnificent an intellect, as to comprehend and like the sublime poetry of inanimate creation, and the lofty imaginings of the epic bard; and thus it is easier to follow Crabbe than to follow Milton.* To keep pace with the former requires but shrewdness and attention, but to embody in your own mind the conceptions of the latter, demands a magnificence of thought with which a mere plodding utilitarian is not likely to be gifted. So, we often either condemn what we do not understand; or we applaud the least genius-denoting portion of a work, because its loftier excellencies have escaped our shallow judgment. We know that there is scarcely a rule without a single exception; and we know there is scarcely a human performance which has satisfied every taste—such a human *literary* performance there has never, indeed, been affected—

* There are many persons, of acute but not soaring intellect, who can see the truth of Shakspeare's delineation of our common nature; but who cannot at all accompany him in those sublime philosophical conceptions which so often burst from his inspired mind, clothed in splendid poetical language. For persons of this class the metaphorical miracle of Hamlet has neither beauty nor instruction.

but to leave them all (those above as well as those below it) for the one which is properly the subject of this paper, I have to remark that in the case of Miss Landon's poetry almost every reader of it admires it, while but comparatively few of them can fathom its deepest depths of thought. Superficially viewed, it is flowery, glittering, and delightful; and they who penetrate but a little below its surface will find it pure in sentiment, and in imagery correct; but no reader can do justice to her pages, unless he sees and dwells upon the under-current of thought which runs nearly through the whole. The acute remark, the keen sarcasm, the slight trait exhibited in the slight phrase, but whose knowledge is the deep and the just; a richness of imagination, and bursts of feeling mingled with the poetry of thought, are among the characteristic merits of her page. "But because she sings principally of unhappy love, and makes but a slight and gossamer picture, medium of conveying to us the unseeing knowledge which she has of the more concealed traits of our nature, and the unacknowledged but only felt motives which actuate our resolves; she is pronounced by the reader, delighted with her least estimable gifts, to be pleasing indeed, but light and superficial! In her more elaborate, as well as in most of her minor poems, she has confined herself, in the main, to the delineation of the passion of love, but has rarely placed that passion in a smoothly running course; and if any one can read her portrayals of pure female love, and not at once acknowledge that such are the garbs it would wear, the words it would utter, and the constancy it would exhibit, in actual life when it—that is, true and pure love—had once entered the breast; then he must be one whose knowledge of human nature is so very circumscribed that such portraits of it, in its different forms, as Juliet, Amy Robsart, Iago, Varney, and a heap besides, must be as so many pearls thrown before the animal whose name adorns the proverb. If I am writing for those who have perused her works with such power of discrimination as their perusal, to be of any benefit, would require, I need not extract sentences and couplets to win their assent to my remarks; and if for those who have either not read her works at all, or read them only as they have read the last fashionable novel; no extracts that I could make would suffice to give them the mastery of her thoughts; but they may possibly draw to her shrine some solitary votary, and will at any rate justify my judgment of her depth of feeling, and true poetical genius. How intense is the love described in the following lines!

"I lov'd him as young Genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I lov'd him, too, as woman loves, —
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him, I could not have borne!"

I loved: my love had been the saw;
In rushed despair, in open shame
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
This world had power to give beside!"

I have italicised some words, as containing particularly powerful or beautiful ideas. Again, how natural to woman the intensity of the following:—
"Methinks I should not thus repine
If I had but one vow of thine.

*I could forgive inconstancy
To be one moment loved by thee."*

So she thinks, under a feeling that she is *not* loved, and would consent to any sacrifice to be so; though, certain of the love, she would not so readily pardon the inconstancy! The following contains a fine and an original illustration:

"Oh, absence is the night of love!
Lovers are very children then;
Fancying ten thousand feverish shapes!
Until their light returns again!"

How deep and true are the succeeding Stanzas, picturing, but without absolutely expressing, the absence of hope.

"How very desolate that breast must be,
Whose only joyance is in memory!
And what must woman suffer, thus betray'd!—
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made
But things were, even to wound: th' heart—so weak,
So soft—laid open to the culture's beak,
Its sweet revealing, given up to scorn
It burs to bear, and yet that must be borne!"

Here is a true observation very poetically expressed:

"She had that changing colour on the cheek
Which speaks the heart so well: those deep blue eyes,
Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad—
They were too passionate for happiness."

A fine and original simile, or rather an illustration:

They loved;—they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young heart has
Such stores of wealth in its own flesh and pulse,
And it is love that works the mind, and brings
Its treasures to the light.

Again:

"For something, if in absence we can see
The footsteps of the past:—it soothes the heart
To wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely
Where every hill and vale
And wood, and fountain, speak of times gone by;
And hope springs up in joy from memory's ashes."

In the ensuing lines there is much knowledge of the heart, though not *obtruded* on the reader, and a fine and apt simile winds up the picture:

"In days long past
How many glorious structures he had raised
Upon hope's sandy basis! Genius gave to him
Its golden treasures. But he was wayward, wild;
And hopes that in his heart's warm summer clime
Flourish'd, were quickly withered in the cold
And dull realities of life. He was
Too proud, too visionary for this world;
And feelings which, like waters unconfined,
Had carried with them freshness and green beauty,
Thrown back upon themselves, spread desolation
O'er their own banks."

I have selected these more on account of their brevity, owing to their capability of being extracted from a page without marring their sense, than from their being superior to other portions of the volume; but if the reader agree with me in thinking that they possess intrinsic beauty, and stamp of thought, enough to do credit to matured years and long poetic life, will his admiration not be augmented, and his belief perhaps denied, when he is told (as I can tell him upon unquestionable authority) that they were written by a girl from her thirteenth to her fifteenth year! But the truth is that genius is never either young or old. It is born, like Minerva, perfect, and like her its immortality preserves it from decay. Let it be re-

membered that the human passions which this gifted girl describes, are passions of which she has never experienced the working; but men which her scrutiny has dived, through the troubled waters of human nature, and which her mind's eye has seen as it pierced through obscurities which to beings less endowed have ever been impervious. Miss Landon has never known what it is to love, any more than Shakespeare or than Scott ever knew what it was to be the perfect and exquisite villains they have painted to the life in *Iago* and in *Varney*. She says, in that deep and splendid poem "A history of the Lyre:"

"I have sung passionate songs of beating hearts;
Perhaps it had been better they had drawn
Their inspiration from an inward cause.
Had I known even an unhappy love,
It would have hung an interest round life
Mine never knew."

And I have the fullest and most intimate means of knowing that love has never been her bosom's guest. She has been wooed often, but never once been won; and rank, and wealth, and sincerity, have alike sought in vain to touch her ambition, her vanity, or her heart. She has no faith in the endurance of man's affection, and only beholds in it the selfish feeling which it usually is. Like that of most acute observers, too, her opinion of human nature is not a high opinion; nor has her own experience served to modify her condemnation. And she has a right to censure; for she is emphatically the least selfish person, the most disinterestedly obliging, and the most generous hearted, that has ever come under my especial observation. And yet to hear her talk, a matter of fact person would believe her to be the original from which she drew her notions of our kind; and superficial observers have frequently been put to fault by the "tenor of her talk" which goes to disclaim her possession of any of the valuable gifts of the heart. But I must let my own words make room for her's. Mark the accuracy of the following metaphysical dissection of a half-doubling love:

"Then came the careless word and look,
All the fond soul so ill can brook;
The jealous doubt, the burning pain,
That rack the lover's heart and brain;
The fear, that will not own it fear,
The hope, that cannot disappear;
Faith, clinging to its visions past;
And trust, confiding to the last."

And this description of a young girl's first consciousness of loving and being loved: Who would not think it was a self-picture!

"And there the maiden leans, still in her ear
The whisper dwelt of that young cavalier.
It was no fancy, he had named the name
Of love, and at that thought her cheek grew flame:
It was the first time her young ear had heard
A lover's burning sigh, or silver word;
Her thoughts were all confusion, but most sweet,—
Her heart beat high, but pleasant was its beat.
She mused o'er many a snatch of song,
That might to her own feelings now belong;
She thought upon old histories she had read,
And placed herself in each high heroine's stead;
Then woke her lute—oh! there is little known
Of music's power, till aided by love's own.
And this is happiness: oh! love will last,
When all that made it happiness is past;
When all its hopes are as the glittering toys,
Time present offers, time to come destroys!"

A common-place poet would have stopped at the eighth line, for want of power to have laid open the nicer movements and effects of the young pas-

sion. Here, again, is a beautiful, reminiscent picture of our youth:

"Thou blessed season of our spring,
When hopes are angels on the wing,
Bound upwards to their heavenly shore,
Alas! to visit earth no more.
Then step and laugh alike are light,
When, like a summer morning bright,
Our spirits in their mirth are such,
As turn to gold whatever they touch.
The past! 'tis nothing,—childhood's day
Has rolled too recently away,
For youth to shed those mournful tears
That fill the eye in older years,
When care looks back on that bright leaf,
Of ready smiles, and short-lived grief,
The future!—'tis the promised land,
To which he points with prophet hand,
Telling us fairy tales of flow'rs,
That only change for thorns all ours,
Though false, though fleeting, and though vain,
Thou blessed time I say again!"

There seems so much ease in a true and well-expressed description; so much obviousness in a just remark; that the reader often unconsciously takes, for either, to himself almost as much credit as he gives the author. He imagines it is only what he has always thought, and what he could have as well told if ever he had attempted it; but such a feeling is the greatest compliment an author can receive, and a compliment which the appreciating reader of Shakespeare, Pope, and Scott, bestows upon some portion of every page he turns. And with L. E. L. it has often been the same. Her finest human-nature passages appear so easy of thought and execution, that she loses the praise bestowed on visible labour; and as many think they can write as well as she (mistaking the mechanical for the spiritual of poetry) it has been her lot to be cursed with a crowd of imitators; similar in principle to those of the mighty Novelist, who imagine they do all that is needful to be done to equal the original when they have minutely detailed the dress of a warrior, or a dame, and sprinkled their pages with some obsolete phraseology! But to resume our extracts. Behold this true and fresh similitude, in valuation of every-day applause.

"The worthlessness of common praise,
That dry rot of the mind,
By which its temple secretly,
But fast, is undermined."

I must crave the reader's permission (I need not ask his patience, if he will only read) to make a rather longer exception than usual, of a piece that will not bear fragmentation; but which, as a whole, is a splendid piece of didactic poetry, celebrated alike by its high tone of moral and poetic feeling, and its quite Shakspearian management of the subject, and discernment of the human mind.

"Out on our being's falsehood!—studied, cold,
Are we not like that actor of old time,
Who wore his mask so long, his features took

* I remember having met with an account of a strong practical illustration of this rule, in the case of a respectable Scotchwoman, the housekeeper in some family of rank. She was given the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to read, and returned it with the observation that "for her part she did not see what was in it for such a fuss to be made about the writer; for it was all true and just what she had always seen in her father's house, and she did not know how Mr Burns could have described it otherwise than he did." She could see no ability in a simple detail of what was to herself so familiar;—that is, she was unconscious that it was the real beauty and truthful poetry of the detail which brought the actual scene so familiarly and vividly before her mind.

* This anecdote was first related in the *London Weekly Review*.—Ed.

Its likeness?—thus we *feign* we do not feel,
 Until our feelings are forgotten things,
 Their nature warp'd in one base selfishness;
 And generous impulses, and lofty thoughts,
 Are counted folly, or are not believ'd:
 And he who doubts or mocks at excellence
 (Good that refines our nature, and subdues)
 Is riveted to earth by seven fold chains.
 Oh, never had the poet's lute a hope,
 An aim, so glorious as it now may have,
 In this our social state, where petty cares,
 And mercenary interests, only look
 Upon the present's littleness, and shrink
 From the bold future, and the stately past;—
 Where the smooth surface of society
 Is polish'd by deceit, and the warm heart,
 With all its kind affections' early glow,
 Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat,
 At least for others;—'tis the poet's gift
 To melt these frozen waters into tears,
 By sympathy with sorrows not our own,
 By wakening memory with those mournful notes,
 Whose music is the thoughts of early years;
 When truth was on the lip, and feelings were
 The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
 Young pret, if thy dreams have not such hope,
 To chasten, purify, exalt, subdue,
 To touch the selfish, and to shame the vain
 Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
 Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
 Lofty and pure, and meant for general good;
 If thou hast not some power that may direct
 The mind from the mean round of daily life,
 Waking affections that might else have slept,
 Or high resolves—the petrified before—
 Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
 Of inward and external loveliness,
 Making imagination serve as guide
 To all of heaven that yet remains on earth,—
 Thine is a useless lute: break it, and die."

This is she whom the superficial will tell you can only sing of love; showing by their remark, their super-superficialness: for is love so easy a thing to tell about in sooth? Do they idly deem that every jingling verse, called amatory poetry, is a singing of *love*, the most powerful passion of the human heart;—the most deep, the most turbulent, the most refining, overmastering, soft, and direful feeling of man's nature;—before whose potency ambition, avarice, revenge, and even piety have bowed the vanquished head;—which has raised and ruined empires, and witch'd the world with noble enterprise;—the power, and depth and constancy of which have raised woman to a glory far above all to which the aims and other passions of man have ever elevated *him*;—which terrors have not shaken, and tortures not subdued;—of which even Shakspeare has left the painting incomplete:—"Only singing of love!"—the ineffable coxcombs of criticism! In a small poem upon the deceitfulness of society, there occurs a happy simile, which must be led to by a few of the previous stanzas:

"I never knew the time my heart
 Look'd freely from my brow;
 It once was check'd by timidity,
 'Tis taught by caution now."

I live among the cold, the false,
 And I must seem like them;
 And such I am, for I am false
 As those I most condemn."

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
 My tongue its softest tone;
 I borrow others' likeness, till
 Almost I lose my own."

I pass through *flattery's gilded sieve*,
 Whatever I would say;
 In social life all, like the blind,
 Must learn to feel their way."

Here is another thought, which though quite original, strikes us by its truth, as being quite familiar!

"I may be kind,
 And meet with kindness, yet be lonely still;
 For gratitude is not companionship."

In the already cited poem, the History of the Lyre, wherein she portrays, for the most part, her real sentiments, there occurs the following beautiful account of her *poetic* self, and her conscious precocity of *poetic* mind.

"You eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;
 Aye! it has radiant colours—every leaf
 Is as a gem from its own country's mines.
 'Tis redolent with sunshine; but by noon
 It has begun to wither:—look within;
 It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;
 It has dwelt too much in the open day,
 And so have I: and both must droop and die!
 I did not choose my gift:—too soon my heart,
 Watch-like, had pointed to a later hour
 Than time had reach'd; and as my years pass'd on,
 Shadows and floating visions—now to thoughts,
 And thoughts found words, the passionate words
 of song
 And all to me was poetry."

Hear her description of love—abstract love—in the same pathetic and most beautiful composition.

"That love
 Which chooseth from a thousand only one,
 To be the object of that tenderness
 Natural to every heart; which can resign
 Its own best happiness for one dear sake,
 Can bear with absence; hath no part in hope,—
 For hope is somewhat selfish, love is not,
 But doth prefer another to itself.
 Unchangeable and generous, what, like love,
 Can melt away the dross of worldliness;
 Can elevate, refine, and make the heart
 Of that pure gold, which is the fitting shrine
 For fire, as sacred as e'er came from heaven!"

And what a delineation of the agony of a betrayed heart, its love flung back upon it, are we presented with, by Genius's own true inspiration, which needs not to have the feeling, to make the conception perfect; in the opening of the piece entitled "Love's Last Session," appended to the poem of the "Golden Violet."

"Teach me it, if you can,—forgetfulness!
 I surely shall forget, if you can bid me;
 I who have worshipp'd thee, my God on earth,
 I who have bow'd me at thy lightest word.
 Your last command, "Forget me," will it not
 Sink deeply down within my inmost soul?
 Forget thee!—aye, forgetfulness will be
 A mercy to me. By the many nights
 When I have wept, for that I dared not sleep,
 (A dream had made me live my woes again,
 Acting my wretchedness, without the hope
 My foolish heart still clings to, though that hope,
 Like the opiate which may lull a while,
 Then wake to double torture) by the days
 Pass'd in lone watching and in anxious fears,
 When a breath sent the crimson to my cheek,
 Like the red gushing of a sudden wound;
 By all the careless looks and careless words,
 Which have to me been like the scorpion's stinging;
 By happiness blighted, and by thee, for ever;
 By thy eternal work of wretchedness;
 By all my wither'd feelings, ruin'd health,
 Crush'd hopes, and rifled heart, I will forget thee.
 Alas! my words are vanity. Forget thee!
 The April shower may pass, and be forgotten,
 The rose fall, and one fresh spring in its place,
 And this it may be with high summer love.
 It was not thus with mine."—
 "Never did slave before his eastern lord.
 Tremble as I did when I met your eye,
 And yet each look was counted as a prize."

* * * * * "Down she bent
Her head upon an arm, so white that tears
Seem'd but the natural melting of its snow,
Touch'd by the flush'd cheek's crimson."

To the reader who thinks while he reads, and who reads for the purpose of thinking, it will be evident that Miss Landon's poetry is essentially the poetry of thought. There is hardly a line of it that can justly be placed to the account of mere surface-skimming-fancy; and if she usually clothe her sentiments in a garb of light and flowers; let the critic remember that the flower-spangled beauty of a sunlit meadow is not a proof that the soil is not rich beneath, but that, on the contrary, its real richness is denoted by its luxuriance. The mind of the poet is always richly stored, and often revels in imagery not from lack of sterling material, but from a superflux of wealth of almost every intellectual kind, connected, nearly or more remotely, with the glorious gift of song. It is so with L. E. L. In ordinary life, all her conversation sparkles with fancy while it teems with reflection; but between her poetry and her converse there is this wide and extraordinary difference; namely, that while the former is all pathos, sweetness, and fervency; the latter is almost entirely made up of brilliancy and wit; and you might be a month in the same house with her, and enjoying the delight of a daily intercourse, without ever discovering that she had written a line—if you had no means of knowing that fact but from her own discourse. In the social intercourse of life, the "literary lady" is completely laid aside; there is no tinge of the blue; no obtrusion whatever of the author. But even imagining her never to have courted either a muse of verse or prose in her life, you must be a sal duce if you do not feel satisfied, in less than half an hour, that you have made the acquaintance of a very clever woman. But it is in strictly private life that her mind is to be enjoyed. In company she talks cleverly, indeed, and dazzlingly, but then it is all for effect; and if she have maintained, with great tact, and wit, a certain metaphysical, or other, opinion with you, at a conversation, a dinner, or a ball, you will probably overhear her, in ten minutes after, maintaining just its opposite against some other bewildered cavalier! She dislikes compliments of the common-place sort, and (very unwoman-like!) she abhors the flatterer; but she knows well the value of discriminating praise, and kisses the rod of just correction in a very submissive way. A dull person she cannot endure, but will never ridicule him, if he will not pester her like a popinjay with conceited discourse. Her figure is light and good, her dress fashionable, her hand and foot small, and her countenance girlish. Ask six people who have seen her whether she be pretty, and three shall answer "Aye" and three "No," so that Sir Charles Manners Sutton himself would not be able to say which have it! The fact is her beauty is the beauty of expression rather than of feature; so that when the bright lamp of her intellect illumines the shrine of her countenance, then an intellectual observer will feel that she is both pretty and fascinating, and therefore every thing depends on the aspect in which she is beheld! Not that she ever looks stupid—but she can sometimes frown! Her eyes and forehead are remarkably good; her mouth flexible and expressive, but scarcely pretty; *un petit nez retroussé*; and "bonnie brown hair," often hanging in ringlets down the rounded and

damask cheeks. Neither her character nor manners are to be judged of by her poetry. She has nothing that is melancholy in speech or gesture, but is, on the contrary, particularly vivacious, and reserves her poetic temperament entirely for her publishers. Her private and familiar letters are models of the most agreeable epistolary style; and her prose writings, generally, (for the most part anonymous) are in the lively talented strain of a person of the world, conveying, however, much proof of acumen beneath an apparently careless and unreflecting style. It will be observed by the capable reader (not from the specimens above given, but from an entire perusal of her works) that Miss Landon is frequently very inattentive, and not pardonably so, to the mechanism of her verse. Her rhyme is often faulty, and her metre rough; and there are some favorite phrases that are too often repeated, such as "or ever," "the while," and some others—not unpoetical nor yet un-English in themselves (for Shakspeare sanctions them) but not judiciously used when used as expletives merely. Nor, generally speaking, does she sufficiently submit to the drudgery of correction; but, satisfied with rendering the outpourings of her spirit intelligible, she is not always studious nor exact enough in the dress with which she clothes them. She rarely uses a wrong word, but she sometimes indites an obscure line; and, like the inspired Priestess, demands, so far, some care on the reader's part to secure the sense of the emanation. But these are faults common alike to the brilliant and the dull, and Miss Landon is not alone, among the former class, in their commission. Byron perpetrates all of them, and even Pope may be convicted of a lapse in rhyme. The management of the metre is a matter of taste. When Miss Landon uses the heroic measure, or the ballad form of verse, she is usually exact with it (save an occasional forced accent) as the extracts will demonstrate; but in her dread of that monotony natural to the octosyllabic measure, she has her Pegasus rough shod when she enters that domain, and never thinks of smoothing down thereafter the rough impress of his hoof divine! After all that can be said, however, in favor of correction, it requires more qualification than can be imagined by the humdrum. It means more than to substitute one word, though grammatically a better word, for another; and oftener endangers the spirit than improves the language. No poet can correct well, unless he can recall the mood and feelings under which he wrote. He may alter indeed, but he will not improve, his lay; and in the published corrections of Byron, Scott, and others (which I never read with gratification) may be found many alterations by no means in unison with the original inspiration. The "words that burn" are never elicited, though sometimes quenched, in the process of emendation, and I have always rejected to think that Shakspeare did not blot. But if a Poet have leisure to read over his compositions, apt to think and fire his mind into the train of thought and conception under which he wrote, he will then often succeed in making happy alterations; but he should always endeavour to hide his corrections, in their mere character of corrections from the eye of the public. I like, for my own part, to imagine the poem I am pleased with, struck off at a burst, and to account for any tame portions of the verse rather by the nodding of the Muse than by the polishing of the Poet; and it is

undeniable that the attempt to alter is fraught with danger to the spirit of poetry, unless the author can throw himself back into the fervor of composition, for otherwise he is like a second person copying his own poem. Gifford marred most sadly the (I think it was the) *Corsair*, which Byron submitted to his hand, and yet Gifford was a good poet, only he was not in the vein of the author he was correcting, and was therefore incapable of improving him, though he might perceive the faults. But a poet should always endeavour to correct his work, only not attempt it when the mind is not attuned. As to the outcry raised by the utilitarians of the day against poetry as a useless art, it is a silly and a shallow judgment, and is thoroughly exposed in (for one work) the eighth article of the ninety-third number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and it were worth while, in these prosaic days, to reprint in this *Gazette*, as much of that article as bears upon the subject. If we do not cherish our older authors, and the genuine poets of modern times we shall lose a means of elevating our minds, which the doctrine of utility (in the concrete, British sense of the phrase,) will but indifferently supply. And we should be careful to ascertain what is the cause of our admiration of the popular poets of the day, for if it be not their higher qualifications, our minds are not congenial nor likely to be improved. No poet can be more dissimilar, in appearance, than Byron and Wordsworth, but the reader who is charmed with the former does not value the latter, is in the error of not admiring the person, exciting, and in a word human portions of the noble Bard, apart from the divinity that stirs within him, and which prompts and inspires his finest aspirations. If a reader admires the *Bride of Abydos*, or *Parasurama* more than *Manfred* or (in poetry) than *Cain*, that reader has not a capacious or a truly poetical mind, for though all four are based upon human passion, the two first named are wanting in the immensity of thought by which the latter are pervaded, and if the poetry of L. L. L. have less of that range of thought than the loftier poems of Byron, it has more of it, a great deal, than his love-plot compositions. Both have been accused of plagiarism, and both unjustly, in all but the literal meaning of the word, or rather in all but that which would be better denoted by the term coincidence. It is impossible to think many new thoughts, when so many profound and comprehensive thinkers have had the field before us, and when naturally clever people are prone to read so much. But it is absurd to say that there are not original thinkers in all ages of the world, and that the ideas of our gifted predecessors do not spontaneously occur to ourselves. The same turn of mind, the same intellectual constitution, will guide two persons into the same path of thought, though thousands of years may have separated their existence, and indeed the instant assent which an acute reader always gives to a just sentiment is a proof that the germ, at least, of such sentiment was in his own mind. I rarely yield my belief to the imputation of plagiarism, cast upon any writer who has manifested the glorious power of forming splendid conceptions for himself, for the mere fact that some preceding author has published the identical idea, is no substantial proof that the after-writer has copied it. It was probably as indigenous to the mind of one as to the mind of the other. Miss Landon has been taxed with having taken her

opinions of human nature from Rochefoucault, yet Swift avowedly believed in the correctness of the same discerning writer, and he was never denied the merit of being an original thinker. The fact is, that we must have a deep and an intuitive judgment of human nature before we can believe in Rochefoucault, as only those who have a profound knowledge of science can thoroughly appreciate the theories of Newton or the practices of Watts. He who is really revolted or shocked by the great French maximist's estimate of the human heart, may be a very amiable man, and may know something of his own heart and mind, but the chances are that he is a weak man, and the certainty is that he is extremely superficial. There are some men who affect not to believe in the Frenchman, because they say they cannot endure to think human nature so selfish and so depraved, and would not account any fellow creature capable of doing or thinking aught evil, which (they wish you to believe) they could not do or conceive of themselves. Let no such men be trusted for they are surely either fools or deluded. For to plagiarize is a thing in which a discerning reader can never be deceived, for he can have no discerning reader who cannot accurately determine whether his author have a mind of his own, or not, and consequently a coincidence of thought can never be mistaken for a dishonest appropriation, or a servile copy. It is in some capable of thinking for himself, let it be assumed that he does think for himself, but it is a trouble, and more delight, for him to do so, than to stop his mind till he searches for the thoughts of others. Reading stunts the mind, but it does not fertilize it. Poetry may have technique, but having much of the impregnation of thought, because feeling is an extemporaneous emanation of the mind, independent of reason. No one can persuade themselves to feel, for it were but poor sympathy that required to be goaded on by argument, and there is poetry which is deeply imbued with thought, but which is comparatively devoid of the softer emotions of the heart. Most of Akenside's is of this description, but the poetry that combines the two is the finest poetry, and is that of the majority of famous poets both ancient and modern, though an ordinary reader will prefer that which is most in unison with his own disposition, without sufficiently weighing its merits as a work of what we denominate inspiration, or appreciating the power of intellect which must have called it into existence. Hence so many mere readers, and so few good critics.

Dec 7th, 1834

McN

DEATH

Insatiate fiend! at thy blood-dropping shrine,
In vain unnumbered victims wait thy will
The life streams of the earth thy thirst of ill
Shall never quench, 'till the last morning shine,
And burst the sleep of ages. All repine
At thy dread mandates, and thy terrors thrill,
The hero and the sage, though pride may still
The voice that would reveal them. Hope divine,
Of faith and virtue born, alone may cheer
Mortality's inevitable hour.
Nor phrensied prayer, nor agonizing tear,
May check thine arm or mitigate thy power,
Ruin's resistless sceptre is thy dower,
Thy throne, a world—thy couch, Creation's bier!

D. L. R.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER, A TALE OF THE YEAR 99

It was a calm still night. The breeze was hushed, and the new moon shed her feeble light upon the towers and buttresses of the hill fort of Rathghur. Silence and sleep reigned within the fortifications. The sentinel paced his well trodden path, his eye piercing the gloom that hung over the vale beneath. The kildar had gone his rounds and the only person who besides the guardians was awake within the wall, was smoking his nerves with the aroma of tobacco. The smoker, or rather reclined on a soft upet, his right arm resting on a cushion supported his head, while his other hand was occupied with the rich manual of his consider—And who was he? Who? Was this a coolie in the fort in the kildar's old mussook shoe mender, who sat at the gate who did not know the name, age, and the *do nam* of Mohun Loll the shroff? Was not this one from the great Gunput Sim, the captain of the horse to Rathghur the runner hant his dhoti? Who was he? Why he was the richest, the most influential, the most luxurious of the inhabitants of the little circle east on the hill. He was evidently in a good humour and chuckled to himself as the smoke oozed from his broad nostril over the gains of the day. This had indeed been a lucky day for him. An unfortunate mahajan whose last caravan from Oojein had been stopped by that prince of plunderers, Jesuut Rao Holkar, who was now in wait of the raily for some new speculation, had been to the *doucan* in which he said to make his *sikram* but soon how he continued to make Mohun Loll acquit it with his wits. Mohun, however, had no money, no not a *du ru* it was all he said, in *Sigur*—ill. Long was the trial of wits between these two wily ones. At last the mahajan walked away with the money—3000 Rs. at 36 per cent and Mohun Loll rejoiced at the thoughts of having obtained a mortgage on the often coveted pukka *house* of them mahajan (ah! doubly mortgaged to shroffs in *Sigur*). The effect of this good luck was to make his chillum appear super excellent, the room was soon filled with the odoriferous fumes of the Bhis tobacco. The smoker was half asleep when a purda that concealed the entrance to the apartment was pulled aside and a fair apparition glided into the apartment. It was the Banker's daughter, his only child. The rustling of her muslin *dopata* attracted her father's attention, he turned and saw her. "I thought you had been in bed Toolsa," was the greeting he met her with. "And so I have been father, but I have been frighten'd, oh, so frighten'd!" and the poor girl shuddered as she recalled to her mind the cause of her alarm. "Frighten'd! poor thing! come here dearest, tell me all about it." And Toolsa sat by the side of her fond father and recounted all particulars of the dream that she had had, with the interpretation also that old Kersiah, her nurse, had put on it. "Well! go to bed child and let your dreams be rather of Krishna than the Pindarries, and as for Kooshal, he is dead long ago." So saying the shroff pressed his lip to the fair forehead of his daughter, and after seeing her out of the room retired to bed.

Toolsa too retired to bed, but not to sleep, her mind was too much tortured by the dreadful thoughts and forebodings her dream had given rise to—Kooshal—the Pindarries! But to understand the state of her feelings, it is necessary to review some

parts of her former life. Toolsa had been betrothed in childhood to the son of her father's correspondent at Kotah, Kooshal, for that was the name of the boy, had been brought up under the same roof with his young betrothed. Bold, ardent, of a most passionate though generous disposition, he had often terrified the gentle Toolsa by his hasty ebullitions of temper. But Toolsa loved him the better for that which perhaps would have been a cause of dislike to others. The vine will cling to the oak regardless of the many storms that sway its branches and shake its roots, and woman, gentle woman, though terrified at, still admires the passionate warmth, the reckless courage of the other sex. Toolsa had loved Kooshal spite of his imperfections, long ere she knew what love was, and when they parted, for he was called away to assist his father at Kotah, his image haunted her in her dreams and waking hours. His noble forehead shaded by the black curls she had so often played with, his eloquent eye and "lips which love had brushed all his breath" were pictured in her gaze even in the present to her imagination. Whether she sat beneath the mild light of the moon or strolled along her veranda in the cool of the morning, his image was before her, his voice and floating on the breeze and his spirit she thought hovered over her. Oh! how she doated on the notes she received from him, how she treasured up those passages breathing lines that told her how much she was beloved. How she grieved when too suddenly that dearly prized correspondence was broken off and the cause too, how heart rendering! Kooshal had disappeared no one knew why, he had vanished no one could guess whether and from that day Toolsa's eye had been tearful, her cheek blushed and her heart sad.

And what had become of Kooshal? Of a mind superior to the low drudgery of accounts and the sordid traffic with men whose thoughts were upon gain and whose souls grovelled in the pultry meanings of their vocation, passing a spirit above the tam monotony of a life of trade, he had long been ambitious of joining himself to some one of the bold adventures of the time and possessing himself of that power which was open to all who had the courage to grasp it. His mind was soon made up, and Amer Khan was the person to whom he determined to offer his services. In a short time he was enrolled among the followers of the Patin, and by his courage, his enterprising spirit and sagacity, soon won his friendship and confidence. And was he happy? No. His thirst for glory had been quenched, his longing for power satiated. He saw now that it was too late, that the die was cast with which he had fed his fancy were unavailing—that the career of a soldier of fortune had its evils, its drawbacks in an equal, if not greater degree, with that he had so suddenly left. But could he not return? No. He had forsaken the faith of his fathers. The *Ia illu elulla* had passed his lips, he was an apostate, a Mussulman. Would his friends recognize the renegade from his faith, the disgrace of his family? And Toolsa too! the thought was tormenting. "I will forget her," cried he after revolving his present circumstances in his mind. "I will pluck out her image from my heart, her name from my remembrance."

In a small apartment in the house of the banker Mohun Loll, on a low couch, lay the senseless Toolsa, her eyes shut, her lips pale and bloodless.

on one side was the nurse of her childhood, old Kersiah; on the other a youth pale as the fair face on which he was gazing. Mohun Loll too was there, like one distracted; he paced the room, his eye was frenzied and his brow red and lowering. Suddenly he stopped and seemed to recollect himself. With one stride he was by the side of the youth, his hand on his shoulder, and reeling from the couch Kooshal, for it was he, felt heavily against the opposite wall. "Wretch! Renegade!" broke from the lips of the old man, his eye wildly glaring at the object of his wrath. "Villain! quit for ever the house into which you have brought sorrow! death! Quick I say or you shall find that my blood is not too cold or my arm too weak for vengeance!" But Kooshal moved not; leaning against the wall his arms crossed on his breast, he seemed too much absorbed in contemplating the lifeless form of Toolsa to give heed to the angry threatenings of her father; slowly and as it seemed sorrowfully he again approached the bed and resumed his former position. The old man was again at his side, his hand was on his arm, but ere his strength could be put forth Kooshal had turned upon him. "Forbear, old man," he cried as he shook him violently off. "I leave not this spot till she revives! Thank God! she lives!" for Toolsa had opened her eyes. "Thank God," exclaimed old Kersiah. Mohun Loll gazed on his daughter forgetful in the ecstasy of the moment of his enity to the cause of it. "Toolsa!" whispered Kooshal, her eyes opened, she gazed upon him and her look spoke love; suddenly their expression changed, recollection had been at work, the lids closed and with a shriek of horror she begged her father to remove Kooshal. The door slammed behind the rejected as he hurried out of the house, the room echoed to the clang of his horse's feet and in an hour he was in the camp of Ameer Khan before Sagur.

The evening had set in, but there was no silence, the night had revealed the stars, but there was wanting that quiet which hallows the nocturnal hours. Shrieks, shouts, and moans mingled with the crackling noise of burning houses and the hoarse challenges of sentinels contrasted wildly with the calm blue heavens, the silent star-illumined firmament. On the western rampart of the town of Sagur a solitary soldier was pacing with rapid though uneven strides. He was evidently of rank; for his dress was rich and the sword-hilt which was grasped in his hand, reflected back the rays of the moon from its jewelled mountings. The workings of his countenance, the marble sternness of his brow, the startling words that at times burst from his compressed lips, his hurried pace, all shewed that there was a war within him. It was Kooshal, the renegade, the rejected. By degrees his step grew steadier, his brow less stern. He stopped, his sword was returned mechanically to its scabbard. His hand sought his brow. "Yes," said he calmly, "I was a fool to tempt my fate!" "After what I had resolved too!" he started, for his ear caught the name of Nadir. It was the name he had taken on apostatizing. A tall figure appeared from beneath the gloom of a neighbouring bastion. Saluting his superior, for the intruder was Ameer, Kooshal entered into conversation with him on the events of the day. He afterwards told him how he had that day been to see his mistress, how fondly he had been received by her and how kindly by the father, how altered was their behaviour on his

relating the events of the last two months of his life. He told how he had been ejected from the house and how the maid he loved had ordered him from her presence. "And you still wish to possess the girl?" asked Ameer. "Do you wish for plunder?" was the reply. "The father is rich as you are poor. Humph! Well! meet me to-morrow in my tent." So saying Ameer left his companion, who soon after quitted the rampart.

A month had slowly elapsed since the last meeting of the lovers. Since the time when Kooshal had left her senseless, Toolsa had heard nothing of him, she believed him to be at Sagur, but she was not sure. Melancholy and alone, she was sitting in that room whence she had so harshly driven her lover; her mind distracted by quick passing thoughts when suddenly she was startled by the noise, the mingled tread of men and horses. How her heart fluttered when upon enquiry she learnt it was the army of Ameer Khan in full flight from Sagur. Keenly did she scrutinize every passer-by; every spear at a distance seemed to be that of her lover. But no! he came not. Report said that Ameer Khan had been killed in the battle; could it be that Kooshal had shared his fate? She retired from the small latticed window where she had been watching and burst into tears. On the morrow the gate of the fort was again thrown open and Ameer Khan at the head of a few hundred followers entered. This time she was not disappointed. There was Kooshal riding by the side of his chief. They seemed in close conversation and ever and anon looked up at the window where she was concealed.

Little did the gentle creature know what they were preparing for her; little did she think that Kooshal could betray her father to the merciless extortioner Ameer Khan, still less did she suppose that he could meditate injury and insult to herself. But so it was, Kooshal had sold the gold of the father to the Patan, and the price he was to receive was the person of the daughter. "Thus" thought he "will I be revenged on both at once, thus will I wipe out the disgrace they put upon me and thus will I repay the blow the old dotard gave me." Great was the surprise of Mohun Loll when on the morrow he was seized by two fierce-looking Affghans and hurried to the quarters and presence of the killer. There was another person in the room whom Mohun Loll knew not. It was Ameer Khan. Low was the salaam of the terrified money-changer on his hearing that name. The cold sweat was on his brow, his limbs refused to support him and treibled and shook as he recalled to his mind all the tortures that he knew had been inflicted by the man before whom he stood. There was a slight smile on the handsome features of the Patan, as if he enjoyed the trepidation of his victim, who with a cold and heavy heart awaited the pronouncing of his doom. A request from Ameer for the loan of 10,000 Rs. startled him from his reverie. "The Huzzoor must be joking with his slave! who is he that he could raise such a sum. A poor needy mehajun of the out-of-the-way place of Rathghur. The slave did not possess one-fourth of that sum." A few glances interchanged between Ameer and the killer shewed him it was useless to affect poverty. "You must raise that sum within an hour, or"—The Patan clapped his hands and four ill-looking fellows entered bearing sundry instruments of torture. Ameer merely pointed to them. "Within the hour—you see the alternatives."

"You see those implements Mohun?" whispered the killedar. "You will feel them if you don't quickly answer,—come man, will you give the money?" The only answer of the terrified shroff was to ejaculate with an abstract air, "10,000!" "Aye!" rejoined the killedar, "10,000 and besides you must sign this receipt in full for all money owed you by one Mahomed Khan killedar of Rathghur—come quick or"—The old man could hold no longer. "Blood-sucking tyrant," cried he, "and you killedar, do what you will with me! blood is not money!" But he was cut short by two of the attendants, who seizing him commenced tying his arms, a barber approached and prepared to rob him of those few locks time had spared, while of the other two torturers one was employed in kneading dough and the other was vigorously puffing away at a fire on which was a pot containing lead. "Again ere it be too late," cried the Khan, "I request the loan of the small sum before mentioned." But the shroff answered not. The work proceeded, his head was already close shaved, one of the four then brought the dough and fitted it round his head in the shape of a crown. "Fool!" cried the killedar. "Fool! why proceed to extremities, you must pay the money at last, human nature cannot stand the tortures you will have to endure, man, say the word and get off with an unscathed head." Not a word did the old man utter, but his steady eye and compressed lip shewed the determination of his soul. The crown was finished, the lead boiling. The men looked to the Khan for a sign, it was given, they approached, the pot was tilted! another minute and the constancy of the old man would have been tried. When a door suddenly opened and Kooshal rushed into the room. The hands of the torturers were arrested. Ameer Khan seemed confused. Kooshal himself seemed too shocked at the sight of what was going on to speak, at last he found utterance. "Is it thus you are employed Khan? thus! when your followers have deserted you! when your whole army has decamped!" But the Patan heeded not his words. "Have you secured her," he whispered "Is she safe?" Kooshal seemed to recall his thoughts. "Who!" cried he in a loud voice. "Toolsa gone! ravished! carried off by the deserters!" The old shroff who till now had not moved a muscle, burst with a wild shriek from his bonds. "Oh Khan!" cried he. "Oh Kooshal! save her, save her, my daughter and my whole fortune shall reward you." But Kooshal had left the room, the old man dashed after him—but no! he was not to be found. The news was too true! Toolsa had been carried off and the greater part of the army of Ameer Khan had deserted.

Kooshal was in his tent before the camp of the deserters, eager for the morrow when Kurreem u deen the brother of Ameer Khan and commanding the force remaining true to his brother, would give battle to the mal-contents. He was in deep thought when the sentry at his door gave him to know that a stranger wished to see him, the purda was raised and an old man entered. It was Mohun Loll. There was a painful silence for a short time—the two gazing on each other. "Kooshal!" at last cried the old man, "I know why you are here; you are generous;—come and save and preserve her who drove you from her presence, gladden the heart of her who insulted you! Once have you saved my life; but alas! only that I should fathom to the bottom the deep ocean

of sorrow on which I am driving! what is life to me without her to share it with me. What are riches to me, while she perhaps—Oh! horrible!" "Save her, Kooshal save her—if it be not too late—save her and I will thank you. You answer not: no! you are thinking that she ought to reward you. I cannot force her! oh no, but I will not stand in the way of your happiness." The young soldier was silent, his head buried in his arms that were stretched against the tent pole. Presently he spoke.—"Yes! it shall be so—I am again a Hindoo—gifts, penances and prayers shall restore me to my religion and let me hope to Toolsa. To-morrow shall decide it; she must be here and no harm can have happened to her within the short time she has been absent." "Would to God it were so!" said the old man. "Come we must to rest!" cried Kooshal "the morrow will be a busy day for both"—so saying and leading the old man to a couch, he left him. It was evening when as Kooshal wearied with the fight and despairing of finding his mistress was returning through a lane formed by two rows of temporary huts—was arrested by a moan that seemed to proceed from an overturned tent in the vicinity. Quickly he ran to the spot and found his Toolsa—bloody and lifeless—he procured a doolie and ordering some soldiers to bear her to his tent—and make her over to the care of her father—he rushed into the fight again, that by bodily exertion he might drive from his mind the thoughts that distracted it.

Toolsa was sitting up, the blood had been washed from her fair features and her father was admiring his beautiful, his recovered daughter, when the purda was pushed aside and Kooshal wild, his garments soiled and his eye flashing fire, rushed into the tent. Did he see a vision or what was it that arrested his hurried step and turned as it were to stone, that figure which but a moment before had moved so freely?—there was a deep silence. At last "Kooshal!" cried a voice. "My Toolsa!" it was enough—they were locked in each other's arms.

D. P.

LINES.

I.

There's a smile in the sunny ray,
A melody in the stream.
And the glance of waves 'neath the moonbeam's play
Seems a bright eye's joyous gleam!

II.

The pearls of dew that lie
On the op'ning damask rose,
Seem tears, that shed unconsciously,
On Beauty's cheek repose.

III.

On the blast there comes a wail,
Through the leafless branches, sighs,
The snow-clad turf seems a face grown pale,
The rain-clouds, tearful eyes.

IV.

The branch which lightnings sever
From the scathed and blighted tree,
Is a type of hearts estranged for ever
Withering in agony!

D. P. F.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY THE LATE H. L. V. DEROZIO.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF ERRORS.—It has been frequently maintained, that parents and instructors should behave in such a manner towards children as to lead them to suppose that they are infallible. This is very generally practised; and there are few boys who do not think that their masters are the most perfect and accomplished personages in the world. This is fraught with mischief, and should be discouraged. It makes boys take opinions upon trust—the cause of all the prejudices and errors that exist.

I, this day, (19th Oct. 1829,) most rashly, told one of my students that I disbelieved him—a circumstance which has given me much sorrow. It appeared afterwards that I was mistaken; and I confessed my indiscretion before the whole class.

Who censures me for this, and tells me that I gave the boy an opportunity to triumph?—I reply, that it was the least I could have done, after having hurt his feelings, and wounded his honor. Pride and pedantic authority might have directed the adoption of another course; but *justice* required that even a man should have made due reparation to a child whom he had offended.

DEFINITIONS.—In his introductory "Essay on Taste" affixed to the "Enquiry into the origin of the Sublime and Beautiful," Burke remarks that a definition should *conclude* our observations. This certainly seems to be the natural order of things, and it is fraught with important advantages. The method of instruction should be followed in writing and teaching, as closely as in discovery; for, as it becomes familiar to readers and students, it will become a *habit*, and set them about thinking and discovering.

TITLES.—28th October, 1829.—In one of the morning papers, I this day met with the name of Mr. Owen of Lanark. He was mentioned as "*Owen, the philanthropist*." I felt a strange sensation—my eyes swam in tears, and my mind was filled with high thoughts and higher longings. "*Owen, the philanthropist!*"—How poor after that title are the designations of peer, prince, king, or emperor! And yet it has been an object of ambition to few. It is a title which all may gain, without incurring the least odium; and still it is rarely sought. The path to a crown is frequently murderous and bloody; but he who strives to attain the name and character of a *philanthropist* establishes his claim by means which benefit mankind.

LOCKE'S STYLE AND REASONING.—4th December, 1829.—One of my pupils, about fifteen years old, whose acquaintance with the English language commenced about two years ago, made a remark yesterday concerning Locke, with which I was struck. I had been just reading to him and to some others a part of the "Essay on the Understanding," when he remarked, with reference to Locke's style of writing and the excellence of his reasoning, that *he seemed to have had the tongue of a child of five years old in the head of a man of a hundred*. I never heard anything better said of Locke. The boy's name deserves to be mentioned—it was Ramgopal Ghose.

HUMAN ACTION.—1st February, 1830.—The acts of a moral and intellectual agent are to be dis-

tinguished from the movements of brute matter, in so far as the former are uniformly the result of *thought*, the latter of *material contact*. The movements of a stone are caused by impulse; *human action is the embodying of human thought*. All action that does not originate in thought, momentary or profound, is like the action of inanimate matter. It is occasioned by an external or accidental impulse. Hence arise various evils. Would men embody their thoughts, that is, act according to their principles, we should see less evil than at present exists.

THE GREEKS, AND WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM THEM.—16th May, 1830.—Under the general name of Greece and the Greeks we include that portion of country and its inhabitants bounded on the east by the Ionian, on the west by the Ægean, on the south by the Mediterranean, and on the north by Macedonia. We are also too apt to suppose that the inhabitants of this country have altogether benighted the world and are entitled to the immortal name they have acquired. But the obligations of posterity to the Greeks are limited almost entirely to the Athenians. The arts and sciences were not cultivated in Laconia, Thes-salia, Arcadia, and Etolia. The Arcadians were indeed inferior to the Lacedemonians and Etolians, but they never rose beyond their vagrant pastoral life; and although Polybius and a few other Arcadians have shone in literature, yet it will be remembered that this was not till Epaminondas had founded a metropolis in that country, to which the shepherds reluctantly resorted in consequence of the incursions of the Lacedemonians. M. DePauw informs us that Argos, Corinth, Sicyon, Rhodes, Ægina, and some other islands of the Archipelago cultivated the arts of sculpture and painting with some degree of success; but Athens alone succeeded in establishing permanent schools of philosophy and in carrying knowledge up to an astonishing eminence. But how has it happened that the glory so justly due to that republic has been diffused among the other states of Greece? This circumstance may be satisfactorily accounted for, when we take into consideration the influence of *casual associations*. The Athenians, Spartans, Etolians, Thesalians, and Arcadians, were all *Greeks*; hence the name of Greek has become associated with the glory and greatness of one class of men who bore that name; and the glory and greatness having been transferred to the general name has been applied to each particular species of Greeks.

If the solution of this problem be correct, it strongly indicates the extent to which the arts and sciences of civilized life confer glory and immortality; for they have not only the effect of perpetuating the name of the nations or individuals by whom they have been successfully cultivated, but of imparting a portion of the light they shed upon their memories to all circumstances, and things with which those nations or men have been in any degree connected.

CONCLUSION OF MY ADDRESS TO MY STUDENTS BEFORE THE GRAND VACATION IN 1829.—As your knowledge increases, your moral principles will be fortified; and rectitude of conduct will ensure happiness. My advice to you is, that you go forth into the world strong in wisdom and in worth; scatter the seeds of love among mankind; seek the peace of your fellow-creatures, for in their peace you will have peace yourselves.

Selected Articles.

THE VOYAGE, A TALE.

I had proceeded from Jamaica, the land of my nativity, to a certain college in the United States, with the intention of there completing the usual period of four years' university study; but my schemes as to education were suddenly blighted. An illness seized me which threatened to linger long in my frame, and by the earnest persuasions of the doctor I was induced to banish college and college associations from my mind, and to try the effects of a voyage home. My arrangements were soon made, and a vessel about to depart for the place of my destination offered a favourable opportunity for embarking.

The Sea-bird was already under weigh. As I went on deck, she was lying with her canvass spread to court the salutations of the rising breeze. Day had just lawned and the grey mists of morning hung like a veil of enchantment over the city of New York, revealing faintly its edifices, its spires, and the dense forest of spars that lined the shores. Soon our sails began to flutter and chafe with the rigging, till by degrees we reached the open sea, and the perils we were to open before us.

"And now," thought I, "am in the world alone—upon, the wide, wide sea."

"We have every prospect of a favourable passage," said a voice near me; and for the first time since I embarked, I recollected that I was not the only passenger on board. The speaker was a venerable gentleman of some three-score years, with silver locks and a countenance expressive of amiable feeling, though careworn and melancholy. On his arm leaned a small and extremely graceful female figure, to whom his remarks had been addressed, and both were gazing in the direction where the waters were still flashing with the living splendours of the sunset.

"Beautiful!" at length exclaimed the lady, without seeming to heed what the other had said. "How lovely is this scene, my dear father! And see, what a beautiful cloud! Does it not remind you of Magawisca's isles of the sweet-west?"

Who has not felt the magic of a voice? I had not seen the speaker, and yet her tones came over me like a pleasant music. They were deeper than the ordinary tones of woman, and at this moment tremulous with enthusiasm.

"You are the child of imagination, my dear Mary," said her father, affectionately, passing his arm round her waist; "would to Heaven you were less so!"

"But," said she, in a mournful tone, "I do not always indulge in gay fancies."

"True, my dear; your feelings change their hues as often and as suddenly as the clouds of heaven."

The father, in alluding to her constitutional weakness, had probably awakened distressing recollections, for she hung her head and withdrew from his arm; and when I approached to get a view of her face, her eyes were filled with tears. She turned away quickly on seeing a stranger. But that view was enough. I have spoken of the magic of a voice, but what is it to the human face?

"You seem interested with the singular deportment of my daughter," observed the old gentleman as she retired. I started, I believe, in some confusion.

"She has just risen from a bed of sickness," he continued, with a melancholy accent, "and I am fearful will never be herself again."

"If I were to judge of her malady from her appearance," said I, "I should say that the mind has had more to do than bodily infirmities with the ruin which has been wrought in that lovely countenance."

"You are right, sir," replied he, with a sigh; "her illness was occasioned by mental anguish, the cause of which is buried deep in both our hearts. Suffice it to say, that the victim of intemperance seldom falls alone; and that, when a youth of high promise immolates himself on the altar of the disgusting fiend, tears and broken hearts attend the sacrifice."

The old man spoke with a mournful energy, and I pitied him. "Is there no hope of the reformation of such an one?" I enquired.

"In this case none. It is more than six months since William Ashton fled from society, and went to sea as a common mariner. The presence, the devoted affection, the tears of my child, could not reclaim him—what then can?"

"What, indeed!" repeated I. "And this voyage is undertaken for the recovery of her health? You will excuse my inquisitiveness," I immediately added; "I have lived long enough in your country to acquire her characteristic mode of questioning."

"I hold it every man's duty, as well as interest," said he, "whose lot it is to travel on the great deep, far from his home and kindred, to relate so much of his own history as shall entitle him to the sympathy and confidence of the companions of his voyage. I am a Scotchman, and my name is Douglas."

"My name," said I, "is Brae, and I am a freshman in—College; you have my whole history."

The shadows of night had settled over the solitary white before we parted for the night. Many leagues of sea had been ploughed in that short period as the ship, yielding to the impulse of the powerful breeze, dashed on her way over the billows. Three days of this propitious wind brought us off the Flatteras, and though at the distance of three hundred miles from land, we received the usual greeting of the Cape, and were obliged to do homage to its strong spirit under bare poles, for several hours.

It will be supposed by those of my readers who will have the charity to consider me a man of taste, that during these three days I had not avoided the society of Mary Douglas and her father. If I may so speak, without being misunderstood, or expressing my meaning too strongly, I had become quite a favourite. I found her mind all that her countenance had promised. Her sufferings had been cruel; sufficiently severe, indeed, to cause a temporary alienation of her reason, but its only remaining trace was an occasional wildness of the eye, and an imagination highly and something painfully susceptible of excitement. In her moments of animation it was delightful to stand by her side, leaning on the taffrel, and behold the world of romance her playful fancy would call up above and around us.

Her father was happy to see her possess even the shadow of enjoyment. "You will not have many days to revel in these watery realms of fairy-land," said he, "if we go on at this rate."

The propitious and powerful breeze that had brought us out of port, and which had, temporarily, been put to the rout by a counter and more violent gust from the Flatteras, had now revived, and came sweeping from the north-east in a steady gale. Swift flew the Sea-bird on her snowy wing, dashing recklessly through the exulting elements.

Our voyage continued prosperous till we approached Cuba, when our vessel was interrupted by a most distressing calm. It was already the fourth afternoon of the calm, and impatience was visible in every face. But my feelings agreed with the weather. There reigned as complete a tranquillity in my bosom as in the elements. Mary Douglas was there; it was enough; I feared no pirates, though others spoke of them with alarm. With this young lady I indeed found myself strangely fascinated. I pitied her, and would have done much to render her happy. In the situation in which I was now placed, I endeavoured to soothe her broken spirit.

The beautiful twilight of the tropics was settling over the quiet bosom of the deep, when a speck was seen on the horizon, which created considerable uneasiness in the mind of the captain. The dark object proved to be a powerful piratical vessel; and already ere the sun altogether sunk beneath the waters, we saw, by the aid of a glass, a boat put off, most likely with the intention of attacking us. The luminary of day, after glittering for a moment in a thousand gorgeous colours, settled behind the heaving breast of ocean, leaving only a dark mass, like a church with its spire, in bold relief against the sky. It no sooner caught our captain's eye than he shouted, with as much rapture as a seaman ever allows himself to express, "The Blue Mountain Peak of Jamaica!"

The cry was echoed with enthusiasm by a dozen joyful voices. We were still one hundred miles from the island, and were not gaining an inch on our way towards it: still every eye was turned to it with affection as to a long-sought home, and an emotion awoke even in my breast distinct from those which of late had usurped its entire possession. The whole view to the westward was beauty, unbroken by a single blemish, and nothing of alarm was there save the dark spot on the sea, to which so suspicious a character had been attached by our captain, but which had already disappeared in the increasing darkness of the hour. But the east, as if envious of the tranquillity that reigned in the opposite quarter, wore a savage scowl. Enormous piles of vapour, black as the smoke from a volcano's crater, shrouded the heights of St. Domingo, and blotted out the

very shores from our view. It looked, indeed, as if the island had sunk, another of subterranean formation had risen from the depths of the sea to fill its place.

"I would give a month's wages," said the captain, with an air of deep thought, "if we could have that squall upon us within an hour."

I stared at him with a feeling between contempt and astonishment. "You doubtless do honour to a seaman's taste," said I, drily; "for my part, I dislike my fellow-creatures so little, that I would rather see a piratical privateer within gunshot than encounter the contents of your magazine of solid darkness."

"It may be proved, before you leave the ship, Mr. Brae," replied he with great coolness, "that I fear the face of man as little as another." Then, turning to the whole ship's company, with very considerable dignity, "Gentlemen and shipmates," said he, "I have reason to apprehend that danger is at hand. The boat that is putting off to us is doubtless a pirate. Of armed men she is certainly full; for I have lived too long on the sea not to know the glitter of arms in the sun. It is more than probable that she has comrades; for would one open boat venture to attack a vessel of our size! Something has been hinted about fear, and, to say the truth, I had rather run than meet these gentry. But that is out of the question, and fight we must as long as there is a man to stand at one of these brass guns, or to pull a trigger."

Three cheers were the echo to this chivalric speech, and not a moment was lost in preparing to give the pirate a warm reception. A formidable show of miscellaneous articles of warfare was drawn from the secret places of the ship, and there were finally mustered on deck fifteen men, twenty stand of arms, and two brass cannon. These last, after being wheeled to the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and charged nearly to the muzzle, were thrust through portholes towards the quarter from whence our foes were expected. Our small arms were loaded with three balls each, and every man girded with a cutlass and a brace of pistols.

After all this bustle of preparation, every man posted himself in a situation to command a view of the whole prospect to the westward. Yet hour after hour rolled on, and the scenes continued the same. "Well, captain," said I, "what has become of our friends from Cuba?" "Gone to Davy's locker, I hope," replied he; "but there is no knowing how to calculate for the rascals, so we had better keep a sharp look-out yet."

"For my part," said I, "I am tired with looking at nothing, and will just see how the squall comes on." I turned accordingly, and a flushing on the water, rising and disappearing in quick and regular succession, met my eyes.

"There they are!" exclaimed the captain, whose eye had taken the direction of mine, "the rascals have rowed clear round us, and are coming on from the San Domingo side. Stand to your arms, boys!—the rogues are upon us!" In an instant every man was at his post, and on the alert.

"Stand in the shadow of the spars and rigging to be out of sight," continued the captain, "and not a man of you fire till I give the word."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the crew, with nautical precision. "And now," said the captain, who really went to work in a business style, "let us get this gun on the other tack, Mr. Brae, to be ready for the gentlemen."

The piece was accordingly soon seen to thrust its deadly muzzle through the opposite port, keeping a dead aim on the boat, which, like an alligator, cautiously dropped towards us; at less than a quarter of a mile's distance.

"Boat ahoy!" cried the voice of Captain Boltrop in its most startling tones. No answer was returned to this summons, and the ears were plied more lively. "Keep off, you rascals!" shouted our commander; "off! or I'll blow you out of the water!"

This threat, and the firebrand which I flourished with great fierceness, seemed to make the pirate hesitate. The motion of the boat was arrested. Captain Boltrop thought the victory already achieved, and he again raised his voice in tones of authority: "Throw your arms overboard, and come alongside."

A volley of musketry was the reply to this summons, and a dozen balls whistled by, and the captain's hat flew across the deck; but the next instant a stream of flame issued from the quarter-deck; and the explosion of the piece broke upon the dead stillness of the elements with a noise like thunder. A distant crash, a heavy splashing in the water, above which a cry of mortal agony was terribly distinct, had arisen in the direction of the foe before the

smoke dispersed sufficiently to enable us to see the effect of our shot. No boat was then to be seen, nor any trace of her crews; we had probably sent every soul into eternity.

Captain Boltrop now exclaimed, with something like compunction in his tone, and rubbing his head with his handkerchief, "I would rather have taken the rascals, and had them decently hanged, than send them to the bottom in this off-hand manner. There could not have been a better shot."

A horrid yell, rising apparently from the depths beneath the ship, stopped him in the middle of his speech. A boat glided out of the smoke, and shooting under our bows, a dozen dark forms were seen springing from it to the side of the ship. But our precautions had been wisely taken, and were completely successful. No sooner did they touch the slippery vessel, than most of them, with the most horrid blasphemies, fell back into the sea, snapping their pistols at us even after they were filled with water. At the same moment their boat, which had been completely riddled by our shot, filled, and sunk to the bottom. Three only got upon deck, and were immediately overpowered and secured. Five more were with difficulty dragged out of the water, and disposed of in the same manner. One powerful fellow, however, was not so easily quelled. He had succeeded in getting one foot upon deck, when a young seaman, named Ralph, flew at him with the fierceness of a tiger. They grappled, and after balancing a moment between the deck and the water, the pirate, who was much the heavier man, fell backwards overboard, dragging his antagonist with him. They both sunk, but soon rose again about four rods from the ship, clinging closely together. Then commenced a combat the most singular and appalling I had ever witnessed. No one on board seemed to think of devising means of assisting our champion. No one dared to fire upon the pirate; for so closely were they coiled together, so rapid were their evolutions, and so dim the light shed by the moon, that it was impossible to hit one without endangering the life of the other.

After an effort of unusual fierceness, both of the combatants sunk. They remained out of sight so long, that the men who were letting down the boat, with the view of rescuing their shipmate, suspended their operation, and we all stood breathless with uncertainty and anxiety awaiting their re-appearance. At length, about thirty yards off, the waters parted; but only one man was seen to rise.

"Is it you, Ralph?" cried the captain in a suppressed voice. "Here is some of him at least on my knife-blade," responded the freebooter, with the accent and laugh of a fiend; and, springing nearly to his whole height out of water, he threw the weapon with great force towards us. It passed over our heads, and, striking the mizen-mast, remained quivering, with its point buried in the wood. Another hollow laugh rang over the waters, and, on looking round, wide circles of ripples were seen moving on the face of the moonlit sea, as if some heavy body had just sunk into it.

The noise of the conflict had caked up the terrified inmates of the cabin, and all the ship's company were now assembled on deck, silent, but too deeply affected with the scene just past to sleep more that night. Mary was there; her cheeks flushed with the excitement which the events of the night had occasioned. Still occasionally a cold shudder would rush through her frame, as she murmured, in a suppressed voice, "That fearful cry! I shall never forget it."

She was in a state of high nervous agitation. Her eye shone with uncommon lustre, and glauced over the sea unsteadily. "The elements are to have their turn next," said she. Her eye was bent upon the scowling east. The same motionless body of clouds was there, black as before. The tempest soon after broke out in all its dreadful fury, but was of short duration. The hurricanes of these seas are as short-lived as they are violent. The dawn of day showed no trace of the tempest but the tattered rigging and well-washed deck of our own vessel. The island of Jamaica lay now before us; and all was green, save where occasionally a rising eminence or an opening vale presented its painted sugar-works and breeze-mills. To form a background to this picturesque region, rose the magnificent range of the Blue Mountains. "If there be an Eden on earth," said I, "we have it before us." "The sun shines not," observed Mr. Douglas, "on an island more beautiful than Jamaica; but for man, who has exercised upon it his worst passions, it might justly be termed a terrestrial paradise."

We passed the remains of Port Royal, and sailed up the beautiful bay of Kingston; coming to an anchor about half a mile from the shore. Numerous boats were boarding us, and departing on different errands. A hundred ships were discharging or receiving their cargoes, to the cheerful song of the sailors. The passengers soon collected in a group on the quarter-deck, gazing on the thousand novelties that meet the eye from the island, town, and bay. Mary was there, in excellent spirits; every moment discovering and pointing out, with the most animated gestures and exclamations, some new object of admiration. At this moment a barge from the castle shot across the bay, containing an officer and a platoon of soldiers, with an order for the delivery of our prisoners into the hands of justice. Accordingly, amidst a profound silence, they were marched one by one from the hold, where they had been immured for fifteen hours, and passed over the side of the ship into the boat. There they were hand-cuffed and bound. Two other barges were in attendance, with an equal number of men to act as guards. The sight of these wretches painfully affected Miss Douglas, and carried back her thoughts to the bloody scene of the preceding night. She shuddered at the recollection, and murmured, "He that uttered that dreadful cry is not here."

Although she had spoken in a low voice, her words fell upon the ear of the last prisoner, who was just in the act of leaving the ship. He was a youth of about two and twenty, with a slender but very elegant figure. His countenance might have been striking and expressive; but it was now disfigured with a scowl, and bore the infallible marks of long and habitual indulgence in intemperance. I said he heard the voice of Mary. He stopped, and stood as if he was nailed to the deck. He put his hand to his forehead like one bewildered, and his eye wandered over the ship as if searching for the sound he had heard, till at length it fell upon Mary, and he stood gazing upon her with a countenance varying strangely from the vacant stare of idiocy to an expression of inexplicable meaning, and even agony. She was absorbed in her own reflections, and heeded him not. I made an exclamation of surprise, and directed her attention to the miserable man who was so closely observing her. She looked, her eye met the ghastly stare of his; and if a bolt from heaven had struck her, she could not have fallen more quickly.

"William Ashton!" cried the wretched father, "are you not yet satisfied? Will you take her life too?"

The miserable man rushed past his guards, threw back the curls from her forehead, and, gasping for breath, like one in the agonies of strangulation, gazed upon her. Then, springing to the vessel's side, before any arm could intercept, he buried himself in the sea, and never rose more.

It was many minutes before Miss Douglas showed any signs of life. At last, after a strong convulsion, she opened her eyes. "Where is he?" said she, starting up in the birth. She stared wildly around, and then, pointing with her finger, a single shriek, as if sent from her very soul, burst from her, and again she sunk down insensible. The shock had been too much for reason, if not for nature. For the remainder of that day and all the succeeding night, we hung over her, uncertain whether each fit might not be her last of mortal suffering. At length she sunk into a deep sleep, and reposed quietly. She awoke perfectly calm. Looking her father steadily in the face, "Where is he?" she repeated.

"My child! be calm," said the old man, and taking her hand, he related in the gentlest manner the fate of her unworthy lover. With wonderful composure she listened to the narration. The fountain of her tears broke up, and she wept long and freely. Then, closing her eyes, her lips were seen to move as in prayer. I bowed my face upon her hand, and joined in her silent supplication, whatever it might be.

Her tears and mental devotion relieved her. Again she slept, and awoke in quiet spirits. It was evident that the news of Ashton's suicide was to her far less terrible than the idea of his suffering an ignominious death as a malefactor. Perhaps also there was a relief even in the thought that he was removed from a life of crime; and she could, with less sorrow, think of him dead, than as a pirate and a companion of thieves and murderers. Perhaps she had long since torn him from her heart, as she once told me. But could it be? Would the sight of him then have affected her so strongly?

Mary now signified to her father that she felt able to travel. The hour had come when we were to separate. And now came my trial. I wished to speak to her of myself; but every principle of manhood repressed the selfish thought in

her present situation. She seemed to comprehend my feelings, and extending her hand to me with a smile, said, "Farewell, Mr. Brae; I have crossed your path, like a dark vision, but oh! forget me. Let it be a dream since we first met." She hesitated a moment. "I may have caused you unhappiness. Most gladly would I have avoiled it, and gladly would I remove it now, were it possible. But look upon my face, and be convinced, that were even it as you wish, you would soon have to mourn again. May God bless you!"

The boat that was to convey her to the shore was ready. I watched it till it disappeared. "Are you ready to land, sir?" Awakening from a trance, I gave the speaker a bewildered stare, and, for the first time during many days, I recollected the object of my voyage. With a feeling of solitude, which even the thoughts of my home could not subdue, I followed my baggage into the waiting wherry, and in a few minutes placed my foot upon my native land.

Twelve months after the events contained in the preceding narrative had transpired, I stood again upon American soil. Various had been my fortunes in the interim, but they are of no consequence to the reader. The companions of my voyage, with but one exception, were nearly forgotten; its incidents, that were not associated with that one individual, remembered but faintly.

I was sitting in my study, discussing a subtle point in ethics, when some one knocked. A servant entered and handed me the following note:—"An old acquaintance requests the pleasure of Mr. Brae's company for a few minutes at the hotel." I rose instantly, adjusted my dress, and followed the messenger. Mr. Douglas opened the door, and Mary blooming and beautiful beyond even my gayest dream, stood beside him.

There was no romance in what followed to any but the parties concerned, and it were needless to dwell upon the story. In a single sentence, therefore, I will say that Mr. Douglas had travelled with his daughter until her health was re-established; that he was at the time of which I speak on the way to his residence near New York, and that the Mary Douglas of my dreams is now the Mary Brae of my bosom.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

The signs which indicate the approach of death depend entirely on the causes by which death may be induced; and with these it is highly important that we should become acquainted, seeing that no disappointment can fall heavier on the human heart than that which is occasioned by the promise that there is yet hope of restoration to life, while in reality death is already stealing on the object of our solicitude. In cases of sudden death occurring in persons that have not an apoplectic appearance, it is often impossible, even for the most skilful physician, to predicate accession; but in the majority of cases where death supervenes as the consequence of disease destroying the harmony of action which must subsist between the vital organs, and on which the existence of the phenomena of life appears to be dependent, it is possible, by comparing the progress of the disease with the comparative strength of the patient, to form a pretty accurate idea of the period to which his sufferings may be extended. Hippocrates, in determining the signs of approaching dissolution after acute diseases, dwells much on the character of the physiognomy. The nose (he observes) becomes sharp—the eyes hollow—the temples collapsed—the ears cold and contracted—the lobes inverted—the skin about the forehead hard, tense, and dry—and the whole face assumes a palish green, a black, livid, or leaden hue. So true to nature is this description, that in schools of medicine, even to the present day, it is constantly referred to as the *Facies Hippocratica*, and held to be sufficiently indicative of the approach of death. To these, with equal truth, he has added other signs which may be regarded as no less premonitory of the impending event: thus, if the eyes be perpetually rolling, tumid, hollow, and very dull; if the eyelids be drawn aside, or full of wrinkles, and of a pale livid colour; if the lips be relaxed, and hang down, becoming cold, and of whitish appearance; if the hands be extended, collecting floating appearances, &c., we may predict that death is at no great distance. Furthermore, when the pulse can scarcely be felt at the wrist, and the feet and hands become cold; when the fingers and toes become pinched and livid, the most unfavourable prognostications may be made: all which

signs, be it observed, admit of a satisfactory physiological explanation. The nose becomes sharp, because the muscles of the face having lost their power of action, the nostrils fall in; the eye becomes hollow, because the fat on which it rested in the orbit, as on a soft cushion, has been absorbed; the face, lips, tips of the fingers and toes, assume a palish green or leaden hue, because the blood (as explained in our preceding article on this subject) does not undergo that change in the lungs by which it obtains its stimulating qualities and bright scarlet colour; the feet and hands become cold, because the heart is no longer able to propel the blood, on which the extrication of animal heat appears to depend, to the extremities of the body; lastly, the motion of the fingers in puckering up the clothes, or catching at floating objects, is a convulsive action, depending on the roots of the nerves which supply the hand and arm being irritated at their origin by the effusion of the watery part of the blood, which often occurs during the progress of fever and other acute diseases. These signs of approaching death did not escape the observation of Shakspeare, who notices them in describing the death of Falstaff.

The influence of the mind in accelerating or retarding the approach of death, is exceedingly remarkable, and may in some instances account for those presentiments of a fatal termination of their disease, which some persons seem prophetically to entertain. A case is recorded of a person who had been sentenced to be bled to death, but instead of the punishment being actually inflicted, he was merely induced to believe it was so, by water, while his eyes were blinded, being tickled down his arm. This mimicry, however, of the operation so completely depressed the action of the heart, that the man lost his life as irrecoverable as if the vital fluid had been really abstracted. We read of another unfortunate person who had been condemned to be beheaded; and the moment his neck was adjusted on the block, a reprieve arrived; but the victim was already sacrificed—the vital principle had been as effectually extinguished by the fear of the axe as it would have been by its fall. Instances, indeed, are recorded of persons, who—through the medium of respiration, it is to be presumed—have possessed a controlling power over the action of the heart, so that they could actually feign death at pleasure. The celebrated Dr. Cheyne has narrated a case of this kind, which is established by an irrefragable combination of evidence. It is that of a Colonel Townsend, who, he informs us, “could die, and yet by an effort, or somehow, could come to life again.” On the occasion referred to he composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. Dr. Cheyne held his right hand, Dr. Baynard placed his hand upon his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a looking-glass to his mouth. Dr. Cheyne states that his pulse gradually sunk until it was no longer perceptible to the nicest touch; Dr. Baynard also could not feel the least motion of the heart; nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. In this state of counterfeit death he remained half an hour; after which, his pulse became perceptible, the action of the heart gradually returned, and he again breathed sensible, and began to speak. He died, however, it may be added, that evening, and most likely the victim of his improper efforts to imitate the state of death. Another case of a person who could feign death when he pleased, and suspend the action of his heart until its pulsation could no longer be felt, is mentioned in the Lectures of Dr. Cloghorn of Glasgow. Celsus, we may furthermore observe, speaks of a priest that could “separate himself from his senses when he list, and lie like a dead man, void of life.” But without accumulating additional evidence, it is perfectly clear that these cases distinctly show how powerful the effect of the mind is in depressing or exciting the action of the heart, and, consequently, in modifying the character and duration of disease. Hence the apprehension of death, when permitted to take firm hold of a patient, is, in the majority of instances, a most unhappy sign, as that very apprehension may itself induce the death which thereby appears to have been mysteriously predicted.

The clearing up of the mind previous to death, and the predictions occasionally made by dying persons of the hour of their approaching dissolution, is one of the most curious subjects that can engage the attention of the philosopher: it was noticed particularly by Aræteus, in cases of persons who had died from brain fever. The first effect of the subsidence of the violent excitement in that disease, he observes, is, that the patient's mind becomes clear, and his sensations exquisitely keen; he is the first person to dis-

cover he is about to die, and announces this to the attendants; he seems to hold converse with the spirits of those who have departed, as if they stood in his presence, and his soul appears to acquire a prophetic power. Elsewhere he remarks, that, in the act of disengaging itself from the body, the mind becomes purer and more essential, as if commencing already its spiritual existence. Sir Henry Hallford, in an elegantly written dissertation of Aræteus, cites other cases in corroboration of the fact that the mind often clears up in a very extraordinary manner in the last hour of life. There is no occasion, however, to attribute this to any preternatural cause, seeing that it may be explained on very simple physiological principles. Immediately before death, the heart often beats strongly, and the respiration is hurried; the consequences, that the blood, in passing through the lungs becomes more perfectly oxygenised than it had previously been, and is in that state transmitted with accelerated force through the brain. Thus is this organ subject to a high stimulus than it had previously received, and thereby excited to renew its functions with unexpected vigour. Hence the vivid recollection, the clear reasoning, the perspicacity of judgment, the acute sensibility, manifested by many persons on their death-bed, who seem all at once to recover more than ordinary vigour of intellect, and are enabled to moralise almost in an inspired tone on the life they are leaving, and the future state which seems to have already opened before them. But in respect to the predictions of death above alluded to, this explanation is by no means sufficient; and the more we investigate the subject, the more imperatively shall we find ourselves called upon to admit, that so little do we know of the possible conditions and relations of the human mind, that it may, in certain states of apparent abstraction, concentrate its energies within itself, and take cognizance of events and objects to others imperceptible. By powerful mental emotion such states are certainly induced; thus, under the operation of fear, the victim of his own fatal error is a marble statue, deaf and dumb to all external sounds; the mind within the body is in a concentrated and isolated condition, sympathising not with external signs, but held only by the power by which it is affected.

However varied may be the precursory signs of death, there can be no doubt but that the act of death is in all cases unattended by pain. It is true, that, when watching by the bed-side of sickness, the eye of affection is apt to interpret every motion, sigh, or groan, of the sufferer into expressions of deep, perhaps unutterable, pain; and hence the imagination fever itself into a false belief that the act of dying is one of the most excruciating struggles that can be encountered. But this gloomy apprehension is in reality ill founded, for physicians are well aware that sighs, sobs, tears, groans, nay, convulsions of the body, are not necessarily indicative of existing pain, since they occur in apoplexy, epilepsy, hysterical and other convulsive fits, from which the person that has been so affected recovers without any recollection of having endured suffering. If persons affected with sickness suffer pain, there is no doubt; but this pain arises simply from the disease, and is modified, and rendered more or less acute, by the organ which may be affected. Thus, the loose and spongy textures may be almost disorganised in the living body, without any consciousness of the extent or even existence of the disease, which often happens indeed with the lungs in that fatal malady consumption; and hence the patients in this disease frequently rely on their recovering, even to the last moment of their existence. But this is not the case with the denser tissues, those which medical men call scirrhous, the white smooth membranes lining the chest and abdomen, and forming one of the coats of the intestines, which are never affected without very acute pain; and this, it may be presumed, arises from the density and inelasticity of this texture, which when injected by a preternatural quantity of blood, as in inflammation, remains unyielding, and hereby subjects its nerves to a corresponding degree of painful compression. Hence the acute pain of pleurisy, inflammation of the bowels, &c.; in all which cases the vulgar idea is, that the person suffers a most painful death; but this is not the case, for we must discriminate between the pain of the disease and the act of dying; and we shall in all such cases discover that the vital powers become absolutely exhausted before the last breath is expired. There is, therefore, no consciousness in the act of dying any more than in that of falling into a deep slumber. A very elegant writer, in a beautifully written essay, entitled “Erroneous Notions of Death Reproved,” observes, “In particular it is thought that this final event passes with

some dreadful visitation of unknown agony over the departing sufferer. It is imagined that there is some strange and mysterious reluctance in the spirit to leave the body; that it struggles long to retain its hold, and is at last torn with violence from its mortal tenement; and, in fine, that this conflict between the soul and the body greatly adds to the pangs of the dissolution. But it may be justly presumed, from what usually appears, that there is no particular nor acute suffering, not more than is often experienced during life, nay, rather that there is less, because the very power of suffering are enfeebled, the very capacities of pain are nearly exhausted. Death is to be regarded rather as a sleep than a conflict of our faculties; it is repose—the body's repose after the busy and toilsome day of life."

EVALINE.—A TALE.

[From "The Druid."]

Evaline was the only daughter of respectable parents. Engagements in an extensive business kept her father much from home, and her mother was of a weakly and delicate constitution. Evaline was their all, and their affection for her knew no bounds. She was, therefore, brought up with every indulgence which this excess of fondness could draw forth. She early contracted an intimate friendship with Agnes, the daughter of a widow lady, who had been left with a numerous family, and lived in the immediate neighbourhood. Agnes was educated with ideas very different from those of her young friend, having been, of necessity and from principle, taught the profitable lesson of industry and frugal economy, and to consider health and intellectual powers as given for higher purposes than the amusement of the possessor. The mis-spending of time, and the misapplication of these precious endowments, was impressed upon her mind as being a source of never-failing unhappiness and calamity to the infatuated abusers of such inestimable blessings. As she had learned from experience that useful employment constitutes pleasure, and is pregnant with advantage, it prevented time from appearing tedious, and ennui was only known to her by name.

The two friends were nearly of an age, and happened to be married much about the same time. Agnes was united to a deserving man, whose dispositions exactly coincided with her own. They had not wealth, but enjoyed a competency, and were contented and happy. Evaline became the wife of a worthy man possessed of an ample fortune. He was enamoured of her beauty, which in a great measure belinded him to her foibles, although these were but too obvious to others. Her conduct after marriage, however, proved so glaring, that his eyes, though reluctantly, were at last opened. *Dress, equipage, and visiting*, engrossed all her thoughts and attention. Her disappointed husband fondly cherished the expectation that time and reflection might bring round a reform; but in this he found himself greatly mistaken. In due time she brought him a son. He now hoped that the career of folly would be at an end, and flattered himself that her attention would naturally be turned to an object so interesting. But no change in the lady's conduct took place. She soon informed him that a nurse must be provided for the child, because she would undergo neither the fatigue nor the confinement which the discharge of that duty required. He ventured to expostulate, but was upbraided with an unfeeling disregard of her happiness.

She next became the parent of a lovely daughter, without being diverted from her injurious propensities by a concern for her tender charge. Matters daily growing worse, and although she saw her husband unhappy, she did not wish to consider herself the cause. As she could not endure the want of company, she became less select in her choice, and more extravagant in her follies, until the tongue of censure at length began to exaggerate them into enormous crimes. Her husband could no longer remain silent; and as she did not choose to be admonished, a very unpleasant altercation took place. In the course of this, she branded him with want of affection, and questioned his ever having entertained for her the regard which he professed. She supposed his motives from the beginning were mercenary; and that now, having obtained her fortune, he began to discover his dislike of her person. She had, however, been always accustomed to gratify and follow her own inclinations, and had never, even when a child, met with either check or remonstrance from those who had a much better title to apply them had they thought such interference necessary. She concluded with

adding, that he might spare himself the pain and trouble of expressing them, as she was not disposed either to listen to his dictates, or attend to his admonitions. To the last part of her speech he made no reply, but throughout the remainder of the day appeared thoughtful and reserved; and when he addressed her, it was with a studied civility, which she could not help feeling. Next morning he ordered his horse; and having put a paper into her hand, and told her that he would not return until the following day, he mounted and rode off. She hastily broke the seal, and read the following letter:

"My dear Evaline—For such you still are, in despite of your errors and my sufferings, I do not yet consider you wicked, although I much fear you are on the highway to ruin and infamy. As I, therefore, feel myself unequal to the task of combating the evil effects of your early habits, I have now resolved to restore you to the charge of those under whose auspices they were formed. I shall give you these three reasons, by which I have been influenced in forming this resolution: The first is, that your ruin may not be accomplished while under my protection; the second, a dread of the evil consequences your giddy example may have upon our little ones; and the third, a desire of mutual peace. Alas! how soon have my high-formed hopes of conjugal felicity passed away like a morning cloud, and left me forlorn and wretched! My house is become a scene of riot, and the beloved of my bosom cannot spare an hour's attention to a fond husband and his helpless children.

"I shall, however, satisfy you that my motives in forming the connection have been every thing but mercenary. You shall carry back the full sum I received as your dowry: and as you set a much higher value upon it than I do, to this shall be added another, not unworthy of your acceptance. Although your improvidence and profession might soon have put it out of my power, I have still enough for my own wants, and wherewith to educate my children in the way I approve. With these wrecks of my blasted prospects, I shall retire to some peaceful seclusion, where, by devoting my whole attention to the formation of their youthful minds, I will endeavour to guard them against those habits, by the effects of which I am now overwhelmed with distress. The plan of your departure I expect will be arranged before my return; and may you ever be happier than is your sorrowful but affectionate husband."

Evaline was thunderstruck. She had no idea of matters being brought to such a crisis. While she could not repress a sensation of conscious shame, she at the same time knew not how to act, as it would be so humiliating to make the matter known to any of her fashionable acquaintances. She now thought of Agnes, who, since her marriage, had been by her forgotten and neglected. She instantly set out to call upon her early friend, and found her busily engaged in the management of her family, with a lovely child in her arms, and another at her knee. Agnes received her with unaffected kindness, and, after repeated efforts, learned from her the object of her visit, and was permitted to read the letter. This being done, she remained silent until her friend, having urged her to speak her mind freely, begged her counsel and advice. "My dear Evaline," said Agnes, hesitatingly, "then I must say I think you are to be blamed, very much to be blamed." "Well, then," replied Evaline in faltering accents, "allowing that to be the case what would you advise me to do?" "Just," answered Agnes, "the only thing you can do to re-establish yourself in the regard of your husband, and in the esteem of the world, and to secure your own happiness and honour; you ought to receive your husband on his return, with every mark of penitence and submission. You ought to make a thousand concessions, though he do not require them. But you must first resolve firmly within yourself, that your future life shall be devoted to make atonement to him for the errors of the past." "But do you think," replied Evaline, with tears streaming from her eyes, "that he can receive me with forgiveness, or love me as formerly?" "Yes," said Agnes, "I think he will. His affection seems to be still within your reach; but one step farther might put it for ever out of your power. Do but read that letter dispassionately, and see what an affectionate husband you have rendered unhappy."

Evaline was silent, and appeared much humbled. She took an affectionate leave of Agnes, and returned home, secluded herself to ponder over the past, and to prepare her mind for future conduct. Upon a serious retrospection, she felt extremely dissatisfied. The longer she considered her own imprudences, an increasing respect for her

husband gradually arose in her mind, and she now anxiously longed for an opportunity of making those concessions to which she at first felt so much reluctance. Her husband returned, and before the repentant Evaline had completed an acknowledgement of her errors, she was enclosed in an embrace of forgiveness and love. She has now become as remarkable for conjugal affection, maternal solicitude, and every social virtue, as she had formerly been for levity and extravagance. Agnes is her confidante and counsellor. She is a tender mother, and a dutiful wife. "Her husband is known in the gates, her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her;"—and in the words of the elegant Thomson,

They flourish now in mutual bliss, and rear
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves
And good, the grace of all the country round.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS OF THE JEWS.

When a Jew in ancient times was supposed to be dying, it was customary to send for ten persons and a rabbi, in order that he might, before them, make a confession of his sins. He was not suffered to remain alone; but notice was sent to the *kabronim*—a society of buriers connected with the synagogue—whose duty it was to watch and pray by him until his sufferings terminated. Their relatives generally kissed the dying person immediately before his last expiration, a custom which, as we shall presently observe, prevailed among the Greeks and other eastern nations. After death, the body was laid upon the ground, the head being supported by a pillow, and the hands and feet laid out even. The face was then covered with a black cloth, it being no longer lawful to see it, and a light set at the head. At the time appointed for the burial, which is announced and made known to the people by the rulers of the synagogue, a member of the society of buriers, drawn by lot, attended to wash the corpse, put on the shroud, and place it in the coffin. The body was washed with warm water, and, during the period of the washing, was still kept covered over with a sheet, in order that it might not be exposed. One of the attendants also placed her hand over the mouth, to prevent any water entering it, when poured over the body. They then cleaned the nails of the hands and feet, and dried the body well in every part; a ceremony called the *toloro*, or the cleansing. The shroud usually consisted of a shirt, a pair of drawers, a cap for the head, and an upper garment which covered the whole body; there was, however, a controversy among the rabbis concerning the kind of habits proper for the dead; some insisting that they should be apparelled in a cloth mingled with wool, thread, or skill; others maintaining that they should be dressed of such garments previous to interment. The garments, however, were usually made of crape; nor was there any distinction, in the mode of attiring the corpse, between the rich and the poor, the old and the young; even those buried at the expense of the synagogue were treated in the same manner; it being one of their fundamental principles to inter all their dead with the utmost respect. When thus washed and attired, the body was placed in the coffin, over which a black cloth was thrown, and then put into the hearse to be conveyed to the burying ground. Arrived at the place of interment, the coffin was taken out of the hearse, and placed upon a bier, upon which it was carried into a hall belonging to the burying ground, where the coffin was formally opened, in order to see if any thing had been displaced by the jolting of the hearse, in which case the displaced dress was carefully re-adjusted, and the lid of the coffin closed, all present joining in a prayer. The tier, with the coffin containing the corpse, was then carried out of the hall into the burying ground; but they did not proceed many paces before they set down the bier, and offered up another prayer. This done, they proceeded forward to the sepulchre or grave, into which the body was deposited by some of the society. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, the relations of the dead were the first to throw earth upon it; each throwing it either by handfuls or with a shovel, until the grave was filled. It was customary, on returning from the cemetery, for each to pluck up grass three times, saying, "They shall flourish like the grass of the earth." They then washed their hands, and concluded the burial service by repeating the ninety-first Psalm.

Besides the witnesses and spectators, there were two classes of persons necessary to Jewish funerals—hired

weepers and bearers; but public lamentations were allowed only for those who died of a natural death within the pale of the synagogue. The custom of hiring mourning women prevailed not only among the Jews, but also among the Mahometans and other eastern people; and these hired mourners, as they proceeded to the grave, made use of violent lamentations. Hence we read in Jeremiah, "Call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come; and let them make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush with waters." It was customary for the burial to take place in the daytime; and besides the relatives, bearers, and hired mourners, musicians were also hired; hence the Saviour found minstrels making a great noise at the gate of a nobleman, whose daughter he raised from the dead. But this was a custom that varied in the synagogue; for, by a council of Narbonne held in the sixth century, it appears that the Jews in more ancient times carried their dead to the graves peaceably, and without instruments, and it charges them with the innovation of introducing the use of hymns. Among the Jews of Barbary, the corpse, says Dean Addison, is borne by four persons to the place of burial; in the procession the Chacham or priest march first, next to them the kindred of the deceased, and then those that are invited to the funeral, all singing, in a sort of plain song, the forty-ninth Psalm; and if it last not till they come to the grave, they begin it again. So also an ancient author, Maimonides, informs us that the poorest Jew is obliged to hire two players upon the flute, and a weeper, for the burying of his wife; and those that are rich, he adds, increase the number in proportion to their estates. When the deceased was a person of eminence, the funeral ceremony was conducted with considerable ostentation and splendour. The body of Herod, says Josephus, was placed on a litter, with gold, and embellished with precious stones of great value; it was covered with purple, and on the head was a diadem, over which was a crown of gold, and in the right hand a sceptre. By the side of the corpse marched the sons and relations of Herod; these were followed by numbers of soldiers in different divisions, the royal guards going first; next to them the troops of Thrace; then the Germans; and next to them the Galatians; all of them dressed and armed as if going to battle. These were followed by the rest of the army, each division commanded by its proper officers, and five hundred domestics carrying spices and perfumes. In this funeral pomp they proceeded to Herodium, eight furlongs distant from Jerusalem, where the body was interred.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received innumerable letters of advice as to the future management of this journal. To attend to them all would be impossible unless we could reconcile contradictions. It would, perhaps, afford some amusement if we were to arrange in juxtaposition the different opinions of the writers of these letters and lay them before our readers. But we intend to turn them to a better account. Some of them contain very useful hints and suggestions, and as all of them are apparently written with kindly feelings (and in some instances with a mixture of praise and censure, by no means unwelcome) we feel indebted to the writers and shall attend to their wishes as far as circumstances will permit.

We return our best thanks to all new Subscribers to the *Literary Gazette*, and especially offer our grateful acknowledgments to our old supporters, who with very few exceptions still continue their patronage.

We are particularly obliged to S. N. for his kind services. With to-day's *Literary Gazette*, we circulate a list of the contents of the forthcoming *Bengal Annual*. The work itself will soon be ready for publication.

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JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

[VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1835.

[VOL. III. NEW SERIES. No. 54.]

Original Articles.

TRAVELS OF LIEUT. BURNES.

Travels into Bokhara; also a Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus from the sea to Lahore, &c. &c. By Lieut. A. Burnes, 3 vols. London. John Murray

This is one of the most important and interesting books of Travels that has been published for many years. We are dissatisfied, however, with its arrangement, suggested, we suppose, by the publisher. The narrative of the voyage on the Indus, by far the most valuable portion of the work, is injudiciously placed in the third volume, and the account of the subsequent Journey into Bokhara occupies the two first volumes. But this is an objection of no great moment. The reader may be contented with the richness and novelty of the materials that the author has laid before him, and he would be very ungrateful indeed, if he allowed the mere misarrangement of these in one single instance to lessen his sense of obligation. With this exception the work has been prepared with great judgment and reflects the highest credit on Lieut. Burnes, both as a traveller and an author. The spirit of enterprise, the energetic perseverance and the calm and inoffensive firmness (the *sauviter in modo*, the *fortiter in re*) with which he has met and triumphed over so many difficulties cannot be too highly estimated; and the selection of such an officer for an undertaking not less important than delicate and dangerous, was equally honorable to the government and to the individual in whom so much flattering confidence was reposed. The style of the work is clear, correct and manly. It is perfectly free from all affectation, and without any straining after effect the narrative is often vivid and picturesque. Even where the author retraces his paths in the pages of the ancients, and goes over the ground rendered famous by the feats of Alexander, there is not the slightest appearance of an artificial enthusiasm or an idle pedantry. He does not pause to call up a sensation or attempt to dazzle the reader with his learning, but "steers right onward," and seems to give us nothing but what the occasion would necessarily and naturally suggest to a man of good education and good sense. These are rare merits. Most writers of travels (especially of travels in the East,) disgust us by an effort to be fine and are often most inflated and verbose in cases in which simplicity would be especially appropriate and effective. There is another uncommon charm in Lieut. Burnes' book, which consists in the clearness with which he has presented foreign pictures to the eye of the home-reader. The pages of some Eastern travellers are so studied with strange and unpronounceable names of unimportant things, places, and persons, that the perusal of them becomes a perplexing task and tries the memory to no profitable purpose. Lieut. Burnes, like a painter of real taste, seizes only

on the prominent or essential peculiarities of man and nature, as they are presented to his mind. But though he does not imitate the literal minuteness of a Dutch artist, he neither despises nor neglects little things when they are in any degree characteristic.

Only two or three copies of this work have yet reached India and as the copy now in our possession, is only lent us for a hurried perusal, we cannot pretend to give an elaborate or very careful notice of it. We shall for the present satisfy ourselves with making two or three highly interesting extracts. The following is an account of the author's crossing the Indus in the course of his travels into Bokhara.

"We mounted one of the chief's elephants, and, accompanied by himself and 200 horse men, passed a few miles down the river to the village of Khyrakhue, about five miles above Attok. The stream was here divided into three branches, and in the two first gushed with amazing violence. I did not like the appearance of the torrent; and, though I said nothing, would have willingly turned back; but how could that be, when I had been the foremost to propose it? The chief rallied his escort round him, threw a piece of silver money into the river, according to custom, and dashed into it. We followed, and the whole of our party reached in safety. While on the island, and preparing to enter the principal branch, a melancholy accident occurred to some stragglers who attempted to follow us. They were seven in number; and, instead of crossing at the exact point where we had effected the passage, they passed a few yards lower down, with the water but knee-deep, yet very rapid. The whole seven were unhorsed in a moment, and swept into the stream. The ferry-men ran to their assistance, and extricated them all but one poor fellow and two horses, whom we could see struggle, and at last sink. The others were rescued with great difficulty, and two of them were all but dead. We were shocked at the catastrophe, and proposed to return, but the chief, would not listen to it. He gave a laugh, and said, "What know ye, that these fellows (we thought they had all gone) may be kings in another world: and what is the use of a Seik if he cannot pass the Attok?" (Indus). The principal branch, however, was still in our front; and I only agreed to cross if the horsemen were left behind. "Leave my guard," cried the chief, "impossible!" but we did leave it, and safely passed the ford. The footing was slippery, and the current shot with great rapidity: the colour of the water was blue, and it was exceedingly cold, which makes it trying to both man and beast. The elephants pressed up against the stream, and roared as we advanced. The excitement of such an undertaking is great, and would have been exhilarating, had not our joy been dimmed by such a calamity. This ford has often been used by the Seiks, but the passage has involved many serious accidents.

A tale of a desperate soldier was here related to me, as having occurred at Lahore. He was a native of Hindoostan, and had murdered the adjutant of the regiment in which he was serving, in Runjeet's army. An example was called for in the support of discipline; but Runjeet Sing has never shed blood since he attained his throne, and refused to put him to death, though urged to it by the French officers. The hands of the culprit were ordered to be amputated on the parade ground, before the troops, and were chopped off by an axe; the hemorrhage was arrested by immersing the stump in burning oil. The hands were nailed on a board, as a warning to the army, and the unfortunate man was dismissed with ignominy. A comrade conducted him to a ruined mosque, where he passed the night, but his spirit forbade him to survive his disgrace, and he resolved on committing suicide. Next day he threw himself into the river (Ravee): his resolution was shaken, and instead of drowning himself, he crossed the river, swimming with his handless stumps!

We now proceeded to the fortress of Attok, which stands on a black slaty ridge, at the verge of the Indus, the "forbidden river" of the Hindoos. It was, indeed, a forbidden one to us, for the garrison had mutinied, ejected their officers, and seized upon the ferry-boats. Their arrears of pay were not forthcoming and they had taken this means of informing Runjeet of their grievances. It was in vain that we produced the most peremptory orders, to receive us inside the walls, and show us the curiosities of the place; they replied, that our complaints would now be heard, since the Maharaja will know of their ill-treatment towards us. Since they evinced no further contumacy, we halted outside, in a dilapidated mosque, and were not molested. It was useless to parley with irritated men, and I thought we were fortunate in prevailing on them, after a detention of two days, to give us a boat, in which we were ferried across the grand boundary of India, on the afternoon of the 17th of March. The water was azure blue, and the current exceeded six miles an hour. We passed in four minutes. About 200 yards above Attok, and before the Indus is joined by the Cabool river, it gushes over a rapid with amazing fury. Its breadth does not here exceed 120 yards; the water is much ruffled, and dashes like the waves and spray of the ocean. It hisses and rolls with a loud noise, and exceeds the rate of ten miles in the hour. A boat cannot live in this tempestuous torrent; but after the Cabool river has joined it, the Indus passes in a tranquil stream, about 260 yards wide and 35 fathoms deep, under the walls of Attok. This fortress is a place of no strength: it has a population of about 2000 souls."

Here is a curious illustration of Oriental justice.

"In one of our rides about De-shawur with the chief, we had a specimen of justice and Mahammedan retribution. As we passed the suburbs of the city we discovered a crowd of people, and, on a nearer approach, saw the mangled bodies of a man and woman, the former not quite dead, lying on a dung-hill. The crowd instantly surrounded the chief and our party, and one person stepped forward and represented, in a trembling attitude, to Sooltan Mohammed Khan, that he had discovered his wife in an act of infidelity, and had put both parties to death; he held the bloody sword in his hand, and described how he had committed the deed. His wife was pregnant, and already the mother of three children. The chief asked a few questions, which did not occupy him three minutes; he then said, in a loud voice, "You have acted the part of a good Mahammedan, and performed a justifiable act." He then moved on, and the crowd cried out "Bravo!" ("Afreen!") The man was immediately set at liberty. We stood by the chief during the investigation; and, when it finished, he turned to me, and carefully explained the law. "Guilt," added he, "committed on a Friday, is sure to be discovered;" for that happened to be the day on which it occurred. There is nothing new in these facts; but, as an European, I felt my blood run chill as I looked on the mangled bodies, and heard the husband justifying the murder of her who had borne him three children: nor was the summary justice of the chief, who happened to be passing, the least remarkable part of the dismal scene. It seems that the exposure of the bodies on a dung-hill is believed to expiate in some degree the sins of the culprit, by the example it holds out to the community; they are afterwards interred in the same spot."

The following is a part of the author's account of the difficulties he encountered on his arrival at Koondooz.

"We were received on our arrival at the house of Attamaram, the minister, or as he is styled the Dewan Beggee, of Moorad Beg, and sat in his doorway till he came out. I shall long remember the silent look which passed between him and the Nazir. The reception augured well, for the minister conducted us to his house of guests, and fine beds were brought for our use, but he said nothing on the subject which most interested us, and we were left to think about our own affairs. I was now to personate the character of a very poor traveller, and as it behoved me to act as such, I looked dejected, took up my seat, in a corner, fared with the servants, and treated the Nazir, my master, with great respect; and evinced, on every occasion, as much humility as possible. It was prudent, however, that when questioned, we should all tell the same story, and in a quiet hour, before going to sleep, I gave out my character as follows: That I was an Armenian from Lucknow, Sikunder Aliwardi, by profession a watchmaker, and that, on reaching Cabool, I had procured intelligence from Bokhara

regarding my relatives in that country, which led me to take a journey to it, and that I was the more induced to do so from the protection I should receive from the Nazir, to whose brother in Cabool I was, in some manner, a servant. We discarded the subject of my accompanying the Nazir to Russia, as it might lead to unpleasant enquiries. I then went on to state, that Dr. Gerardi was a relative of my own, and that he was left sick at Khooloom, and thus brought within a short space as much evasion as my ingenuity could invent. All our party agreed, that it would be most advisable to take the name of an Armenian, and entirely discard that of European; but the Cafilah bashee wished to know how far it was proper to deal in such wholesale lies, which had excited his merriment. I replied in the words of Sady,

"Duroh i musluhut amez
Bih us rasteo bu fitna ungez."

"An untruth that preserves peace is better than truth that stirs up troubles." He shook his head in approbation of the moralist's wisdom, and I afterwards found him the most forward in the party to enlarge on my pretended narrative and circumstances. It was agreed that we should first tell the consistent tale to the Hindoo of the custom-house, and then adopt it generally; and the Nazir promised in the course of to-morrow to unfold it to the minister.

The 4th of June slipped away without any adjustment of our concerns, and the Nazir now evinced an imbecility and weakness of intellect, which there was no tolerating. At one moment he was whining out to the visitors a sorrowful detail of our disasters, half in tears; at another time he was sitting erect, with all the pride and self-sufficiency of a man of consequence. In the afternoon he retired to a garden, and returned with a train of followers, as if he had been a grandee instead of a prisoner; nor had he even visited the minister during the day, and our affairs were no further advanced at night than in the morning. As soon as it was dark, I took an opportunity of pointing out to my friend the great impropriety of his conduct, for which I encountered a good share of his indignation. I told him that his grief and his pride were equally ill-timed and impolitic; that every hour added to the danger of our situation; and, if he acted rightly, he would immediately seek an interview with the minister, and endeavour either to convince or deceive him. You are in the house of a Hindoo, I added, and you may effect anything by throwing yourself upon him, and sitting in "dhurna," that is, without food, till your request is granted. Your course continued I, is now the reverse, as you appear to prefer parading in his gardens, and devouring the savoury viands he sends us. The earnestness with which I enforced these views produced a good effect, and the Nazir sent a messenger to the minister to say, that if he were the friend of his family, he would not detain him in this manner, for he had not come as a dog, to eat his bread, but as an acquaintance, to solicit a favour. I rejoiced at the decision which he was now displaying, and called out in accents of delight from my corner of the apartment, but the Nazir here requested me to conduct myself with greater discretion, and remain more peaceable. I deserved the rebuke, and was thus glad to compromise matters between us. When the minister received the message, he called the Nazir to him, and a long explanation ensued regarding our affairs, which, as far as I could gather, had left him bewildered as to their reality. It now appeared, however, that we were to have his good offices, for it was settled that we should set out early next morning to the country seat of the chief, where we should see that personage. The Nazir, as being a man of consequence, was instructed not to appear empty handed, and the minister with great kindness returned a shawl, which he had presented to him on his arrival, and desired him to give it and another to the chief of Koondooz.

Early on the morning of the 5th, we set out on our journey to Moorad Beg. We found him at the village of Khanabad, which is about fifteen miles distant, and situated on the brow of the hills above the fens of Koondooz, enlivened by a rivulet, which runs briskly past a fort, shaded by trees of the richest verdure. We crossed this stream by a bridge, and found ourselves at the gate of a small, but neatly fortified dwelling, in which the chief was now holding his court. There were about five hundred saddled horses standing at it, and the cavaliers came and returned in great numbers. All of them were booted, and wore long knives, stuck into the girdle for swords, some of which were richly mounted with gold. We sat down under the wall, and had ample time to survey the passing scene, and admire the martial air and pomp of these warlike Uzbeks.

None of the chiefs had more than a single attendant, and there was great simplicity in the whole arrangement. A Hindoo belonging to the minister went inside to announce our arrival, and, in the mean time, I rehearsed my tale, and drew on a pair of boots as well for the uniformity as to hide my provokingly white ankles. My face had long been burned into an Asiatic hue, and from it I felt no detection. The custom-house officer stood by, and I had taken care to have him previously schooled in all the particulars above related. We were summoned, after about an hour's delay, and passed into the first gateway. We here found an arm, in which stood the attendants and horses of the chief. Six or eight "yessawuls" or doorkeepers then announced our approach, as we entered the inner building. The Nazir headed the party, and marching up to the chief kissed his hand, and presented his shawls. The Hindoo of the custom-house followed, with two loaves of Russian white sugar, which he gave as his offering; and, in my humble capacity, I brought up the rear, and advanced to make my obeisance, sending forth a loud "sulam alai-koom" and placing my hands between those of the chief, kissed them according to custom, and exclaimed "tukseer," the usual mode of expressing inferiority. The Uzbek gave a growl of approbation, and rolling on one side, said, "Ay, ay, he understands the sulam." The "yessawul" then gave a signal for my retreat, and I stood at the portal with my hands crossed among the lower domestics. Moorad Beg was seated on a tiger skin, and stretched out his legs covered with huge boots, in contempt of all eastern rules of decorum. He sat at the door, for contrary to the custom of all Asiatic courts, an Uzbek there takes up his position, and his visitor passes into the interior of the apartment. The chief was a man of tall stature, with harsh Tartar features; his eyes were small to deformity, his forehead broad and frowning, and he wanted the beard which adorns the countenance in most oriental nations. He proceeded to converse with the Nazir; and put several questions regarding Cabool, and then on his own affairs, during which he spoke of our poverty and situation. Then came the Hindoo of the Custom-house with my tale. "Your slave," said he, "has examined the baggage of the two Armenians, and found them to be poor travellers. It is in every person's mouth that they are Europeans (Firingees), and it would have placed me under your displeasure had I let them depart; I have, therefore, brought one of them to know your orders." The moment was critical; and the chief gave me a look, and said in Turkish,—"Are you certain he is an Armenian?" A second assurance carried conviction, and he issued an order for our safe conduct beyond the frontier. I stood by, and saw his secretary prepare and seal the paper; and I could have embraced him when he pronounced it finished.

It was now necessary to retreat with caution, and evince as little of the joy which we felt as possible. The chief had not considered me even worthy of a question; and my garb, torn and threadbare, could give him no clue to my condition. His attendants and chiefs, however, asked me many questions; and his son, a youth with the unpromising name of Atalik, sent for me to know the tenets of the Armenians—if they said prayers, believed in Mahommed, and would eat with the "Faithful." I replied, that we were "people of the book," and had our prophets; but to the home question of our credence in Mahommed, I said, that the New Testament had been written before that personage (on whom peace) had appeared on earth. The lad turned to the Hindoos who were present, and said, Why this poor man is better than you. I then narrated my story to the prince with more confidence, and kissed the young chief's hand for the honour he had done in listening to it.

We were soon outside the fortification, and across the bridge; but the heat of the sun was oppressive, and we alighted at a gajlen to pass a few hours. The Hindoos got us refreshment; and, yet enacting the part of a poor man, I had a portion of the Nazir's pilloo sent to me, and ate heartily by myself. In the afternoon we returned to Koondooz; and the good Hindoo of the Custom-house told me by the way, that the Uzbeks were bad people, and did not deserve truth. "Whoever you be, therefore, you are now safe." I did most sincerely rejoice at the success of the journey; for if the chief had suspected our true character for a moment, we should have been deprived of all our money, subjected to great vexation, and, perhaps, been confined for months in the unhealthy climate of Koondooz. We must, at all events, have abandoned every hope of prosecuting our journey; and our assumed poverty would have soon availed us little; since there were not wanting persons who had a shrewd guess at our concerns.

The whole affair exhibits a simplicity on the part of the Uzbeks which is hardly to be credited; but no people are more simple. The veteran Cafilahashie, who accompanied me, was taken for my fellow-traveller, Dr. Gerard, though a grave, grey bearded, demure Moslem; and the whole court of Moorad Beg were left in ignorance of what many of the Hindoo community knew as well as ourselves,—that we were Europeans."

The above extracts are taken from the first volume. We now turn to the third, devoted exclusively to the voyage on the Indus. The author's progress was at first greatly impeded by the jealousy of the Sinde Government.

"Near the mouth of the river we passed a rock stretching across the stream, which is particularly mentioned by Nearchus, who calls it a "dangerous rock," and is the more remarkable, since there is not even a stone below Tatta in any other part of the Indus. We passed many villages, and had much to enliven and excite our attention had we not purposely avoided all intercourse with the people till made acquainted with the fate of our intimation to the authorities at Darjee. A day passed in anxious suspense; but, on the following morning, a body of armed men crowded round our boat, and the whole neighbourhood was in a state of the greatest excitement. The party stated themselves to be the soldiers of the Ameer, sent to number our party, and see the contents of all the boats, as well as every box that they contained. I gave a ready and immediate assent; and we were instantly boarded by about fifty armed men, who wrenched open every thing, and prosecuted the most rigorous search for cannon and gunpowder. Mr. Leckie and myself stood by in amazement, till it was at length demanded that the box containing the large carriage should be opened; for they pretended to view it as the Greeks had looked on the wooden horse, and believed that it would carry destruction into Sinde. A sight of it disappointed their hopes, and we must be conjurers, it was asserted, to have come without arms and ammunitions.

When the search had been completed, I entered into conversation with the head man of the party, and had hoped to establish, by his means, a friendly connection with the authorities; but after a short pause, this personage, who was a Reis of Lower Sinde, intimated, that a report of the day's transactions would be forthwith transmitted to Hyderabad; and that, in the meanwhile, it was incumbent on us to await the decision of the Ameer, at the mouth of the river. The request appeared reasonable; and the more so, since the party agreed to furnish us with every supply while so situated. We therefore weighed anchor, and dropped down the river; but here our civilities ended. By the way we were met by several "dingies" full of armed men, and at night were hailed by one of them, to know how many troops we had on board. We replied, that we had not even a musket. "The evil is done," rejoined a rude Beloochee soldier, "you have seen our country; but we have four thousand men ready for action!" To this vain-glorious observation succeeded torrents of abuse; and when we reached the mouth of the river, the party fired their matchlocks over us; but I dropped anchor, and resolved, if possible, to repel these insults by personal remonstrance. It was useless; we were surrounded by ignorant barbarians, who shouted out in reply to all I said, that they had been ordered to turn us out of the country. I protested against their conduct in the most forcible language; reminded them that I was the representative, however humble, of a great Government, charged with presents from Royalty; and added, that, without a written document from their master, I should decline quitting Sinde. An hour's delay served to convince me that personal violence would ensue, if I persisted in such a resolution; and as it was not my object to risk the success of the enterprise by such collision, I sailed for the most eastern mouth of the Indus, from which I addressed the authorities in Sinde, as well as Colonel Pottinger, the resident in Cutch.

I was willing to believe that the soldiers had exceeded the authority which had been granted them; and was speedily put in possession of a letter from the Ameer, couched in friendly terms, but narrating, at great length, the difficulty and impossibility of navigating the Indus. "The boats are so small," said his Highness, "that only four or five men can embark in one of them; their progress is likewise slow; they have neither masts nor sails; and the depth of water in the Indus is likewise

"so variable as not to reach, in some places, the knee or waist of a man." But this formidable enumeration of obstacles was coupled with no refusal from the ruler himself; and it seemed expedient, therefore, to make a second attempt, after replying to his Highness's letter."

The author returned to Sind;—at last he obtained permission to resume his voyage. On his arrival at Hydrabad, he was presented to the Ameer of Sind, who received him with protestations of friendship and respect, and apologized for the trouble and delay that his people had occasioned him.

"I followed up the interview by sending the government presents which I had brought for his Highness: they consisted of various articles of European manufacture,—a gun, a brace of pistols, a gold watch, two telescopes, a clock, some English shawls and clothes, with two pair of elegant cut glass candlesticks and shades. Some Persian works beautifully lithographed in Bombay, and a map of the World and Hindoostan, in Persian characters, completed the gift. The principle Ameer had previously sent two messages, begging that I would not give the articles to any person but himself; and the possessor of fifteen millions sterling portioned, with a partial hand, among the members of his family, the gifts that did not exceed the value of a few hundred pounds. His meanness may be imagined, when he privately deputed his Vizier to beg that I would exchange the clock and candlesticks for some articles among the presents which I doubtless had for other chiefs, as they formed no part of the furniture of a Sindian palace. I told the Vizier that the presents which I had brought were intended to display the manufactures of Europe, and it was not customary to give the property of one person to another. This denial produced a second message; and, as a similar occurrence happened, in 1809, to a mission at this court, we gather from the coincidence how little spirit and feeling actuate the cabinet of Hydrabad. Some score of trays, loaded with fruit and sweetmeats adorned with gold-leaf, and sent by the different members of the family, closed the day.

Early in the morning, we were conducted to the durbar by Meer Ismael Shah, one of the Vizier, and our nihmandar; on the road the Vizier took occasion to assure me how much I would please the Ameer by exchanging the clock! There was more order and regularity in our second interview, which was altogether very satisfactory; or the Ameer gave a ready assent to the wishes of Government when they were communicated to him. The conversation which ensued was of the most friendly description. His Highness asked particularly for my brother, looked attentively at our dress, and was much amused with the shape and feather of the cocked hat I wore. Before bidding him adieu, he repeated, in even stronger language, all his yesterday's professions; and, however questionable his sincerity, I took my departure with much satisfaction at what had passed, since it seemed he would no longer interrupt our advance to Lahore. Meer Nussur Khan, the son of the Ameer, presented me with a handsome Damascus sword, which had a scabbard of red velvet ornamented with gold; his father sent me a purse of fifteen hundred rupees, with an apology, that he had not a blade mounted as he desired, and begged I would accept the value of one. After all the inconvenience to which we had been subjected, we hardly expected such a reception at Hydrabad. Next morning we left the city, and encamped on the banks of the Indus near our boats."

The author, was better treated by other Sindian chiefs, who were singularly hospitable and generous. Here is a notice of his interview with the Ameer of Khyrpore.

"After what I have already stated, our interview with Meer Roostum Khan may be well imagined: he received us under a canopy of silk, seated on a cushion of loth of gold. He was surrounded by the members of his family, forty of whom (males), descended in a right line from his father, are yet alive. There was more taste and show than at Hydrabad, but as little attention to order or silence. We exchanged the usual complimentary speeches of like occasions. I thanked his Highness for the uniform attention and hospitality which we had received. Meer Roostum Khan is about fifty; his ears and hair were quite white, and the expression of his countenance, as well as his manners, were peculiarly

mild. He and his relatives were too much taken up with our uniforms and faces to say much; and he begged us to return in the evening, when there would be less bustle and confusion, to which we readily assented. I gave him my watch before leaving, and sent him a brace of pistols and a kaleidoscope, with various articles of European manufacture, with which he was highly delighted. The crowd was hardly to be penetrated, but very orderly: they shouted as we approached; and nothing seemed to amuse them so much as the feathers of our hats. "Such rocks!" was literally the expression. For about 200 yards from the palace (if I can use such a term for the mud buildings of Sind) there was a street of armed men, and among them stood thirty or forty persons with halberds, the foresters or huntsmen of the household.

In the evening we again visited the Ameer, and found him seated on a terrace spread with Persian carpets, and surrounded, as before, by his numerous relatives. He made a long address to me regarding his respect for the British government, and said that I had of course learned his sentiments from his vizier. He looked to our Nihmandar from Hydrabad, who I found had been doing every thing in his power to prevent our meeting at all, and then changed the conversation. The Ameer asked innumerable questions about England and its power, remarking that we were not formerly so military a nation; and he had heard that a few hundred years ago we went naked and painted our bodies. On our religion he was very inquisitive; and when I informed him that I had read the Koran, he made me repeat the "Kuluma," or creed, in Persian and Arabic, to his inexpressible delight. He said that our greatness had risen from a knowledge of mankind, and attending to other people's concerns as well as our own. He examined my sword, a small cavalry sabre, and remarked that it would not do much harm; but I rejoined, that the age of fighting with this weapon had passed, which drew a shout and a sigh from many present. There was so much mildness in all that the Ameer said that I could not believe we were in a Beloochee court. He expressed sorrow that we could not stay a month with him; but since we were resolved to proceed, we must take his state barge, and the son of his vizier, to the frontier, and accept the poor hospitality of a Beloochee soldier, meaning himself, so long as we were in the Khyrpore territory. I must mention that the hospitality, which he so modestly named, consisted of eight or ten sheep, with all sorts of provisions for 150 people daily, and that while at Khyrpore he sent for our use, twice a day, a meal of seventy-two dishes. They consisted of pillaws and other native viands. The cookery was rich, and some of them delicious. They were served up in silver. We quitted Khyrpore with regret, after the attentions which we had received. Before starting, the Ameer and his family set it to us two daggers, and two beautiful swords with belts ornamented by large masses of gold. The blade of one of them was valued at 80*l*. To these were added many cloths and native silks; also a purse of a thousand rupees, which I did not accept, excusing myself by the remark that I required nothing to make me remember the kindness of Meer Roostum Khan."

The following account of the interest excited by the appearance of an English traveller on the Indus is highly interesting.

"The curiosity of the people on the banks of the Indus was intense. One man in the crowd demanded that we should stop and show ourselves, since there had never been a white face in this country before, and we were bound to exhibit, from the welcome which we had received: he had seen Shah Shooja, he said (the ex-king of Cabool), but never an Englishman. Need I say we gratified him and the crowd, of which he was the spokesman? "Bismillah," "in the name of God," was their usual exclamation when we appeared, and we daily heard ourselves styled kings and princes. The ladies were more curious than their husbands. They wear ear-rings of large dimensions, with turquoise suspended or fixed to them; for these stones are of little value in the vicinity of Khorasan. Among the women, I should note the Syudanees, or Hebees, the female descendants of Mahommed: they go about veiled, or rather with a long white robe thrown over their entire body, having netted orifices before the eyes and mouth. They are all beggars, and very vociferous in their demands for alms: one set of them, (for they go about in troops,) when they found I did not readily meet their demands, produced a written paper from the shrine of Lal Shah Baz, at Seh-wun, to hasten my charity! Father Marique, in his journey by the Indus some centuries ago, complains "of

the frail fair ones" who molested him by the way. In the present age, the dress of the courtezans, who are to be met in every place of size in the country, would give a favourable idea of the wealth of Sind, and it is one of the few, if not the only, amusements of the inhabitants to listen to the lascivious songs of these people. They are a remarkably handsome race, and carry along with them a spirit of enthusiasm in their performance unknown to the ladies of Hindoostan."

We must here conclude our notice of Lieut. Burnes' book for the present, but we shall perhaps return to it again. We ought to mention that it is beautifully printed and is embellished with several fine engravings, amongst which is a portrait of the author.—ED.

A LOVER OF 'HINDOOSTAN' TO HIS MISTRESS.

Graceful thy moonlike forehead round
 "The loosened tendrils curl,"
 Thy Peri foot, that gems the ground,
 Outvies "Scindib's" pearl;
 As Cygnet swayed on rippling tides,
 Thy gentle bo-om heaves,
 The fawn, that through the forest glides,
 From thee her gait receives.

II.

Thy ripe, and polished cheeks resemble
 The "Asoka's" crimson die;
 The dew drops, on it's stem that tremble,
 Thy languid, swimming eye.
 Of India's flowers, the Aroma'd choice,
 Thy fragrant breath doth shame;
 The "Koil" hears thy dulcet voice,
 And burns with jealous flame.

III.

Serene—the modest "Cactus" flower
 Resists the Day-god's shocks,
 But, touched by "Chandra's" tenderer power
 Her odorous source unlocks;
 And thus—secluded, curtain'd, cold,
 Thou shunn'st the blazing hour,
 And thus doth balmy night unfold
 Thy charm's extatic dower.

IV.

The fire-flies hang, in gay festoon
 The Jasmine boughs amid,
 Glad earth expands beneath the moon,
 Thou only thou art hid:
 Thou comest—thy radiant aspect robes
 The ambient air with light,
 Thou feel'st this heart's tumultuous throbs
 Oh! soothe it's wild delight.

THE CALCUTTA MONTHLY JOURNAL.—This work was formerly printed at the *India Gazette Press* but when the *India Gazette* was "absorbed" in the *Hurkaru*, Messrs. Smith, and Co. became the Proprietors of the Monthly Journal also. They have commenced a new series and have altered and improved its form and appearance. It is now neatly printed in two-column pages, something in the style of our own paper. It professes to be a general register of local occurrences, and an epitome of the *Indian Press*. Such a work would be useful to those who are desirous to send friends at home an account of what is going on in this remote corner of the world. The articles are very judiciously selected and arranged.

MRS. LEACH.—Mrs. Leach's Benefit is to take place on Monday the 20th instant. The entertainment will consist of the musical Melo-drama of *Massaniello* or the dutab girl of Portici and the Farce of the Bee-hive.

THE LIMERICK BELLS.

Those evening bells,—those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
 When first I heard their soothing chime!
 Moore's Melodies.

In my youth I was a wanderer over many lands. Disinclined to a residence in England, by causes into the details of which it is needless here to enter; and urged, besides, by a naturally unquiet and restless disposition, I left my home at the early age of sixteen, determined to be absent from England for a protracted period, and during that time, to inspect whatsoever might be worthy of notice, as works of art or nature, in any part of the European continent, the ports of which had, then, only recently been opened to my countrymen, by the overthrow and subsequent captivity of the mighty Emperor who so long had held the nations in awe. In the prosecution of this plan, I not only visited the principal cities of France and Germany, to which, travelling was, in former days, chiefly confined by British Tourists; I explored the romantic vallies of the Pyrenees; I admired the gorgeous magnificence of Florence, as viewed from the banks of the beautiful Arno: "I stood at Venice on the bridge of sighs," and thought on its glory of a thousand years, departed for ever. I saw the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, capped with eternal snows, reflected in the crystal waters of the Leman; the fiery Crater of Vesuvius imaged in the blue waves of the bay of Naples; and standing on the rock of Gibraltar, I looked forth over the wide expanse of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. In a word, "when seven long years were passed and gone" in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and amongst the Isles of Greece,—when seven years, I say, had been spent in those beautiful countries, I was once more within the house where I was born, relating to smiling and affectionate friends the wonders I had seen during my long absence from them, and assuring them, that cured by it of my fancy for roving, I intended no more to leave them.

But, says the proverb, promises are made to be broken. The quiet joys of home soon became insipid, to one so restless and accustomed to change as I was; and the gypsy spirit of vagrancy within me, far from being in any degree, appeased by my seven year's pilgrimage, only seemed to have acquired thereby, strength irresistible, exciting me to further wanderings. Nor did I long, attempt to do violence to my own inclinations. I very speedily arranged a summer excursion through the sister kingdom of Ireland, that beautiful, and, by nature most highly gifted country, but which, for these seven hundred years, has been so disgracefully misruled by its governors—so piteously embroiled in perpetual strife, by the fickleness, and (sometimes causeless) discontent of its people. I landed at Dublin on the last morning of the sunny month of May, in the year 1826. Alas! could I have imagined then, that an adverse destiny would compel me, in a short time, abruptly to put an end to my projected tour; and drive me; an unwillingly exile, to this strange land, never more, perhaps to see the friend, whose love, or the home whose calm delights, I prized so lightly: with feelings how different from those of reckless gaily and youthful light-heartedness, would I have set out on that journey through the

green Isle ! The approach of evil, however, was unknown and therefore unfeared : in accordance with that most wise dispensation of an all-wise Providence, which, belying the poet's words, forbids the

Coming events to cast their shadows before.

Were it not so, to how many would this life be a state of actual and unmitigated misery, uncheered by the hope that dieth not ! whilst even to the chiefest of Fortune's favorites what would it afford save momentary pleasure, embittered by the knowledge of impending and inevitable calamity.

But I am growing garrulous : on then to my tale.

It was on a raw and comfortless afternoon, though one of August, that having already visited the other principal places in the south of Ireland, I approached the commercial city of Limerick. The frame of my mind was not unsuited to the stormy state of the weather ; being, like it gloomy and overcharged with sadness. For in the early part of that day, I had been afflicted with the first of the many sorrows, which have since been heaped upon me : having received intelligence of the unexpected death of an old and very dearly-loved friend, under circumstances of most heart-rending distress. Hence, on arriving within a couple of miles of the town, feeling disinclined to subject myself more, and sooner, than was unavoidable to the noise and tumult which ever reign around a place of public entertainment, I descended from my carriage and sent it forward to the Hotel ; purposing to follow at my leisure, and on foot. I walked on, for some time, scarcely observant of the objects around me : chewing the cud of bitter fancy. At length, arousing myself from my reverie I found that I was standing beneath a magnificent elm, on a rising ground. The city and the Shannon lay spread out beneath me : the spires and pinnacles of the former, and the white sails of the numerous vessels which smoothly glided over the latter, being lighted up, and gilded by the last rays of the sun : which, about to sink beneath the horizon, for a moment burst through the clouds that had obscured its brightness during the greater part of the day. At the same instant, the bells of the cathedral rang forth a merry peal : possibly, because that particular evening was some provincial festival. Let this have been as it may, the sight of the glorious sun, and the sound of those sweet bells exercised a kindly influence over me. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and a light broke on the gloomy grief then preying upon me. I ceased, for the moment, to murmur against fate ; and turning my face towards the town, I took my way thither with a tranquilised mind ; no longer disinclined to mingle in the haunts of men, or to perform my share of the common duties of humanity.

You may be sure that, the next morning, when I went forth, according to the custom of travellers, to view the wonders of the place of which the principal are the elegant and spacious Town Hall, the flourishing paper and woollen manufactures, the stately bridge across the Shannon and, last, but not least, that noble river itself, which here is so broad and deep, that vessels of very considerable burthen may lie close to the city quays, and there discharge their cargo. You may be sure, that when I had minutely inspected all these, I failed not to visit the cathedral, and even to ascend the tur-

ret wherein hang those bells, of which the tones had so soothed me the previous evening. From this place, the spectator enjoys a most magnificent view of the city and the surrounding country. The old verger by whom I was accompanied in the capacity of cicerone, gave me, the following history of the bells which he said that he had read in the ancient archives of the cathedral.

In the early years of the 16th Century, there dwelt in the little village of Bovino, in the Italian kingdom of Naples, a worthy couple named Bartolino and Marcella Zarti. They were in humble circumstances, but not paupers : for the calling of Bartolino which was that of chief Herdsman to the neighbouring wealthy monastery of San Severo afforded them a decent subsistence ; and though poor, they were not despised : in as much as they dealt honestly towards all men ; were charitable, so far as their limited means permitted them to be, to those yet poorer than themselves ; and were ever respectful to their superiors, without being subservient. These good people had only one son, by name Luigi : an ingenious youth, who was their pride and their delight on account of the kindness of his heart, the sweetness of his disposition, and the comeliness of his person. Having been instructed by a worthy friar of San Severo, in all the mysteries of monastic lore, and afterwards apprenticed to one of the most eminent metal founders of the age, his parents fondly hoped, that by the judicious display of his learning, or the scientific exercise of his difficult calling, he would in due season, raise himself to wealth and renown, and cause his name to be carried down to a remote posterity.

At the period of which I write, the exercise of the mechanical arts and manufactures were not, as with us moderns they are, confined to the ignorant and illiterate : who only arrive at perfection, because so concise are the rules laid down for their guidance, that they cannot err. Then, art and science went, in a great measure, hand in hand : and callings, which now would be looked on as degrading were in those days honorably pursued by the talented and scientific. For instance, Cellini was originally only a carver in wood, till practice and genius taught him the delicate art, in which he has never yet been excelled, of engraving in the precious metals : and Buonarrotti himself, was a mason, before he became a sculptor, and architect of St. Peters.

When Luigi had attained the age of three and twenty his mother died ; and not very long after, his father also was gathered to the grave. Thus bereaved of both his parents, and left, moreover, with only a very slender maintenance, the poor youth at first gave himself up to excessive grief—nay almost to despair. Time, however, which soothes the violence of sorrow, had its usual effect upon him ; and this not the less completely, or speedily, that the greatest kindness was shewn him, in his afflictions, by his former preceptor ; now become abbot of San Severo. The days of mourning being elapsed, that good prelate sent word to Luigi, that he should come to him the next morning : when having pointed out in very forcible language the folly of excessive grief, since death is the common lot of all mortals ; as well as the wickedness of it, seeing that no man dies without the fiat of the Almighty, he relieved his present necessities, by placing in his hands a purse containing one thousand Zechins in gold ; and commanded him to use

his utmost skill and ability in the manufacture of a set of bells, for the monastery; the completion of which within three years from that time, would be the means, he said, of assuring to him another sum, double in amount, as the final reward of his labor.

At the expiry of the allotted time, so diligently had Luigi labored, that not only were the bells in every respect finished—they were even actually suspended in the belfry of the monastery. It is possible that the fact of the artist being engaged, on this consummation of his undertaking, to wed a fair and gentle maiden, whom he had long dearly loved, may have tended, very materially, to urge him to diligence; and to lighten his toils, by the anticipation of so sweet an end to them. However this may be,—and I think many of my readers will admit, that the supposition is not very extravagant—it is at any rate perfectly certain, that at the period named by the abbot, Luigi's part of the contract was fulfilled; as, indeed, was also the worthy Friar's; he having delivered to his protégé, on the very last day of the third twelve-month, a second purse, containing two thousand golden Zechins. With so many of these as remained to him as profit, Luigi effected the purchase of a little farm, in the immediate vicinity of the monastery and having united himself in the holy bands of wedlock with his dear Teresa, he fondly hoped that he might pass the remainder of his days within the sweet influence of the sound of his own bells, in the bosom of domestic happiness, and in the peaceable prosecution of his agricultural pursuits: with the exercise, also, as opportunity might present itself, of his other avocation. And, in effect, for some years he did so live: but it is not in the nature of human affairs that such calm enjoyment should long endure.

That which put an end to Luigi's short-lived felicity, was the demon of kingly ambition. In those days, the mighty king of France, and the still mightier emperor of Germany, were striving for the sovereignty of the civilised world: and the fairest portion of it, unhappy Italy, was selected, as it often has been before and since, for the theatre whereon rival monarchs contended for this rich prize. For sometime, the southern provinces, under the protection of the French, had enjoyed comparative peace and tranquility: but latterly, the opposing armies had met on the plains of Pavia, and in the bloody battle which there took place, the gallant Francis, to use his own words, *lost all save his honor*. The imperialists, elated by unexpected victory, and exasperated, besides, to fury, by sundry ill advised and feeble attempts at resistance, on the part of the natives, soon over-ran the whole Peninsula: marking their fiendish course by burning towns, as beacons; and by rivers of blood: to augment which, the innocent as well as guilty, those who bowed down before the conqueror, as well as those who resisted his authority were not unfrequently sacrificed, with every attendant circumstance of barbarity. Among many others, who were friendly to the French, the Brotherhood of San Severo were sufferers; and Luigi also, was not spared, for he had been faithful to the benefactors of his youth. The monastery, was razed to the ground; and not a few of its tenants put to the sword in cold blood: whilst the rest were sent forth, many in old age, and all in poverty, to seek precarious subsistence in a world to which they were unused.

Of the latter, the farm was, in like manner, plundered and set on fire; his innocent children and affectionate wife were murdered before his face, in spite of his earnest prayers for mercy and he himself only escaped a similar fate, by a precipitate flight to the nearest sea-port; and by thence embarking himself on board a vessel, which providentially, was about to set sail, at that very instant, for the capital of the friendly republic of Genoa.

But the unhappy exile had not yet drained the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. On the third morning of the voyage, a strange sail was descried in the distance; which the Neapolitan Podrone, with much lamentation and wringing of hands declared he recognised, by sure signs, as the pirate vessel of a noted Saltee Rover. And in fact, so it proved to be: for on nearer approach, the turbaned heads of the swarthy complexioned moors were plainly discernible above the deck of the stranger Barque, amid glittering scimitars and uplifted Yatagans. They were heard summoning their victims to submit unresistingly. Flight was impossible—resistance would have been folly—unconditional surrender, alone, was open to Luigi and his companions; who gave themselves up accordingly—cursing their hard fate, which had preserved them from death or captivity at the hands of Christian enemies, only to doom them to slavery, amongst uncivilised infidels.

Years, long weary years, passed on. Youth had changed into the prime of manhood, and this was quickly merging into old age, and Luigi was still a captive. At length, the days of his bondage were numbered. With the snows of age, came liberty also: and Fortune, which, throughout the better portions of his life, had ever frowned on the Italian, at last smiled upon him, in his declining years. He was fortunate enough to render a signal service to his master—nothing less, indeed, than that of effecting the preservation of his life from the blow of a midnight assassin; and the result of this good deed was not freedom only, but rich presents of gold and costly merchandize: for the dictates of gratitude are, sometimes, heard, even in the breasts of heathens.

Behold, then, the Italian exile once more free. Behold his vessel once more bounding over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, towards the land he loved so well. Behold him once again upon its shore! He stands at last on the very spot, where passed his innocent childhood, and the happiest days of his youth and early manhood. He stands there—but alas! how changed from what he was! Then, young in years and in hope—loving and beloved. Now, old, unknown, and decrepid: borne down by the weight of years, of chains, and of sorrows! Thus the hills of San Severo were still covered with luxuriant vines; the cornfields of its valley were still brightened by a cloudless sun; its streams still flowed clearly and joyously as in other days. But where was the cottage of the artist and his little farm? not a vestige remained of either. Where was the rich monastery, which almost rivalled a palace in extent, and a fortress in solidity? Scarcely two stones of it lay one on the other, to make known the place where once that stately edifice reared its towers. And where were the bells,—the work of the artist's own hands, the result of three years of unremitted labor—which erst chimed so merrily from the highest of those turrets? They had been sold by the rapacious

green Isle ! The approach of evil, however, was unknown and therefore unfeared : in accordance with that most wise dispensation of an all-wise Providence, which, belying the poet's words, forbids the

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Were it not so, to how many would this life be a state of actual and unmitigated misery, uncheered by the hope that dieth not ! whilst even to the chiefest of Fortune's favorites what would it afford save momentary pleasure, embittered by the knowledge of impending and inevitable calamity.

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his utmost skill and ability in the manufacture of a set of bells, for the monastery; the completion of which within three years from that time, would be the means, he said, of assuring to him another sum, double in amount, as the final reward of his labor.

At the expiry of the allotted time, so diligently had Luigi labored, that not only were the bells in every respect finished—they were even actually suspended in the belfry of the monastery. It is possible that the fact of the artist being engaged, on this consummation of his undertaking, to wed a fair and gentle maiden, whom he had long dearly loved, may have tended, very materially, to urge him to diligence; and to lighten his toils, by the anticipation of so sweet an end to them. However this may be,—and I think many of my readers will admit, that the supposition is not very extravagant—it is at any rate perfectly certain, that at the period named by the abbot, Luigi's part of the contract was fulfilled; as, indeed, was also the worthy Friar's; he having delivered to his protégé, on the very last day of the third twelve-month, a second purse, containing two thousand golden Zechins. With so many of these as remained to him as profit, Luigi effected the purchase of a little farm, in the immediate vicinity of the monastery and having united himself in the holy bands of wedlock with his dear Teresa, he fondly hoped that he might pass the remainder of his days within the sweet influence of the sound of his own bells, in the bosom of domestic happiness, and in the peaceable prosecution of his agricultural pursuits: with the exercise, also, as opportunity might present itself, of his other avocation. And, in effect, for some years he did so live: but it is not in the nature of human affairs that such calm enjoyment should long endure.

That which put an end to Luigi's short-lived felicity, was the demon of kingly ambition. In those days, the mighty king of France, and the still mightier emperor of Germany, were striving for the sovereignty of the civilised world: and the fairest portion of it, unhappy Italy, was selected, as it often has been before and since, for the theatre whereon rival monarchs contended for this rich prize. For sometime, the southern provinces, under the protection of the French, had enjoyed comparative peace and tranquility: but latterly, the opposing armies had met on the plains of Pavia, and in the bloody battle which there took place, the gallant Francis, to use his own words, *lost all save his honor*. The imperialists, elated by unexpected victory, and exasperated, besides, to fury, by sundry ill advised and feeble attempts at resistance, on the part of the natives, soon over-ran the whole Peninsula: marking their fiendish course by burning towns, as beacons; and by rivers of blood: to augment which, the innocent as well as guilty, those who bowed down before the conqueror, as well as those who resisted his authority were not unfrequently sacrificed, with every attendant circumstance of barbarity. Among many others,* who were friendly to the French, the Brotherhood of San Severo were sufferers; and Luigi also, was not spared, for he had been faithful to the benefactors of his youth. The monastery, was razed to the ground; and not a few of its tenants put to the sword in cold blood: whilst the rest were sent forth, many in old age, and all in poverty, to seek precarious subsistence in a world to which they were unused.

Of the latter, the farm was, in like manner, plundered and set on fire; his innocent children and affectionate wife were murdered before his face, in spite of his earnest prayers for mercy and he himself only escaped a similar fate, by a precipitate flight to the nearest sea-port; and by thence embarking himself on board a vessel, which providentially, was about to set sail, at that very instant, for the capital of the friendly republic of Genoa.

But the unhappy exile had not yet drained the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. On the third morning of the voyage, a strange sail was descried in the distance; which the Neapolitan Podrone, with much lamentation and wringing of hands declared he recognised, by sure signs, as the pirate vessel of a noted Sallee Rover. And in fact, so it proved to be: for on nearer approach, the turbaned heads of the swarthy complexioned moors were plainly discernible above the deck of the stranger Barque, amid glittering scimitars and uplifted Yagtagans. They were heard summoning their victims to submit unresistingly. Flight was impossible—resistance would have been folly—unconditional surrender, alone, was open to Luigi and his companions; who gave themselves up accordingly—cursing their hard fate, which had preserved them from death or captivity at the hands of Christian enemies, only to doom them to slavery, amongst uncivilised infidels.

Years, long weary years, passed on. Youth had changed into the prime of manhood, and this was quickly merging into old age, and Luigi was still a captive. At length, the days of his bondage were numbered. With the snows of age, came liberty also: and Fortune, which, throughout the better portions of his life, had ever frowned on the Italian, at last smiled upon him, in his declining years. He was fortunate enough to render a signal service to his master—nothing less, indeed, than that of effecting the preservation of his life from the blow of a midnight assassin; and the result of this good deed was not freedom only, but rich presents of gold and costly merchandise: for the dictates of gratitude are, sometimes, heard, even in the breasts of heathens.

Behold, then, the Italian exile once more free. Behold his vessel once more bounding over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, towards the land he loved so well. Behold him once again upon its shore! He stands at ~~last~~ ^{that} the very spot, where passed his innocent childhood, and the happiest days of his youth and early manhood. He stands there—but alas! how changed from what he was! Then, young in years and in hope—loving and beloved. Now, old, unknown, and decrepid: borne down by the weight of years, of chains, and of sorrows! Thus the hills of San Severo were still covered with luxuriant vines; the cornfields of its valley were still brightened by a cloudless sun; its streams still flowed clearly and joyously as in other days. But where was the cottage of the artist and his little farm? not a vestige remained of either. Where was the rich monastery, which almost rivalled a palace in extent, and a fortress in solidity? Scarcely two stones of it lay one on the other, to make known the place where once that stately edifice reared its towers. And where were the bells,—the work of the artist's own hands, the result of three years of unremitted labor—which erst chimed so merrily from the highest of those turrets? They had been sold by the rapacious

conquerors of the country, to a foreign merchant; and by him were carried away to his distant northern home. When Luigi saw and heard these things, he felt that it was no longer an abiding place for him: and with tearful eyes, and a heavy heart, he turned, and left the spot. In five days from that time, he was once more upon the sea, an exile from his native land: AND FOR EVER!

Let us shift the scene. We still see green hills and fertile plains; a fair town, and a bright river: but there are none of the vine-clad mountains of Italy, of its sunny Campagna, of its marble cities, of its rapid streams. We look, now, upon Limerick, and the Shannon. A vessel from foreign climes, has just anchored before the town: a little skiff has parted from her side, propelled by two rowers, and having seated in its stern, an aged and decrepit man, whom we recognise as Luigi Zarti. Without a home, and without friends, in his own country, he had formed the resolution of seeking the place to which his bells—those treasures of his memory, and last memorial of his happier days—had been borne away. He had wandered long and far in search of them. The city, which contained them, was at length before him; and he beheld the steeple of Saint Mary's Cathedral, lifting its head above its surrounding edifices. He looked fondly and longingly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native skies, in the sweetest time of the year—the decline of spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror; and the little vessel glided through it, with noiseless rapidity. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral. The poor Italian, when he heard them, crossed his arms upon his breast, and lay back in his seat: home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family, were ALL in the sound, and went with it to his heart. He remained fixed as in a trance of deep thought. When the boat touched the strand, and the rowers jumped on shore, they called on him to follow. But he heeded not their summons; and when they drew near, they saw, THAT HE WAS DEAD!

The chief chord of that most fragile instrument, the human heart, had been stricken too powerfully, and it broke with the force of the vibration.

Madras.

G. W. S.

' STANZAS '

"The last links are broken, that bound thee to me"—
How the words of that song touch my heart!

"The last links are broken"—and can it then be,
That friends such as we were, could part?
I thou knewest me a girl when my spirit was free,
And my thoughts in thine ear were all spoken,—
But thou'st gone, that bound thee to me,
In one evil hour, was — broken!

The Demon of discord, his dark veil has thrown,
O'er the bright spot, so hallowed by thee,—
Joy's song, is changed into a sorrow's tone,
And thy name is a blank to me!
Yet I've many a token,—and many a song,—
Which thy well known voice, can recall,
And with them—remembrance of my wrong—
I hat still—I keep them all!

'Is over now—and midst' my woe,
The thought that haunts me, night and day,
Is, that I've lost thy love!—and know
It has passed for ever away—
Yet I love thee—and for ever shall,
As these burning tears can tell,—
"But the links are broken, that bound—"
I see vision!—I bid thee "farewell!"

Ceylon, August, 1834.

A. M. M.

CHEAP LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—The many facilities afforded in the present day to those who are desirous of acquiring knowledge must be viewed with pleasure by all who take an interest in the progress of civilization. The "Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge" holds a distinguished rank amongst the many societies devoted to that object. For upwards of seven years this institution has been employed in preparing and circulating a series of works in every branch of literature and the fine arts—many of these have been translated into the different languages of Europe, while of their periodical publications, several have been regularly reprinted in America. Thus they have been the means of imparting knowledge to many millions of our fellow-creatures on every subject connected with the intellectual and social condition of man. Learning is no longer the exclusive privilege of the noble and the wealthy, but is now placed within the reach of the humblest individual. This change may in a great measure be attributed to the exertions and example of the above Society, and my purpose in addressing you is that the sphere of its influence may be increased by directing the attention of its members to this benighted land where knowledge still continues to be a jewel of "exceeding great price."

Of the many thousands in this land who are familiar with the English language, a comparatively small proportion only can afford to cultivate a taste for reading. Novels are the only species of books abundant here, and their utility is of a very doubtful character. From the nature of the climate, most people are obliged to lead a sedentary life, and their leisure in the absence of books will often be very unprofitable, if not pernicious. If they are prevented from studying the history of the world, of their own country, or of the lives and actions of the great men of all ages, curiosity may lead them to enquire too minutely into the personal history of their neighbours—their chemical experiments will be confined to the infusion of the tea plant, or the dilution of the alcohol of ardent spirits, in order to gratify their sensual appetites—their only music will be the bubble of their hookahs, while instead of enjoying the delights of astronomy, their ideas will not ascend above the clouds of smoke they draw from the narcotic weed.

Lord William Bentinck, Sir E. Ryan and Jas. Young, Esq., form one of the "local committees" of the above-named Society—they would be doing great service to this country by appointing agents for the distribution of the Society's publications. These might be furnished to purchasers, at a trifling cost above what they are sold at in England. There are many who would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity to procure useful knowledge at a cheap rate, who are wholly unable to pay double the English price, which is usually the minimum charge of "the trade" in India.

The amount of the demand for such books in this country, could only be ascertained by experience—the unprecedented success of the Society in England was never anticipated—in like manner the demand for knowledge is created here, and only waits the supply.

SONG:—ASK NOT HOW I LOVE THEE.

BY CAPTAIN McNAUGHTEN.

Oh! ask not how I love thee,
For can feeble words disclose
The deep, devoted feeling,
Which a heart impassion'd knows,
If thy sweet eyes droop and languish,
If thy beauteous cheek grow dim;
He whose soul thy sorrow shareth,
Art thou not belov'd by him?

Then ask not how I love thee,
But look around and see:—
Do I gaze on others,
As I gaze on thee?

When I have thee beside me,
All is fair, and pure, and bright;
But when from thee I'm sever'd,
Joy expires beneath the blight.
No evil can subdue me,
While thou—while thou—art mine;
No fortune's smile give gladness,
If mingled not with thine.

Then ask not how I love thee,
But look around and see:—
Do I gaze on others,
As I gaze on thee?

In the halls of spell-fraught pleasure,
Which all loveliness enshrine;
No form enchants my vision,
By a witchery like thine;
And with beauty lavish'd round me,
Yet 'tis thee, 'tis thee, alone,—
Oh! doubt me not, my dearest!—
I would consecrate mine own.

Then ask not how I love thee,
But look around and see:—
Do I gaze on others,
As I gaze on thee?

* I met with this pretty chorus, as an isolated verse, in the course of an evening's desultory reading; but have never seen the piece to which it properly belongs.

STANZAS IN REPLY TO THE "STANZAS TO MISS ———"

[See *Literary Gazette* Dec. 20, page 389—1834.]

I.

Ungallant and silly scribbler
Put your pen and paper by,
Verse of thine could ne'er annoy one,
Cost a tear, or cause a sigh.

II.

I know thee for a stupid pedant,
One whose thoughts and words are weak,
Thou may'st rave and thou may'st rant on
But neither heads nor hearts thou'lt break.

III.

If one could have felt annoyance,
At thy weak and puerile rhyme
'Tis merged in pity for the maiden,
Who has "let" thee call her thine.

IV.

Fare thee well thou silly scribbler,
And believe thy verse tho' meant
To harrow feelings far above thee
Has but moved sincere contempt.

Baines, 1834.

J. —

We had no idea that the verses to which the above Stanzas refer were of a personal character or that the object of them existed anywhere but in the writer's brain, or we should not have inserted them. As it is, we cannot refuse insertion to the lady's reply. Here, however, this love-controversy must close.—Ed.

BETTALI'S BENEFIT.—The Italian performances on Wednesday last, were extremely well attended, and we hope that the receipts amounted to a handsome remuneration. The performances were excellent.

Selected Articles.

THE PRIZE.

[A PASSAGE IN THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.]

The history of the war of independence in the western states of South America is interspersed with numerous instances of remarkable adventure. Desultory in its nature, and unconnected in its details, that war was peculiarly fitted to call into activity the latent energies of those who participated in its perils; and the spirit of bold enterprise to which it gave rise was shared no less by those who fared on the sea, than by the scattered guerilla parties on the continent. The banner of freedom, indeed, had hardly been raised on the towers of Valparaiso, when numerous bands of hardy seamen fitted out their barks for predatory adventure, and privateers, in particular, received both encouragement and assistance from the in-urgent government whose policy it was to weaken, by every possible means, the maritime power of the mother country. Foreigners, as well as Americans, eagerly embarked in the business of legalised plunder, not from any principle of patriotism, it is obvious, but upon mere mercenary speculation. British sailors, more than those of any other country, were enamoured of the exploits which such a field of enterprise presented for their achievement, and many of them left their peaceful London and Liverpool traders to share, if not in the honours, at least in the anticipated profit and pleasure of a course, perhaps a life, of perpetual hostility.

Previous to the arrival of Lord Cochrane's fleet on the coast of Chili, privateering was nearly at its height in the South American seas, and it is to that period, namely, to 1818, that the following isolated passage of history belongs.

Soon after Valparaiso had fallen into the hands of the revolutionary forces, a few British seamen resolved to set up as privateers on the Chilean and Peruvian coasts. With this view, having, in the first instance, procured the governor's licence, they purchased an old West Indian druggist-boat,* as sorry looking a craft as ever ventured a league to sea, but the small stock of dollars which they had succeeded in scraping together, did not enable them to purchase one better fitted for their purpose. Having taken a few additional hands into partnership, they soon put a deck upon her, and otherwise rigged her out in pretty tolerable style. They next collected a quantity of old arms, consisting of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and two small swivels, which they mounted on the boat's timber-heads; but as they were to trust chiefly to boarding, they took on board no cannon—their bark, indeed was, from its diminutive size, utterly unfit for this grand instrument of war. Altogether, their outfit and the object of it seemed somewhat of a burlesque upon ordinary privateering; but they were good-humoured fellows, fond of a joke, and their own masters, so they did not mind the mirth and harmless ridicule which their armament excited.

Thus equipped, and having stowed on board a few bales of dry jerk beef, with some other necessary articles of provision, they put to sea, determined to make the most of every thing they should meet with. The crew consisted of sixteen hands, commanded by one Mackay, a Scotsman who had a short time before resigned the office of steward in a South-Sea whaler, and who had originally projected this mad-like scheme. They had only one course to follow; for the trade-wind which blows for a considerable part of the year constantly from the south, carried them briskly up the wide coast of Peru. On their voyage, which was extended to a considerable distance beyond Lima, they had not the good fortune to fall in with a single legitimate prize; but running short of provisions, they were soon forced to put under contribution such trading vessels and boats as they happened to fall in with. Supporting themselves entirely by compulsory levies, it was not long before they lost all proper sense of a distinction between plundering and privateering; but the plea of necessity was always at hand to satisfy their not over-scrupulous consciences, that in employing such means to supply their wants, they did nothing morally wrong—or at least that, circumstanced as they were, their doings amounted at the utmost, to justifiable marauding. Their acts of depredation

* A druggist, or druggist-boat, is a vessel similar to a lighter in this country.

became so frequent, however, and in some instances so aggravating a character, that they soon excited alarm throughout the whole coast. Even at Lima they were heard of. At one period, indeed, it was seriously intended by the authorities here, to dispatch a small force to consign the druggers and her pilfering crew to the bottom of the ocean; but they were saved the trouble of carrying their threat into execution. The offenders soon brought on their own apparent ruin; for dreaded by friends no less than by foes, they were in a few weeks shunned and run from by every bark that hove in sight. Smugglers as well as people of their own calling, refused not only to relieve their wants, but to hold any intercourse with them; and they were at the same time denied all communication with the peaceable citizens on shore. Thus situated, both their provisions and water were speedily exhausted, and to add to their distress, their little vessel became leaky to such a degree that she was almost wholly unfit for sea, while they were themselves worn out with the constant exertion which was necessary to keep her afloat.

They were, therefore, compelled to turn towards Valparaiso; but, under the difficulties they had to encounter; the attempt to reach that port was almost a hopeless one. The wind blew right ahead, while they had neither provisions, nor were they in a situation in other respects to venture upwards of a hundred miles from land, in order to fall under the north trade-wind. In these painful circumstances, and not daring to touch at any of the intermediate ports, there was no alternative but to sweep* back to Valparaiso. They were not without some apprehension, too, that Spanish frigates might be cruising on the coast, into whose hands they knew it would be certain destruction to fall. No wonder, therefore, that their spirits flagged a little, and that they now crept along the coast with a degree of caution that contrasted strikingly with their former reckless disregard of all danger. It was only during the night, indeed, that they coasted along; during the day they skulked in close to the land, concealing themselves in unfrequented creeks and among the rocks, where they employed themselves in fishing, now the only means by which they obtained a subsistence.

While thus fighting their way against fortune and the winds, they chanced to fall in with an Indian fisherman, whom they made prisoner, with the view of procuring from him information respecting the state of the coast; and they had an eye also to his fishing apparatus, as well as to the benefit of his superior skill in the art of using it, for by this time they were sorely pressed by the common wants of our nature. By the Indian they were informed that the coast was clear of king's ships—that an armed merchantman from Old Spain had arrived at Arica (a fortified town still in the hands of the royalists) a few days before, and that she was lying under the protection of the fort, ready to discharge a valuable cargo. Their disappointment at having missed the opportunity of falling in with so rich a prize, in consequence of useless, and in other respects hurtful delays, was extreme, for they entertained no doubt whatever, that had they been down in time, as they would have been but for these delays, the *Minerva* would have been the reward of all their privations. Disappointment is not a feeling that arises in the mind, and then instantaneously passes away; it recurs again and again, to vex the spirit, and to rouse its energies to redress the mistaken or neglected step by which it has been troubled. With the crew of the druggers-boat it operated with instantaneous effect, and they were at the same time stimulated, by the severe pressure of existing necessities, to form the desperate resolution of attempting the capture of the *Minerva*. But then, on further interrogation, the Indian added, that besides being armed with five and twenty guns, and lying as the vessel did within musket shot of a strong battery, she had received on board, in addition to a numerous crew upwards of 250 Spanish soldiers, for the especial purpose of protecting her from any piratical or predal attack. These were difficulties which, to the ordinary run of mortals would have been considered as absolutely insurmountable; but, by the handful of famishing tars, they were viewed in no such light. The crew of the *Minerva* did not enter into their calculation at all; for, once on board, with cutlass in hand, they would speedily be overcome; and the fort, though strong enough to blow them out of the water in five minutes, would not surely (so they reasoned among themselves) be so regardless of Spanish life and Spanish property, as to sink the *Minerva* in order to destroy a few

impertinent marauders already on board of her. The formidable guard of soldiers could not, however, be so conveniently disposed of. To attempt a fair stand-up fight with a force numerically so far superior, would be to court certain destruction. It therefore appeared to them that the only means by which the difficulty might, by possibility be obviated, was to board the vessel by surprise at midnight, and to secure her hatches—a plan sufficiently simple in itself, and effectual too, provided it could be promptly accomplished. A council of war, consisting of all hands having been held, the scheme underwent solemn, but by no means deliberate discussion, and was pronounced quite practicable!! This point finally settled to every one's entire satisfaction, and evening coming on, they stole out from among the rocks where they had been concealed during the day, and hove warily down towards the mouth of the semi-circular bay, in the innermost verge of which stands the beautiful town of Arica. Before day-break they again betook themselves to a hiding place, close on shore some eight or ten miles distant from Arica; and ere the sun had been an hour above the horizon, each in his turn slipped out in the Indian's canoe to enjoy a stolen peep at the expected prize. Their arms and ammunition were now carefully overhauled. Every pistol received a fresh flint, and its lock a touch of oil. A sufficient quantity of powder, was spread out on an old top-sail to dry in the sun; and, while engaged in settling the details of the assault, they employed their hands in giving their rusty cutlasses the keen edge of a razor. All this day a little putrid water was their only refreshment, for they had not had leisure to attempt the capture of a single fish; and their mental anxiety was sufficiently intense to absorb all consciousness of physical wants.

The poor Indian fisherman was kept as much as possible in the dark as to the important part that was to be assigned to him in the affair. He happened to be the only one on board who could speak Spanish with sufficient fluency to escape instant detection; and, in the event of being challenged by the *Minerva's* sentinels, he was instructed to say that they were the bearers of dispatches for the captain from the commander of the Spanish fleet.

Towards evening the wind died away into a dead calm, and the moon rose with just as much light as sufficed to render objects close at hand sufficiently distinguishable, while there was not enough of it to expose to view those at a distance. Thus favoured, the sixteen lion-hearted British seamen left their lurking place, and stole into the bay towards the *Minerva*. About midnight the dull light of a lantern on board became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the dim outline of the vessel's hull was discovered. For a moment the druggers' oars were suspended to allow her crew to draw one deep breath before striking the desperate blow. During this pause, each man ascertained that his brace of pistols was in his belt, and his cutlass and boarding-pike at hand. Their courage required no "screwing up," for in one and all of them it naturally remained, at all times, above the "sticking point;" but at this moment of suspense, it may easily be conceived that their breasts were swelled with a tumult of distracting emotion, and with that burning solicitude which is produced, even in the breasts of the bravest, by the consciousness that the moment has arrived when nought remains but to do or die. Agitated but not confused by these feelings, the druggers' crew rowed fearlessly forward upon the *Minerva's* larboard side. All was quiet, until they reached within musket shot of the ship; it was then that the night-watch sung out a challenge. "Despatches from the fleet for the captain," was the fisherman's answer. "Keep off—the captain is on shore," replied the sentry. "Pull on, pull on, ye devils," whispered Mackay. "Stand off, you there, or I'll sink you, by Saint Maria," reiterated the sentry; and the threat having been disregarded, he fired his musket into the boat, but without effect. "Slap alongside, my lads," cried Tom Martin; "keep clear o' her stunsails." But Tom's warning was too late: for at this most critical moment the druggers' mast and cordage ran foul of the *Minerva's* swinging-boom, which as is usual in large ships, had been rigged out for the purpose of mooring the boats, and a considerable swell causing the *Minerva* to roll heavily, the difficulty of boarding even without resistance was, in the situation in which they were now placed, rendered almost insurmountable. Not a moment, however, was lost. Martin, firing a pistol among a knot of Spaniards, who had suddenly collected on the gangway, seized hold of the *Minerva's* "quis work," and mounting the swinging-boom, was instantly on board. He was speedily followed by several of his shipmates, who

* Rowing in a decked boat is, in a technical phrase,

without uttering a word, commenced an almost unresisted attack on the astonished Spaniards. Meanwhile the druggier had been swung round by the swell till she came right alongside of the *Minerva*, and the remainder of the assailants easily scrambled on deck. The conflict was bloody, but of brief duration, for so instantaneous had been the assault and panic struck as the Spaniards were by its temerity they made little or no resistance, and their unexpected visitors experienced little difficulty in driving those who had escaped with life down the hatch way. The only man amongst them, indeed, who defended himself with true courage was the *Minerva's* boatswain. This brave fellow, who encountered Mackay plied his back against the bulwarks and defended himself nobly but having refused to ask for quarter, his antagonist was reluctantly compelled to cut him down.

The hatches were now secured upon the multitude below, the captives of the sixteen dare devils above, and the closing of the hatches was accompanied by an information that the slightest attempt to alarm the fort or to recapture the ship would be followed by an immediate discharge of grape shot through the decks.

Here then, was the *Minerva* and her guards and crew fairly in the hands of our heroes, but they had yet much to do before being absolutely secure, of their prize. On looking round them they discovered that not only were her topmasts stuck, but that all her sails were unbent and her fore yard lying across the fore castle—her deck being at the same time “lumbered up” with goods intended for disembarcation next morning. In this state it was impossible that the vessel could sail an inch, and there was no time to be lost for an entire quarter of an hour had elapsed since they got on board, and at six o'clock the fort would at once discover what had happened—so the Indian was dispatched to the cuddy where a number of the defeated seamen had taken refuge to learn where the sails had been stowed—they went below and the rolling of several guns from the ship spoke to the middle of the deck, with a few intimations upon oath that they were ready for the work of destruction soon induced the Spaniards to hand the sails upon deck. These got all hands were immediately at work. The topmasts were swayed away as also the fore yard and top sail yards. In any other than the most desperate circumstances they would have been altogether unequal to the fatigue which exhausted as they were by previous labour and want, they sustained in putting the vessel in such trim as to enable her to sail out of the harbour. At length the sails were bent, but then there was hardly enough of wind to make them flap against the masts. It was in fact and had been during the whole night a perfect calm. The situation of the captors became every moment more perilous. Should morning dawn upon them where they lay they were lost for what defence could they make against a combined attack from the fort and from all the boats of Arica? Already voices were heard on the shore, and they dreaded that an early visit to the ship would be the first duty of the custom house officers. They were in agony of hope fear and anxiety. Daniel in the den of lions was not more awkward or uncomfortably situated, and yet what could they do? Why, without wind they could do nothing. To escape now in their own druggier appeared utterly impossible, for the lighter sailing boats of the Ancans would soon overtake and capture her. At this most critical moment—not half an hour before day break—a slight breeze did spring up and in an instant their hearts were as much elated as the instant before they had been cast down. The cables were immediately cut, the sails set and the *Minerva* stood out to sea. The breeze was light, however, and before she was beyond the range of the fort, the Ancans, to their utter astonishment, for they could not conjecture what had happened in no other vessel was in sight, saw the *Minerva* bearing bravely down towards Moro Blanco, a promontory on the south side of the bay, several miles distant from Arica. With the strong military force on board they could not persuade themselves that there existed a possibility of her having been taken by an enemy. The most natural conclusion was, that the soldiers themselves had made a joint speculation of her. The alarm was immediately given in the fort, and throughout Arica, and in less than half an hour the harbour and beach were crowded with soldiers and sailors ready to embark in pursuit of the fugitive ship, in the hope, that, as the morning advanced, the breeze would die away.

The *Minerva* had just rounded the blunt point of Moro Blanco, when, as the Ancans had anticipated, it became a dead calm, and she once more lay like a log upon the water.

Here then, were the captors again in a situation not much better than that from which they had so recently escaped. They were not to be daunted however, by this fresh difficulty, but ordering the Spaniards on deck by two at a time they pinned them and shipped them on board the druggier the ship launch and small boats, reserving only one of the smallest for their own use. This accomplished, they pointed the guns towards the boats, ordering the Spaniards on shore a small number of rowers remaining unbound and threatening to blow them out of the water on the slightest indication of a disposition to disobey orders. They now took a snatch of refreshment, which to their empty stomachs and exhausted frames was true balm, and then hurried to prepare for the attack, which, as a matter of course, was to be expected for Arica. They double-shotted the ship's guns with grape and unloosing those on the starboard side, brought them over to the larboard, on which side being that opposite Arica the attack was naturally to be anticipated. They soon smashed out rude port holes in the bulwarks, and pointed the cannon.

In the meantime, the crew of the *Minerva* with the Spanish soldiers reached Arica where the particulars of the exploit were immediately made known. Not a moment was lost in manning the boats that could be collected. Their number was not great it is true, but they were crowded with men who had they been all cannibals, would have made but a sorry breakfast of the sixteen half-starved hands on board the *Minerva*. Having learnt the precise number of the *Minerva's* captors, their exasperation at the audacity of the adventure was unbounded, but for so daring an insult they promised themselves satisfaction of making in immediate return of most ample vengeance. They were in fact so filled with resentment, and so anxious for revenge that they neglected to be cautious. In the hurry and heat of the moment, they seemed only to strive which should hit first the *Minerva* by the shortest route. To men of cooler passion and calmer judgment it would probably have occurred that the safest and in other respects the best mode of attack would have been to disperse the boats and by surrounding them to be in a situation to board on all points at once. If this had been done the handful of Englishmen must inevitably have been cut to pieces. But the Spaniards did not consider all consequences in concerting a plan of co-operation. They pulled on in a body to destroy as they said the devoted Englishmen. The Englishmen however were prepared for them. As the fleet of boats approached, they coolly took their aim with every gun on board. The boats advancing in a dense extended line each gun was brought to bear upon particular parts of them, so that there should be no useless expenditure of powder and shot. The *Minerva* being a deep wadded vessel, with a top gallant fore castle and pointing the boats crews did not discover the preparations that had been made for their reception—so they continued piling on until they were within pistol shot of the ship. At that moment Mackay, to whom all eyes on board the *Minerva* were now directed every thing having been in perfect readiness, gave the signal to “fire.” A shower of mill-stones could not have been productive of more frightful effects. The moment before, the boats were in gallant array burdened with some hundreds of bold hearts inflamed with rage and revenge—the next, it was as if the bosom of destruction had gone over them. To use a homely simile, the broadside of heavy grave made a commotion among the boats, similar to that which is produced by an unexpected shot from a well loaded fowling-piece among a flock of ducks on the bosom of a pond. Instead of one such shot however, five and twenty double shots of grape and canister were sent by deliberate aim among the boats of Arica, and each shot struck its allotted portion of the line of attack. At the scene which presented itself when the smoke cleared away, even the druggier's crew were appalled. The grape had swept the entire line, carrying death and destruction before it, and the cannon's roar was in an instant succeeded by the loud shrieks of the wounded and drowning. Several boats were sunk, others were fast sinking, while those that swam were soon overloaded by such as had scrambled into them, or had been picked out of the water, some of the craft, indeed, were in this way swamped, and their crews suffered to perish for there existed no means of saving them. All around was covered with shattered planks, drifting oars, and the still buoyant bodies of the killed, while here and there were seen wounded soldiers, sailors, and citizens, engaged in an ineffectual struggle for life.

The surviving boats soon made for Arica, and the authorities there wisely resolved to make no farther

disturb the new masters of the *Minerva*. One of these, the same Tom Martin whose name has been already mentioned, and from whom this narrative has been chiefly derived, was informed, some year afterwards, that the *Minerva's* fatal broadside consigned to eternity upwards of 150 men!

Not in the least surprising incident in the fortunes of Mackay and his shipmates and remains to be related. After having deliberately put the ship in proper sailing trim, they stood out to sea, in order to catch the trade-wind, which, at the distance of 150 miles from the land, blew at that season from the north. Having reached this wind, they bore down for Valparaiso, with the view of disposing of the ship and cargo, and of dividing their spoil. Off Valparaiso lay a strong Spanish fleet, blockading the port; but of this circumstance our adventurers were not aware, neither did they entertain the slightest suspicion that an obstacle of so formidable a nature was at all likely to oppose itself to the completion of an adventure already so nearly crowned with success. At nightfall, previous to the morning when they expected to reach Valparaiso, they were not sufficiently near that city to distinguish the fleet that lay in the offing; so the wind being favourable, they skimmed over the waves with hearts bounding in the pride of being the undisputed masters of so gallant a ship and all she contained, little dreading the danger into which about to fall. On they went, however, and a dense fog coming on at day-dawn, they sailed through the very thickest of the Spanish fleet, not only without either seeing or being seen by a single ship, but without even suffering that annoyance which is produced by a consciousness of being in a situation of extreme danger; and, before the fog cleared away, they lay safely moored below the fort of Valparaiso—so true does it seem to be that "fortune favours the brave!"

On the morning, they received the congratulations of the governor of the city, by whom the *Minerva* was declared a lawful prize, and all Valparaiso resounded with the praises of her captors' heroism.

The vessel and her cargo turned out a prize of great value, and the English tars soon found themselves in the possession of what appeared to them inexhaustible riches. They would not have been true British seamen, however, had they hoarded up their wealth. No less characteristic of their profession was the reckless intrepidity which one and all of them had displayed, than was the profusion of their expenditure after getting fairly on shore. Each got his riding horse, and his sweet-heart, of course. They gave balls, grand theatrical parties, and all sorts of sumptuous entertainment; and when they met, as they often did, it was quite a common thing with them to toss up for a score of dollars, or to play "evens or odds" for a handful or a pocketful at a time. In a few years afterwards, so effectual had been the exertions of some of them to get rid of their money, that they again found themselves before the mast in Lord Cochrane's fleet; while others, more provident, established themselves as respectable and substantial citizens. Mackay became one of the most considerable of the merchants and shipowners in Valparaiso, where, for aught that is known to the contrary, he still lives in the enjoyment of his wealth.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

ANECDOTE.—The Duke of Alba, whom historians represent as one of the greatest captains of his age, had not this reputation in the time of Charles V. On the contrary, he was considered to have little knowledge in the art of war, and to be even timid. For this reason, the Emperor, who knew him, never gave him the command of an army. He was, however, a general, and enjoyed all the advantages of that dignity. When the duke was named governor of the Milanese, a wag wrote him a letter, with this address—"To the most illustrious Signore, the Lord Duke of Alba, Captain-general of Milan in time of peace, and Chief Major-domo of his Majesty in time of war."

ANECDOTE.—Madme. de Lamoignon, a lady truly pious, reproached Boileau for writing satires. "It was," she said, "a great want of charity." "But," replied the culprit, "do you forbid my writing a satire on the Grand Turk, that infidel, that enemy of our religion?" "He is a legitimate sovereign: we ought to respect crowned heads." "But—against the devil—perhaps—you will allow me." "Really," said she, "we should not speak

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.

At the corner of Captain Graham's bungalow (as a cottage residence in India is called) there was a large banian-tree, or Indian fig, beneath which he had a seat placed, and to which we now repaired for the coolness and fresh air. The tree was large, and afforded us a delightful shade under its wide arms and large bay-like leaves. It had none of those young stems or trunks shooting down from its branches for which this kind of tree is so celebrated, the goats, which are continually roaming about, having bitten off their tender points as often as they came near the ground; and at the very time while we were sitting, an animal of that kind, which Captain Graham had had with him, for the sake of its milk, during his campaign in Guzerat, was standing upon its hind legs, and reaching as far as it could stretch its neck, to nibble at some of the descending shoots. Graham made a motion to strike it with his cane, but the little animal did not seem at all alarmed, and only made a fashion of retiring for a step or two, after which it immediately began to hop about, and browse with the same activity as before. "I could hardly strike her any where," said he, "and least of all under a banian-tree. When I was last in Guzerat, I believe I should have died if it not been for her milk, and the shadow of these delightful trees. I was taken ill during the time we were in the field, and was obliged to be carried, while in a high fever, in a palanquin, under the heat of a burning sun, and amid the hot sands, till I was almost deprived of my senses. You cannot imagine at these times the delicious coolness and relief which I experienced when my bearers could halt for an hour under a tree of this kind, with its thick broad leaves, and wide branches, which never allow the soil beneath them to be heated by the most burning sun. The natives, indeed, believe that the coolness under them is owing to their being the favourite retreat of some of their gods or spirits. At such halts, a little tea, with the milk of poor Bukree, was the only luxury I could enjoy, and I assure you it was delightful. The goat has always been a favourite with me since."

"I do not wonder at it: and she must have been a very convenient camp follower, if she was as ingenious in foraging for herself every where as she seems now."

"That was what made her valuable; the desert itself was no desert to her, for the veriest sand always afforded her some root or stump that was eatable. She belonged to Mr Browne, a friend of mine, who died lately. By the bye, there must be some letters of his in that melancholy dead-letter box."

I had brought the box with me in order to look into some of the packets, and, on turning them over, soon found one labelled, "A. Browne, Esq., Rocket Brigade."

"Yes, these are the letters," said Captain Graham. "Browne's history had something in it not common in this country. He did not come here a boy, as most of us do, but was, when he arrived, a person between twenty or thirty, and had rather, believe, been baffled in his prospects at home. He was much liked by the colonel for his happy convivial qualities, and was for some years the very centre of all the glee and humour of our mess-table. In truth, both from his constant cheerfulness, and from our always feeling sure of amusement when he was present, his very appearance came at last to put us all on the tip-toe for merriment, so that we were disposed to laugh at anything: a very wink from Browne's droll eye would have thrown the whole table into a roar; and the colonel, till our unfortunate occurrence, never cared to dine with us if he was not present. I lived with him in a house which we had taken together, near the cantonments of the regiment, and had an opportunity of knowing more of his thoughts than the other officers; so that I soon saw that this natural gaiety was chequered at times by thoughts of no very pleasing kind, and was, indeed, to himself the source of bitter regret, as having led him to the neglect of business, and to much misfortune. He received a number of letters; some from his wife, and others apparently from people of considerable rank; but the latter often lay beside him unopened for days together; and if he did unseal them, it was frequently only for the purpose of clipping them into some odd caricature, to show off a laughable story. I came at last to know his history; for after we had been some time together, his gentle manlike manners gained my sincere respect; and he, on the other hand, was pleased to find a person who took an interest in his feelings, apart from the mere selfish wish for amusement. There were some letters which

arrived after his death, and were thrown in here in my absence; you will find them in the bundle in your hand." I untied the covering of China paper in which the packet was wrapped, and found three letters, one of them in a female hand, sealed with black; another was directed in that kind of careless scratchy writing which is generated by indolence, and sanctioned by fashion, among people who are above business. I held out the letter which was addressed in a lady's hand.

"Open it," said Graham. "I must do so at any rate, in order to write to his friends. That one is from his wife: he doted on her with the greatest idolatry; but his regard was mixed with very bitter reflections, for sufferings of which he blamed himself as the cause."

I began to read—

"DEAR ALEXANDER—I received your last letter, and, indeed, they have all come regularly, and the arrangements you have made for sending us remittances, have been attended to quite well: we never have the smallest trouble, and Mr Richards is perfectly obliging. I am myself in good health, and have my mind taken up with the most agreeable employment, in forwarding the progress of the children. They are doing well, both in education and in respect to their health, which is greatly owing to the delightful and convenient situation you pitched on for us. The little creatures are always running and romping in the fields, and I go often with them; yet they keep steadily at their tasks, as you will see by the pretty letters which Elizabeth and John have enclosed in this. I encouraged them to write, as it incites them to be diligent, in the hope of pleasing you."

"Some of our old Grosvenor Square friends have called: perhaps I ought to have been pleased to see that they had not forgot us, but I did not encourage any repetition of their visits. They seemed all to think they were doing us some honour in keeping us in remembrance; and as that would have been sufficient to make you neglect them, I thought myself authorized to do the same. Lord Landon called lately too, and appeared, or endeavoured to appear, quite unembarrassed. He even made an offer of his interest at the India House, but I said, as quietly as I could, that I believe your uncle's was sufficient. He asked whether your situation was a permanent one, and I answered, that, at least you could not be schemed out of it by horse-racers. This clouded his lordship's usual composure and closed the conversation. I dare say he will not call again soon. He has lately ruined poor Mr. Stinger, who lost to him I don't know how much money, besides his whole estate."

"How lucky it is, Alexander, that your education and talents qualified you for this employment! Your uncle writes me that the accounts which are received from India are all in your favour; and he says that the commander-in-chief will assist him in procuring something still better for you, whenever there is an opening. I shall be glad of this, chiefly as it will gratify you, and as it may enable me to join you in India."

"I enclose, as you request, a ringlet of each of the children's hair, and I send one also of poor Jane's, whom you never saw: she was a sweet little girl, but always delicate. It was much affected on receiving your last letter inquiring for her, and asking if she could pronounce your name well; the dear child had just died a month before, as you would see by my letter."

"Adieu, dear Alexander; we are all dependent on you, but I know that you will not consider it a burden. You cannot think with what affection the children repay the kindness of your letters.—I am, &c."

"JANE E. BROWNE."

I took up next one of the children's letters; it was written in a fair, pains-taking, school-boy's hand, and contained only a few words.

"DEAR FATHER—We are all well, and I am at school; I am dux in the third class, only when Dick Bellasis traps me down. I know where Calcutta lies from this; it is right away by the south side of Amworth steeple. Master says that the tiger is a species of cat; but I am sure the tiger hunt which you described to us was far better than hunting cats. Dear father, mother and all of us would be happy to see you. Farewell.—I am, &c."

"JOHN BROWNE."

The other note consisted of some affectionate expressions from a younger child, and was signed "Euphemia." An enclosure of silver-paper, to which Mrs. Browne had alluded, presented a most affecting picture: there were four ringlets of hair sewed on the paper, side by side, with a silk thread; the oldest considerably darker than the

others, which were all lighter by degrees, till the delicate flaxen ringlets of the fourth little fair-haired infant who was dead. The name of each was written, by the mother, above the hair; that of the last in a tremulous hesitating hand. It was impossible to look on them without thinking what a bond of deep affection had been broken asunder.

I now took up the second letter: it was very short, and apparently from some acquaintance.

"DEAR BROWNE—I ought to have written you before, but missed the opportunity of Bellow's going out; and then I went to the north for a long time. Things have been going on this season with great spirit; the races were excellent; you would have enjoyed the company and the sport to a degree: it was laughable to see how several large sums changed hands, as if whisked about by a conjuror's rod; I myself gained considerably. Stringer is completely done up, and he owed it to the same old hand whom you blamed for stripping you. I had a narrow escape myself—but still rub on. I hear you are a great favourite with Colonel Bland. The bearer of this (Mr. Bloxom) is a young friend of mine whom I would be obliged if you can recommend to his attention: his friends have heard of your interest, and applied to me to write you. I would have called on Mrs. Browne, but I believe she thought that I had some concern in the affair of your loss, which I assure you was not the case. That is the misfortune of marrying an heiress; if any thing happens to her money, there is no end to her grumbling.—I am, &c."

AUGUSTUS FRIZZUOLI."

There was still another letter, which was written in a large formal hand, apparently from a person in years.

"DEAR ALEXANDER—I received your letter, and was glad to see you punctual to your engagement; the draft was duly honoured. You cannot do too much for your wife, for she is one of the most exemplary women I ever saw. She never speaks, nor even seems to think of the loss of her own fortune, which may be partly owing to her not having been bred up to expect it, and having few expensive habits; but it is also owing greatly to her affection for you and her family, whom she rears up with the greatest reverence for you; and I hope you will justify the opinions which she instils into them concerning their father."

"If you give way to the rash imprudent disposition for which I have so often blamed you, or enter again into habits of company-keeping, you will do an injury to this amiable family which no one can repair. I am glad to hear that nothing of the kind has yet happened: it is only a continuance of the same prudence which can enable me to serve you in India. I have Colonel Bland's last letter, who hopes to see you appointed soon to some lucrative situation, where Mrs. Browne may indulge her wish of joining you.—I am, &c."

"ROBERT BARCLAY."

"And what happened to Mr. Browne?" I inquired.

The circumstances have hardly been spoken of openly from various considerations which it would be disagreeable to explain: but they were melancholy enough. Browne as I told you before, had come out to form the rocket brigade, which was a new thing here, and for which he was really well qualified. Every thing proceeded well for some years, and he was much respected in his profession as he was liked in private life; for though he had a great deal of humour, there was no satire or ill nature in his composition, and he made few enemies. In our last campaign, however, the general, I was told, gave way to some pettish expressions of chagrin at the quantity of stores marked down as expended in Browne's department; and Browne, to whom the thing had been mentioned in some irritating way, replied, that the commissary's clerks must have falsified the accounts, and urged to see the vouchers he had given in. I don't know how the mistake might have been cleared up; but one day, when a number of officers were looking at the tricks of an Indian juggler, who pretended to take four balls out of a bag into which he only had been deposited, the man's dexterity was generally applauded, and Browne said, with a smile, 'Oh, that fellow must have been educated in the commissary's office.' A nephew of Colonel Wright, the commissary, was present, who seemed to resent the allusion to his uncle, and some further words passed between Browne and him. Nothing, however, fell under my own observation, though I judged that the affair could not terminate pleasantly.

"Our cantonments were placed on an eminence which overlooked a large and beautiful meadow, not far from the river Nerbuddah. In the mornings this flat ground was generally covered over with a sheet of mist of the most milky whiteness, but so shallow that it scarcely rose above the height of a man; and we could see from the high grounds the tops of the little Indian cottages, the upper parts of high bushes, and the trunks and tops of some scattered palms, quite distinctly over the vapour, which lay as flat as a lake. I recollect its appearance on the morning when this circumstance happened, as if I saw it now before me. I had gone out to take a ride along the high ground, and was admiring the singular density and whiteness of the mist, when I saw two persons riding swiftly in the flat below. The head and shoulders of the riders were visible above the sheet of vapour, but the rest was concealed. They halted shortly after, dismounting immediately; and I thought I saw others arrive in the same retired spot of the plain to which they had gone. My mind was still occupied with what had occurred about Browne, and, suspecting that some unhappy affair was going to take place in which he was concerned, I pushed my horse directly to the place I have mentioned. Having once descended among the mist, however, where I could only see five or six yards before me, farther progress became difficult, and I was considerably at a loss how to keep the right direction. I had not been five minutes on my way when I heard two pistol shots fired, which intimated that I was in all probability too late; but, being set right as to the quarter they came from, I urged forward, groping through the vapour, and stumbling more than once over the low fences used in the wet season for confining water on these plains in order to irrigate the rice. I at last heard voices, one of which I was sure spoke in English. I hurried up to the spot, and saw my worst fears confirmed. An officer, whom I instantly recognised to be Browne, was lying on his side, while a person in a military great-coat was stooping over him. There were three or four wild-looking natives standing by, apparently just roused from their beds, and wrapped in the cloths in which they had been sleeping. When I mixed with this melancholy group, Browne knew me immediately. 'My dear Graham,' he said, 'is it you? This has been an unfortunate affair. I am dying—I feel it.' Seeing him exhausted, I said, 'I hope not. Is Mr Shepherd (the regimental surgeon) here?' 'He will be here directly,' said the other officer, whom I now recognised to be Captain Spalding, a cousin of Browne's wife, and his second-in-command on this occasion, as I supposed. 'It is all right,' said Browne; 'but he can do nothing. My God! that it should end this way! Poor Jane—poor Jane how will she bear it all!—how will they?—oh God!' He was silent for a little, and I made some inquiries concerning his wound at Spalding, who only shook his head. Browne again spoke. 'Spalding, you will forward the letters, and do as I bade you. The mist is becoming very thick indeed—dark—dark! Ay, her heart has been broken twice—Ah!'

"We perceived that he was dying, and from the nature of the wound which I now saw in his left breast it was impossible that he could survive more than a few minutes. The words which he spoke were unconnected, and apparently without consciousness, and after a moment we could hardly distinguish whether he still breathed.

"At this time a singular circumstance occurred. The little goat which you saw—she is there still—had been a great favourite with Mr. Browne, and used to run scampering about him, eating fruit or bread from his hand whenever he returned to his lodgings. At the time when we were standing beside him, as I have described, she came running up, and, without regarding us, made directly for Browne, going close to him, and putting her mouth into his hand. She did not, however, stop a moment, but went smelling along till she came to the wound, where there was blood on his breast, when she raised her head a very little, and gave a short dismal bleat, as if in terror. She then turned about, and ran away to the tent, where she was found cowering on our return."

"Was any notice taken of the circumstances of Mr. Browne's fall?"

"These occurrences are so rare here, and the consequences so utterly ruinous to all concerned, that there was some reluctance to take it up formally; but Somerville, Browne's opponent, belonged to a king's regiment, and got transferred from India, with very little comfort. No one thought there was any occasion for urging the matter in any way he did; and Browne's conduct, allowing for a

little irritation, which could not be wondered at, was perfectly correct and gentlemanlike."

Such is another melancholy instance of the effects of the abominable practice of duelling.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE PARTED.

Though nothing can be more honourable than opulence acquired by industry, it often happens in a large manufacturing town, that individuals spring from a penurious origin to the possession of enormous wealth, without acquiring those generous habits of thinking and feeling which alone can render affluence respectable. Pinched and scorned in their early days, they contract a notion that the opposite of all evils is in the mere exemption from poverty, that all men who do not make money are either imbecile or dissolute, and that they are in no danger of offending against any of the rules of life, if they only keep their gold from waste.

Old James Bisset was a person of this kind, who flourished a considerable number of years ago in Glasgow—a city which, though containing many men who have alike gained fortunes by honourable means, and enjoyed them in a creditable manner, must necessarily be the habitation of some others, characterised in the way we have described. The individual we are alluding to had originally been a small shop-keeper. Lucky turns in trade, joined to indefatigable industry, ultimately enabled him to become the principal shareholder and director of a bank, in which line of business he realised a fortune which was literally beyond calculation. Day after day, with the most pertinacious regularity, did he assume his seat in a small screened space in the telling-room, where he was ready, without appearing publicly, to be consulted on all occasions of difficulty. With what a knowing air would he handle any odd kind of bill that was presented to him? How keenly, and yet at the same time coldly, would he inspect signatures which he was not very much in the habit of seeing! Were this presented a somewhat embarrassed trader, struggling, by means of bills, to avert the destruction which they only rendered the more certain and deadly, James was sure to have heard some *inkling* (to use one of his own phrases) of what was going forward, and the answer accordingly was given, with a polite smug enough to sink the victim into the earth—"It is not just convenient." Were the applicant a young man recently entered into business, and not very well off for capital, then, whatever might be his personal merit, whatever his industry, whatever his prospects in trade, it was—"We do not know the parties." The first time I saw Bisset was in his own bank. He happened to come forth from his den, to say something to a clerk, and I took him fully into my eyes as he crossed the floor. There he was, with his neat person, marked with a dash of the antique—his substantial west of England black *stand of clothes*, small silver buckles at the knees, clear black shoes, and white scanty hair—the very beau-ideal of a close careful man, of rigid uprightness and propriety in all things, but—no feeling. If, thought I, this man hath a daughter, how difficult to get a man good enough for her! If he have a son, how impossible for that son to "be every thing that his father could desire!" In this man's estimation, the world must be a scene of almost unmixed unworthiness. Not one man in five hundred will be any thing in his eyes. If the whole of mankind were worth a plum each, it would be paradise once more. But there being few so very good it must be like the doomed city, with not nearly a sufficient exception of respectability to save it from general contempt. How, thought I, would this man act if he had a child in the situation of Helvidera, or Juliet, or Ophelia!—for, strange as it may seem, even this hardened mass of feelingless clay might quite well, in the course of nature, be the father of some being, matching, in softness, and affection, and sensibility, all or any one of those creatures of the imagination.

There were, as I afterwards learned, some circumstances in the family of Mr. Bisset, which had tried his heart in a way not far different from what I was supposing—but found it wanting, he had but one daughter, Anne, who had married a person of her own rank some years before, when her father was as yet but a rising and struggling man. This person, whose name was Inglin, prosecuted business for years with success, but eventually, owing to the rise in his style of living, which the ambition of his wife demanded, in order to keep pace

with her father's advancing greatness, while that father would never render his son-in-law the least assistance, he became—to use a well-understood phrase of delicacy—unfortunate. The ruin of the son-in-law produced hardly a changed muscle in old Bisset. He only remarked, one day, that he had never had any good opinion of that frequent advertising practised by Mr. Inglis, and had often told him so, but without effect. “And then his own extravagance,” said the old gentleman, with a generous forbearance of all further explanation. This coldness, however, would not do. Bisset soon found, that, if Inglis could not support his wife and his children, he would be obliged to support his daughter and his grand children; and he therefore allowed himself the luxury, and claimed from the world the merit, of doing his son-in-law the great kindness of setting him once more up in business. His advances, however, were in such a form as to give him a complete dominion over Inglis, so long as they were not repaid—a power he exercised to its fullest extent, in pestilent and querulous interferences in every movement made by his son-in-law. The consequence was, that the young man lost heart, and really became guilty of the very errors which Bisset wished him to avoid. His business, which at first showed some symptoms of revival, began to decline; ordinary obligations were answered with some difficulty; and application was made for further advances to Bisset, who, so far from granting them, was only incited to look the more sharply after what he had already given. Finally, to gain some paltry preferences upon the estate of his son-in-law, he forced him a second time into the pit of ruin, from which, of course, a second redemption was not to be hoped for. “Far better,” said Bisset, “to support my daughter and her family by a direct outlay, than vainly endeavour, at an infinitely greater cost, to keep her up through the means of that rascally dog of a husband.”

Inglis, who was in reality a man of good dispositions, though of soft and rather indolent character, was never able, after this event, to hold his face up in the world. Mortified more by the cruelty of his wealthy relative than even by his disagreeable position in mercantile society, he sunk for a time into dissipated habits and was accordingly given up for lost by all his former friends. The world was at the same time partly aware of the severity with which he had been treated, and seemed fully disposed to pity and befriending him; but, as it invariably happens, any good that might have arisen from this state of public feeling, was neutralized by the impossibility of relying upon the conduct of the man himself—for how can any employer, or any one who has credit to dispense, depend upon the behaviour of a tippler?—a man who may to-day contract obligations with the full and conscientious design of fulfilling them honourably, but whose best resolutions may be dissipated to-morrow before the temptation of that meanest of all indulgences, a dram! Thus Inglis went down, and down, and down, without the least power, apparently, to avert his own decline. His father-in-law had never seen him since the period of his second failure. He pretended that he could not endure to look upon a man who had injured him so much, and whose conduct was so far from reputable. His daughter he proposed to take home into his own house, along with her children, amounting to four in number, but only on the strict understanding that she was never again to meet her husband.

Mrs. Inglis was one of a somewhat uncommon class of women, but who, never nevertheless, are a class—cold, tame, and self-indulgent; capable of discharging carefully the most of the minor duties of life, and even, perhaps, notable for good general behaviour, but who are totally unfit, when called upon, to act upon high and self-denying principles. Her husband she liked well enough; but then she liked her father too. She would have been well content to continue living with her husband; but then his circumstances were not such that she could live with him. And the children—what was she to do with them? Ought she not rather to leave her husband, in order to ensure their support and comfort, than stay with him, and see them subjected to all conceivable hardships? In short, she found far more than the requisite excuse to commit the great sin of parting with her husband on the terms proposed by her father. She went to the enjoyment of every luxury that tongue could name or heart desire, to bring up her children like the sons of princes, and to be the fondled pet of a floating father, who could never see wrong in either her sayings or her doings; while he, whom she had sworn never to part from, for any thing that the world could either give or take away—the father, too, of those children—the being with whom she had once seemed to share an

absolute community of existence, was shred away from her like a noxious weed, and left to find his own solitary and cheerless way through the world, with no hope except in the correcting vengeance of that Deity whose laws she had so shamelessly violated.

Inglis now became a thorough prey to fortune. For a while, but only a little while, after their parting, his wife was worked upon by his written solicitations to send him small sums of money, which she had saved of the allowance made to her by her father; and she even ventured on one occasion, at the risk of being turned out of her splendid house, to pay a stolen visit to her unhappy partner, at a time when he was supposed to be dangerously ill. Soon, however, even this intercourse ceased. Exposed every day to hear her father's sentiments respecting Inglis, she insensibly became hardened towards him, looking upon herself, and her children, and her father, as forming a particular system by themselves—one of great magnificence and unimpeachable virtue and propriety—and her husband as a poor and disreputable object, which was quite alien to the former. Then came a time when the sight of her shabby husband would occasionally cross her sight on the streets, to wither all the enjoyments amidst which she lived, and she would shrink away from the accusing spectacle, like a murderer from the sight of blood—thinking that every eye in the surrounding crowds was intent in estimating the contrast between her own luxurious condition and the abject misery of one who was still, let her do what she would, a part of herself. Then came a time when her children, growing up to observation of the world, would ask if they also, as well as their companions, had a father?—and where was he?—and would they ever see him?—and would he bring them home play-things, like other fathers whom they named, who were long from home?—questions that, like lashes, brought each away a piece of the very flesh along with it, though rather by the humiliation they inflicted, than any feeling of remorse. One day, the eldest girl, who, contrary to custom, had been permitted to wander into the town, came home quite breathless with surprise and hate, saying that she had been seized on the street and hurried into an alley by a horrid-looking man, who called himself her father and insisted on kissing her several times, which, when she resisted, with cries that alarmed some people which were passing, he set her down hurriedly, and ran away out of sight, leaving her she said, with her face all covered with his tears. Still greater care was taken thereafter to prevent the children from wandering out of sight but not long after, as the gay and gorgeous lady was stopping in her carriage at a shop in Argyle Street, with her four beautifully dressed children around her, Catherine suddenly started up, and, pointing to some one on the pavement, cried, “There, mamma! there is the bad man who called himself my father!” And on her involuntarily turning to the object thus indicated, her eyes were met by another pair, so wild so mournful, and so full of painful meanings, that she had hardly breath to ask the coachman to drive on.

A time at length came when this very child was seized with what appeared a mortal illness. Both mother and grand father were watching over her in a state of inexpressible grief, and every moment was expected to be her last. At the height of their sorrow, a hurried but subdued knocking was heard at the outer door, and presently after there arose the sound of a scuffle between the servant and some one who wished to make a forcible entrance. “Shall I not see my own child?” cried a hoarse and broken voice, which, all altered as it was, they knew too truly to be that of the unfortunate Inglis, and presently after he burst wildly into their presence. The lady fainted, and, while Bisset stood trembling with rage in the middle of the floor, the desperate man approached the bed of the dying infant, whom he took tenderly in his arms, and kissed with the most affectionate fervour. “What right—by what—what right,” cried Bisset, almost choking with passion, “do you make this intrusion? Sir, I tell you, you have no right to be here.” And he stopped from absolute inability to command his voice. “I have a right to be here,” replied Inglis, after having carefully laid down the child. “Your house, perhaps, and yourself, and these staring servants there, are not in any way under my control; but to this child, sir, I have a right. She is mine, by the laws of both God and man, and I could this moment take her forever from your sight, even were you to see her gasp her last in my arms before we reached the door. You know this, sir; and, cruel and base as you are, you cannot dispute it. Nor that lady there,” he added, with a bitter

sneer, "when she revives from her amiable trepidation, could she den it either."

"In the name of God, then," said the miser, awed by the very wrath of his wronged son-in-law, "what do you mean to do! Your violence, however we may bear it, must be most distressing to this dying innocent, and may even prove the immediate cause of her death. Would it not be better that you quietly retired, now that you have seen what you wanted to see?"

The unhappy man could make no answer. His eye was fixed in silence upon his child, whose countenance at this moment began to exhibit the unequivocal symptoms of coming dissolution. "My Catherine—my Catherine!" he cried, and next moment clasped a lifeless corpse. A few minutes thereafter, rendered unresisting apparently by his intense grief, he permitted himself to be left peaceably to the door, and gave the afflicted house no more trouble.

It is often of advantage to a man who has entered upon evil courses, that something should occur to give an agitation to his whole system of feeling. The shock of some tremendous grief, like a thunder-storm in the elements, seems to clear the mental atmosphere, and fit him for once more commencing, if his passions will permit, the career of virtue. Inglis, apparently reformed, now proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had no evil reputation to contend with, and, on the strength of a small sum communicated to him, in a letter of partial kindness, by his wife, opened a school for such branches of education as he found himself qualified to teach. The attempt, though unprosperous at first, was beginning to be attended with some small share of success—his manners being, at the same time, observed to continue quite irreproachable—when he was seized by a severe chronic disease, which disabled him for a whole winter, and left him, at the return of spring, without a penny in his pocket, or a pupil in his academy. His life, after this disaster, was one unbroken scene of distresses, pecuniary and otherwise, and, but for the slender succour which was occasionally rendered to him by the good will, rather than the ability, of his poor neighbours, he must have died of hunger. The unfortunate always herd with the unfortunate; the unfortunate are to the unfortunate almost a sole refuge and shelter; the unfortunate alone can judge of and feel for the unfortunate; while no other can properly be to them either a companion, or a benefactor, or a judge. Inglis, while deserted by a wife, the crumbs of whose luxury would have been, to him an ample furnishing, and overlooked by all men who were once his equals, found in those who were nearly as destitute as himself, the only friendship he ever experienced, the only true sympathy for his condition, the only aims that any one would give. Blessings, double blessings, be on the generous poor!

It happened in the revolutions of life, that an intimate friend of the writer of this narrative became acquainted with the story and circumstances of the unfortunate Inglis, and was able to do something for the alleviation of his many troubles. He found him to be upon the whole, a man of an inoffensive character, of some acuteness of mind, and more than the average of information, but outworn with past excesses, and the attrition of a perpetual grief. He spoke little of his misfortunes or of his family; but one day, being rather more depressed than usual, and the cause being asked, he said he had just heard that his second son, whom he had not seen for many years, was about to come to the capital, for the purpose of studying for the bar, and being certain that the young man would be there without ever inquiring for his father, or perhaps being aware of his existence, he had experienced more than usual distress of mind from the consideration of his extraordinary circumstances. My friend could not help acknowledging, that, even after enduring so much, a new circumstance, involving so unnatural an association of ideas, might well be expected to give him additional uneasiness.

This ill-used man at length died in a humble lodging, where he existed solely upon charity; and his wife, being written to on the occasion, replied by the simple transmission of a sum of money sufficient to bury him and discharge his little debts. No notice was taken of the event by his family. His widow wore her usual gay dresses; his children were not even informed of their loss; his name was never heard.

God, however, in due time, seemed (as far as mortals might be permitted to interpret his decrees) to manifest the sense of this unholy violation of one of his earliest and most solemn injunctions. The children, in whom

the mother and grandfather took so much delight, were one after another snatched away by the various diseases of childhood and youth, till not one was left to console their age, or inherit the wealth which had so absurdly been hoarded for them. The loss, it may well be supposed, was mourned with tears of double bitterness, for it was impossible to take such a calamity as an occurrence altogether within the ordinary course of nature. The lady was so much exhausted by her exertions for her children, that she took ill immediately after the death of the last, and, mental anguish aiding in the progress of her malady, she did not live many weeks. Bisset, who apparently had never thought it possible that he could be predeceased by his daughter and so many blooming children, was, by this event, struck with a kind and degree of grief altogether foreign to his nature. He yet survives—but only as a spectacle to excite the pity of those who know him. Palsied, fatuous, and blind, he is nothing but a living block; nor can all his gold, immense as it is in amount, reflect one consoling ray on his decline. His wealth, which, if well used, might have spared him the life of the only being he ever loved, and kept other hearts besides from breaking, will speedily be dispersed among a number of distant relatives, who neither care for its present owner, nor will be advantaged, perhaps, by its possession.

THE CUCKOO OF BEN GAL.

The cuckoo of Bengal! nay start not, gentle reader, it is nothing wonderful, nothing strange. The natives call this bird quail: being pretty well acquainted with its history, and finding a very striking similarity between it and the European cuckoo, I shall quote an account of the latter, and describe the quail as well as my memory will permit. The bird in question, the quail of the natives, belongs to the order *Picæ*, so I hope no one will confound it with the sportsman's quail of the order *Gallinæ*.

From the similarity of their instincts, and the uniformity of their habits, I am induced to call the quail, the cuckoo of Bengal.

"The European cuckoo is somewhat less than a pigeon shaped like a magpie, and of a greyish color, is distinguished from all other birds by its prominent nostrils. Having disappeared all the winter, it discovers itself in our country (England) early in the spring, by its well known call. This bird makes no nest of her own; she repairs for that purpose to the nest of another bird, generally the water-wagtail or the hedge sparrow, and having devoured the eggs of the owner, lays her own in their place. It was once doubted, whether these birds were carnivorous, but Mr. Reanmur was at the pains of breeding up several, and found that they would not feed upon bread and corn; but flesh and insects were their favourite nourishment."

The quail like the cuckoo is a bird of passage: it visits us in the commencement of spring, and cheers us (natives) by its musical call during the whole of that season; this bird is about the size of a crow, bearing a very close resemblance to it in shape also, of a glossy black plumage, its eyes are extremely black, encircled by a ring of the deepest red. The female is very different from the male: having only her eyes like his; her body is speckled all over with brown, or rather dark yellow spots; she is likewise larger than the male. This bird like the cuckoo builds no nest of her own, but deposits her eggs in the nest of another; she generally chooses that of the crow; while the parents are absent she destroys the crow's eggs, and deposits her own in their place; she commonly lays two eggs, which are of a light green color covered with very light brown spots; she lays in the months of March, and April; the females never sing and on that account are very seldom kept in cages. I had a male one in my possession for more than 4 years. I believe these birds like the rest of their class are not good for food; they do not feed on insects, but are frugivorous.—*Juvenile Research.*

I. F. DELAHOUCEREDE.

KNOW VALUE.—A wag meeting Dr. B. who was hurrying along the street with a MS. hanging half way out of his pocket, said in passing, "Ah, Doctor, if you were not so well known, you would have your pocket picked!"

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Original Articles.

ON GOING HOME.

The Hooghley is now covered with the stately ships of England. It is the season for *going home*! They whom fortune has blessed, whose term of exile is expired, are anticipating the joy of once more greeting the faces of early friends and the green hills and valleys on which the morning of existence shed its cheerful light. They are preparing for an eventful but happy change. They are entering upon a fresh chapter of the book of life. Oh! with what yearning hearts do we turn to those yet unread pages to which the finger of Hope directs us! I hear around me many voices that speak of home and happiness. I shall soon cease to hear them—perhaps for ever! They will pass like the wind into happier regions, and breathe in other ears their old familiar music. The fate of these emancipated exiles awakens no ungenerous feeling in my heart, and yet it aches with sorrow when I listen to their home-anticipations. They are intoxicated with delight, while I sicken with despair. They are like boys at school when their long-looked-for holidays have arrived. But we who still linger in this distant land resemble those unhappy children who remain behind in the same dreary and detested place, when their more fortunate companions have departed.

But amidst all the pleasurable excitements that stir the heart of the exile when about to revisit his native land there are moments of occasional thoughtfulness and sadness and apprehension which give a less enviable character to his fate than that of the home-returning school-boy. The spirit of the latter is bright and buoyant. His hopes are unclouded, his pleasure is unalloyed. The former on the other hand has seen too much of human life to trust entirely to its enchantments. He is afraid of his own happiness. He can scarcely believe it real or well founded. It is too like a dream. There is something strange and ominous in the unaccustomed elation of his heart, and he varies or mingles his emotions like a child that laughs and cries in the same breath. These mixed feelings are sometimes succeeded by an unqualified mistrust and forlorn forebodings. He reverts to the innumerable disappointments that have already darkened his path and arrives at a reluctant conviction that it is weak and unreasonable to imagine that the course of life can alter. As in the natural world the constant interchange of sunshine and of shadow forbids us to anticipate the long duration of pleasant weather, so his past experience of human life leads him to regard all prospects of true and lasting happiness as idle dreams. He has reached too many of those once distant scenes, so gorgeously clad in colors of the air, to trust again to the soft illusions which fade at our approach. He has learnt that the many-tinted bow of heaven is nothing but the junction of light and vapour, and that the scenes that charm us afar off

To those who journey near
Barren, brown and rough appear!

In this mistrustful mood of mind a thousand melancholy images rise up before him. Instead of the bright countenances of the living he sees the shrouded faces of the dead! The forms that cheered his childhood and smiled upon his later dreams are enveloped in the shadows of the grave. His early home is empty—the hearth of his infancy is cold! The sweet flower-garden in which he once toiled with eager pleasure beneath the summer sun, is now a dreary wilderness. Or if the halls and lands of his Fathers are not lonely and neglected, they are perhaps in the possession of the stranger, and his own birth-place is like a scene in a foreign land. He recalls the beautiful Arabic exclamation, “I came to the place of my youth and cried, my friends, where are they?—and Echo answered *where are they?*” Even Nature herself seems changed. The once familiar hills and valleys have a strange look, like the face of an altered friend. He has heard but too often of such miserable mutations and disappointments and he trembles as he reflects that his own fancy may prove prophetic. Besides all these gloomy fears and meditations, there are other drawbacks from that felicity which the home-seeking exile might enjoy if he were more sanguine and less reflective. He has perhaps formed many friendships with his fellow-countrymen in India, and it is impossible to break social ties, however slight, without some degree of sadness and regret. In the case of long-tryed and faithful friendships the parting hour—especially when the separation is probably an eternal one—is a dreadful trial. In the latter case it is like the farewell we take of the dying. Our last affectionate look at a familiar face is accompanied with a feeling that it is impossible to describe. The lowest depths of the human heart are stirred, and that convulsive movement with which we tear ourselves away for ever from the dear associates of many years seems to wrench some palpable and necessary support and leave us bare the lacerated. Even the very spots that we have long wished to quit are hallowed when the time of parting is arrived. Like old acquaintances who had once but little of our love or perhaps even something of our hatred, they present at such a moment a softer aspect, and we almost wonder that we should ever have regarded them with coldness or hostility. They have become a portion of our associations, and these, of whatever nature they may be, can never pass through the mists of memory without receiving that tender and dream-like hue which makes the past so precious. The coldest and coarsest mind is touched and elevated on these occasions. The finest points of our common nature are then developed; and never is the human countenance so informed with beauty, with intellect and with sensibility, as in parting for ever from old friends and familiar scenes. At such a time every one is a poet, and looks upon human life and eternal nature with a deep and solemn feeling. They who are most apt in ordinary seasons to

take a literal and vulgar view of all things, then assume a higher tone, and see something to love to admire, and to cherish beyond the range of their daily thoughts and avocations.

But let us pass over the trial of separation, and trace the after progress of the friends who leave us. The hurry and excitement of embarkation, and the novelty of their position are circumstances well calculated to shorten the pain of parting and give a fresh impulse to the mind. When they are once fairly launched on the wide blue ocean, the relief from all common cares and duties—the holiday feeling—the exultation of spirit occasioned by a change of air and scene—all dispose them to give a ready welcome to cheerful thoughts and to banish every unpleasant recollection. Then grave men become as frolicsome as children and take a deep interest in those trifles and amusements which during their long weary exile and amidst far higher cares were either forgotten or despised. They seem as if they had taken a new lease of life. The fountain of early pleasure is unlocked. Their first fresh feelings return upon their hearts, and they become as frank and social and as sanguine and as willing to be pleased, as in the generous ardor of their boyhood. Each new occurrence in their progress—a change of wind or weather—the capture of a fish or bird—the discovery of a ship, like a speck of cloud on the far horizon—a dance or a dinner with the strangers when the two little oaken worlds in the vast space of waters, arrive in contact—the touching at some small uninhabited island, as solitary and romantic as the residence of Robinson Crusoe—and finally the first pale glimmering of the snow-white cliffs of Albion, make their hearts bound within them, and they feel as they have often thought that they should never feel again!

As they approach the shore hallowed by so many early associations and of which they have thought and dreamt for so many years, with what tumultuous eagerness they crowd into the first boat that reaches the vessel's side. At last they leap upon their native earth; and they who mix reflection with their transport, look back with grateful wonder at their escapes by land and sea, and rejoice in the consummation of their long cherished hopes.

The writer of this article has already alluded on a previous occasion to the feeling with which he himself revisited the shores of England some years ago. He will venture to repeat a former paragraph upon this subject.

When I trod once more upon my dear native land after an absence of many weary years, and a long dull voyage, I was overpowered with a delight which it would be impossible to describe. It was in the spring of the year. The blue vault of heaven, over which were scattered a few silver clouds—the clear atmosphere—the balmy vernal breeze—the quiet and picturesque cattle, browsing on luxuriant verdure, or standing knee-deep in a crystal lake—the blue hills sprinkled with snow-white sheep, and sometimes partially shadowed by a wandering cloud—the meadows glowing with golden buttercups, and bedropped with daisies—the trim hedges of crisp and sparkling holly—the sound of near but unseen rivulets and the songs of foliage-hidden birds—the white cottages almost buried amidst trees, like happy human nests—the ivy-covered church, with its old grey spire 'pointing up to heaven,' and its gilded vane gleaming in the light—sturdy peasants with their instruments of

healthy toil—the white-capped matrons bleaching their garments in the sun, and throwing them like snow-patches on green slopes or glossy garden shrubs—the sun-browned village girls, resting idly on their round elbows at small open casements, their faces in sweet keeping with the trellised flowers—all formed a combination of enchantments that would mock the happiest imitative efforts of human art! But though the bare enumeration of these details of an English picture, will perhaps awaken many dear recollections in the reader's mind, I have omitted by far the most interesting feature of the whole scene—the rosy children loitering about the cottage-gates or tumbling gaily on the warm grass! He who could look upon these sweet little buds of human nature, thus connected with the kindred varieties of physical existence, also just bursting into birth, without an emotion of profound tenderness and joy, would be unworthy of his place on this beautiful earth.

But even these sights and sounds, exquisite as they are, will not be regarded as the chief delights of a return to England. No language could paint the feelings with which the Indian parents who have sent children home at an early age hurry from the sea-port town at which they land, to embrace again their living treasures! The first excess of joy at such a meeting may border upon pain, but when the deep and wild emotion begins to moderate, there is no earthly felicity with which it could be compared. It is almost a compensation for the pangs of parting, and the miseries of exile.

D. L. R.

THE FORGET ME NOT FOR 1835.

We have just procured a copy of this Annual from Messrs. Thacker and Co. and have gone hurriedly through it. In external appearance it is altered and improved; the size being a little increased, and the binding being of handsome and substantial morocco leather instead of ornamented paper. The engravings are also better than usual. The Frontispiece is a very elegant and fanciful illustration of the story of Diana and Endymion, by J. Wood, an artist whose designs are generally very rich and graceful. The next embellishment is a beautiful inland view of Madeira. It is by Goodall after W. Westall. The drawing is poetical and romantic and Mr. Goodall has displayed his usual brilliancy and power in transferring it to the steel. The third engraving is entitled *Annal Lucy*, by Rolls, after Wyatt; and a very charming thing it is. Prout is here again with his eternal interiors of Cathedrals, but managing his light and shade with his wonted breadth and boldness. Then comes a female face, after Richter, and a clever little love scene after Wright. The remaining engravings are not quite so much to our taste, but are by no means deficient in merit. The literary merit of this volume is not of a very high character. Some few of the prose Tales are clever—others are pretty—but the greater number are only fit for the *Lady's Magazine*. The poetry too is, generally speaking, very indifferent, though there are some very delightful exceptions. The poem on the death of Mr. Ackermann, (who introduced the Annual into England) is appropriate and beautiful. The author's name is not given, but we think we may safely attribute it to Mr. Croly.—ED.

MY FIRST BUFFALO.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN INCIDENT IN A PLANTER'S LIFE.")

It was in the month of April in the year 1822, that a party of Indigo planters were collected at a factory about 12 coss to the eastward of the station of Purneah. Of those companions of my first essay in the manly practice of sporting at the nobler game, but one, besides myself, is now in existence. Poor fellows! they sleep well, some in Indian earth, some in the abyss of the deep, deep sea. If the one other survivor of that day, should chance to peruse these lines, he will bear testimony to their general accuracy, and call to recollection the good old times of the planters, now for ever past away.

As is customary at these meetings, various methods were resorted to, in order to dissipate the wearisome ennui that, at particular seasons of the year, annoys a planter's existence. Amongst other amusements, the shooting at *Ahilleas*, or earthen pots affixed to the top of a pole, is a never failing source of occupation to those who are accustomed to the use of the gun. I was at that time fresh from England; and joined with ardor, in sports of this nature. Great was the cracking of the earthenware, as one by one, we essayed our comparative skill in correct firing. Good shots and bad, and indifferent, told there were some of all kinds; but the execution on the whole, was respectable; and sufficient to give us confidence in each other, should we have occasion to exercise our skill on objects, worthy its application. And the opportunity was not long wanting. Whilst deeply engaged in the exciting amusement, a gowalla brought the intelligence, that, a full grown, wild male buffalo had taken up his quarters in a half-dried *jheel* at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the factory. It was one of those mild and balmy days that are experienced at the commencement of the hot weather, when the champa and other trees have completed their new apparel, and fill the air with those perfumes that art in vain essays to equal. The more powerful rays of the sun were obscured by a slight haziness, sufficient to temper, but not altogether to avert the genial warmth of the great luminary. It was consequently decided to hasten at once to the scene of action, and from the nature of the *jheel*, which was described to consist of alternate mud and water, with a small portion of firm ground overgrown with tall jungle grass, it became necessary to proceed provided with proper conveyances. Accordingly, a well trained female elephant fitted with a howdah, for land attack, and a canoe for those who preferred the water, were soon got ready, and off we sallied in quest of our game, which was soon discovered with only its head out of the pool of mud in which as is customary with these animals, it had entrenched itself, to avoid the attacks of flies which swarm about their bodies, when undefended by that coating of lime in which instinct prompts them to incase themselves.

Arrived at the shores of the *jheel*, the canoe was launched; and an option having been made to me, of the method in which I would take my part in the sport, I selected the elephant, not only from its apparent superior safety in my opinion, but from the other seat of the howdah being already occupied by an individual, whom I had reason to know was a first rate shot, and inured to these adventures.

It was arranged, that those in the canoe should push off as soon as the elephant had been brought to the opposite shore of the *jheel*; and this having been done, we looked closely to our locks, and drew up on a spot where it was judged the buffalo would take the land, in case of his escaping the shots of those in the canoe, which was by this time on its way to arouse him from his lair. Seated on the back of the elephant, I had now a clear view of the scene; no sooner had the canoe been propelled a little distance on its tract, than the animal lifted its head and neck entirely above the *jheel* accompanying the action by a peculiar toss of a most formidable pair of horns, and a scenting of the breeze, in a manner observable in all wild animals of the hoof-cloven tribe. The scrutiny was but momentary; for as if conscious that danger was in quest of him, he arose with a heavy plunge, shaking the mud and water from his hide in one grand shower; and with a furious lash of the tail, and a low but deep bellow, the majestic animal unfolded his proportions, which even knee deep in the pool in which he stood, caused me to turn an involuntary glance of anxiety at my companion. He however betrayed not the smallest change of countenance on the occasion; but coolly taking up a long barrelled Spanish gun from the rest in which it had lain, proceeded to bring it to the "ready," desiring me to do the same, to be on my guard, and to take a good aim at the buffalo's shoulder, but on no account to fire, unless I observed his shot did not overset the animal. The words had scarcely passed, when the canoe rounding to, one shot, and then another were fixed in quick succession; and the buffalo as if maddened with pain, came dashing through the splashes of mud and water, that intervened between him, and the spot where we were stationed.

During the period of a very short life, I have been in the midst of many scenes sufficient to try the heart of the stoutest. I have been on the poop of a vessel, with all her sails shivering in the wind—her rigging in confusion, and her decks crowded with an appalled but swearing crew, within a stone's throw of the *Basses*.* I have been hurried along in another, in a night of murky darkness, with a treacherous shore on one hand, and as treacherous shoals on the other; in the midst of a furious gale, when the rattle of heaven's artillery, and the sweep of the sheeted lightning, and the deluging cataract from the loosened flood-gates of heaven, have on horror's head, horrors accumulated, and I have found the heart of man, when well set, to rise superior to the perils which under such circumstances assail it. But, I had never before faced the infuriated, and powerful free denizen of the wilds, which now came tearing on us, with a speed that left scarcely time for thought. I have omitted to mention that, one of the two shots fired, struck the ground within a few paces behind us, passing so close, as to endanger the lives of myself and comrade. I had been warned that, the buffalo when preparing to make his desperate charge against the elephant, would place his head towards the ground, for a moment as if to concentrate the full extent of his powers for the mighty shock; and that it was the critical moment for taking the death-dealing aim.

On came the noble beast, and on arriving within 30 paces, where stood the elephant firm as a rock, he suddenly drew up. Without waiting to receive

* Rocks on the coast of Ceylon.

the anticipated charge, my companion levelled and fired the ball passing clean over the animal. I stood up at the same moment, but threw up my aim, as I observed the buffalo, after swaying from side to side fall over with a violence that shook the ground.

In the excitement of the moment, forgetting all considerations of prudence, I scrambled over the back of the howdah, and gun in hand, slid down by the crupper and tail of the elephant; but lost hold, and came to the earth with a concussion that caused my teeth to rattle in their sockets. Fortunately, the gun which I still firmly grasped in my right hand, sustained no injury; and as soon as I recovered my footing, I rushed forward with the intention of giving the coup de grace to the unfortunate animal. But judge of my consternation, when the wounded but not subdued beast, suddenly rose on his fore-legs—I waited not for further demonstration, but like him of Philippi, throwing down my arms on the inglorious field, fairly ran for it. But I was not destined to be tossed into the air like a bundle of rags. A shot fired over head, accompanied by a plunge and struggling, told me my adversary was again laid low; and looking between the hind legs of the elephant, whither I had fled for safety I observed three or four more of the party leaping out of the canoe, and who firing their pieces at the prostrate animal, removed all further cause of alarm.

On opening the body to take away the heart, which is considered no contemptible morcean, it was discovered that the first shot fired had struck the buffalo in the shoulder; but in so peculiar a manner, as not to wound him seriously, till the exertion of the animal in bounding towards the shore of the pool for the purpose of attacking the elephant, and escaping from the pursuers in his rear, had forced it into a vulnerable part, and caused him to stagger and fall and the first shot from the howdah to miss, just at the moment of making the charge, which otherwise might have proved so serious in its consequences.

Mrs. ATKINSON's last Soirée went off on Monday last with great éclat. The room was better filled than on any previous occasion, and the audience, we hear, appeared delighted with the treat afforded them. We are sorry that indisposition kept us at home; but we give this report on good authority. Mrs. Atkinson has announced a concert for the 26th Instant, to be given at the Town Hall on the 26th under the patronage of Lady William Bentinck.

We have heard that some persons think that it is rather too soon to get up a benefit concert so immediately after the series of Soirées, but perhaps considerations connected with the convenience or wishes of her distinguished and generous Patroness have induced Mrs. Atkinson to come forward again thus early. This is a mere guess of ours, and other circumstances which we are not acquainted with may have influenced her plans. At all events we heartily wish her every success.

• **RE-UNION.**—The *Bengal Hurkaru* states that in consequence of the Bhurtpore Anniversary dinner at the Town Hall on Monday, the Re-union will be deferred to the following evening, Tuesday 1st instant.

THE KING OF DELHI.

Akbar Sháh the present king of Delhi and the successor of Ala Sháh is about 77 years of age. He is of an elegant stature and in his youth had much corporeal strength. He is fond of music and amusements. He keeps a regular Court every morning and spends the noon in the perusal of the Qorán. This is succeeded by the amusement of flying the pigeons and exercise with the bow and arrow. He has eight wives, but one of them sur-named Muntáz Mahal (or the honor of the palace) has won the heart of the king. Though she is of an extremely low origin, and is by no means a paragon of beauty, it is said that her magic has so strongly wrought upon the king's heart, that he does nothing without her permission. It is added also that she loved a servant named Jisukh Raé who was afterwards appointed the king's minister by her influence and entitled Rajah Jisukh Raé. As he was originally a Banyá (the most covetous tribe in the world) he began to make money fast, without being at all particular about the means. He took off the copper covering from the roof of the palace and sent it to the mint to be made into coins; and though the king and all the princes were aware of this act and very indignant at it, and were even determined to expel the Rajah from the palace, the power of Muntáz Mahal preserved him. The Rajah is said to be a master of immense treasure as well as of a vast quantity of jewels.

Mirza Abuzafar is the elder son of the king and will succeed his father. He is about 60 years of age. He is a poet and an excellent marksman and devotes much of his time to the religious ceremonies, and is very popular.

Mirza Báber the second son by Muntáz Mahal is a prince of unprepossessing appearance as well as of bad conduct; he drinks intemperately and treats the females of the palace in a very shameful manner. His licentiousness has no bounds. Notwithstanding that his ill demeanour has created a general hostility to him, the affection of his mother Muntáz Mahal has secured him against insult.

The favorite son of the King is Mirza Salem, who is of a liberal and ingenious mind. His face is fair and resembles that of his father in beauty. He is an intimate friend of the Europeans and learns English. His heart by the society of Englishmen is so much purified from the foolish prejudices of his religion and the custom of his household, that he generally dresses himself like English people and sometimes sits at their table, and he takes out his wife veiled on an Elephant when he himself takes the air in the evening.

Mirzá Buland Bakhsh, Jahán Shah Kaiquád, Jahán Khusráu are the other sons of the King by different wives and each of them gets separate allowance to support himself. Their time is generally spent in frolics and in idleness. None of the sons of the king possess princely manners, except Mirza Abuzafar and Salem.

The present Minister of the king is Sohan Lal Kayat a man of obscure origin, he is a great friend of Mirzá Salem who introduced him so much into the king's favor that he has bestowed on Sohan Lal the title of Rajah. Since he has been in the king's service, he has discharged all strangers from the palace and employs all his own relations even in the lower situations. He possesses a great deal of money and has a charitable heart.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The *Quarterly Review*, No. CIII. just received is the best and most pleasant number that has been published for a long time. The lovers of light literature will be delighted with it, especially such of them, as have had their patience tried by the intolerable dullness of most of the immediately preceding numbers. The change is perfectly "refreshing." The articles are chiefly of a literary and popular character. The first in place and interest is a very able review of a new edition of Coleridge's works. This appears to have been written and printed before the death of the poet, though we suspect the event was anticipated from the state in which he then was. We are astonished that so few biographical notices of this remarkable man have yet found their way into the public prints. Perhaps the monthly magazines will make up for the neglect of the newspapers, and abound with anecdotes of his private life, criticisms on his poetry, and above all, copious reports of his conversation. The most interesting and characteristic account of him that has yet been laid before the public appeared in the *Liberator* from the pen of Hazlitt, in a delightful paper entitled "My first acquaintance with the Poets." The critique of the *Quarterly* is written in a good spirit, and has many admirable passages. We can only afford room for a very few specimens.

"Perhaps our readers may have heard repeated a saying of Mr. Wordsworth, that many men of this age had done wonderful things, as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c.; but that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he ever knew. Something, of course, must be allowed in this as in all other such cases for the antithesis; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who have occasionally visited Mr. Coleridge have left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They admire the man more than his works, or they forget the works in the absorbing impression made by the living author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigorous days can bear witness to the peculiarity and transcendent power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike anything that could be heard elsewhere; the kind was different, the degree was different, the manner was different. The boundless range of scientific knowledge, the brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, the deep and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore—were not all; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the festivity, must be added—and with this the clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlastingly music of his tones,—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man. He is now no longer young; and bodily infirmities, we regret to know, have pressed heavily upon him. His natural force is indeed abated; but his eye is not dim, neither is his mind yet enfeebled."

"Mr. Coleridge's conversation, it is true, has not now all the brilliant versatility of his former years; yet we know not whether the contrast between his bodily weakness and his mental power does not leave a deeper and a more solemnly affecting impression, than his most triumphant displays in youth could ever have done. To see the pain-stricken countenance relax, and the contracted framedilate under the kindling of intellectual fire alone—to watch the infirmities of the flesh shrinking out of sight, or glorified and transfigured in the brightness of the awakening spirit—is as awful a object of contemplation; and in no other person did we ever witness such a distinction,—nay, alienation of mind from body,—such a mastery of the purely intellectual over the purely corporeal, as in the instance of this remarkable man. Even now his conversation is characterized by all the essentials of its former excellence; there is the same individuality, the same unexpectedness, the same universal grasp; nothing is too high, nothing too low for it: it glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, which al-

most seem inspired: yet its universality is not of the same kind with the superficial ranging of the clever talkers whose criticism and whose information are balled forth by, and spent upon, the particular topics in hand. No; in this more, perhaps, than in anything else is Mr. Coleridge's discourse distinguished; that it springs from an inner centre, and illustrates by light from the soul. His thoughts are, if we may so say, as the radii of a circle, the circumference as wide as the bountiful of things visible and invisible. In this it was that we always thought another, eminent light of our time, recently lost to us, and exact contrast to Mr. Coleridge as to quality and style of conversation. You could not in all London or England hear a more fluent, a more brilliant, a more exquisitely elegant converser than Sir James Mackintosh, nor could you ever find him unprovided. But, somehow or other, it always seemed as if all the sharp and brilliant things he said were poured out of so many vials filled and labelled for the particular occasion; it struck us, to use a figure, as if his mind were an ample and well-arranged *hortus siccus*, from which you might have specimens of every kind of plant, but all of them cut and dried for store. You rarely saw nature working at the very moment in him. With Coleridge it was an still is otherwise. He may be slower, more rambling, less pertinent; he may not strike at the instant as so eloquent; but then, what he brings forth is fresh coined; his flowers are newly gathered, they are wet with dew, and, if you please you may almost see them growing in the rich garden of his mind. The projection is visible; the enchantment is done before your eyes. To listen to Mackintosh was to inhale perfume; it pleased, but did not satisfy. The effect of an hour with Coleridge is to set you thinking; his words haunt you for a week afterwards; they are spells, brightenings, revelations. In short, it is, if we may venture to draw so bold a line, the whole difference between talent and genius."

The following remarks upon the versification of Coleridge's poems are worthy of particular attention.

"They are distinguished in a remarkable degree by the perfection of their rhythm and metrical arrangement. The labour bestowed upon this point must have been very great; the tone and quantity of words seem weighed in scales of gold. It will, no doubt, be considered ridiculous by Fannii and Fanniae of our day to talk of varying the measure with the iambus, or of resolving either into the trochee. Yet it is evident to us that those, and even minute points of accentual scanion, have been regarded by Mr. Coleridge as worthy of study and observation. We do not, of course, mean that rules of this kind were always in his mind while composing, any more than that an exact disquiet is always thinking of the distinctions of mood and figure, whilst arguing; but we certainly believe that Mr. Coleridge has almost from the commencement of his poetic life looked upon versification as constituting in and by itself a much more important branch of the art poetic than most of his eminent contemporaries appear to have done. And this more careful study shows itself in him in no technical peculiarities or fantastic whims, against which the genius of our language revolts; but in a more exact adaptation of the movement to the feeling, and in a finer selection of particular words with reference to their local fitness for sense and sound. Some of his poems are complete models of versification, exquisitely easy to all appearance, and subservient to the meaning, and yet so subtle in the links and transitions of the parts as to make it impossible to produce the same effect merely by imitating the syllabic metre as it stands on the surface. The secret of the sweetness lies within, and is involved in the feeling. It is this remarkable power of making his verse musical that gives a peculiar character to Mr. Coleridge's lyric poems. In some of the sonnet poems, as the conclusion of the 'Kubla Khan,' for example, not only the lines by themselves are musical, but the whole passage sounds all at once as an outburst or crash of harps in the still air of autumn. The verses seem as if played to the ear upon some unseen instrument. And the poet's manner of reciting verse is similar. It is not rhetorical, but musical: so very near recitative, that for any one else to attempt it would be ridiculous; and yet it is perfectly miraculous with what exquisite searching he elicits and makes sensible every particle of the meaning, not leaving a shadow of a shade of the feeling, the mood, the degree, untouched. We doubt, if a finer rhapsode ever recited at the Panathenæan festival;

and the yet unforgettable Doric of his native Devon is not altogether without a mellowing effect in his utterance of Greek. A chapter of Isaiah from his mouth involves the listener in an act of exalted devotion. We have mentioned this, to show how the whole man is made up of music; and yet Mr. Coleridge has no ear for music, as it is technically called. Master as he is of the intellectual recitative, he could not sing an air to save his life. But his delight in music is intense and unweariable, and he can detect good from bad with unerring discrimination. Poor Naldi, whom most of us remember, and all who remember must respect, said to our poet once at a concert—"That he did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed." Coleridge answered, "It sounded to me exactly like *nonsense verses*. But this thing of Beethoven's that they have begun—stop, let us listen to this, I beg!"

The Reviewer gives the following passage as an average example of Coleridge's blank-verse, which he justly observes is exquisitely rich and harmonious.

'And that simplest lute
Placed lengthways in the claspèd casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound,
As twilight elfins make when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from fairy land,
Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
Oh! the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,—
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought and joyance everywhere;—
Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument!"

In the notice of the *Life and Poems of Crabbe*, the Reviewer observes that it is now certain that a selection from the poet's *prose* writings will soon be laid before the public. We are glad to hear of this, as we are yet unacquainted with the style of Crabbe's prose (for we cannot judge of it from a few dedications); and we shall be, curious to see how he wrote when unincumbered with the jingle of heroic-couplet rhymes. One of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses* very happily called him a "Pope in worsted stockings"—this though a caricature, is a very good one. The Reviewer says, with less felicity, but not wholly without truth, that the poet sometimes reminds us of Dryden in a one-horse chaise. He unhappily reminds us of Dryden in another way—the servile spirit of his dedications, contrasted with the bold and manly, and thoroughly English spirit of his verse.

In the notice of Mrs. Trollope's "*Belgium and Western Germany in 1833*," the Reviewer pays the fair authoress a compliment which the Americans will think utterly undeserved. He says, that she is very capable of planning and executing a 'pleasure tour' and giving a correct and spirited report of her seeings and hearings; and with the tact and quick observation of a woman, and much of the unpretending good sense of an *Englishwoman*, she unites great activity, bodily as well as mental, with *sound views* on most topics, political as well as religious, a lively style, good feeling and good spirits; and much unprejudiced fairness in her judgments on men and manners. We suspect that not a great majority even of her own countrymen will entirely agree with the Reviewer in this estimate of her character.

Conolly's *Overland Journey* is noticed very favorably (as it well deserves), and at some length. The Reviewer agrees in the author's views regarding a Russian Invasion of India.

"We think the whole of Lieut. Conolly's remarks included in the section headed 'Overland Invasion of India,' well worthy of attention. It is clear that India can never be taken by a *coup de main*—and that it will require a succession of years before Russia could sufficiently advance into the 'bowels of the land' to master any secure position from which to direct ultimate operations, and upon which her forces, if any disaster befel them, might retire. To organise such an invasion would require the talents of a chief, such as perhaps has never yet been known in Russian military history; and to lead on to success amidst all the wiles of the numerous tribes through which it would have to pass, checked by the great difficulties of procuring food, assailed by the vicissitudes of climate, and after all, with the certainty of meeting troops just as well disciplined, better accustomed to the climate, and with gigantic resources of all sorts about and behind them, would require the head of a Cæsar, a Buonaparte, or a Wellington."

Campbell's *Life of Siddons* is dissected with some cleverness. It appears that besides its defects as a work of biography it is incorrect and inelegant in point of style. The Reviewer suspects—and we are inclined to agree with him, that Campbell has given his name to the work of a mere journeyman, and has not revised it with the proper care.

"We however expected, that, in the elegancies of style, in accuracy of literary history, and in delicacy of criticism, Mr. Campbell would have improved upon his predecessor; but we are sorry to say that we have been, on every point signally disappointed. In fact, we are much inclined to credit a prevailing rumour, that Mr. Campbell ought rather to be considered as the editor than as the substantial author of this book. Mr. Boaden's diction, though occasionally forcible, is too often inflated and obscure; he seems a great admirer of Gibbon, and sometimes applies with ludicrous solemnity to his dramatic history the oracular style in which Gibbon describes the decline of the Roman empire. But Mr. Campbell—or, as we are willing to believe Mr. Campbell's journeyman—has an obscure bombast of his own, which is still more intolerable—as our readers may judge from the following examples, extracted, with no labour of search from the earlier pages of the work.

The writer of this *Life of Siddons*, be he who he may, is proved to have been guilty of numerous and gross plagiarisms. We cannot believe that Campbell wrote the entire book—there are some passages in it that are evidently from his pen, but there are many others that are very different indeed from his ordinary style. The Reviewer thus concludes;

"One concluding word to Mr. Campbell.—We fear that he will be dissatisfied with our criticism, because we know how hard it is to induce a man to be dissatisfied with himself; but as we have not made a single stricture without having produced the evidence on which it is founded, we fearlessly appeal to our readers—nay, we should almost venture to appeal to Mr. Campbell himself—whether the instances and examples we have produced do not amply justify the observations which it has been our painful duty to make. It is not given to any man to excel in all the walks of literature: Mr. Campbell is a distinguished poet—he has written a very popular poem, and several memorable odes; he is a man of undoubted genius—and he may well afford, without any diminution of his real and merited fame to be recorded as in every sense of the word,—supposing him to have actually written the book which bears his name—the worst theatrical historian we have ever read."

But though this notice of Campbell's book is devoid neither of talent nor truth, it is somewhat flippant and ungenerous. There are two or three remarks by the reviewer that betray both bigotry and bad temper.

We have no time or space at present to refer to the remaining articles in this number, which we repeat is the best that has appeared for a very long time.—ED.

PLANEL'S BENEFIT.

Though the theatre was not so full as it ought to have been on Thursday evening, considering the attractive nature of the programming and the merits of the *Beneficiare*, we have rarely seen the audience more delighted than they were on this occasion. Rossini's grand overture of William Tell was listened to with more attention than the audience usually bestows on instrumental music; and the orchestra exerted themselves to the utmost and with great success. Rossini's new opera of *Adelaide de Borgogna* though it is only in one act was a little too long and was not concluded before ten o'clock, when the general entertainments commenced. The evening's performance did not conclude before 1½ past 11. This was rather too much of a good thing, and it would have been as well if some scenes in the opera had been curtailed. It is however, a very pleasing and pretty piece and is full of beautiful music, and if it had been the only amusement of the evening its length would have been no objection. The pastoral dance between Madame Nouveau and Mrs. Leach was extremely picturesque and graceful; but by far the most elegant performance under the direction of Terpsichore was the Spanish dance between Madame Nouveau and Signor Mayorga. We were delighted with the exquisite grace, facility, and animation of the latter and shall never again endure to see him in the character of an old man. He ought always to take young parts, in which he has proved that he is quite unrivalled on this stage. His performance on Thursday evening as far as we can judge, was absolutely faultless. It was enthusiastically encored. We cannot forbear to compliment him, even upon his dress, which was at once splendid and tasteful. Caravaglia's male costume in the part of Henric in the Opera was also very magnificent without being at all glaring or gaudy. Some of the ladies, however, thought it a little too manly for any woman to wear even in a male character. Mr. Nouveau's Chinese dance was exceedingly clever and amusing.

Planet's Violin Solo was played with great skill and a mingled delicacy and freedom, but we think we have heard him before to more advantage. We allude to a late performance at one of Mrs. Atkinson's Soirées.—ED.

Mrs. LEACH.—This clever little Actress announces, that her benefit is to take place on Wednesday next the 21st Inst. instead of the 20th as first fixed on. The musical melo-drama of *Masaniello or the dumb girl of Portici* is to be got up in a very superior manner with new scenery, dresses, decorations, dances, combats, &c. &c. All these accompaniments are admirably adapted to the taste of a Calcutta audience, and we hope they will attract a full house. The "*Actress of all work*" is to be the afterpiece.

LORD CARLISLE.—There has been some talk in London, which has been echoed here, about Lord Carlisle's succeeding Lord William Bentinck. This is not the Lord Carlisle to whom Byron dedicated his "*Hours of Idleness*." That nobleman died in 1825. His Tragedy of "*The Father's Revenge*" was shown to Dr. Johnson who spoke rather favorably of it.

Some people speak of Lord Mulgrave as the probable successor of Lord William.

Selected Articles.

THE BANK NOTE.

"Are you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit.

"I am; can I do any thing for you there?"

"Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Haynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note."

"In? and that is a large sum to trust to the post."

"Yes; but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box."

"Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered himself as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave; promising he would return to-morrow the next day, which was Saturday.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother-officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter intrusted to his care; and having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *de nuit* and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness that *dolce far niente*, which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the rencounter with his brother-officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it, till, as they rode through the village the next morning on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected, with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and vain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favour, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognized was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed,

"Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you put it into the post yesterday?"

"Certainly," replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment, "certainly. How could you, dear madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?"

"Thank you! thank you!" cried she, "How you have relieved my mind!"

He had so; but he had painfully burthened his own. To be sure, it was only a white lie—the lie of fear. Still he was not used to utter falsehood: and he felt the meanness and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and, putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety. "Now then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her.

"To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking to him in a slow voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post."

"It would have been better to have done so, certainly!" replied Freeland, deeply blushing.

"Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself in a delicate state of health, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as, but owing to no fault of his, he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty-pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a Sunday, you know."

"True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady.

"Therefore," continued Lady Leslie, "if you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time;—but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough:—therefore, I must let things take their chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out."

She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption, for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken, to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence, of which he had been guilty, could have been repaired; but now, as Lady Leslie said, it was too late!

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburdened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn: and, though he could not eat with appetite, he threw down, rather than drank, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirit; but in vain. A naturally ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened: and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner; said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. "At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses and by finding the hostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities. Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter; for they were well known; and their hard fate was generally pitied: but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bed-side—he was choked with painful emotion at first; with pleasing emotions afterwards: for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.

"I come," said he, at length, while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them, "I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie—"

"Then she has not forgotten me!" screamed out the poor woman almost gasping for breath.

"No, to be sure not: she could not forget you; she was incapable....." here his voice wholly failed him.

"Thank Heaven!" cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. "I can bear any thing now; for that was the bitterest part of all!" "My good woman," said Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake—pshaw: no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a fifty-pound note by the post yesterday."

"Fifty pounds!" cried the poor man wringing his hands, "why that would have more than paid all we owed; and could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked nor disgraced!"

Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more; but, recovering himself, he again drew near them; and,

throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said, "there! get well! only get well! and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live!"

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides; the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it; for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced; and he could not help remembering that, however blameable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that, but for that lie of fear, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort.

"My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty. Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow; but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy! and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!"

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding his letter thus:

"If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently trivial white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment and how sufficiently motivated! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation: but it was, you see, overruled for evil; and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals; not to mention my own pang; the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. Now, however, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amends which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind; as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion. As a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony of death.—*New York Mirror.*

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN AMERICA.

Not being willing to encounter the immense crowd which attended the opening of the Italian opera-house, we absented ourselves soon after the "ringing-up of the curtain" on that eventful evening. From among the various accounts of the performances that have been published in the newspapers, we select the following from the *Evening Star*, as being probably the best that has been written:

"Considerable interest was felt to witness the first opening of the new opera-house; and as very few have seen it in its progress, and much was expected from the taste of the artists, and the liberality of the committee, the doors were beset at an early hour, and the building was filled in every part. A more magnificent exhibition of an audience and a theatre, in all the freshness and elegance of decoration and taste in dress, have never, we are confident, been heretofore seen in this country. The style of the theatre is the design of Italian artists, blended with as much of the fashion to which we have been accustomed, as was convenient. The stage is large, very large—too much so, probably for operatic representations alone. The dome is most richly painted with representations of the Muses, and other decorations, which equal, if it does not surpass in lightness

and elegance, any theatrical dome in Europe—it is the *chef d'œuvre* of the house. The pannels which divide the first and second tier of boxes, are painted in gold and crimson devices, on a light ground exceedingly brilliant and rich; indeed, for a theatre, crimson should be a paramount colour, as it has effect on the dress circle. The sofa seats and seats in the pit, have mahogany arms and moulding, and blue damask covering. The second tier are all private boxes, which are richly decorated and ornamented with gold and satin, according to the taste and liberality of the proprietors; some of them are truly splendid. The general drop-scene represents an Italian landscape, with cottages; two peasants are dancing the tarantella; one playing the guitar, and others, spectators, grouped throughout the foliage: it is a soft and handsome painting. But the drop between the acts is magnificent and splendid beyond example, and was deservedly applauded;—it is a range of places in the rear of the most gorgeous and elegant architecture—in front is the circus, representing the Roman chariot races. The whole of this scene, the figures, and the grouping, are triumphant specimens of the art of scene-painting; it is the joint work of Bragaldi and Albi, eminent Italian artists. The orchestra is exceedingly strong—rather too powerful for the size of the house; and the charming overture to the opera was played with considerable effect. As we have before said, it would be unjust to pass an opinion as to the relative merits of the whole troupe on a first representation; there are many contingencies which cannot be known, and which contribute to check a full display of all the powers of the actor;—timidity has also a great effect on the voice; but we should say that the audience, altogether, were highly gratified. Signorina Fauti is a handsome woman, a good actress, and has a sweet voice—at times powerful, when thrown out with energy and force—generally thin, yet melodious—making her points with the intelligence of a good musician. She was exceedingly well received. The bass is excellent—equal to any thing we have had; and the tenor is also good. We should not omit mentioning the favourable impression made by Marioncelli in the boy—his voice is sweet, and at times powerful. The choruses, under the direction of her husband, are well-drilled. We wait for a few more performances, and also to hear Madame Bordogne, before a full opinion can be had of the entire merits of the new troupe.

A MODERN AUTHOR.

We were *amusing* ourselves in the printing-office belonging to this establishment, a few days ago, with turning over the leaves of a *ms.* novel, submitted to our inspection for an opinion of its merits. The hand-writing—we like to be particular—was decidedly bad, the punctuation shocking, and the style, plot and incidents rather equivocal. We read on, determined to do justice to the author—an odd sort of a genius, who had taken advantage of a good-natured moment—and such moments do sometimes occur, even to the most irritable—and secured a promise that we would give his production a candid and liberal examination. We had proceeded far enough, however, to discover that the forthcoming novel was not quite equal to the best of Walter Scott's, and were cogitating in our mind how we should tell the writer so, without committing our critical reputation, when he should enter but the very man himself, with a duplicate copy in his hand! We are naturally diffident on such occasions, and instead of rising to meet the "proud representative" of native talent, instinctively thrust our head into the public street, "to gaze on christian fools with varnished faces." We were apprehensive that the man of letters had come for our judgment, and felt that a mountain had imperceptibly rolled from our mind, when he addressed the foreman of the office. Perceiving that we were fortunately unnoticed, we listened to the following dialogue: Are you the printer, sir? "Yes." "In want of business?" "Yes." "Friend to native talent?" "Yes." "Well, then, sir, here is a work of mine that will go like a steam-engine—there's no two ways about it." "And you want it printed?" "Certainly." "How many copies?" The author seemed puzzled, looked at the ceiling, and smoothed his chin in an emphatic manner with his right hand, and then proposed the following astounding inquiry: "My friend, what is the population of the United States?" Now, our printer is not good at statistics; and the question was a poser. He mustered resolution

enough, however, to hazard the opinion, that there might be about thirteen millions at the next census. "Well then," returned the author, "that's precisely what I want to get at. How many of those people, do you suppose, are male adults?" Mr. T. ventured to guess about three millions. "Ah! how many out of that number, think ye, can read?" This was another poser, as the recent rapid increase of Sunday schools baffled all calculation. Mr. T., however, after a momentary pause, said, "Perhaps a million and a half." "Just so—then we shall come at it. We shall want about fifteen hundred thousand copies of my book printed." Saying which, he took Mr. T. by the button, led him to a side desk, to make the calculation of the probable cost of paper, &c., and thus gave us an opportunity of making our mortal escape, which the reader may well suppose, was not left unimproved. When we were comfortably seated in our own little study, the above circumstances passed again through our brain, and called up a half-forgotten anecdote, which we believe runs somewhat to the following effect:—A certain learned philosopher had written a profound dissertation on the "instability of human affairs in general, and the mutability of all civil institutions in particular." Before putting this stupendous production to press, the printer was bribed to secrecy, and the utmost caution observed by all parties, that the public should have no hint of the great event which awaited them; for the author himself was under the impression, that the moment his book appeared, there would be an unparalleled commotion among the whole human family. Indeed the effect predicted in his extravagant imagination was no less than an entire revolution in all terrestrial concerns, the overthrow of every existing government, and a commingled representation of all the disastrous events ever dreamed of by prophet, poet, or madman! The work was printed, an immense edition deposited with a distinguished bookseller, whose counter was liberally covered with copies, while the agitated author fled from the city, and concealed himself in an impenetrable forest, where for two days he anxiously awaited the terrific explosion of the mine to which he had laid the train, and ignited the match! On the third morning, he ventured to emerge from his covert, wondering that he had not yet heard the thunder rolling at a distance! To his astonishment, the glorious sun still held his accustomed course in the heavens—the cattle still grazed—the birds still sung—even the timid deer quenched her thirst at the limpid brook without any symptom of alarm. He approached the great road which led to the city, and behold! travellers, and teams, and tin-peddlers were going and coming as usual! He plucked up courage, and with trembling lips ventured to inquire of a countryman the news! "Butter was commanding a good price, and kidney potatoes were looking up." Lost in astonishment, he proceeded onwards towards the metropolis of the west. Every thing appeared as usual—all remained in a similar state as when he travelled the same road in his hasty retreat! He approached the metropolis, and its thousand golden spires were still glittering in the beams of the morning sun. He crossed the ferry—entered the busy town, and found every thing in its former place. He flew to the shop of his bookseller—and lo! all his pamphlets remained in the precise spot where he left them, and notwithstanding the advertisements and puffs of the bookseller, *not a single copy had been sold!*—*New York Mirror.*

INTEREST.—A person to whom had been due for some time a considerable sum of money, in principal and interest called on the debtor for payment. The only satisfaction he obtained was this reply:—"Sir, it by no means accords with my principle to pay you *interest*, nor with my *interest* to pay you principal."

CHINESE PROVERBS.—In company set a guard upon your tongue: in solitude upon your heart.—The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discover the faults of others: the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.—A great talker never wants enemies: the man of sense speaks little and hears much.—Though the ways of virtue are rough and craggy, yet they reach to heaven.—Banter, but never make the cheek red.

TEST OF MIND.—It was remarked by Sir Joshua Reynolds in a conversation with Johnson, that he took the altitude of a man's understanding by the remarks which he repeated. Johnson argued with him, and Sir Joshua having also observed that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements, Johnson added: "Yes, sir, no man is a hypocrite in his amusements."

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its caldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer in the neighbourhood who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who, after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal-tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation, and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians: they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, and those snug familiarities, which men always recollect with pleasure when they afterwards meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just upon the eve of elapsing, when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours, with a Lyons waistcoat made in the first taste; the whole was accompanied with a letter, directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority, which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired himself in the glass, and despised the whole world. Soon after a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the Marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from Monsieur the father that Monsieur the son, should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin, with a smile of protection sufficiently dignified; Colin felt his own insignificance and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused must know that Monsieur Jeannot, the father, had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? It is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army-hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten.

Jeannot pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprise; and afterwards entered into other speculations. When once you are in the current of the stream, you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without much difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you came by your prosperity; they envy you, at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquise at the end of six months, took monsieur the marquis his son from school, to introduce him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old schoolfellow, in which he wrote his "*these lines to contragulate*" him. The little marquis returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him, "Monsieur, as you understand Latin and are a courtier—"

"I, sir, understand Latin? not a word," replied the wit, and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt but a man always speaks his own language the better, when his studies are not divided between that and foreign languages; look at all our ladies, is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men? Their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation? Now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"There now! was not I in the right?" said madam: I wish my son to be a wit: that he may make a figure in the

world; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? In a lawsuit, does any one plead in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?"

Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment; when it was finally determined that the young marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace and Virgil. But then what was he to learn? for he must know something: could not he be shown a little geography?

"What would that serve?" replied the tutor: "when monsieur the marquis goes to any of his estates, won't the postillions know which way to drive him? They'll certainly take care not to go out of their way; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously, without having the least idea of what latitude he is under."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think."

"The more's the pity, then," cried the tutor: does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world? and is it necessary that monsieur the marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse, when he will find its very point of time in the almanac, a book which will teach him, moreover, the moveable feasts and fests, the age of the moon, and that of all the princes in Europe."

Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was overjoyed; the father was very much undecided. "What must my son learn, then?" said he.

"To make himself agreeable to," replied the friend whom they had consulted, "he knows but how to please, he knows every thing. That is in an art he can learn from his mother, without giving the least trouble either to that master or this."

At this speech, madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him, "It is very plain, sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world: my son will owe his entire education to you; however, I conceive that it will be as well if he should know a little of history."

"Alas! madame, what is that good for?" replied he: "there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a pre-concerted fable; and as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can disentigrate: and what does it signify to monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stutterer?"

"Nothing was ever better said," cried the tutor; the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to strifle the spark of genius, is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines and points, which have no existence in nature; ten thousand crooked lines are, by the mere twist of imagination, made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short: geometry is nothing but an execrable joke."

Monsieur and madame did not understand too much of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A nobleman like monsieur the marquis," continued he "ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies, if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can't money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can't he send for a benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, be he under a lucky star, is neither painter, musician, nor sculptor: but he makes all these arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronize than to exercise them. Enough that monsieur the marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to gay, that men of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know every thing, without having learned any thing; because, in fact, they at least know how to judge of every thing which they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. "You have very justly remarked, madame, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously, now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? Does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? Is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun to-day? Who wishes to know, at supper, if the long-haired Clodia passed the Rhine?" "Nobody, without doubt," exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite

world; "and monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But, after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon occasion; as monsieur my husband very justly observed. I remember hearing an old abbe say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something of which I have forgotten the name; but it begins with an *h*." "With an *h*, madame; it was not horticulture!" "No, it was not horticulture he meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*." "Ah! *Luncheon* and you, madame, 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world, in a well regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed." At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that monsieur the marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does every thing, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an arguable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent, made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet; the *Night* and the *Day*, for another; the *Charms* and *Alarms* for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little, or some too much, he was obliged to have them corrected at twenty shillings a song; and thus he got a place in the *Literary Year*, by the side of the *La Fares*, the *Chaulieus*, the *Hamiltions*, the *Sarrasins*, and the *Voitures* of the day.

Madame the Marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing.

When his father saw him so eloquent, he began to regret very sensibly that he had not had his son taught Latin; for in that case, he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother whose sentiments were less grovelling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son; and in the meantime the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment; it cost him a great deal; while his parents pinched themselves still more, in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighbourhood, who had put a very moderate tune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use, and marrying the young marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her and gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty: sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favourite both of his father and his mother. An old neighbour proposed their marriage; the parents, dazzled by the splendour of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding clothes and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship were about to present him: they were talking in a tender and animated conversation, the first fruits of their felicity, and were passing out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to madame the mother came up quite scared: "Here is very different news," said he: "the bailiffs are ransacking the house of monsieur and madame; every thing is laid hold of by the creditors; nay, they talk of seizing your persons; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages." "Let us see a little," said the marquis, "what all this means; what can this adventure be?" "Go," said the widow, "and punish these rascals—go quickly." He runs to the house; his father was already imprisoned; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away every thing they could lay hold on; his mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears;

nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her: "Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction, and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer. "What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere? what do you do here? is it thus you have abandoned your mother? Go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness: I am in want of a chamber-maid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference." "My lad," said the officer, "you seem well shaped enough; if you are inclined to enlist in my company, I'll give you every encouragement."

The marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself. "Alas!" said the marquis, "I know nothing; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes." As he spoke this, he sobbed aloud. "Write romances," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource at Paris."

The young man more desperate than ever, ran towards his mother's confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him, he prostrated himself before him. "Good heaven! monsieur marquis," said he, "where is your carriage? how does that respectable lady, the marchioness your mother?" The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family; and the farther he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was the air of the Theatin. "My son," said he "it has pleased heaven to reduce you to this; riches serve but to corrupt the heart; heaven has therefore conferred a favour on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state."

"Yes, sir."—"Her election is thus rendered the more sure."—"But, father, resumed the marquis "in the meantime, is there no means of obtaining relief in the world?" "Adieu! my son; there is a court-lady waiting for me."

The marquis was ready to faint: he was treated in pretty much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did all the rest of his life.

As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old-fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather curtains, which was followed by four enormous waggon wheels loaded. In the chaise was a young man encased in cloth; he had a countenance round and fresh breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness: his wife a little brunnette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a *petit-maitre*, but afforded the traveller sufficient time to contemplate the marquis, motionless and abysed in grief as he stood. "Eh! good heavens!" cried the rider, "I do think that is Jeannot." At this name the marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped. "It is too true, it is Jeannot," sighed the marquis. The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old school-fellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You have abandoned me," said Colin; but though you are a great lord, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story. "Come to the inn where I lodge and tell me the rest there," said Colin; "embrace my little wife, and then let's go and dine together."

They all three set forward on foot, their baggage following behind. "What is the meaning of all this equipage; is it yours?" says Jeannot. "Yes, it is all mine and my wife's. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small: we work hard; heaven has prospered us; we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a marquis no longer; all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me, I will teach you our trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born."

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to

himself: "All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief." What an instruction! The goodness of Colin's soul elicited from the breast of Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not yet stifled; he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand the matter a little; his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will make up the matters for a very trifle; I'll undertake to manage the whole business." Colin quickly released the father from prison: Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former professions; he married a sister of Colin's, who being of the same disposition as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG AUTHOR.

My first attempt in literature was a review of a poetical work. I had been dazzled by the brilliant irony of Jeffrey, and I gave it the active venom of Gifford: so I dissected my author, if not with the dexterity of either of these gentlemen, with, at all events (as I thought), considerable power of knife. I copied out my manuscript in a beautiful hand, and on fine paper: and I carried it to the eminent publisher of the *Q—ly Review*. I was forced to wait for a considerable time before I was introduced to that distinguished person: at last he condescended to be visible.

"I have brought you, sir," said I, with an air of triumph, "an article for your Review."

"Oh, very well, sir," said he drily; "I shall take care to forward it to the editor."

Somewhat offended by the tone in which these words were spoken, I said—

"Then, sir, I'll trouble you to send it immediately for his inspection, and let me have the answer, at farthest, by to-morrow."

"That can hardly be, sir," replied the court bookseller, in his haughtiest tone: "however, if you'll call again here in a week, you shall have his opinion on your paper."

I was not exceedingly flattered by this behaviour: however, as I had tendered the paper, I did not choose to withdraw it suddenly: I therefore said that I should return in a week, and left my MS. (which I regarded as at least as precious as any to be hereafter unrolled at Herculeum) in the hands of Mr.——.

In a fortnight (for I did not like to be too punctual) I called for my MS. When I saw Mr.——, I cleverly discovered that he had as completely forgotten my person as my valuable manuscript.

"Mr.——a—I beg your pardon, sir," said the courtly bookseller, "but I have really forgotten your name."

"My name, sir, is Hawke." I replied: "I have taken the liberty of calling on you for——"

"Oh, yes, you have called about your Treatise on the Art of Caving."

"Something in the cutting-up-line, indeed, sir; but mine is a review."

"Oh, yes! I remember. 'The Review of the last Session of Parliament.' Really, I have not had time to look over it yet, Mr.——a—Jones."

"My MS. sir," I replied, a little disconcerted, was a review of a poetical work for your *Q—ly* publication; and the article had nothing to do with politics."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr.——a—Toms: but surely you did not leave it with me!"

"I did, sir, a fortnight ago: and I was to have called for it in a week."

"Then why didn't you call for it in a week, as you were told?" cried the bookseller, reddening.

"I thought in allowing a longer period I was conferring a favour—but I now find I was mistaken."

"Damnably mistaken, indeed, sir!" cried——, "and I now doubt very much whether I shall be able to find your MS. at all: however, I have not time even to look for it to-day, for I'm just going to the Admiralty: but if you'll call to-morrow, or Wednesday, or Thursday, or Friday, or Saturday—yes, say Saturday—I'll have it looked for, and found, if possible."

I was obliged to put up with this ungentle rub; for knowing and feeling that the very sight of the blunder, blotted, and ten-thousand-times-corrected original MS. was a horror too potent for my nerves, I resolved to call on——on the appointed Saturday.

On entering his saloon, about two o'clock, I found the bibliopole just setting off for his country-house. He recognised me, and recollected my business at once; and, without allowing me to speak, he cried out—

"Oh, you come about that cursed MS.—I can't find it any where."

"But, sir, I must request that you will make a new search for it now."

"What, sir! do you think I have nothing to do but to hunt out rejected articles? Besides, I'm just setting out for my country-house:—my carriage is now waiting."

"Oh! I cry you mercy," I replied, "but at least I have a right to my MS., rejected or not. Perhaps some other editor may place a higher value on it than yours."

"Sir, I tell you the MS. is lost: however, just let me know the value you set upon your rejected article, and you shall have a check for the amount."

"I don't want money," cried I, indignantly. "I want to see my article in print."

"I tell you, sir, shouted the angry bibliopole. "I had rather pay a hundred pounds—av. five hundred pounds, sir—than disgrace my Review or my shop by the publication of your article."

In saying these words he left the room, hastened down stairs, and got into his carriage, leaving me stupefied at what I had heard.

"Well," thought I, as I strayed wandering along Piccadilly, "I'll copy my MS. anew, and send it to the Edinburgh Review. How——will gnash his teeth when he sees it in print in a review at least as full of talent as his own!"

Consoled by this reflection, I hastened home-ward, took out my original scrawl, and began to copy. But, alas! I could not recall the delicate corrections which I had made in my first copy: my hopes were dashed by the thought that my article had been once rejected: the meaning of the contracted words had vanished, in many instances, from my memory; and, after writing out half-a-dozen sentences, I found my task as puzzling as if my MS. had been written originally in M. Champollion's Phonetic Hieroglyphics.

"Well," said I, throwing down my pen, "I from this hour renounce reviewing. My style, I think, is light and vivacious—I'll write magazine articles—so here goes!"

A magazine article, which all my friends assured me was brilliant, was accordingly produced; and I hastened with it to the house of the publisher of the *N. M. M.* In a few days afterwards I called to ascertain its fate, and was ushered into the publisher's private room.

A slender gentleman, of small stature, rose up to receive me; and when I had announced the purport of my visit, he said in a hesitating manner:

"Why,——sir,——we——really——feel,——eh!——greatly favoured by——your communication;——but——eh!——you see——" [Here he made a full stop.]

"Sir!" said I.

"The editor——thinks——that there's——a——a good deal——great deal of——a——talent in your——paper——but——then——eh!——"

I bowed, in expectation of more. As nothing came, I ventured to ask if my article was rejected?

"Not——exactly rejected," was the reply; "but here——is——the article. We don't——like——um!——other periodicals——admit——any——um!——any——eh!——attacks——[Laughing and rubbing his hands]——on——any body. The editor thinks——your——eh!——paper would——a——suit a certain Scotch magazine——the publisher——is——now in town——at——the——coffee-house——in——a——the Strand, beating up——for contributors——like yourself."

After a few complimentary words, I hastily took my leave, and walked down to the *** coffee-house. I sent up my MS. to Mr.——. He begged I would remain a few minutes in the coffee-room, while he glanced over my paper; and, as soon as he had done so, I was summoned upstairs. I found Mr.——a man about fifty, not particularly refined in his manners, but of a shrewd expression of countenance, his features eminently Scotch, and his accent no less so.

"Sit down, sir," said he. "I have just looked at your article. Ye have tawltens; but, dag on't! we have so many contributors o' tawltens, that it's no easy to distinguish——haw! haw! haw! which is best."

"Sir, you do me too much honour to class me among the clever contributors to your magazine."

"Oh, sir! ma magazine has no contributors that are not clever. My stais! what would Europe——no to say the world——think, if an article were to be seen in the Magazine

that was written by a dunce—or a Cockney—which is just the same thing."

As I am a native of the metropolis, I was half inclined to believe the *last* compliment intended for myself; but the next sentence undeceived me.

"Na, na, sir, *THE Mag'zine* has killed aw thae creatures Dagb't! they were murdered—clean murdered—by Z."

"By Z., sir!" I exclaimed. "I never heard of him."

"My star! Never heard of Z.! He killed Keats, and banished Leigh Hunt."

"Both men of talent; and the first, I think, of promising genius."

"Na, na, sir—awfu' trifling—awfu' trifling. Cockneys, sir! Cockneys! Ye canna write in ma mag'zine if ye like the cockneys. Ah, harrid! harrid!"

"They h've contributed their share, sir, to the literature of the age."

"Them contreebute! They never contreebuted any thing to *The Mag'zine*!"

"I dare say not, sir. But the Cockneys, as you call them, are men of talent, for all that."

"Ah, sir, I see ye'll no do for the *Mag'zine*. Ye praise the Cockneys. Tak awa' ye'r paper. It will do better for the *London* readers! haw! haw! haw! Its owre Cockney for Embro—the modern Aethens! the birth-place o' the *Mag'zine*!"

I hastened from the presence of the Scotchman, equally horrified by his accent, and the avowed principles of *THE Magazine*, as he called it. Never perhaps was the definite article more properly applied. I took his hint, however, about the L—M—, and sent my paper to the editor, with a note requesting permission to wait upon him on a day which I named. I kept the appointment, and was introduced to a young gentleman of fashionable exterior and polite manners. His mode of speaking, however, was evidently modelled upon that of the superfine portion of our young men of fashion, and sounded very like the tones which I had once heard when dining at the Guards' Club. The young gentleman rose politely beckoned me to a seat, and then addressed me thus:—

"You aw—have—aw—sent a paper—aw—to the—aw—L—M—, I believe?"

"Yes, I did."

"We—aw—make it—aw—aw—a rule never—aw—to—aw—read, or—aw—accept—aw—any—aw—article—unless—aw—we know something—aw—of the—aw—writer."

"I submit, sir, that this is bad policy. You of course are right in nine-tenths of the cases; but you are wrong in the tenth."

"Why, we—aw—go on—aw—general principles: we—aw—know—aw—that in—aw—following these—we—aw—can never be—aw—wrong: I—aw—therefore must—aw—reluctantly—aw—return your—aw—article. I dare—aw—say that—aw—it is—aw—extremely clever: but—aw—out—aw—principles—aw—do not—aw—allow me—aw—to read it."

I was ten times more mortified and provoked by this rejection of my paper on principle than by both the others: however, I consoled myself by writing an account of my various failures, in the hope that this one may not rank in the list of my *Rejected Addresses*.

L. 15, Albany.

EDWARD L. HAWKE.

COLERIDGE.

On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. "For those two hours," he afterward, was pleased to say, "he was conversing with W. H.'s forehead!" His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—

"As are the children of yon azure shewn."

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. "A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread," a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin gould-humoured and

round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So at least I comment on it after the event. Coleridge in his person was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, "somewhat fat and puffy." His hair (now, alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to be long, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified*, and Coleridge was at that time one of those!—*Huskit.*

THE TACTICIAN.

Wellington and Bonaparte were all very ~~much~~ in their way as to tactics. They planned battles and sieges with very considerable skill, no doubt; but can either of these men be for a moment compared to the tactician who has for twenty years lived upon the fat of the land, without spending a shilling on the essentials of meat and drink—who has for this period quartered himself on his friends and acquaintances without exhausting their patience—who never knew, during all that time, what it was to want a dinner, or to have a six-pence to pay for one? This is what I would call generalship. This is a display of tactics, and such display, too, as leaves all that Wellington or Bonaparte ever did in that way, far, very far indeed, in the shade. Your true tactician is generally a man in the wane of life—one who has seen a good deal of the world, without gaining much by it—who has lost the taste for active industrious exertion, without flagging a jot in his love of the good things usually purchased thereby—a man unconnected with family or kindred, but of unbounded acquaintance. To what profession he may have belonged, is not of much consequence; it is only necessary that he should have once been in some profession, so as to establish the circle of acquaintance in which he moves, and upon which he operates. He must have been in a condition to give, and must actually have given, two or three dinners in his day; and although his friends would, in the ordinary course of things have long since forgotten these—and no wonder, for it may have been full fifteen years since any one of them had their legs beneath his mahogany—it is now his business to remind them of them, and to take care that they shall not, even in spite of themselves, be ungrateful for his ancient hospitality. It must not be for a moment thought, however, that the tactician's position in the world is a sinecure, or that no accomplished acts of his part are necessary to a successful practice of his art. To imagine this, would be to imagine a very absurd thing. He must be constantly on the alert to make the most of circumstances as they occur; for where he has dined to-day, he can have no hope of dining to-morrow, nay, perhaps, not for a week or a fortnight; yet to-morrow must be provided for. He must, therefore, be perpetually thinking what is next to be done, and how it is to be done; laying plans, combining circumstances, and calculating on events. Is this life a sinecure? I should think not. Although he pays nothing for his living; in the coin of the pocket, he pays handsomely for it in that of the brain.

With regard to the tactician's accomplishments, again, these must be multifarious, and of the most attractive description. He must be an invincible listener. He must have a ready knack of saying little agreeable things to the females of those families he is in the habit of quartering upon. He must never take offence at any thing that may be said or done to him by any member of any of the said families. On the contrary, if the boys should pin half a sheet of paper to his back, or tie his skirt to his chair, he must appear the most delighted of the whole party when the discovery of their ingenuity has been made. The tactician must also at all times be ready to rise or sit, as he sees—and he sees all these things with an almost supernatural promptitude and distinctness of vision—will be most agreeable to his host. He must, moreover, be a man of sense, intelligent and well-informed; possessing a store of anecdote and tale, suited to all occasions and circumstances; refined, coarse, sentimental, humorous, and pathetic. He must, moreover, sing a good song—this is a

perfectly indispensable qualification—and he must sing it, too, the moment he is bid. Above all, he must have the same tastes, predilections, and prejudices with his host, so far as matters of importance are concerned. He may take the liberty of diffaming with him on subjects of little moment; but he must conduct his opposition with great skill and prudence, for it is an exceedingly nice operation. He must know exactly when to stop. The least error here would be fatal. But when very dexterously managed, a little opposition rather does good than harm; and the experienced tactician knows this, and practises accordingly.

It is not absolutely necessary that the tactician should be travelled, but it is a mighty advantage to him if he is. It furnishes him with a world of amusing talk. He could live on a visit to Paris alone, and without any tear or wear of his ingenuity, for a couple of twelve-months; and Constantinople or Grand Cairo would most likely be to him equivalent to an annuity for life. It is the charm of the tactician's conversation, either in recounting what he has seen or what he has heard or read, that gives him so much purchase upon his friends. He keeps the company in easy and amusing gossip, tells laughable stories when there is a quiverance of dullness spreading round the table; and by this sort of knack in enlivening a party, he brings himself within a trifle of fixing on you a belief that he is a great acquisition at the dinner table, and that you, the entertainer, are the obliged party rather than he. There is another feature in his tactics that should not be omitted. He plays a good hand at whist, though never any way solicitous to adjourn for that purpose. Whist, however, is a favourite game with him. He likes it because it is one of the departments of his revenue; and he likes it still more if he plays on the same side with his host. Yet he does not admire deep play; and in this respect the lady of the house fully accords with him. Penny points, or so, are the limits to which he willingly extends the game; and as he is, by excess of practice, an adept in this kind of performance, he generally carries off from six-pence to eighteen-pence at a down-sitting, either of which sums forms, of course, a most valuable acquisition to his exchequer.

The superior ingenuity of the tactician completely baffles the penetration of his entertainers. Every time he appears at their table, no matter how often it be, it seems to them the result of mere chance, or they are even so far imposed upon as to imagine that his company was of their own seeking. It was no such thing, if they only knew the truth. His appearance was neither the result of chance, nor was it by any means a thing they desired. "His dining with you to-day, my good sir, for instance, was the triumphant issue of the deep-laid schemes of a week. You simple man, you, don't you recollect meeting the tactician on Monday last?" "I do; but what of that?" "Why, did you not tell him that you had bought a horse?" "I certainly did." "Did he not then draw you in to say something very favourable of your purchase?" "Why, I dare say he did." "When he had done this, did he not dexterously introduce some conversation, regarding your mutual friend Mr. Dawson's horse, which he praised; and were you not tempted, on hearing him praise the said horse, to say that you were much mistaken if your little brown mare would not beat it to sticks at a trot?" "Yes, I assuredly did say so; and it was that conversation that led to the run we had together the other day." "Exactly so, and to the dinner that followed." "Yes, I believe so." "Well, my good sir, don't you perceive in all this the transcendent genius of the tactician."

He it was who brought about the match. He it was who proposed that it should be for a dinner and a dozen. He it was, you well know, who acted as umpire on the occasion; and he it was, as you equally well know, who acted as croupier at the dinner which followed.

Your tactician, although he bets none himself, is a great encourager of this practice in others. On these occasions he endeavours to accomplish two things—first, that he be appointed umpire, and next, that the stake be of such a description as he can partake of. He says, that to bet for money is ungentlemanlike, and that the parties had better make it a "dinner and a drink." To what side fortune may incline is a matter of no moment to him; for let who likes lose, he is sure always to be a gainer.

Amongst the least complex and simpler of the tactician's operations, is the way-laying you. Even this, however, requires some genius, and well does the tactician know it. The least appearance of premeditation or design on his part, would be fatal to his hopes. This operation, therefore, requires to be managed with great delicacy and skill.

Before describing his proceedings in these cases, however, it is proper to premise, that the tactician's victims on such occasions must all be gentlemen whose residences are, as the advertisements say, about "ten minutes' walk from town"—an indispensable circumstance this, as it presents facilities for the tactician's operations, without which he could do no good, and of which a town residence is entirely destitute; since, in the latter case, you might go home by fifty different ways, and might come from any one of a thousand different points of the city. Now, in the former case the chance is, that there is only one way that can ultimately lead you to your own door, and, of course, let you have been in what quarter of the town you please, this way you must eventually take. Well, then, we shall suppose your dinner hour to be four o'clock; you are a punctual man—the tactician knows this. You leave your shop or counting-house exactly at ten minutes to four—we'll do so the tactician know this also, and he proceeds accordingly. He starts in the same direction at a quarter past three precisely, stretches away into the country for a mile or so; returns at a quick and hurried pace, if it be a warm day, hat in hand, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and exhibiting every symptom of haste and business; and finally encounters you at exactly ten and a half paces from your own door, for he calculates his manoeuvres with as much nicety and precision as a military engineer would do the springing of a mine. The meeting is of course wholly unexpected on your part, and, to all appearance, it is equally so on his; and this, as has been already elsewhere hinted, is one of the most delicate and difficult operations in the whole of the tactician's practice. There must be no hesitation in his address, no confusion in his manner, no sheepishness in his looks. His salutation must be hale, hearty, and resolute. He must, in short, do the thing clean and boldly. Well, then, we suppose that the parties have come in contact. "Ha, Mr. Wurdle—where have you been?" says the poor, simple, unsuspecting victim of the tactician's designs, addressing him in a friendly and affable tone. "Been! my dear sir," replies the latter—and he stops short for an instant, not caring to come to particulars on this point; "been! my dear sir; I declare I am perfectly knocked up;" and he wipes his forehead with the air of a man in the last stage of exhaustion. He next inquires what o'clock it is, and is exceedingly surprised to find that it is within two minutes of four. He had no idea it was so far in the day. Things, however, are beginning to look dangerous, for the victim has not yet said a syllable about the tactician's "stepping in," and there is not a moment to be lost. The latter, therefore, has now immediate recourse to his last, but surest expedient. He commences a particular and apparently anxious inquiry regarding every individual member of the family. "All well, ah well, thank you," says the delighted husband and papa; "but don't take my word for it, Mr. Wurdle; just step in and see." The business is done, you perceive, good reader. The tactician shys a little, very cautiously however, but finally walks in, gets a comfortable dinner, and drinks for at least three hours. We say, drinks three hours, for there is no reckoning his libations by tumblers or any other means. Properly, the tactician drinks but one tumbler; but this he protracts and extends in such a manner, that it is virtually as good as four. There is always something wrong about the tactician's tumbler. It is either too weak in the spirit or in the water, or in the sugar; and he is accordingly every minute ingesting the materials for new supplies of those various articles—and yet no one ever sees him taking any thing. Either the movements are so quick, that, like the spokes of a spinning-wheel, they altogether escape observation, or he contrives, by means of a perpetual flow of talk, to take off attention. He can time the taking of these supplies with uncommon dexterity. He waters at the least interesting part of his anecdote; sugars when the interest is advancing; and exactly at the instant when his host is roaring at the sting of the joke, dashes in as much alcohol as will keep him dinking for half an hour to come.

A dinner obtained under the circumstances above described, is not valuable for its own sake alone. The tactician has learnt, in the course of some small talk with the hostess, that there is to be a dinner party in the house on Thursday next. He takes no particular notice of the circumstance at the instant, but he turns it to excellent account afterwards. He calls at his host's shop the day before the dinner is to take place, and asks him when he saw Shaw, a mutual acquaintance, who, he knows, is to be one of the intended party, and inquires whether he

thinks he has any chance of seeing him soon, as he is extremely desirous to meet with him. Here, again, the simple man is taken in. He candidly tells him that his friend is to dine with him to-morrow, and kindly adds, that if he will be one of the party, he will then have an opportunity of seeing him. Done again, you see, good reader. A bargain is struck: the tactician is triumphant. But still this is not all; for out of this dinner he contrives to knock three or four more, so that in place of eating himself out of a living, as might be feared, and as, indeed, would certainly be the fate of an inferior practitioner, he is constantly increasing his resources, and that, too, by the very process which one would think the best calculated for exhausting them. His field of operations, in fact, is daily widening, and he can now, at an advanced period of his career, command a dozen dinners for one that he could achieve at its commencement.

Amongst the smaller observations which enter into the general rule of the tactician's conduct, is an uniform urbanity of manner towards the servants in those houses which he is in the habit of visiting; and to this part of his tactics the reader's admiration is most especially requested, because it is really worthy of it. It produces what is so much desired in Europe by politicians—a nice balance of power. It prevents all co-operation between maid and mistress to the prejudice of the tactician, and secures to him at all times a ready access, at least to the outskirts of the domicile; and he well knows, if those be once gained, the rest is comparatively easy. Possession is nine points of the law, nine out of ten. The counter-scarp once taken, the garrison must fall. It is, in short, a master-stroke of policy, and is founded, it is presumed, on similar principle with that which guided Mr. Pitt, when, by the erection of barracks, he aimed at separating the military from the civilians.

It will not impart a very incorrect idea; or rather, positively, it will impart a very correct general idea, of the tactician's system, to say that it very much resembles that ingenious piece of mechanism called an orrery. His machinery appears to the eye equally complicated, but then it produces also the most beautiful, regular, and harmonious motions. Let him but turn the handle which commands the whole, and you will see, not, to be sure, Jupiter, Mars, or Venus, but breakfast, dinner, and supper, revolving round him in smooth, delightful, splendid, endless succession; no one jostling another, and an exquisitely harmonious arrangement in the whole, though an unprepared eye would have expected to see nothing but confusion.

Having now had a glimpse of the tactician, in his active capacity, in full pursuit of his calling, we may take, what very few can obtain, a peep of him at home. The house in which he resides is kept by a decent widow who lets lodgings, and who gives him an apartment on moderate terms. She is a timid, and, has frequently been, an ill-used woman, it being untelling the number of lodgers who used to elope without coming to a settlement with her for their accommodation. But now she is greatly assisted in her discriminating and investigating by her respectable tenant, Mr. Wardle, who looks to her rights, makes out her bills and proceeds on any important mission which she may require to set on foot. By this making himself a necessary evil, or a necessary good—it is all one—in the household, he is not called upon to lay out much on his domestic arrangements. At home, he is the pink of temperance and regularity; for his slender income barely pays his landlady and his washerwoman. As for the matter of breakfast, it is a meal he is careless about. In his opinion, it is a stupid meal, hardly worth heeling, and may be put over by a single cup of coffee, and a morsel of bread without any butter. Breakfast, such as it is, being swallowed, he walks out precisely at a quarter to ten, and is generally seen or heard no more till half-past eleven in the evening, when he returns pretty well saturated, but not absolutely tipsy. His presence at the door on these occasions is indicated by a protracted shuffling and scraping about the key-hole with his check-key; for although by no means drunk, he is somewhat unsteadied by the six or eight hours' drinking he has had, and has considerable difficulty in finding the aperture. This, however, he at length accomplishes, and enters with a firm heavy tread, flushed face, and a general air at once of bustle and precision. Having gained his bed-room, he throws himself down in a chair, and, before beginning to undress, fixes his eye as steadily as he can upon the flame of the candle, and, with a serious face, commences thinking over the proceedings of the day; his train of thought

he winds up by taking a bird's-eye view of the intended proceedings of to-morrow. The latter have been all already adjusted, but he just runs them over in his mind to see that all is right and tight. This done, after a minute and tedious process of careful deliberate fitting, adjusting, depositing, placing, displacing, and replacing, &c., for every thing he does in dressing and undressing is done by rule, even to the tying of his night-cap, he tumbles into bed, and, as he has eaten rather a heavy supper, is immediately assailed by his own peculiar night-mare, an entire roasted ox, which he conceives is placed upon his breast, and pressing him to death.

Amongst his pleasanter dreams is his being at Bob Anderson's at dinner, on whose hospitable board appears his favourite dish, a roasted hare; for, he it observed, your tactician, although he can put up occasionally with any sort of fare, he it ever so plain, is yet a bit of an epicure, and has an especial relish for good things. This habit he acquires—it is not perhaps natural to him—from his peculiar way of living, which necessarily presents him with great variety of aliment, and thus induces a certain degree of nicety of choice and discrimination of taste.

The tactician is necessarily extremely particular about, and careful of, his wearing apparel, for he must maintain a genteel appearance; and yet the only hop he can ever indulge in of getting a new coat, is his being thrown up to him by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature; no other earthly means present themselves of obtaining this indispensable garment; and as earthquakes happen but very rarely in this quarter of the world, he must, as a matter of course, be particularly anxious about the well-being of the one he has. This care and anxiety about his clothes generally extends, in an especial manner, to his linen, of which he makes out a neat inventory every time he gives them to the washerwoman, and as regularly checks them by the said inventory on their return. As he has only three shirts, and half a dozen neckcloths, this process does not take up much of his time, and it prevents his small stock being made less by any nefarious practice on the part of his washerwoman.

The tactician does not always confine his ingenious operations to the city. He has a few friends here and there throughout the country, with whom he likes to reside in the summer weather. The country people are even better subjects for the exercise of his rule than those in the city. Naturally and by circumstances, they are more hospitable, and the presence of a stranger is less troublesome than it is apt to be with a citizen, whose time is generally occupied to the last minute. The tactician, however, sometimes tires even the country people. We have heard of instances where he manifested such tenacity, that the good folk were at length obliged to propose paying a visit to a neighbour for a few days, in order to get him out of the house. This failed entirely. "Oh, the Gordons—I know the Gordons very well, and will just go with you. I have not seen my friend Jack this many a day, and I dare say I should have been calling upon them whether or no." Seeing this expedient of no avail, the good people changed their play, and talked of removing to sea-bathing quarters, on account of the eldest boy, who was troubled with the scurvy. The tactician, however, was not to be treated in this scurvy manner: he proposed keeping house open for them till they should return. At length, driven almost desperate, they brought in the painters upon him; which was finally attended with the desired effect. Nothing—not even the tactician—could stand the painters.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, however, we have hitherto spoken only of one description of tactician. Now, there are two—the active and the passive. He whom we have attempted to describe is the active tactician. He requires to work for his living. The other leads a much idler life, and yet lives nearly equally well. This he accomplishes by erecting an entire and regular system at the outset of his career; which system consists in his arranging a complete set of dining hours for each day in the week, and a set of breakfast and supper ones on the same principle. Here, it will be seen, there can be no great variety, no great choice, but then there is certainty; and the passive tactician, who is generally a quiet unambitious person, prefers it on that account. Although, however, he is saved, by this course, from all trouble in plotting and planning, and from all risk of being without a dinner; although, in short, he incurs no farther trouble during the rest of his life, after he has once erected his system and set it properly a-going, yet it requires no small share of tact and nerve to get this system erected. While forming it,

He has a great many disagreeables to encounter, in the shape of sulky looks, denials, and evasions. Against all these he must bear up manfully, and must repeat his attacks again and again in the face of all sorts of dampers and discouragements. By this fortitude and perseverance, he gradually wears out all opposition, and finally succeeds in converting himself into a regular member of the family. All idea of resisting his encroachments, or attempting to dislodge him by sinister expedients, are ultimately abandoned in despair. The unhappy family quietly resigns itself to its fate. The tactician is in peaceable possession, and has taken such a hold as nothing but open violence could overcome. Every Thursday, Mr. W. is now expected to dinner; and every Thursday, Mr. W. regularly gratifies this amiable expectation.

The individuals of this class have generally neat, though not remarkably new clothes. They have seen better days, and established several claims of very ancient acquaintance. They are what is called pleasant in conversation, and, even with all the humiliation of their mode of life, command some respect for their misfortunes or their general character. There is nothing that these gentlemen so much dread and detest as any change in the order of things which they have established, such as a proposal on the part of any one of their entertainers to alter their dinner day—say from Tuesday to Wednesday. This change in itself would be of no moment to them; for one day is as good as another; but then it would affect the whole system. The latter would require to be altered from top to bottom, and in such an operation there would be considerable risk of the whole coming down together, like a castle of cards, and falling in ruins about the ears of the hapless architect. He might, in short, as well begin to erect a new system altogether, as attempt to introduce such a change as this. The callings, the notices, the warnings, the hints, the explanations, the coaxing, the wheedling, which such a proposal, if insisted upon, would entail upon the tactician, would be at least equal to any thing he had to encounter at the outset of his career, while to the whole falls to be added the constant risk of his suffering an entire defeat in some uncomplying quarter or another.

We could enlarge a good deal upon this character, but we are tacticians ourselves, though in a different way, and always desire to stop before exhausting the patience of the reader.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

LONDON SHOPS.

The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground storeys as shops and ware-houses. Where retail businesses are carried on, the whole of the lower part of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear there to be congregated. In every other city there is an evident meagreness in the quantity and assortments. But here there is the most remarkable abundance, and that not in isolated spots, but along the sides of thorough-fares, miles in length. In whatever way you turn your eyes, this extraordinary amount of mercantile wealth is strikingly observable; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force, and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read without the aid of a glass, at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of coloured bills, descriptive of the extraordinary excellence and cheapness of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and, to make them the more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney tops, or, what appears a very favourite situation, the summit of the gables of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short, there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesmen. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and saunty of manner exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their

civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature. The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and in the inventive faculty and activity of individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channels. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach door will cost you two-pence; some needy wretch always rising up, as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labour, is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. These crossings are a sort of hereditary property of certain individuals. A man, having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his broom, and keeps the passage clean; for exercising which public duty, the hat is touched, and a hint as to payment muttered, which, in many cases, meets with attention, for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble. We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street-sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat. A crossing is reckoned valuable in proportion to the extent of the thorough-fare. It is bought and sold like a post in the army, and may be left by will. Woe be to the marauder who would take illegal possession, like a squatter in the backwoods, without regular transfer! All the brooms in the capital would be at once shaken in defence of the owner; and if the interloper got off any thing short of absolute extinction, he might esteem himself fortunate. Some of these crossings in the city are perhaps worth from two or three hundred a-year; and it is said that, on a late occasion, one of the incumbents bequeathed several thousands of pounds. So much for a good London crossing.

The constant thorough-fare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on in streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with. Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions, when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused, a tattered copy of "Barrington's New London Spy," a work which, as a matter of course, horrified them with accounts of ring-droppers, cut-purses, footpads, and others, who subsist on waylaying simple passengers. Before they leave home, they sew up their money in the linings of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than sixpence at a time—in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them wherever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at anything, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder. Catch them, if you can, going any way but in the main lines of street; the Strand and Fleet Street are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line-of-battle ship in time of action, as venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no; they know better than to do that.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered on the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any town in the empire, if not better, and no one is liable to interruption or spoliation unless he court the haunts of vice, or remain out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will know that you are there. In the midst of dense moving crowds, you are as much a solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in a heap; a grain of sand on the sea-shore. It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and, plunging into this over-grown mass of humanity, you there live and die unobserved and uncared for.

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ON LOVE-AND-POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

There be some people (physiognomonically "grave and reverend," but by no manner of means intellectually "potent") who are prone to declare—supposing them writers of some sort—that they could not bring their minds to the concoction of such childish stuff as stories for children, or poetical addresses them-unto; and who wonder, all of a heap, how any sensible man or woman can either read or write such particular puerilities. These persons are just one degree below the class who despise poetry generally;—people of one walk of intellect, and whom you bewilder the moment you take them a stroll into another field; or so ne flowery-hedged, bird-melodical, beautiful little bye-path. You may tell me a hundred times over of the Cambridge Mathematician, who saw nothing in *Paradise Lost*, because it did not end with a Q. E. D. and you may ask me if I can deny that the Professor was a man of great ability. He could not have been a dunce certainly, inasmuch as he appears to have mastered Euclid; but I shall tell any critic, or reader, that he lies under a mistake, who avers that the capacity of that Cantab was—in the feasible range of mind—equal to Milton's, Shakspeare's, Scott's, Byron's, &c. *id genus omne*; every one of whom would, I verily believe, have stopped in despair at the *Pons Asinorum*; over which the Professor would have strode triumphant, in their stupid presence, as easily as I should walk over Waterloo Bridge after paying the toll. How comprehensive, and how altogether nobly endowed, was the mind of Canning; and yet he would write political or other squibs, and make puns, as readily as Hood himself,* or any small contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*—which indeed has long been heavy in its light articles. Look again at Scott:—Songs for his children, and stories for his grand-children; after a National History, or perhaps in the middle of an elaborate Biography, or a critical Review! Byron the same:—His mental trunk, like the elephant's material proboscis, could and did bend the tree to the earth, or pick a straw up from it. And it has been truly said of Shakspeare that he would lay down Lear or Hamlet, to touch up (in his vocation of manager) the dull production of some mere play-wright of the time; and having bestowed upon it a few flashes of his genius, just sufficient to sustain it on the stage, would recur to the magnum opus, with no more sense of having been interrupted than if he had only been to crack a pint of sherris sack at the Boar's head or the mitre. To go "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," has been the faculty of most gifted minds,—from the Homers and Horaces, of hundreds and thousands of years ago, to the Byrons and Southseys of the passing day,—and I do maintain that the mind which is cabin'd and

cribb'd between the boundaries of a single pursuit, is no more to be compared (useful though it be in its limited sphere) to that which doth glance from earth to heaven; than the horse which drags the boat by the one narrow path, along a canal, is to be put in competition with the wild Arabian who scours the champaign, free; or even to the magnificent hunter who, next to free, flies over hill and dale, with all his powers and energies in the pastime. Be all this as it may, a number of our greatest modern geniuses have condescended to write for and to children. Byron, Scott, Lockhart, Hemans, Edgeworth, and many more, of both sexes, are instances of this; and with poets who compared to the best of them, are minor poets, but natless right good ones,—such as Watts, Hunt, Howitt, and others in abundance,—it has become almost a mania to address most beautiful poetry and prose to their own offspring (where such exist) or to the class of children, including even infants. The truth is that such writing, when it is good of its kind, has a charm for a large circle of readers; because though the actual majority of people may not be parents, yet, what is often a more respectable body,—a large minority—are so; to say nothing of the fact that among the childless, many are closely connected with children, and many think it probable and desirable that they shall one day possess them! Such readers, therefore, of child-poetry cannot fail to meet with sentiments and situations as applicable to their own "sweet innocents" as to those directly intended by the writer; and, as in many other household things, what cannot be made as good, or at all, at home is procured from the shop; so the poesy-hearted, but not poesy-headed, mama is glad to avail herself of the poet's power, and to apply his picture of some child affectionately to her own. But, on the question of love for children, as denoted by this turn of mind to write for them; let not the reader, if he values (we always call the reader *he*, when speaking of the genus) my opinion of his overstanding (as though one's intelligence, like the vulnerability of Achilles, lay in one's heels!)—let not, I say, the reader, if he values what I have mentioned, permit himself, or any other person for him, to imagine love for children which induces people to compose for them; or that there is a deficiency of that love to be justly inferred from the circumstance of a poet's never once alluding to them in his multifarious strains. There are many kinds of love for children, and many kinds of children on whom those many kinds of love are fixed; as I now purpose proceeding, rather tediously, to explain. Some highly gifted individuals are over the occiput, and the sinciput, in love with abstract children, who can no more endure real ones than Dr. Johnson could brook a Scotchman (*N. B.* I differ from Dr. Johnson) and these be the people, who have formed to themselves a beau ideal of the innocence and delight of childhood; partly from memory, of which the retrospective filter lets nothing pass but the pure article; and partly from

imagination, which includes cherubim. They look back upon their gusto for the cakes, the puddings, the jams, the holidays, the games, and carelessness of childhood; heedless, or oblivious, of its gluey boiled rice pudding—that disgrace before meat—its tasks, its floggings, its faggings, its snivellings, its terrors, its cold toes, and that celeritous digestion which causeth the abdominal boy (especially him of the public school) to be eternally bothered by the cravings of the wolf. Such dreamy persons will also, in their idiosyncrasy, write largely, and with great theory of feeling, on the sweets of poverty, the fine health of the ploughman (I should like to set them up to a day's ploughing) and how he must enjoy his supper and his bed; and, full of Arcadia and the golden age, they will implore you of all things to resign your Civil or your Staff appointment, and hasten to turn shepherd, with a crook, a pandeon, and a mossy bank;—as if there was ~~not~~ a Salisbury plain, nor a drizzly day, nor a raw wind, nor a soaking mist, in all Great Britain and Ireland. Really when one hears of such a proposition being seriously made to a Member of Council, a Secretary to the Supreme Government of India, an Adjutant General, or a Lieutenant upon half batta; one is tempted to think that the proposer must be exceedingly enthusiastic—to say the most charitable thing that can be said of him. Well, that is the way some people have of loving small children. Another class love all children merely because they are children of real flesh and blood, and noisy and destructive. Such persons are bachelors who visit in the houses of those married people whose quivers are full; and who are surrounded, on entering the “nursery grounds,” with laugh, yell, roar, and other cacophony; who incontinent seat themselves on the floor, and, surrounded with the “blessings,” make the peaceable visitor quite certain that chaos has come again. When those people marry and multiply, they are delighted with their own children, without regard to mind or disposition, and never again cordially like the little posterity of any other being. Another race there are who combine the good qualities of the foregoing species with several other good qualities, which to the aforesaid are alien. They behold children with both a poetic and a parental eye; prefer children of sweet dispositions, and apparent intellect, and personal beauty; but do not turn away from those with whom nature hath dealt more sparingly. They evince their love of children, and take pains to let every one be aware of it,—not from the mere boast of conceit, but because it is uppermost in their thoughts; and they encourage it, as a hallowed feeling, to grow and strengthen. Lastly, there are those who like their own child, as they like their own horse, or their own ass, or their own any thing else, and their liking is not the result of selfishness, but of a mixed feeling of contentment, and something perhaps of pride. The first class I have mentioned are much given to illustrate, often very beautifully, and always with real as well as poetic feeling, their subjects, of prose or verse, with similes and allusions connected with their sunny recollections of childhood, and flowing from the relative positions of parent and child; and they thus soften their readers' hearts, at the same time, that they delight their minds; for I think no reader is ever displeased with such portions of a poem, but on the contrary generally feels and admits them to be peculiarly happy and tasteful. The two last

sets of persons are those who will be found addressing poems on various occasions to their own children, or writing for children in general, or in a strain which embodies the feelings of parents; such as the pretty and well-known song called “A mother's joy,” or the contrast to it which, being less known, though just as true to life, I shall here transcribe.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A mother's grief!—ah, there is much
To raise a mother's grief:
Disease her infant's frame may touch,
While yet its days are brief.
To see its tender form consume,
And its young soft cheek lose its bloom,—
This is a mother's grief.
To see it writhe in bitterest pain,
While yet its speechless tongue,
Can but by rending cries complain,
With which her heart is wrung:
Its fearful, anguish'd eye to see
Roll widely in its agony,—
This is a mother's grief.
And when in boyhood's riper years,
The parting hour arrives;
And hope with her maternal fears,
In vain, within her strives:
To think that she may ne'er again
Enfold the form she presses then,—
This is a mother's grief.
And when at length, in manhood's prime,
Her age's pride and joy;
Comes death in that most tranquil time,
The blessing to destroy:
Or her fair daughter's ripen'd bloom,
To snatch, unpitying, to the tomb,—
This is a mother's grief.

Though the love of parents for their children is always most natural, yet no one can doubt that it is often of a description which is exceedingly foolish, and eventually detrimental. But to say that parents should like all their children equally, is just (begging the pardon of whoever *does* say it) nonsense: for it were neither possible nor natural to love a morose; malicious, thankless child, as well as a sweet, generous, and grateful one: and two such children (or two) in many respects the mental antipodes of each other, are not unfrequently, to be found in the same family. But it really tries the patience of the looker-on when he beholds, as is often his lot, though it be nothing to *him*, the crabbed, mischievous, tyrannic, imp of the brood, indulged in all its selfish caprices by the silly, provoking, injuring mother, at the expense of the most amiable and interesting. Some people like quiet children, and some like lively ones, and this is a matter of more congeniality; but rude and boisterous progeny are inimitable torments. But I have a bone to pick, or, I should say, a crow to pluck (for I rigidly dislike all vulgar idioms) with my friend D. L. R.—which three letters stand for the Editor of this *Calcutta Literary Gazette*—upon the general subject of this faint essay; to wit, the love towards children. In an article of his own, now about three months of age, in this very periodical, he laid it down as an axiom that people who were not fond of children, merely *quasi* children, were no better than those objugated individuals who have not music in their souls; and he maintained his point with such pertinacity and acuteness that I felt myself, as I read it, actually, and not very gradually, turning into a Hyena; or whatever brute beast he was pleased to consider the man who did not love all sorts of children in all sorts of ways. We have all read the Arabian

Nights, it is to be hoped; and all remember how the different enchanted people used to have a soothing consciousness, *pendente lite*, that is, during the process, that they were by degrees becoming horses, and asses, and all manner of chimeras dire, under the irresistible wand of the transformer. Now, they were sensible of a switch tail, and anon became alive to the fact that their newest Hobies would not fit a hog. Eftsoons they were rendered cognitive of inhuman ears, and as they went to put on their French kid gloves they were startled into a conviction of their bestiality by the apparition of an unwashed fore-paw. So it was with me, as I perused this Editor upon the thesis of philo-progenetiveness. It is my habit, in whatever I read, to begin by admitting the premises of the writer; because if you dissent from him *in limine*, it is no use reading any further. If he prove his case, on his own principle, I (differing from the proposition) think him "clever, neat, and wrong;" but if he fail to make good his own averment, I think as lightly of his capacity, as I should do of that Bull's exertions which failed to fracture every article in the China Shop, in which he is assumed to have it all his own way. Now I thought D. L. R. "clever, neat, and wrong;" because he manfully made out his case, on having his *major* admitted; but when I study Gulliver's travels, I, in like manner, grant to the author the existence of Brobdingnag and Lilliput, and am satisfied if he make his reasoning, in the sequel, correspond; but as soon as I have done, I deny his syllogism *in toto*, and Richard is himself again. On this mode of listening Warren Hastings considered himself the greatest rascal on the face of the globe, while Burke was pouring forth his eloquence on an assumption; and I, as I have said, became even a Hyena by the time I had finished the Editor's article. But, my dear D. L. R. it is no such thing; for I have known people very fond of children generally, and of their own particularly; who would not stir one inconvenient yard to serve a fellow creature in distress; and I have known others who did not quite dote upon the small human kind, yet who would go full a mile, or even a coss, to do a good turn to any one "hard up," as Addison expresses it. You would have us like *all* children (I am willing to go the whole length with you against a man who hates *all* children, or can be indifferent to *all*, excepting his own) merely because *they are* children; or else admit ourselves to be the savage-breasted people you have very well portrayed; but the Christian religion commands us to like *all men* as much as we like ourselves—and yet we find it impossible to do *that*; nor can we love all persons alike,—then why, or how, all children? For my own part, I like myself amazingly. If all people liked me half as well as I like myself, I should be the most popular individual upon biographical record; and it should, *at last*, be said of me that

"He died, regretted by a po-m,
And all who had the happiness to know him;"

which I am morally certain will not be the case under existing circumstances. What did I not think of myself as I perused your article, admitting your theorem! I felt within me, the most fearful symptoms of agreement with my numerous detestations. I knew I had not much music in my soul; and now conviction was growing upon me that I had no children there either! They are right, said I, with bitterness, to myself, to pretty particularly

abhor me, for I am, in verity, a hyena; and I bethought me of the numbers whom my confession justified in their loathing. There were the A's and the B's and the C's and the D's and the E's and the F's and the G's and the H's and the I's and the J's and the K's and the L's and the M's and the N's and the O's and the P's and the Q's and the R's and the S's and the T's,—all right, if you were. But there existed, on the other hand, the glorious minority—the little band of friends—the U's and the V's and the W's and the X's and the Y's and the Z's, and the good old &c. which in my puerile days, used to finish the unreformed alphabet; and they declared you were wrong, and that I was not a hyena. Now some of our best and most practically philanthropic men have not liked what Plautus calls the *pueri infantes minutuli*, in the way you would have them,—that is, have not been wrapped up in, and enthusiastically devoted to. ~~them~~; and it is a remarkable fact, and I think a new idea, which has this moment occurred to me, that Shakespeare was not fond, in your sense of the thing, of the race of children. I shall not stop to go all over his works, and shall therefore write under correction, but, as well as my memory serves me, he has not a single sentence denoting a personal fondness for children, nor does he illustrate his thoughts, nor make similes, out of any materials deduced from childhood, so as to show that he delighted in children. Yet he was certainly an amiable and a kind hearted man. Howard loved children, because he loved all his kind; but we have no proofs that they were peculiarly dear to him; and indeed a disagreeable child it is impossible to like. Others, again have written fondly about them, who never had any, and who probably cared not for them; just as poets revel, in song, about the delights of a country life, and "babble of green fields," who would on no account spend a month among the scenes which they describe so warmly and so well. Thomson had no keen relish for rural enjoyment, and L. E. L. particularly dislikes the country; and these apparent inconsistencies are easily accounted for. But Thomson delights, theoretically, in children!

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
And teach the young idea how to shoot!"

He was a dirty fellow, too, and yet he wrote powerfully upon cleanliness; and he was a lazy fellow, and yet reprobated indolence! But as to his "delightful task,"—is it?

"Oh! if there be purgatory on earth,
It is that!—It is that!"

Bear witness ye Ushers and ye Governesses!—and indeed it is seldom that schoolmasters are really and truly fond of children:—not in *your* way certainly, my dear friend Editor of this. Maturin and Byron write beautifully, and the latter evidently *con amore*, upon children—*vide* especially some passages in his Cain—but our older Poets, from Chaucer to Pope, did little or nothing in that way. It is quite a turn of the present day; and yet no doubt our ancestors were as fond of children as we are. Virgil, who was a benevolent man, sometimes introduces them; but then it is to complete a picture; as

"Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati;" which is almost translated by Goldsmith's description of the Sire, and children, who

"Climb on his knees, the envied kiss to share;" or whoever it be, if it be not Goldsmith. I know

that I have latterly travelled out of the track of De L. R.'s argument; but I only meant to refer to it among other things. It is really a very well written and a pleasing paper, especially to those who know that, in him, the theory is but father to the practice,—a fact indeed easily divined from the obvious reality of feeling by which it is pervaded. But all I want to demonstrate is that some men may be less enthusiastically, and less indiscriminately, attached to children, than *he* requires them to be; and yet be truly philanthropic and benevolent-hearted people: and, also, some persons shall write very rapturously about children (that is to say the *high still* raptures) and yet not care much to have them in the room; while others, again, really write and feel; and a third class feel, but, alas! cannot compose! The following pretty lines there can be no mistaking; for they contain a pathos and a simplicity, which are obviously not manufactured for the occasion; but to which the real event manifestly gave birth. The *thought* is a Father having parted from his Infant, from whom he is to be too long separated, ever again to behold her as a *Baby*.

I have left thee, my child! in thine infancy sweet,
And years must roll by e'er again we can meet:
Long years!—which will alter that for me and that face,
By the time they once more feel a Father's embrace.
I may view thee in girlhood's bright season of spring,
Full of wildness and joy, like a bird on the wing;
And thy heart's laugh of mirth may glad ten me then,
But I'll ne'er see the smile of my Baby again.
Not for me!—not for me!—is the blessing in store,
To guide thy first progress on life's pleasant shore;
To mark, from the bud to the bloom, like a flower,
Thy mind, in its changes, through sunshine and shadow;
To hear from thy tongue the first lipings of speech,
Or give what th' interpret'd eye may beseech:
No! thy tones, may yet cheer me, like music's glad strain,
But I'll ne'er hear the voice of my Baby again.

The fall beaming mora of thy life I may see,
But it's rose-tinted dawnings no longer for me:
My daughter I yet to my bosom in my press,
Gaze on her with rapture, with fondness and care;
May look on the form of my darling with pride,
As she rests at my feet or beside me by my side;
But, oh! this fair prospect relieves not the pain
Of the thought,—that I'll ne'er see my Baby again.
Now, my dear and guileless reader, take out thy
silk or cambric pocket-handkerchief, and

"Hide thy tears:
I did not bid thee not to shed them; but,"

had you, for an instant, in your sapience, conceived that I was, bona fide, the author of those lines (praised up, too, with such easy impudence) you would have seen me on the frozen peak of the highest Himalaya before you would have parted with a single "natural drop;" for you would have thought yourself cheated out of your sympathy by one who had not really a thimbleful of that article to his own share; and who,—an inverse case on a similar principle—like Liston who would keep you laughing while he himself appeared totally devoid of mirth, presumed to excite your finer feelings by the display of some mock or artificial sensibility. Yet, believe me, my poor, little, harmless, lines were "soothly founded;" and cost me—if not an out-and-out tear, yet—a certain sensation of fullness about the region of the heart, to which men do not like overtly to yield; and to which even Hyenas are obnoxious, in particular cases, as if to prove them not wholly out of the pale of the natural affections. Not only that, but I read, a few weeks back, such a very pretty and feeling little poem, in this Gazette, from some one at Dinapore, on sending a child to England, which really gave me quite a

fellow feeling for the writer. "Adieu! oh, Editor! Always admit *good* Child-Poetry into Lrr. Gaz; but never (I do not say you ever have admitted, only never do) admit a particle of the triplet stuff, thus:

Who was it first did that and this?
And took me in her arms to kiss,
When I was quite a little Miss?
My Mother—

A KISS.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

One kiss—my own, my fairest!—fling
Thy beautiful arms around my neck;
Shake back those wreathy locks, that bring
Their needless aid, thy brow to deck.

Lean thee on my encircling arm,
Allow those pink lips just to part:
Thy cheek let those fond blushes warm,
Which spring, all sinless, from the heart.

Let thy sweet, love-effusing, eyes
On me, in all their witchery, dwell;
And breathe those soft, expressive sighs,
Which woman's pure, deep, fervour tell.

Stay, darling!—in thy clustering hair
Luxuriant, let my fingers twine:
One raptur'd instant gaze,—there—there!
Now, dearest, press thy lips to mine.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A CRUIZE IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

Oft have I in Bengala's bay,
 Listless reclin'd at close of day,
 To mark the gentle Zephyrs sweep,
 With perfume'd breath across the deep,
 From the spicy groves of Serendiep!
 Oft have I heard that eastern sea
 Warble with magic melody;
 As tho' some bright-hair'd ocean maid,
 Trill'd her lay, as she lingering staid,
 In the wave's green mirror her tresses to braid.
 Oft have I watch'd that crystal tide,
 With tiny sparkling billows glide;
 So gently that the Frigate-shell*
 As the little wavelets rose and fell,
 Buoyant rode over the crest of the swell.
 Oft have I seen the ethereal blue
 Without one cloud to mar its hue,
 Without one spot to break the clear,
 And bright vault of the hemisphere,
 Save where streams out the setting sun,
 His sapphire and vermillion,
 On the western wave when day is done.
 And have mark'd the glow of the molten streak
 As the sun-beams over the water's break;
 Like the last bright glance that a maiden throws,
 When at fall of night to her bower she goes,
 To dream of her love in her soft repose.
 Yes—oft have I seen these charms and more—
 But they were not the charms of my native shore!
 The sky was bright—and blue was the sea,—
 But they were not the charms of my "ain countrie!"
 Bright gleam'd the sun, as he sank to his rest,—
 But the rays, they fell not on our Isle of the West!
 The sheen of the fire-fly glanc'd bright on the stream—
 Oh where was the glow-worm's soft glimmering beam!
 Thrice blessed the hour, to the season all hail,
 When the bluff wind shall blow on the wide-spread-
 ing sail
 Of my bark, rushing on, rushing on from the strand
 Of Ind, to the shores of my own Fatherland!

Mynpooree.

J. L.

* The Nautilus.

THE YOUNG INDIAN WIDOW.

Mofussil 30th December, 1834

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*

SIR—The following story, copied from the notes of a private Journal has little, except the truth of its incidents, to recommend it to the literary world, but as a simple illustration of a dreadful evil which has been happily abolished, it may perhaps be deemed worthy of a place in your *Literary Gazette*, and when I found it among some old papers, the idea occurred to me that its publication at this period—the close of the Government of Lord William Bentinck—would not be thought illtimed. Should your judgment agree with mine, you will oblige me by inserting my offering as the humble tribute of one who desires not to be known.

Late in the spring of 1833, I quitted Calcutta by dak, in order to join my Regiment in the Doab, having for the sake of expedition ordered relays of bearers to be posted so as to allow me five hours rest during the hottest part of each day. However, one day's trial was sufficient to shew that there might be more haste than speed in this plan, for on the second morning of my journey I awoke from restless slumbers to the unpleasant consciousness of being in a fever, and I was not a little glad to turn from the bearers of my palankeen, that at a distance of three miles from the road I should find shelter in the house of a *Jeel wallah*, 'a man of blue', as our indigo planters are called by their swartly servants of Hindostan. A Bengal fever is not an enemy to be parleyed with, especially in a jungle, and as a few years experience of Indian life had taught me that hospitality keeps the door of any house open, it was without scruple about unceremoniously soliciting the good offices of a fellow Christian that I gave orders to change my course. Excited by the prospect of rest and a liberal *bukshish*, the obsequious carriers readily obeyed my directions, and encouraging each other with the usual cries and groans, and a shew of extraordinary zeal, they quickly bore me across the country to the dwelling of the Sahib they had mentioned.

The 'man of blue' met me at the entrance of a walled court which contained his bungalow and factory, a stout, frank, middle aged man of respectable rank, who had lived eight years as superintendent of this retired estate with his "good lady"—a homely Sussex dame, mother of two pale-faced children, who had preserved the freshness of her English feelings during this long period of solitary exile, and whose kind welcome and care of me induced me to think her very well named by her affectionate husband. They were both heartily glad to see me,—very sorry I felt ill—sure it was almost a tempting of Providence to travel in such a sun, and earnest in begging me not to think of going on for a day at least, so, to be brief, I accepted their unaffected hospitality, and dismissing my bearers 'till further orders,' presently found myself at home in their comfortable dwelling, in which, thanks partly to the amateur skill of mine host, who to use his own words had "been obliged to become a bit of a doctor in this out of the way place," I had the satisfaction of rising the next morning free from illness, although rather weak from the effects of my short fever.

Towards sunset on the afternoon of this day, my kind friend took me a walk round his factory, with allowable pride expatiating upon British enterprise

and skill, as he pointed out the solid and ingenious works that his employers had constructed in order to perfect the manufacture of the weed which had enriched and ruined so many speculators; and afterwards he led me from the back of the court into a large garden which was laid out in a style very creditable to his taste, and which he said was his wife's chief comfort after the children; though indeed it was at times almost a grief to look at them, poor dear little creatures, when they should have such fine healthy faces!

As we were walking down this garden, my attention was arrested by the figure of a young Indian woman, who in a corner at a little distance from us, was seated on the steps of a stuccoed chubootra raised round a well, in an attitude of the stillest grief. There was no mistaking it on observation, for she was alone, and unoccupied, and her face, which was half turned towards us, was strikingly marked by that sunken expression of the eyes and mouth, which, more plainly than any words could, denotes heart-felt desolateness and grief. Her right elbow rested on her knee, and the hand supported her forehead from which her veil had partly fallen: She neither moved to replace this on our appearance, nor rose to retire, as she from modesty and respect would have done in ordinary circumstances, but as if indifferent to anything near her, continued her steadfast gaze towards the burning west, where a few purple clouds, broadly fringed with golden light, hung like a canopy over the glowing sun that was about to fall upon the clearly defined horizon.

Ah poor thing! said my conductor with a sigh, seeing that I lingered to observe this affecting object—she's sad enough, God help her! she has almost broken my wife's heart as well as her own, but but it is of no avail talking to her, she won't hear reason. There's a whole tribe of her friends have been coming in sets all the morning to congratulate her, and keep her from flinching, and I don't know how many Brahmins, for she has got money poor girl, and they think it a great honor that she should be burned alive, as it will make a suit of her. She has no near relations of her own here, and her husband's will give her no peace till she's out of their way. Lord have mercy upon these poor blind creatures! I wonder how long this sort of thing is to last? I am no politician sir, but I do think that when we've got the whole country as it were under our thumb, we might exert a little power to prevent such dreadful doings. The papers seem to think that the good people who make an outcry about them at home don't know any thing about India, and say that we are sworn to respect the natives' prejudices, and that we might lose the country by interfering. Very good! but surely its having a very easy conscience to call cold blooded murder a prejudice, and if, as most are willing to allow, we got the country through God's help, we need not fear that He will let us be turned out of it for trying to put down a cruel custom that only tells against the weakest!—what think you sir?

I need scarcely add that I fully agreed with my host when I plainly learned what I had gathered from his expressions, that the subject of our discourse was a widow, devoted to sacrifice as a *Suttee*. She was the wife, he said, of a rich elderly brahmin, many years head steward to the factory, who had died suddenly the night before, and she would give her young and

living body to be burned with his putrid corpse though she could not care much about him; as he was old enough to have been her grandfather and had always been peevish and stingy. She had said she would burn at first, when all their relations came together to get up a violent lamentation, and she would not retract, although both he and his wife had offered to take care of her, and he firmly believed she was half dead at the thought of what she was to undergo on the morrow. My good wife Sir, heard of the business and went down on her very knees before the girl to beg her for God's sake not to throw away her life so madly; but though she seemed to move the poor creature, she could not alter her determination; it did not depend on her, she said, it was a thing ordered, and must be; she had said the word, and there was no use in trying to dissuade her: indeed she confessed as much as that some of her relations thinking she had grown cold upon her word, had hinted that they would kill her if she brought a bad name upon them by seeming in the least unresolved,—so I suppose she'll try to make the best of it. She did repent in some sort when the first mourning was over, my wife's woman said, and she thought it was because she had begun to consider about a widow whom she saw burned a year ago, for it is a common thing in this part of the country, and every body goes to see the sight, so my wife put this to her and though she answered that she had no fears, and that a *Suttee* did not feel the fire, my wife says that she looked quite pale and wild for a moment, and a cold shiver seemed to run all through her at the thought of it.—God help her! I say again.

Shocked at this recital, I asked my friend if he would not at least try her again. He shook his head at what he deemed the hopelessness of the effort, but immediately consented, and we turned into a path leading to the well at which she was seated. As we approached she drew up her veil, and rising, moved her right hand to her forehead in salutation of my host, whom she doubtless felt grateful for his own, and his wife's kind endeavours to win her from death. She did not however speak, and as we did not address her, she took up the string of a brass *lotah* that was beside her, as if she had come to draw water, and moving a few steps, stopped and leaned against a buttress of the well wheel, seeming loth either to depart or to be interrupted. She was but a girl! certainly not more than eighteen years old. Her figure was rather tall, and slight, though gracefully rounded into the fulness of early womanhood, and her complexion was fair, as are the skins of most brahmin women whose labours are limited to household duties. Her forehead and chin were now covered by her scarf, but this veiled not a delicately cut nose and mouth, nor a pair of those long fringed, speaking black eyes which are the property of all Indian women. She looked touchingly beautiful as she stood a little above us with downcast and irresolute air in her deep sadness, and I sickened at the thought that so delicate a creature was about to undergo the horrors of a painful death amid the shouts and cymbals of a mad multitude. She must have read my feelings as she stole a glance at us, for when I broke silence by addressing her kindly, she seemed grateful for my sympathy, rather than offended at my intrusion upon her sorrow. I told her that I had learned the sacrifice she had resolved to make, and begged

her not to be angry if I endeavoured to dissuade her from what appeared to me so dreadful. I argued that there was but one God, who was not cruel, but very merciful, who regarded all His creatures as equal and who required not either from the lowest or highest human being of our earth a better sacrifice than the offering of a broken heart; and I beseeched her not to prefer a proud motive, or a hasty expression, or the interested reasonings of others, to the promptings of the natural feelings which He had implanted in her mind, but boldly to resist and keep her life until God himself should take it as He had done her husband's.

This, and much more I urged, for my mind was forcibly affected!—She answered, in a low soft voice, and with elegant expression, that she thanked me for taking interest in her unhappiness;—that I was an *Omrak*, and that all noble persons were gracious to the inferior; why should she be offended at my condescension? Doubtless, she could not be otherwise than sad at a time of mourning, but what she was about to do was a very meritorious act, and a great honor to her and her kindred; an act which would ensure her great future happiness, and make her a god to those who remained on earth. Why should we wish to prevent this to save a little of what we thought would be pain?

There was evidently in the infatuated girl's mind a remnant of that weakness which makes poor mortality vain of being in any way a martyr; the feeling perhaps which joined to the flitting thought of the sounding honors that she enumerated, had in the early moments of forced and delirious lamentation of the dead, moved her to become a public victim,—and there was a little womanly pride in the manner with which she seemed to ask why we thought that she could be turned from her purpose; but that this weakness had to struggle with more natural and powerful feelings was betrayed when, in a tone which could not be disguised, she said in answer to an observation on my part,—But my Lord! since you would dissuade me from voluntary death, let me, (*bat kih waste*) “for *argument's* sake” ask,—if it be true, as you are pleased to say, that I am now coldly looked upon for what my relatives thought a drawing back from my word, what would be my situation if it were possible that I could altogether refuse and remain alive? I ask my lord! Should I not be forsaken by the people of my own house, and left alone to die a far more painful death than the one you fear? I see your highness does not know what this would be!—no one would eat bread or drink water with me, and when my enemies met me, they would revile me, and spit on my face! should I be then better than dead?

I offered her fortune, protection, honorable protection, such as a brother might afford a sister, any where she might choose to live; independence, respect, happiness, forgetting in my anxious impetuosity that the last blessing was not a gift that I had power to bestow, but it was horrible to see one of God's creatures going thus deliberately to a cruel death in the bloom of her youth and beauty—dragged to a sacrifice against which her heart evidently revolted, by the chains of apathy and superstitious cowardice! She paused but a moment to reply that our religions were not the same, that my protection could but be nominal, and that a death promising the highest reward was surely preferable to a life of degradation. Death,

said she, is the fate of all, sooner or a later, why should I wish to live?—I have no children! no mother! That sun which has just gone down, will not shine on me to-morrow, but then I shall be free from all enemies, and pain, and I shall be very happy!—why should I wish to live? I will now take leave, concluded she abruptly, casting a hurried look around, as if she had trespassed against decorum, and might have been observed conversing with strangers—Khodawunda! my Lord! may God make your excellency continually greater in this world, and give you a happy portion in the next! and to you also burra sahib! turning to my host, and to the mem sahib! (Mistress) God give her many children, and make them beautiful and fortunate, and preserve them from evil eye! your servant takes leave! Sahib! Bundegee! Burra Sahib Bundegee!" and placing her right hand over her heart imparting salutation to us as she uttered the last words, she descended the steps where we made way for her, with the unfilled *lotah* in her hand, and more closely veiling her grief-stricken features, she, with a subdued air walked slowly away.

I wonder that my fever did not come again as I lay counting the beating moments of the restless night that succeeded this interview, for I really at times felt as though I should love my senses, as thoughts of the morrow's horrible sacrifice came crowding into my mind—* * * I would arm myself and go to see it—I would snatch this poor creature from torture which she feared to avoid, and strike down any one who attempted to prevent me from hearing her away to a place of safety. * * * It would be madness to attempt such an act, useless, a mere bravado! But were there some who could be entreated or bribed to help me? none of a different sect, imbued with feelings of common humanity? No! I could at most excite a tumult, endanger many lives, and dishonour the victim and her family. And yet,—I know that such a devilish murder was going on within a few hundred yards of my resting place, and not to attempt to prevent it!—the idea was insupportable. At last I fell asleep from weariness of mind, without having formed any resolve, and it had been some time day when I was awakened by my host. The first words he spoke to me after enquiring about my health were—I've something to tell you concerning that poor girl which I think you'll be glad to hear! It's no very good news to be sure, but one can't help being glad at it: my wife's been crying herself blind to think that it should be all over with the poor thing, and I'm sure I hope she's in a better place. "Then they *have* murdered her!" interrupted I with a thrill of horror. "Why, no! not exactly! thank God they were disappointed of their show, for it seems the fear and trouble of mind were too much for her, and when they went early this morning to dress her out for the ceremony, they found her dead!"

It was indeed so! the victim had escaped from her greedy and deluded persecutors! At first it struck me that, fearing an exposure of her unwillingness to die, and their consequent shame, some of her relatives had taken means to remove her by poison; but on consideration I preferred the opinion of my host and felt that I could with him rejoice at the sudden death of a fellow-being, when I with hope reflected that God might in mercy have broken the harassed heart of His weak and erring creature, and, for the sake of a greater sa-

crifice than she dreamed of, called her ransomed spirit to one of the many mansions in His eternal rest, where there is no more sorrow.

The Altars of this Indian Moloch have at last been thrown down. The strong arm of Christian humanity has dared to shake the temple of fierce idolatry, and God has smiled upon the deed; and despite the ominous prognostications of the apathetic and weak hearted, the Government of England stands firm as ever in Hindoostan, and the voices of many enlightened Hindoos have been freely given to swell the applause that is due to the statesman who nobly stood security for their wisdom and their mercy.

My Lord William Bentinck! You are about to quit for ever the shore on which you gained so glorious a conquest. You had generosity enough to share the credit of the day with several noble-hearted men who stood close around your banner of liberty, but to the general of successful battle has ever been awarded the wreath of victory, and to you therefore is justly due the renown of a triumph second only to that of the undaunted Wilherforce. My Lord! may the memory of a deed which has broken the chains of the weakest, though best, portion of a countless nation, shed a bright halo on your name! May it be a blessing to you through life—peace in death—and an unfading crown in the glory of that Eternity into which your deeds will follow you!

Mofussil.

LORD CARLISLE.

The report that there is some probability that the Earl of Carlisle will succeed Lord William Bentinck as Governor General of India, though not entitled to much credit, has excited some curiosity, respecting the character of the former. George Howard, the present Earl of Carlisle appears to be so little known here, that many people confound his identity with that of Lord Byron's relative and guardian, Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, who died in 1825. It is said that Lord William Bentinck has received intelligence in a private letter from London that the present or sixth Earl of Carlisle is seriously spoken of as his successor; but that Lord William himself attaches no credit to the rumour.

The present Earl of Carlisle, is about sixty years of age. He is not much known even in England as a public man, but we have heard him spoken of as a person distinguished rather for the clearness of his judgment, and the extent and variety of his information, than for any originality or brilliancy of mind. We have no means at present of forming an opinion of our own, but if it should be decided that he is to succeed our present Governor, we shall doubtless soon hear more largely and from more authentic sources of the nature of his qualifications.

Frederick, the fifth Earl of Carlisle, the father of the present, was fond of writing poetry, and when he printed his Tragedy of "*The Father's Revenge*," his friends applied to Mrs. Chapone to prevail on Dr. Johnson to read and give his opinion of it. The letter which the Doctor wrote to Mrs. Chapone on this occasion is a curious example of his courtesy to the great, and betrays his strong desire to be as laudatory as his conscience will permit, and his extreme unwillingness to wound the pride of a noble author. There is, however, an air of honesty

that breaks through this struggle that may convince an impartial reader that Johnson means what he says, though he might perhaps have looked at the work with less indulgence, had he not been somewhat dazzled by the author's rank. The reader will find the entire letter on referring to Boswell, but we may quote here the paragraph of praise respecting the noble poet's sentiments and imagery.

"Of the sentiments I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy succeeding grief to light rushing on the eye accustomed to darkness. It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please. It is new, just, and delightful."

The passage so highly praised is the only portion of Lord Carlisle's poems that we have ever met with, though Lord Byron seems to refer to his guardian's "dainty tragedies, elegies, eulogies, odes, and epistles," as if they were very familiar to the public. In the Preface to the first edition of his "Hours of Idleness" he pays them a handsome compliment. The Earl of Carlisle's works, he says "have long received the meed of public applause, to which by their *intrinsic worth*, they were well entitled. It is curious to contrast this with his subsequent mention of

"The paralytic puling of Carlisle."

In a note to his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" he justifies his altered tone with reference to the "divers reams of most orthodox and imperial nonsense," on the score that the praise in his first preface was given more from the advice of others than his own judgment, and he insultingly concludes with a quotation from Pope

What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

To which note in after years he appended an admission in manuscript that it was "much too savage, whatever the foundation might be." Lord Byron lived long enough to repent the publication of "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" which we have never thought very creditable to him, even as a poem. Its apparent strength is mere violence, and it is "buckramed," to use an expression of Warton's in speaking of a poem attributed to Mason, by all the minor tricks of versification. It is full of alliteration, by no means "*apt*," and of point and antithesis that consist more in the sound than in the sentiment. If Byron had written nothing else or nothing better his fame would have been little worth and of brief duration. He himself calls it "a miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony."

Moore seems to think that Byron's hostility to his guardian was chiefly occasioned by his mother, who had a strong dislike to the Earl, who on his part was less attentive than he would have been to his ward, from a fear of coming into collision with Mrs. Byron's violent temper. Byron confesses as much in one of his letters written at Harrow in 1804. "You mistake me," he says, "if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him and might like him did I know him better. For him my mother has an antipathy—why I know not. This may account in some measure for his inconsistent praise and censure. For he could not help being occasionally exasperated at his guardian's neglect of him, whatever was the cause; especially when his mother exaggerated the evil; while at other times more favorable circumstances and a kinder and more generous feeling made him

inclined to think and speak well of one who had certainly some claim upon his respect. Thus in a moment of good humour, he wrote the complimentary couplet

On one alone Apollo deigns to smile
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.

But in the interval between inditing this and the delivery of it to the printer, having reason to think himself ill-used by the subject of his panegyric, he expunged the couplet and supplied its place with a bitter satire. In Feb. 1834 he writes to Moore, "Lord Holland wished me to concede to Lord Carlisle—concede to the devil!" In a letter to Rogers in the same year he enquires, "Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it?" And in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, he inserted the following generous and feeling stanza on the Hon. Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son who fell at Waterloo—

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine:
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blest me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song:
And his was of the bravest, and when showered,
The death-bolts deadliest: the thinned piles along,
Even where the thickest of War's tempest lower'd,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!"

These alternations of praise and censure, of kindness and hostility on the part of his Lordship may give the ill-natured critic some hold upon his character, but if the noble poet's feelings occasionally misled him, he displays a generous nature in the open and decided manner in which he has confessed his errors.—ED.

NIGHT ON THE GANGES.

Now the last lingering rays of light depart,
Now is sad contemplation's fittest time;
Now solemn stillness awes the pensive heart,
And universal darkness reigns sublime.
The fires are out, that with a crimson blush
Stained all the stream—the weary boatmen sleep,
And jackalls have retired—in the wide, hush
No voice is heard save Ganga's—and the deep
And sullen plashes of her falling banks
Which far-resounding o'er the waters boom.
Now see the wandering fire-flies' fitful pranks
Like stars in myriads twinkling in the gloom.
In contemplation rapt, with fixed eye
I muse on life—and man's sad destiny.

Benares.

A.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—The house on Wednesday evening exhibited an unequivocal evidence of Mrs. Leach's popularity. It was "a bumper." In the *dumb girl of Portici* Mrs. Leach was not particularly successful, for the part requires a greater variety and significance of action than she is capable of. Her failure, however, in this character was amply redeemed by the excellence of her performance in "*The actress of all work*," in which she appears to the greatest possible advantage. The very able amateur who performed the parts of *Massaniello* and *Buskin* succeeded to admiration in both, but especially in the latter. He was so perfectly at home—he delivered his jokes with such an air of unpremeditated freedom—and displayed, as he always does, such a rare knowledge of stage-effects, that every point told, and he left the audience nothing to desire.

Selected Articles.

UTILITOPIA,

OR A DUTCHMAN'S VISIT TO THE REALMS OF FUTURITY.

In two Chapters—Chapter I.

Of the anecdotes that my grandfather used to relate, as I hung, while an urchin, on the old gentleman's knee, I well remember some stories of the Dutch philosopher, Jacobus Dyckman, who must have been no inconsiderable character in his time. It appears that he flourished in this city about the year 1630, and lived for a number of years in a small, queer-looking edifice at the south end of William-street, and which was standing as late as the year 1750.

The recovery from oblivion of a curious Dutch MS., which I accidentally discovered in my ancestor's library, has furnished certain other particulars of the life and times of Jacobus, in many respects corroborating the truth of my grand-parent's stories.

It appears that Doctor Jacobus Dyckman was what is a *rara avis* in *terris* now-a-days, both a theoretical and practical philosopher. He became noted throughout the isle of Munnahatta when quite a youth, for his love of the simple and sensible ways of his forefathers, and his dire hostility to any deviation from them, whether for the better or worse. On this account he was in great repute with a large majority of his fellow-townsmen, who entirely agreed with him.

As he grew in experience and wisdom, his popularity and influence extended, until ultimately he was regarded, by common consent, as possessing the soundest skull in the settlement. Like some of the ancient philosophers, Jacobus might be said to have been the founder of a school; for his opinions were ever at variance with divers of the notions entertained by contemporary sages—especially those who aimed at overthrowing the "established order of things"—and, like them too, he was wont to expound his doctrines to his disciples, not exactly from a porch, or beneath the shades of a grove, but in the bar-room of Nic Van Dam's hotel, well known at that time as the "sign of the mug."

At this distant period it is difficult to explain the precise character of Dr. Dyckman's philosophy, for few vestiges of it have escaped oblivion; but from the relics extant, it is obvious that the doctor—peradventure he never heard of the man—was a stickler for the doctrines of Diogenes. There is reason to believe that the chief feature of his philosophy was a mortal hatred to all quackery, including poetry, love, learning, and improvements of all kinds.

He thought that the necessities of man were confined to a few simple wants, among which were food, shelter, and an occasional swig of beer; and just in the ratio that men swerved from this salutary rule, and chased after objects of mere fanciful utility, they became poets and madmen. The common saying of the doctor on this subject was, what has since been tortured into poetry by some remorseless rhymester:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

With this idea ever in his head, the doctor was a sturdy and formidable enemy to the encroachments of improvement, which he pronounced to be another name for quackery. On all occasions he would lift up his voice against it; and so powerful was the influence of his opinions, that for many years not a change of any consequence occurred in the government, laws, customs or habits of the worthy inhabitants of Gotham. If Governor Kieft conceived the idea of a new regulation for the welfare of the citizens, he was sure to incur the opposition of Dr. Dyckman, and the projected improvement was thereupon abandoned with precipitation. If a deviation from any of the old Dutch fashions took place, the offenders were glad to escape the animadversions of the doctor by a timely resumption of the hallowed customs. In short, Dr. Dyckman was a mortal foe to all sorts of alterations, good or bad.

Time, however, who upsets in his path many a greater personage than our philosopher, came at length to trip up the heels of his authority. The settlement increased in population; commerce poured her treasures, and with them a multitude of strangers and "new-fangled notions" into the laps of the once unsophisticated

inhabitants of Munnahatta. The consequences were soon visible. The simple burghers, lorded with riches, and animated by the examples of the new comers, wandered from their ancient habits and ways, rebelled against the dicta of their philosopher, and aided with improvement, who straightway began to pull down houses, widen streets, and kick up a dust, which has not been laid even unto the present day.

"Some men," the doctor used to observe, "have abundance of philosophy for others, and but precious little for themselves;" and so it was with the doctor himself; when he saw that his kingdom was broken to pieces, and that improvement reigned in his stead, even under his very nose, he lost all temper. His sharp, loud voice, no longer resounded along the walls of the "sign of the mug." He would go there for weeks together, and smoke, and quaff his beer, without uttering more than a few monosyllables.

Occasionally, however, he would start into a fit of his quondam mood, and zealously lay down his doctrines to his few straggling satellites, forgetful, apparently, that his glory had departed; but the consciousness of the changes that time had produced would suddenly strike him, and he would relapse again into silence.

Doctor Dyckman had early adopted the opinion, that matrimony was fatal to true philosophy; and as he prided himself upon carrying out his theories into practice as far as comported with his own ideas of comfort, it was not to be wondered at that he was a bachelor. The doctor, nevertheless, despite his philosophy, we are bound to say, was by no means insusceptible to the power of the fat little Dutch cupid that figured in his day, as the acknowledged charms of Nic Van Dam's eldest daughter can amply testify. Nor is this at all singular, for Jerusha Van Dam was an article, whose eyes melted in a moment the most frigid temperament, and before which all philosophy was but as snow beneath a sun-beam, at least so the doctor discovered.

It is to be regretted that this portion of our sage's history is obscured by the clouds of time, and that the incidents of an affair so much talked of at the time, should be involved in the mists of the past. Yet, one thing is very positive, that whatever were the relations subsisting between the parties, marriage was not one of them; the doctor, as we have already related, living a bachelor, and Jerusha, about this period becoming united to Anthony Snedecker.

Whether it was owing to the latter circumstance, that Jacobus disappeared from Nic Van Dam's hotel, and finally from New Amsterdam itself, is doubtful. Hans Rotter, a faithful historian of that period, who takes occasion to allude to the doctor in very respectful terms, mentions that the philosopher removed from the island to a settlement in the Jerseys, called Bergenwitten, (or Wizenhercen,) in consequence of certain improvements commenced in the neighbourhood of his house. On the other hand, we find in the "Historical Recollections of New-York, by D. K., p. 206," the cause of his retreat is alleged to be an affair of the heart, with a Miss Von Hammer, which is obviously a corruption of the name of Nic Van Dam's daughter. Upon balancing these facts and authorities, there can be but little doubt that both the causes mentioned, contributed to the exile of the philosopher.

It was a year or two before the retreat of the doctor was discovered. He was at length found inhabiting a small tenement, in a small settlement at Bergenwitten, a few miles west of the Hudson. Here, it appears, he once more enjoyed the authority of opinion he had lost on the island; and was regarded by the people of the place with great awe and respect. No longer annoyed by the presence of improvement—for in Bergenwitten such a thing was unknown—the doctor would sit in his cabbage-garden, and enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, serenely cogitate over the evils of the time; or, in discourse with his neighbours, give utterance to those profound observations which have so justly redounded to his fame.

Now and then the smooth current of the doctor's life would be ruffled by the visits of his old friends from Munnahatta, who would exasperate him with accounts of the wonderful improvements in progress there.

"You ought to come over and see us once in a while, doctor," said Peter Blixen; "since you was there, a great many curious things have come to pass—your old orchard is changed into a public square."

"A square!" muttered the doctor.

"Yes, and Domine Rips's church has got a steeple as tall as the mast of the trader. If you will just go to the top of Tappaan hill yonder, you can see it."

"A steeple!" exclaimed Jacobus, puffing out a huge volume of smoke, "pray what is that?"

"And then, too, we have got a theatre, where all the people go every week to see sights."

The doctor muttered something inaudibly.

"And Nic Van Dam's daughter has got a charming little son which she calls Jacobus."

"Humph," grunted the doctor, dashing his pipe to the ground, and upsetting his mug of beer into the lap of Peter Blixen. "What is this world coming to!"

For a period of forty years, the doctor resided at Bergenwizen, without once visiting the city of his nativity. He would, every five years or so, wander to the top of Tappaan hill, which bounded Bergenwizen on the east and commanded a full view of the isle he had abandoned, and having gratified his astonishment at the growth of the city, the increase of shipping, and other marks of "alteration," he would return to his pipe, predicting all sorts of evils to his once beloved Mannahatta.

It was after one of these excursions to Tappaan hill, that Doctor Jacobus Dyckman sat under the shadow of "his own fig-tree" in unusual ill humour, which was in no wise diminished by the behaviour of the house-cat near him. Fuss became mightily amused with the cue that hung down from the doctor's wig, and only ceased her liberties with it, upon the sudden flourish in her vicinity of her master's gold-headed cane.

The temper of our philosopher at length became more calm. His thoughts gradually, like the waves of ocean after a storm, grew quiet and peaceful, and from meditating on matters within his head, his attention was attracted to the smoke which was rolling in divers curious and fantastic shapes without it, such as he had never beheld before. To his surprise, the volume increased to a thick cloud, rich and beautiful in various figures and hues. The doctor laid down his pipe, but still the smoke augmented, until his garden and habitation, nay, even the very town of Bergenwizen disappeared from his sight.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of our philosopher at this phenomenon, and supposing himself in a dream, he arose from his chair, and deliberately tweaked his nose, but it was of no avail. The scene unfolded new wonders, one of which was, the sudden flight of his elbow chair, which—as he was about reseating himself, the old fellow came thereby to the ground—he discovered whirling through the air, and gradually dissolving into smoke.

Upon arising to enter his domicile, the smoke suddenly disappeared, the sun broke out with increased brilliancy and, incredible though it may seem, our philosopher found himself in the heart of an extensive and populous city.

CHAPTER II.

Isa is related of a caliph of Bagdad, that one day he chanced to pop his head into a tub of water, and had no sooner done so, than he found himself a forlorn fisherman wandering on the desolate shore of an unknown land; whereat he was sorely puzzled and astounded. So with Doctor Jacobus Dyckman, whom we left, in the first chapter, in a state of inexpressible surprise at the *terra incognita* upon which he found himself. The street he was in extended as far as his eye could reach. On each side of it arose houses, from ten to fifteen stories high, constructed apparently for use and not for display, being destitute of all embellishments. It was moreover thronged with people, walking in every direction, and appareled in a fashion as novel as it was unique and simple. At first he did not observe any females; but, on closer inspection he discovered that the women were dressed exactly like the men, who were only to be distinguished by their beards, which flowed in great length down their breasts. Both sexes were without hats.

The continuance of this strange spectacle induced the doctor to suppose, that a revolution had occurred in the regions of his head, and therefore concluded to wait patiently until reason resumed her sway; but seeing no prospect of that event, he yielded like a true philosopher to the control of his destiny, and resolved to take things as he found them.

He had not proceeded far, when he perceived that he had become the object of general curiosity; a large crowd collected around him, and appeared to regard him with amazement. They examined him from head to foot. At length an old man, with a beard as white as snow, inquired, "if he was really a woman, or had cut off his beard to pass for one?"

Before the doctor's anger allowed him to reply, a sudden commotion seized the crowd. "Clear the way! clear the way!" resounded on all sides; and presently a self-moving vehicle, of monstrous dimensions, loaded with passengers, shot past with the speed of lightning.

"Truly," thought Jacobus, "as he beheld the immense structure whiz through the air, 'this is no doubt the home of that monster called Improvement, I wish I was safe out of his territories.'"

But his thoughts were interrupted by another circumstance, no less unexpected. Hearing human voices and laughter aloft, he cast his eye at the houses, supposing the sound to proceed from the upper stories; but what was his astonishment, to perceive the atmosphere alive with winged objects, which he at first mistook for huge birds, but which he soon perceived were human beings, enjoying themselves in aerial gambols. Some were flying in flocks at a dizzy height—some were frolicking together in chase of an unlucky hawk. Here wafted one as calmly and quietly as a swallow, and there flew another with the awkwardness of an aged crow. Now a number was seen in familiar neighbourhood of the sun, and then down they dropt, several hundred feet, like dead bodies, recovering just in time to save their brains.

While gazing at this spectacle, with infinite edification, our philosopher was again accosted by the old man who had doubted his sex. His appearance indicated benevolence and wisdom. His snowy beard, and the silvery locks which

"On his temples grew,
The blossoms of the grave,"

gave him a most venerable aspect. His garb, which was like that worn by the rest of this singular people, consisted of loose trowsers tied at the ankles; and a robe, which fell in graceful folds from his shoulders, partly confined by a sash to his waist. In one hand he carried a walking-stick, while under his arm appeared a ponderous folio, which the doctor afterwards discovered to be entitled "The Posthumous Works of Jeremy Bentham."

"You seem to be quite amused, sir," said the sage, "at the affairs of our sky."

"Amused," replied the half-bewildered doctor, "pray my venerable sir, be so polite as to tell me if I actually exist, and in what part of the universe I happen to be?"

"I perceive," said the old man, smiling, "that you are a stranger among us—your fashion is of other times and places, but wherever you came from, you certainly must have heard of Utilitopia, the name of this famous city—a city that has been the wonder of ages."

"I must confess that I never heard of it before; I see that strange things have come to pass with me; be good enough to inform me what planet we inhabit, the moon or the earth?"

"This, sir, is earth; but I see that you have come from some other sphere—a very common occurrence, sir, we have frequent visitors from our neighbouring worlds, but the people are so different from you, that I presume you have come from one with whom we have not before had intercourse. Sir, you must know it is a custom at Utilitopia to show all strangers that visit us, the various wonders and improvements of the place. This we do in aid of the great cause of science. Come, we will fly to the temple of Utility."

With this, the sage, by touching a spring of his walking-stick, converted it into a pair of wings, which attaching to his shoulders, he seized the doctor under his arm, and took flight with him some ten or fifteen miles, to the top of an immense edifice, from whence opened an extensive view of the city.

The philosopher having recovered breath after this unexpected transit, cast his astonished eye at the vast extent of buildings which spread out before him, and which seemed bounded on all sides by the horizon.

"The temple we are upon," said the citizen of Utilitopia, after a few moments' silence, "is the place where our wise men assemble to conduct the affairs of the people. Here is formed that great power—opinion—which the people adopt, and to which they yield obedience; it is the only law of the land. From this eminence you see but a small part of a city, whose origin history has forgotten. Its people are a nation of philosophers, governed by wisdom, and who have attained by knowledge to a high degree of happiness."

"What," interrupted Jacobus, "have you no king, no government, no courts of justice?"

The words you use," answered the sage, "are obsolete with us. I say we are ruled by our own wisdom; we are our own kings and representatives, and each of us pursues his own interest, by which we consult the greatest good of the greatest number; and as wisdom tells us that to do others justice in all things, we contribute to our own welfare, what need have we of statutes, governments, or kings. We rarely do wrong, and when we do, we call on wisdom, not kings, to set us right."

"True," exclaimed the doctor, "this is just what I used to say at Bergenwitszen. You tell me you are all philosophers; I suppose then, a poet is an unknown animal here!"

"Not so; a few of them still linger with us, but they are a race almost extinct. Cast your eye on that edifice yonder; it is the asylum for the reformation of people of poetical imagination. They are the only unfortunates that we are compelled to subject to the law of force. They rebel against reason and truth, and reply to the voice of opinion with a song."

"But tell me," said the philosopher, struck with admiration at what he heard, "have you no fine arts, no painters, sculptors, musicians, or actors?"

"None; what should we want of painters? Have we not nature to gaze at, in all its forms! Of what utility is a mere copy? Painting, sculpture, statuary, or acting? It is all a cheat, a mere resemblance, and tends to confound reason, by giving it the shadow for the substance of truth. And talk not of music? What is it but useless sound? If we must have music, give us that of the birds. The art has long since disappeared—it was the creature of voluptuousness, with which it has for ever passed away. Our women have now something more useful to engage their minds—they have become as men and philosophers."

"Is there such a thing as love in this country?" inquired Doctor Dyckman, as the image of Jerusha Van Dam arose to his mind.

"Love—pooh! It has long since ceased to be known, except in the catalogue of the diseases which flesh was once heir to. We are too sensible for such a weakness; we content ourselves with friendship, which is inspired by virtue and wisdom alone. Our maxim is, "moderation in all things."

"I suppose, then," remarked the doctor, "that eating and drinking are matters of mere moonshine with you. By the by, my venerable friend, is there such a thing as a mug of beer to be had in this quarter?"

"Beer! beer! Oh! that is the name of one of the poisons of antiquity. No sir! since the era of the great philosopher Grahambus, we have lived in obedience to the law—"no alcohol—tea or coffee"—our food is vegetable, our drink the beverage prepared for us by mother earth. Hence our vigorous frames and clear heads. But look! do you perceive that dark body, rising like a flock of birds, in the distance! It is an expedition, starting on a voyage of aerial discovery; they go to navigate the regions of the sun, which you observe is just descending the horizon. Come, darkness is approaching, and it is the signal for sleep—to-morrow we will resume our observations."

The words were scarcely finished, before the doctor found himself under the wing of the old man, aloft in the rays of sunset. A few moments brought them to the windows of an attic, the home of the sage. The apartment was plain and unadorned. As the darkness increased, a gas-light appeared in the middle of the room which, while it threw light in every direction, communicated a gentle heat.

"Here," said the old man, as they alighted on the window-still, "you behold my home. You are welcome. On yonder blanket you will find repose for the night."

"My friend," said our guest, surveying with no very uncomfortable thoughts the hospitality proffered him, "I perceive you are a practical philosopher; but before we rest, pray explain to me the nature of this fiery phenomenon. I suppose it is a sort of tamed *ignis fatuus*," continued the doctor, taking his pipe from his pocket, and lighting it as he spoke.

"That," replied the old man, shifting the light to another part of the room—"that is our locomotive gas illuminator; we use it for all the purposes of heat and light. It is the result of atmospheric combustion, and expands and contracts, and moves itself, as you see, whenever occasion requires."

"St. Nicholas!" ejaculated Jacobus, "what is the world coming to? Hereafter, I shall cease to be astonished at any thing. But after all, my friend, I presume you have wisdom enough to know, that these wonderful con-

trivances are but vanity—they are but the trifling creations of perishing mortality."

"How know you that?" rejoined the sage, in a triumphant tone; "learn, stranger, that the wisdom of the Utilitopians has not been exercised without a due care of self; we have learned not only *how* to live, but to live for ever; we renew our youth at pleasure! Behold!" exclaimed the old man, as he converted himself, in a twinkling, to the form of a youth—"there are more things in this world, stranger, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

As the thunder-struck Dutchman gazed at the transformation before him, he incontinently puffed out a huge cloud of tobacco-smoke. A strange sensation seized his skull, and took away the consciousness of all surrounding objects; when, upon recovering his senses, he found himself snugly seated in his elbow-chair, by the gate of his own cabbage-garden at Bergenwitszen.—*New-York Mirror.*

MARY, LIST! AWAKE!

BY LEIGH HUNT.*

Mary! dear Mary! list! awake!

And now, like the moon, thy slumbers break;
There is not a taper, and scarcely a sound

To be seen or be heard in the cottages round:

The watch-dog is silent, thy father sleeps,

But love, like the breeze to thy window creeps,

The moonlight seems listening all over the land

To the whispers of angels like thee;—

O! lift but a moment the sash with thine hand,

And kiss but that hand to me,

My love, Mary!

Kiss but that hand to me,

Gently awake, and gently rise!—

Oh, for a kiss, to unclose thine eyes?—

The vapours of sleep shall fly softly the while,

As the breath on thy looking glass breaks at thy smile!—

And then I would whisper thee never to fear,

For heaven is all round thee when true love is near:

Just under the woodbine, dear Mary, I stand,

Still looking and listening for thee;

O! lift but a moment the sash with thine hand,

And kiss but that hand to me,

My love, Mary!

Kiss but that hand to me.

Hark! do I hear thee?—Yes, 'tis thou!

And now, there's thy hand,—and I see thee now!

Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal stream,

For thy face, love, is bathed in the midnight gleam!—

And oh, could my kisses like stream circles rise,

To dip in thy dimples and spread round thine eyes,

How sweet to be lost in such night as this

In the arms of an angel like thee.

Nay stay but a moment—one moment of bliss,

And smile but forgiveness to me,

My love, Mary!

Smile but forgiveness to me.

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs—

Thy voice just comes on the soft air and dies.

Dost thou gaze on the moon? I have look'd as I rove,

Till I thought it had breathed heaven's blessing on love;

Till I've stretch'd out my arms, and my tears have begun,

And nature, and heaven, and thou seem'd but one!

Fare thee well, sweetest Mary! the moon's in the west,

And the leaves shine with tear-drops like thee;

So, draw in thy charms, and betake thee to rest,

O! thou dearer than life to me,

My love, Mary!

Thou dearer than life to me.

* This song is not in Leigh Hunt's late volume of his collected *Recesses*, but a friend of his assures us that Leigh Hunt on hearing it sung acknowledged that it was his own.—*Ed. CAL. LIT. GAZ.*

A DISTINCTION.—A great writer once made this odd distinction between intuition and sagacity, the one being immediate in its effects, the other requiring a circuitous process; one, he observed, being the *eye* of the mind, the other the *nose* of the mind.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AT PALERMO.

Palermo, June 28.

Two of the best conducted lunatic asylums in the world are in the kingdom of Naples—one at Aversa, near Capua, and the other at Palermo. The latter is managed by a whimsical Sicilian baron, who has devoted his time and fortune to it, and with the assistance of the government, has carried it to great extent and perfection. The poor are received gratuitously, and those who can afford it enter as boarders, and are furnished with luxuries according to their means.

The hospital stands in an airy situation in the lovely neighbourhood of Palermo. We were received by a porter in a respectable livery, who introduced us immediately to the old baron—a kind-looking man, rather advanced beyond middle life, of manners singularly genteel and prepossessing. "*Je suis le premier fou*," said he, throwing his arms out, as he bowed on our entrance. We stood in an open court, surrounded with porticoes lined with stone seats. On one of them lay a fat, indolent-looking man, in clean gray clothes, talking to himself with great apparent satisfaction. He smiled at the baron as he passed without checking the motion of his lips, and three others standing in the door-way of a room marked as the kitchen, smiled also as he came up, and fell into his train, apparently as much interested as ourselves in the old man's explanation.

The Kitchen was occupied by eight or ten people all at work, and all, the baron assured us, *mad*. One man of about forty, was broiling a stick with the gravest attention. Another, who had been furious till employment was given him, was chopping meat with violent industry in a large wooden bowl. Two or three girls were about, obeying the little orders of a middle-aged man, occupied with several messes cooking on a patent stove. I was rather incredulous about his insanity, till he took a small bucket and went to the jet of a fountain, and getting impatient from some cause or other, dashed the water upon the floor. The baron mildly called him by name, and mentioned to him as a piece of information that he had wet the floor. He nodded his head, and filling his bucket quietly, poured a little into one of the pans, and resumed his occupation.

We passed from the kitchen into an open court, curiously paved, and ornamented with Chinese grottoes, artificial rocks, trees, cottages and fountains. Within the grottoes reclined figures of wax. Before the altar of one, fitted up as a Chinese chapel, a mandarin was prostrated in prayer. The walls on every side were painted in perspective scenery, and the whole had as little the air of a prison as the open valley itself. In one of the corners was an unfinished grotto, and a handsome young man was entirely absorbed in thatching the ceiling with stripes of cane. The baron pointed to him, and said he had been incurable till he had found this employment for him. Every thing about us, too, he assured us, was the work of his patients. They had paved the court, built the grottoes and cottages, and painted the walls, under his direction. The secret of his whole system, he said, was employment and constant kindness. He had usually about one hundred and fifty patients, and he dismissed upon an average two thirds of them quite recovered.

We went into the apartment of the women. These, he said, were his worst subjects. In the first room sat eight or ten employed in spinning, while one infuriated creature not more than thirty, but quite gray, was walking up and down the floor, talking and gesticulating with the greatest violence. A young girl of sixteen, an attendant, had entered into her humour, and with her arm put affectionately round her waist, assented to every thing she said, and called her by every name of endearment while endeavouring to silence her. When the baron entered, the poor creature addressed herself to him, and seemed delighted that he had come. He made several mild attempts to check her, but she seized his hands, and with the veins of her throat swelling with passion, her eyes glaring terribly, and her tongue white and trembling, she continued to declaim more and more violently. The baron gave an order to a male attendant at the door, and beckoning us to follow, led her gently through a small court planted with trees, to a room containing a hammock. She checked her torrent of language as she observed the preparations going on, and seemed amused with the idea of swinging. The man took her up in his arms without resistance, and laced the hammock over her, confining every thing but her head, and the female attendant, one of the most playful and prepossessing

little creatures I ever saw, stood on a chair, and at every swing threw a little water on her face as if in sport. Once or twice, the maniac attempted to resume the subject of her ravings, but the girl laughed in her face and diverted her from it, till at last she smiled and dropping her head into the hammock, seemed disposed to sink into an easy sleep.

We left her swinging and went out into the court, where eight or ten women in the gray gowns of the establishment were walking up and down, or sitting under the trees, lost in thought. One, with a fine, intelligent face, came up to me and curtsied gracefully without speaking. The physician of the establishment joined me at the moment and asked her what she wished. "To kiss his hand," said she, "but his looks forbade me." She coloured deeply, and folded her arms across her breast and walked away. The baron called us, and in going out I passed her again, and taking her hand, kissed it and bade her good-by. "You had better kiss my lips," said she, "you'll never see me again." She led her forehead against the iron bars of the gate, and with a face working with emotion, watched us till we turned out of sight. I asked the physician for her history. "It was a common case," he said. "She was the daughter of a Sicilian noble, who, too poor to marry her to one of her own rank, had sent her to a convent, where confinement had driven her mad. She is now a charity patient in the asylum."

The courts in which these poor creatures are confined, open upon a large and lovely garden. We walked through it with the baron, and then returned to the apartments of the females. In passing a cell, a large majestic woman strided out with a theatrical air, and commenced an address to the Deity, in a language strangely mingled of Italian and Greek. Her eyes were naturally large and soft but excitement had given them additional dilation and fire, and she looked a prophetess. Her action, with all its energy, was lady-like. Her feet, half covered with slippers were well-formed and slight, and she had every mark of superiority both of birth and endowment. The baron took her by the hand with the deferential courtesy of the old school, and led her to one of the stone seats. She yielded to him politely, but resumed her harangue, upbraiding the Deity, as well as I could understand her, for her misfortunes. They succeeded in soothing her by the assistance of the same playful attendant who had accompanied the other to the hammock, and she sat still, with her lips white and her tongue trembling like an aspen. While the good old baron was endeavouring to draw her into a quiet conversation, the physician told me some curious circumstances respecting her. She was a Greek, and had been brought to Palermo when a girl. Her mind had been destroyed by an illness, and after seven years' madness, during which she had refused to rise from her bed and had quite lost the use of her limbs, she was brought to this establishment by her friends. Experiments were tried in vain to induce her to move from her painful position. At last the baron determined upon addressing what he considered the master-passion in all female bosoms. He dressed himself in the gayest manner, and, in one of her gentle moments, entered her room with respectful ceremony and offered himself to her in marriage! She refused him with scorn, and with seeming emotion he begged forgiveness and left her. The next morning, on his entrance, she smiled—the first time for years. He continued his attentions for a day or two, and after a little coquetry she one morning announced to him that she had reconsidered his proposal, and would be his bride. They raised her from her bed to prepare her for the ceremony, and she was carried in a chair to the garden, where the bridal feast was spread, nearly all the other patients of the hospital being present. The gaiety of the scene absorbed the attention of all; the utmost decorum prevailed; and when the ceremony was performed, the bride was crowned, and carried back in state to her apartment. She recovered gradually the use of her limbs, her health improved, and excepting an occasional paroxysm, such as we happened to witness, she is quiet and contented. The other inmates of the asylum still call her the bride; and the baron, as her husband, has the greatest influence over her.

While the physician was telling me these circumstances, the baron had succeeded in calming her, and she sat with her arms folded, dignified and silent. He was still holding her hand, when the woman whom we had left swinging in the hammock, came stealing up behind the trees on tiptoe, and putting her hand suddenly over the baron's eyes, kissed him on both sides of his face, laughing heartily

and calling him by every name of affection. The contrast between this mood and the infuriated one in which we had found her, was the best comment on the good man's system. He gently disengaged himself, and apologized to his lady for allowing the liberty, and we followed him to another apartment.

It opened upon a pretty court, in which a fountain was playing, and against the different columns of the portico sat some half-dozen patients. A young man of eighteen, with a very pale, scholar-like face, was reading Ariosto. Near him, under the direction of an attendant, a fair, delicate girl, with a sadness in her soft blue eyes that might have been a study for a *mater dolorosa*, was cutting paste upon a board laid across her lap. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was about, and when I approached and spoke to her, she laid down the knife and rested her head upon her hand, and looked at me steadily, as if she was trying to recollect where she had known me. "I cannot remember," she said to herself, and went on with her occupation. I bowed to her as we took our leave, and she returned it gracefully but coldly. The young man looked up from his book and smiled, the old man lying on the stone seat in the outer court rose up and followed us to the door, and we were bowed out by the baron and his gentle madmen as politely and kindly as if we were concluding a visit to a company of friends.—*The New-York Mirror*.

HOPE.

Hope still will mount; no timorous fears
Her purpose can beguile;
And, if she weeps, those short-lived tears
Will brighten to a smile.
So the gay sky-lark soars and sings,
To hail the orb of day;
And even the dew that wet her wings
Soon glitter in his ray.

II. N.

A BREAKFAST AT VERSAILLES.

The celebrated Bougainville was one day crossing the Champs Elisées in a post-chaise. He saw one of his friends, M. de ***, proceeding along one of the opposite avenues, called him, and proposed to him to get into his vehicle, and accompany him to Versailles, where he was going to breakfast. M. de *** accepted the offer, and said that he should be contented if he could count upon returning to Paris in four hours. Bougainville promised that he should.

They reached Versailles, and the post-chaise proceeded through that town without stopping. M. de *** expressed his astonishment. "I thought you would have breakfasted at Versailles," said he; "where are you going to?" "We are going to ****," said Bougainville, coldly—mentioning a place situated some ten leagues farther; "don't disturb yourself, I beg of you; I am going to dine there with a friend; come along. You shall be received *à merveille*." M. de *** swore, stormed, and at last consented. What indeed could he do? His day was lost.—Very well, said he, I will go and dine with you.

They gain ground, they proceed, and, in short arrive at the appointed spot. The chaise stops; but it is at an inn door.—My friend, said Bougainville, we shall dine here, and then resume our journey. I am going to pass a few days at Brest, and I trust you will not abandon me in so pleasant a journey.—M. de *** now became really enraged. What can he do? he has neither clothes nor linen.—Bougainville calms him, offers him the half of his wardrobe, and, in short, succeeds in getting him to go on to Brest.

The two travellers resumed their journey, and finally arrive at its termination. Bougainville then told his friend that his frigate was in the harbour, that it was newly rigged, and proposed to go and see it together.—My friend, said Bougainville, as soon as they were on board the vessel, come with me I am going to circumnavigate the world; you will wait for nothing here; you will travel with the greatest convenience in the world. My people only waited for me, and we are going to sail this moment.—M. de *** would not recede, accepted this singular proposal, and made impromptu a voyage round the world.

THE LIFE ANNUITY.

(From the French.)

Charles Blondel, the son of an honest country gentleman of Nevers, leaves his native province to study law in Paris, and soon plunges into the extravagance and dissipation of the capital. His father, after a fruitless attempt to reform his conduct, conceives the idea of preventing his extravagance for the future, by investing all his fortune, except his paternal mansion, in an annuity of ten thousand francs. Charles, however, soon after his death, parts with the patrimony of his ancestors, eludes his father's caution, by selling the annuity. We now proceed with the story.

As he was going to his attorney's to take measures for the sale, he met his oldest and best friend Anastasius, to whom he stated briefly the business which robbed him of a whole morning of pleasure.

Anastasius was a friend of an uncommon kind, an enemy to his friend's follies, and using all his exertions to retain them on the border of the abyss into which they were falling. He was besides a young man of poetical good sense; the most uncommon, and most pardonable species of good sense. He seldom let slip an opportunity of being eloquently virtuous; he did not fail to be so in this instance.

"Charles, you have squandered your patrimony; you have ruined the house where you were born, and where your father died, into money: this would be a bad act, were it not a foolish one; you would be to blame, were you not to be pitied; for in that estate there was more than a fortune; there was a religion, there was a happiness, which was likewise your patrimony, and which your father bequeathed to you with your other possessions. You did not perceive it; you have sold your vineyard and your garden, your mill by the river side, and your grove of the mountain ash on the hill. You have renounced all the rural enjoyment of your life, your flowers in spring, your shades in summer, your vintage in autumn. It is not your fault; nature created you so, and you knew neither the worth, nor the holiness of those things; you did not value your rustic abode, preferring Paris and its fleeting pleasures; you had rather see the wheels of your phaeton revolve, than the sails of your mill; be it so, but one day, believe me, you will repent your deviation; luckily, Charles, the evil is as yet but half complete: you have no longer a country-seat, but you have wherewithal to live in comfort in town; you may yet be an honest citizen, living on your income, free from toil and care. Your father was a wise man; he knew your inclinations, and he obtained this annuity for you to save you from ruin; do not undo what he has done. You have sold his tomb, at least do not baffle his paternal wishes—do not utterly destroy his labour of love and anxiety for you!"

Anastasius had proceeded thus far in his discourse, when Charles answered; "Much obliged to you for your sermon, Anastasius, but here we are at my attorney's door; business before every thing. Excuse me, then, for leaving you."

A few days afterwards, his attorney informed Charles that the annuity was sold, and that the purchase-money was at his orders.

This time Charles did not even dream of a reform; he boldly continued his brilliant, extravagant life.

It is strange how many young persons, some of whom are not deficient in either judgment or genius, hasten their ruin in this way with incredible serenity. The future has no terrors for them. "I will last as long as our youth," say they, "and when youth is at an end, what matters it? our passions will be extinct, ambition will open a new career to us, on which we shall enter gravely in all the maturity of riper years." Others the best gifted by nature, reckon on a marriage, a rich widow, or a segmental misfortune. Some, of harder metal, say, "at the last *louie*, I will blow my brains out," practising literally and tragically the motto they adopt, "short and sweet." The chronicle of the *beau monde*, preserves the recollection of more than one of these fashionable suicides.

Charles, for his part, had formed no plan; he neither reckoned on a marriage, preferment, or a bullet. He went on, looking neither behind nor before, wholly devoted to the present, seeking no apology, no refuge. Providence ought to take care of this sort of blindness; it did not desert Charles, as we shall see.

It was after a breakfast at the *Rocher*, that gay and wicked, loud in speech, bold in mien, insolent in look, he entered Fortonis, arm in arm with Anastasius, an indulgent

moralist, who after all, knew how to make the most of the ill success of his sermons, and breakfasted like a philosopher on the ruin which he could not prevent. As they entered, Charles, doubtless by accident, struck with his cane a peaceable broker, who was marking the changes in stocks, seated before a *baccaroise*. The stranger turned round. Charles, instead of making an apology, laughed in his face; and after a few words, forgot himself so far as to insult him. Here the dispute ceased, and the standers-by terminated the discussion, like people who knew the world.

"This requires blood; exchange cards, and—till to-morrow."

"Why?" said the offended party, "why put off till to-morrow, what could so well be done to-day? To-morrow it might seem childish, and we should feel sorry to cut each other's throats for such a trifle. Now, the insult is fresh, our heads are hot, now, is the time, come! That gentleman has his tilbury, I have my horse; we shall only change the scene of our ride, that's all." Instead of the *Bois de Boulogne*, it will be *St. Mandé* to-day. What do you think of it?"

"Excellent," said Charles, "and let us be off. I will get my arms, you yours, and we meet at the *porte du Bel-Air*, if you please."

So saying, Charles and his companion set off, the one on his good steed the other in his light carriage, and away they start to cut each other's throats in the country, they who, an hour before, had never seen each other. I leave you to imagine what a fine test this was for Anastasius! But Charles interrupted him at once.

"No more morality, Anastasius, and be good enough to take the reins, for it might unsteady my hand." You see that Charles was a young man of prudence, and that he reassumed all his coolness in prospect of that serious affair—a duel!

Our four young men, two combatants, and two witnesses, arrive at *St. Mandé*, and plunge into the wood, seeking a spot retired enough, a shade sufficiently thick, and a smooth lawn, for their pretty pastoral; and the spot having been found, the two combatants throw off their coats, as if to engage in some rustic sport, and the seconds agree that the pastoral shall be decided by the pistol. The useless swords are thrust in the turf, the pistols loaded, and chance, for once, just gives the offended party the first fire.

"Very well," said he, "still it would be as well to know with whom I am engaged, and the name of the man I am going to take aim at."

"Your antagonist is named Charles Blondel," said Anastasius, raising his eyes to heaven.

"Charles Blondel! That gentleman is Charles Blondel, of Nevers! Good heavens, what was I going to do! No duel now! Put on your coat, sir; I am the injured party, I believe, and I have the right to be satisfied this instant, if I think proper. I am satisfied. I was perfectly easy, however, as regarded the result of the combat to myself, since I had the first fire, and you were nearer and showed a larger front than yonder birch tree." The ball struck the centre of the trunk. "You would have been dead, at this moment, sir, and I should perhaps have lost more than myself by that event! I should have wept more bitterly for you than your best friend, than your most loving mistress, I, whom your death would have almost ruined; for, sir, to me you are neither an enemy, nor even man; you are a personal chattel, a living capital, the capital of an annuity of ten thousand francs. I bought your annuity, sir! Do you understand now, why, I do not wish to take your life? why, I decline the combat though I was the injured party, and had the first fire!"

"Well, Anastasius," said Charles to his second, as they got in their tilbury, "if I had listened to you and had not sold my annuity, I should have been dead by this time. A little morality, I entreat, my friend!"

This incident gave Charles great confidence and new courage to persevere in his careless philosophy, and Anastasius, vexed by his sermons, so much was his common-place wisdom baffled by the strange morality of this adventure. Charles continued then to spend his days with the remains of his fortune, which diminished rapidly, and was nearly a wreck when the events of July, 1830, occurred.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, Charles, who had observed the agitation of the preceding evening, was preparing to go out early, concluding that Paris would offer some curious and dramatic spectacles. It was

not political excitement that urged him; he considered the thing only in the picturesque point of view, as Anastasius did in the sentimental. He rung for his servant, to learn from him the appearance of the political horizon—he did not answer the summons. He dressed himself in haste, and when he entered his parlour, found there a table covered with eatables, and a letter addressed to him, placed so that he could not fail to see it. This letter announced to him that he was detained at home, by virtue of superior orders, which extended to most of the young men in Paris, as well as himself. Charles's first emotion was anger. This tyranny against which his spirit mutinied, inspired him all at once with the most exalted liberal ideas. His rights as a citizen rose vivid in his mind; he felt his imprisonment to be arbitrary, and tried to break down the door of his room, which offered only a passive, but unconquerable resistance. He called, no one answered; he threw some of the furniture out of the window; no one troubled himself about it. The noise of the muckery soon drowned his voice, and all the tumult he could make. The action had become general, a barricade had been erected in the street, but unluckily Charles's windows looked on the court. In vain did he lean out of the window, measure its height with his eye, and seek a passage, an exit to escape by; he had to abandon the idea. While this was going on, he saw at a window opposite a little old man, with a powdered head, and malicious expression of face, who was leaning on a gold-headed cane, and contemplating him with a smile of satisfaction. He had lately seen this old man following him a hundred times; this avarice was connected with all the strange or dangerous events of his life. He paid little attention to it, and the old man soon disappeared. Charles then came to a resolution; he left the window, and examined the provision which had been made for him; abundance of capital cold dishes, and choice wine. He ate as much breakfast as he could, and passed the day in grumbling, yawning, and smoking—a true prison life. The next day the same mode of life, nor were his dungeon doors opened till noon on the thirtieth. Charles tried in vain to discover the secret of this strange adventure. His friend, Anastasius, who had gone when and where he pleased, was wounded in making a speech to a troop of lancers about to charge.

Not long after Charles was seriously sick. His regular physician had been to see him, and had left a prescription, when one of the first medical men in Paris made his appearance.

"I was very intimate with your father," said he to Charles; "I learned your illness from my brother physician, and the interest I naturally feel for a friend's son, brings me to see you."

He then questioned the patient, read the prescription, altered it, went out, and never returned. Charles was soon re-established.

But his fortune was more indisposed than he was, and it breathed its last about this time. Charles then vegetated; his train of servants and equipages reformed itself, his creditors took the field, and to crown all, Anastasius resumed his sermons, when the cholera made its appearance. While Anastasius adhered to a strict regimen, Charles braved the pestilence with all the boldness of the ruin which stared him in the face. The epidemic was making terrible ravages, when he received a letter in these terms.

"Go at once to Italy. The six bills of exchange enclosed, point out your road. For six months. At the end of that time you will receive further instructions. This journey does not compromise you in any respect, only keep yourself in good health, and in good spirits."

All this was a mystery to Charles, but he went. At the end of six delightful months, he received at Venice a letter enclosing the funds necessary to return to France. On his return, he found that the cholera had disappeared, and that Anastasius had philosophically united himself to an ugly personification of a very pretty fortune.

"Tis the only resource left you," said Anastasius. "Marry a fortune—I will find one for you."

While Anastasius was looking, Charles fell in love. 'Twas the first blessing of the plain life he now led, the first consolation of the poverty into which he had fallen—a true love and his first. By a singular fatality, the young lady, whose appearance struck him so forcibly, was accompanied by the eternal old man. This old fellow, as Charles soon learned, was Angelique's father, and, besides, in possession of an enormous, mysterious fortune, said to have been acquired by usury.

Charles gave himself wholly up to his passion. He passed every day before her window; he followed her steps whenever she went out; as the opera he was always at her side; he went to the ball whenever she did; such was his address and perseverance in pursuit of her; and such on the other hand, their good will to assist his endeavours, for I need not say his passion was reciprocated. Letters were soon exchanged between the two lovers, and on this rock the mystery of their innocent intrigue made shipwreck. One of the letters was intercepted. The correspondence ceased instantly, no more walks, balls, or ovals, no more exchanging of looks, clapping of hands, and pouring out of gentle words from and into the heart. Then it was that Charles regretted his ruin, had he been rich, the miserly old man would perhaps have given him his daughter. A dark melancholy preyed upon him. To raise it to its height, he received a letter from Angélique. She too had pined, she was in a decline, and her father had obtained her consent to another marriage. She besought Charles to forget her, and bid her adieu for ever. Charles's answer was short. "There is but one way to forget you, that way settles every thing, and delivers me from a load which is every day more burdensome. Farewell. To-morrow I shall have ceased to live. Bestow a last thought on me." The letter having been sent, Charles made his preparations. With his loaded pistols lying before him, he was making some last arrangements, when, all at a sudden, the little old man, terrified, with head unpowered, and dress in disorder, burst into the room like a bomb-shell, and fished at the pistols, pale, trembling, and holding in his hand the letter written to Angélique. It was her father's.

"Write, he said, 'what, self-murder! suicide! a criminal unhappy man!'"

"Really," said Charles, with the usual coolness of a man who has made a desperate resolution, "so you are here! It would have been strange, to be sure, if I had not met you in such an emergency, still you have never yet met me quite so directly in my concerns—but hand me back those pistols, sir."

"I give them to you—no! why should you kill yourself?"

"Have you come then for my confession at my dying hour? Why should I kill myself? Do you not know it, and are you ignorant of one single circumstance of my life, you whom I have for so many years, found incessantly at my heels?"

"Yes, ungrateful wretch, it is I who for ten years have watched over you, with more than a parent's care. I have watched your sleep, your sorrows, your joys. When you were sick, I sent my physician to you, in the days of trouble, I took you up and set him down, when the piteous came, I sent you to travel in Italy in princely style. I have moved many a trouble, many a danger, many an evil from you, and now, to reward me for all my care and expense, you are going very civilly to shoot yourself, and by the same shot to rob me of ten thousand francs, a year, for, sir, your annuity amounts to me. I bought it of the first purchaser four years ago. If you are determined to die, at least wait till I have sold the annuity. You owe me thus much."

"It is unfortunate," said Charles, "but I can neither wait, nor be put in a fraud. If I must make bankrupt of my life, at all events, it shall not be a fraudulent bankruptcy. You who know my story, you know what my life is any longer tolerable, you who are Angélique's father, know what would make it endurable, and my fate is in your hands. However, I don't ask any favour of you, make your calculations."

"Well, then, you must be my son-in-law," said the old man, when he saw there was no other top. "I will give one half of this fatal annuity to my daughter, as her dowry, I shall save something by that, at all events."

A few months after the marriage the old man died, and Charles inherited his whole fortune. As he was going home from *Père la chaise* with Anastasius, "You see my wife, and eloquent friend," said he, "what my ruin brings me, it has saved my life once, at least, and I may now thank it for the possession of a lovely wife and great wealth. Believe me, Anastasius, fortune laughs at your wise schemes, and the highest prize often falls to him who never calculates."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—After receiving his rents, Lord C. was in the habit of retiring with his steward to his study, and there, after settling his accounts, of depositing the money in his strong box till the next day, when the

steward was sent with it to the bank. This man had lived with this lord's father, and was so beloved by the family, that they placed implicit confidence in his integrity and worth. For some time his Lordship had, upon inspecting the banker's book, and upon reference to his private account found that the sum they credited him was always short of that he sent. This being continued, led to severe investigations; but no result that came out satisfied him how the deficiency could happen. Some of the servants came under his displeasure, and they were at various periods dismissed.

On one particular rent-day he placed the money in a different room, still having for his confidence the old steward, who, of course, joined with his lord in regretting his late losses. On the same night, the house-maid went to this room to see if the shutters were safe, and, recollecting that she had to clean it out very early, she thought it not worth while to go to bed, but determined to lay herself down and sleep on the sofa. She did so, and put out the candle.

When half asleep, she was awaked by a noise at the door, and she was just going to shut up and ring the bell, thinking it was thieves, when it slowly opened, and in walked the old steward. He looked cautiously round, and hesitated, but, seeing no object, went to the escritoire where his lord had locked his rents up—after opening the lock, took out what he pleased—and then re-locking the drawer, was going out, when the reflection of the candle upon the servant's clothes caught his eye. He started, but she might be asleep, and his transgression not witnessed. To be assured of this, he went to the sofa, and flashed the candle back and forwards before her eyes. The girl lay still. He put his hand into his pocket, drew out a clasp-knife, and opened it. He flashed before her eyes.—The girl lay still.—He then put it to her throat, drew it across, and across it—till she could feel the edge almost cut her. She was now aware that when a cold shiver ran over her, for this was move, he would of course murder her. She had pre-empted of mind to lie still as death.—Satisfied after this terrible trial, that she must be fast asleep, he closed the knife, and walked out of the room.

"MAZEPPA, OR THE WILD HORSE"

A grand equestrian melo-dramatic spectacle, performed at the Amphitheatre, to wit, the Amphitheatre.
[From the New York Union.]

The amphitheatres of Brion have, for some time past, had a fine opportunity of displaying their utility for the genius of the great poet, in the representation of the celebrated efforts of his imagination, as it is about to be staged. The poem of *Mazeppa*, "don't you know," a good piece, with certain additions of a most interesting character, was last night "showed up"—horrid all at the Amphitheatre. The horse is true, and the rider, Mr. M. Gile, is supposed to be of the same mortal materials. We were, however, at an extra loss which must be a rare talent of the playwright, the way round of the horse, the intemperance of Mr. Gile, or the power of Lord Byron. It would be strange to suppose mind and to doubt, that the pit and gallery of the Amphitheatre are filled, on these occasions, with true intellectual worshippers of the noble bud-kindled spirits, who can feelingly appreciate the mysterious, wild and sublime imaginings of the poet. To a man who glances in the glowing refinement of our country, it is truly a refreshing sight to contemplate a crowd of these ethereal spirits—to observe the workings of some genius more imaginative than the rest, as his eye dilates in admiring wisdom—it to catch the half-uttered epithets of inspiration—to regard the gaping mouths or be stilled by the beauty which ment tributes which these intelligent and discriminating critics, at times, send forth in pearls which would hush a thunder-peal. These are things which must force a thrill of inexpressible delight through the "intellectual frame" of any American patriot. With a daring positively unaccountable, Mr. Gile is laid to the back of his steed, whose donkey-like dimensions are no bar to his fleetness, the "wild charger" dashes up an awful precipice of some ten feet *stentendrical*—turns suddenly and speeds up another ten feet—whirls again, and up he whirls even to the "carpenter's gill ry"—Mr. Gile, in gallant style, lying on the back of the furious animal through all these fearful evolutions. The thunder rolls—the lightning flashes—a tree is struck by the electric fluid, and is most beautifully pulled down just in time to save the lighting that trouble. All this is thrilling, sub-

lime, awful, tremendous! and the aforesaid sensitive audience are duly affected thereby. But this is mere child's play to what follows. The interest of the piece is wound up to the highest pitch as the scene progresses. A moving panorama is brought into action, and while the hero is supposed to be swimming through the water, with Mazeppa on his back, some awful looking wolves, with fearful red eyes and most voracious grinners, pass on the canvas. Suddenly a terrific eagle, or crow, or turkey-buzzard, or some such terrible animal, is let down from above to peck at poor Mazeppa. This blood-thirsty bird is lowered, with extended wings and projecting beak, until he appears on the very point of nibbling the most prominent feature of Mr. Gale's face! This is a moment of intense anxiety on the part of the spectators—the probability of Mazeppa is in imminent danger—only his breath only is between it and absolute annihilation! Suddenly the bird is drawn back, and we breathe again!—anon the eyes of the recumbent rider seem not worth a pin's purchase, but are saved by the timely jerk of the string to which is suspended this fearful bird. The emotions, during the whole of these transactions are really painful; and we certainly consider it our duty, as humane critics, to express our doubts of the propriety of creating such an "earthquake of the mind," especially in an audience so extremely sensitive as are the admirers of Byron in the pit of the Bowers Theatre. It is enough to excite the sensibilities of such an assemblage, by the daring displayed in ascending and descending the precipice; and, smothering our humanity, we might permit the agony of the water-scene and panorama—nay, even the wolves themselves; but the introduction of that terrible, blood-thirsty bird, is a refinement of cruelty too horrible for the imagination to conceive; and we must say, that to place the eyes and nose of any individual within reach of the voracious maw of such an outrageous monstrosity, is an act of barbarity that has no parallel in the history of the stage.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HARP.

Passing along one of the fashionable squares last week, my attention was directed to a beautiful female, whose pale complexion and deep mourning dress, told of the loss of a near friend or relative. As I love to linger on the expressions of grief in lovely woman, and to mark its quiet intensity in her gait, manner and countenance, I turned round after she had passed me, and was musing on the probable cause of the affliction which had scathed her gentle soul, when my friend B.—suddenly caught hold of my arm.

"Who is that lady?" said I involuntarily.

"Mrs. C—," he replied. "Have you not heard the story of her daughter?"

I answered in the negative. "Then you shall have it, text, romance and all," said B.; "it will beguile our lounge to the corner of the street."

He informed me that Miss C— had yielded up her affections to an Italian musician of some rank in his own country, but who had lost title and fortune, by uniting with the patriotic band who sought to kindle its freedom. One cause of her preference, apart from the dark speaking eye and handsome figure of the gentleman, arose from the sympathy of their tastes. She played the piano forte well, and his execution on the harp was brilliant. The two consumed many hours every day in the society of each other, and breathed the longings of their passions in the rich melodies of music.

But this reign of bliss and love was not destined to be of long continuance. The musician participated deeply in the wretchedness and misery of his companions; and too noble to ask alms of the being whom he adored, he gradually sunk under the pressure of poverty and disappointment.

The grief of the lady, bereft of his society, alarmed her parent for her health; and by the advice of her physician, she was beguiled to the piano forte. In recasting the sweet Italian airs which she had warbled with her lover, she forgot for a moment the grief which preyed upon her; but even this last resource of the afflicted mind, would soon have proved unavailing, had not an incident occurred which increased its influence.

One evening, while she was fingering a wild Abruzzi ballad, which her lover had taught her, the harp (placed above the piano,) gave forth a corresponding note. She shrieked at the well-known sound, and in the delirium of her feelings, imagined that the spirit of the "loved one,"

hovered near the stringed instrument which had formed his chief pleasure on earth. A deeper intonation was brought out of the piano—the response was as vivid;—a second and a third attempt convinced her of the reality of her first wild conjecture. Day after day was she to be found at her instrument, and as often did the vibration quicken her feelings and lull her memory asleep. The bloom returned to her cheek—the mild blue eye shone forth—and the brow was clear and untroubled as before.

This enchantment, however, was but short-lived; for, unfortunately, a scientific gentleman intruded one evening in November into the music-room, and explained the causes of the vibration! The discovery was withering indeed. Her ladyship returned with augmented face, and death soon marked her for his prey.

THE POPE'S CLOCK-MAKER.

James Bornonio, a learned mechanician and clock-maker, had travelled over the globe, and consulted the Magi, the Bramins, the wise Chaldeans, and the geometricians of Paris. From the age of 20, his fortunate discoveries had procured him the admiration and esteem of several learned societies; but a man cannot subsist on glory and academic crowns. Through Love and Hymen he got a wife and children, and he was obliged to fulfil the duties imposed on him by those two deities. Arriving at Rome, his adopted country, he hired a small shop, close to the "Gate of the People," in which he exposed marine time-keepers, and valuable snuff-boxes, which proved the prettiest Neapolitan trinkets under the very noses of the wonder-struck snuff-takers. The lower class used to beguile their leisure hours by observing the productions of the inventive genius of Bornonio; but Bornonio was perishing for want, and the barren limitation of his poor and unenlightened countrymen did not add one ounce more to his family-meal. What was he to do? Indigence, that sharpens wit, suggested to him the following determination:—He wrote to the Pope—"Most Holy Father, your kind affability, and unalterable charity, induce me to apply daily to your Holiness for relief. Perhaps the poorest of your subjects addresses you this day his fervent and humble prayer.—On Tuesday next, your Holiness will go to the Quirinal. During to stop for a few seconds opposite the door of a poor clock-maker, residing in a shop near the Porto del Popolo. Your presence will be to him a source of blessings and prosperity; and you will secure happiness to the unfortunate family of your most humble, faithful, and devoted subject,—Bornonio."

The Pope received the clock-maker's petition, smiled, and said that he would not fail to attend to the invitation. He likewise determined to give additional value to his condescension, and commanded his servants, contrary to his custom, to wear their best livery to go to the Quirinal. No sooner did the carriage of his Holiness reach the Porto del Popolo, than the retinue stopped; and Bornonio, surrounded by his family, came out, threw himself at the feet of the Pope, and offered his Holiness a clock, of the most complicated workmanship, which showed the hours of every country in the world; and at each hour, the twelve Apostles came forth from a kind of portico, and ranged themselves in correspondence with the hour, which they pointed out. But what pleased his Holiness more than the rest, was a watch ornamented with his portrait, and which performed in his presence the Te Deum, the Exultation, the Gloria in Excelsis, and the Credo.

Bornonio having thus received tokens of the Pope's munificence, had the following inscription placed over his shop: "Clock-maker to the Pope." Twelve hours after, the English, the French, the Greeks, and the Germans who resided at Rome, flocked to his shop, and he received orders to the amount of 200,000 francs.

ANTIQUITIES.—Some fishermen have found, in the bay of the small port of Ascoli, an iron chest, three feet and a half long. On opening it, they found a long head of hair, a gauntlet, and a few pieces of an ancient sabre. It is thought that these spoils must have belonged to some Gallican or Scandinavian dwarf. Those nations, in fact, used to enclose, in iron or steel chests, the hair and arms of a warrior killed in a battle, and throw them into the sea. It was an honour reserved to their first generals.

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Original Articles.

AN ADDRESS TO INDO-BRITONS.

[DELIVERED AT A DEBATING SOCIETY IN CALCUTTA.]

*(BY AN EAST INDIAN.)

What occupation would be pursued by Indo-Britons were Government to dispense with their services?

This subject is one of deep interest even speculatively considered; but the fact to which it refers being one which may sooner or later become realized, renders the subject one of vital importance to the Indo-British community. Waiving the consideration that Government would not encourage or employ Indo-Britons in their public offices, yet when we look around, and perceive the vast increase to the local population, when we see the number of competitors both amongst your own class, and the natives, the latter of whom are become so expert, intelligent and useful, it is a question on which it is worth your while to ponder deeply whether these circumstances alone will not bring about that state of things which is so much to be dreaded.

Some thirty years ago indeed many Indo-Britons engaged in commerce and made splendid fortunes—those were days when Fate smiled most propitiously on India; but the winter of discontent has succeeded that glorious summer. At that period the inhabitants were very few, while the harvest was most plenteous; those who shared the spoils filled their coffers to the brim; but now the competitors for wealth have multiplied a hundred fold, whilst the resources instead of keeping pace have lagged far behind.

Your condition is not like that of Europeans, they sojourn here but for a short time, and then return, thus checking an excessive inundation; but you born and bred in the country are permanent settlers, your children also remain in the country; hence your population has been greatly increasing, and has now become alarmingly abundant, besides those who come from Europe for the most part pursue trades or manufactures, whilst you having had no means of learning them, have no other alternative but to become writers and clerks.

The Natives also are most powerful competitors; happily for you, they have not hitherto arrived at that degree of intelligence and integrity as entirely to supersede, (altho' miserably paid) the necessity of your services—but still they are most extensively employed, and for so much cheaper rate will they work than you; that numbers of you have in consequence been driven out of the field. Your salaries have accordingly been diminished, whilst the process of provision have increased in the ratio of the increase of consuming; but if your salaries are now so scanty as scarcely to afford you a decent livelihood, and whilst those of you who earn from 1 to 200

Rs. shall be compelled to accept of one-half, what will you do, what scheme of relief are you meditating?

That such a crisis is more than probable, you have only to contemplate, the increasing intelligence and usefulness of the natives. Many of them are better qualified than yourselves for the tasks you respectively engage in. There is many a sircar who for 50 rupees does more than many Indo-Britons for 150—because he is a native, and because it is usual to pay a native a small salary, and because he is content to accept of it, it is that you are paid better; but this cannot be of long duration: if they have equal merit as writers with yourselves, the result will be, not that their salaries will rise on a level with yours, but that yours will descend to a level with theirs. It will be said that the dishonesty of the natives precludes their admission into offices of trust; it may be so, but not only are such offices few in number, but their dishonesty is confined chiefly to petty transactions and will certainly cease when the light of education dawn upon them, and the immense number that is employed is sufficient proof that their dishonesty does not amount to a disqualification. Facts, however, speak louder than comments. What is the present condition under which you live?

Numbers of you are already out of employ. What gave rise to the Apprenticing Society? This very circumstance. But what extent of benefit can that society afford—the benefit is hardly perceptible. A gentleman who has taken great interest in the society and who is a principal member of a respectable House of Agency, declared that his desk was covered with letters praying for employment in his office: it is a maxim of political economy, that as labourers increase, wages must fall. Those of you who earn 4 and 500 Rs. per mensem, have acquired it by length of service, and it would be unjust and unkind to diminish the sum, but where is there a new situation with such a salary? Laborious offices can now be obtained for 150 or 200 Rupees and in private houses a much less sum is generally offered—it will be well for you if wages do not fall still lower; but do not indulge such a hope, those who have no employment will rather take 100, 80 or even 50 than none at all—and many there be who are driven to this necessity. Go to the several private houses in Calcutta and see the disproportion between the natives and the Indo-Britons: in almost all, one or two Indo-Britons or Europeans as book-keepers or superintendents only are employed, the rest are natives. That such is really the state of things is undeniable, daily experience testifies to the truth of it. The important question then is, "What is to be done?" The solution of this query is as difficult as it is important; let us enquire if any thing has been done or thought of by Indo-Britons independent of Government or others, as mere quill-drivers.

The operations of the Apprenticing Society as before observed, have been very limited, and affect chiefly the lower classes of Indo-Britons. The

Marine School is unquestionably an excellent institution, has already done much good, and if supported, will be productive of more extensive good. The Marine School will produce many excellent seamen and officers, the native khellasy will be superseded by them, they will be more effective and far superior in every respect: besides by going to various ports occasions may often occur for trading, and by this means many may acquire independence if not wealth. There are some, but very few who have become shop-keepers; others there are who have turned builders, in which line they have met with eminent success. The learning of trades has not been much encouraged or desired; various reasons may be assigned for this. Tradesmen and manufacturers refuse to take apprentices, lest they may afterwards set up in opposition: The East Indian on the other hand is not accustomed to hard labor, and would rather earn a salary of 80 rupees monthly than learn a business. Now, he says, can I eventually set up for myself, I have no capital, no support, besides there's no certainty of my success; I may fail and be utterly ruined, whereas a salary tho' small is certain and renders me independent. But I have already shown that your salaries are insufficient, and the question we are now considering is, what else can you do, if your salaries will not support you. There is obviously no alternative but to pursue some business or other—of these there is a great diversity, and a choice must be made according to circumstances; but although there are many trades and manufactures that might be pursued, there are but few at present available to the Indian owing to his ignorance of the art or trade he may prefer—besides, it is not every trade that requires extent of capital to carry it on, there are many in which success might be commanded, if prudence, industry and perseverance were employed.

There are many who have succeeded and made handsome fortunes—this is the consummation that should encourage them. What is a salary of 100 or 200 rupees a month? What can you lay by at the year's end? Little indeed, to say, nothing of the contingencies to which you are subjected by loss of employment or any other disaster; besides a salary may be made the last alternative after trying our hand at some business—I will enumerate a few trades which might succeed: Building, Farming, Hat-making, Pottery, Glass-blowing, Optical instrument-makers, Dyers, Cutlers, Sugar-bakers, Confectioners, Vintners, and many others. Could not there be some plan devised for learning these—one of the principal I have mentioned is farming—on this subject allow me to entreat your patience; it occurs to me that agriculture might be pursued much more extensively than it is. The farmer produces the necessities of life, land is abundant and cheap, the utensils requisite for tilling the soil cost but a trifle; the only inconvenience is, that it requires extensive capital for erecting bungalows, barns and out-offices, for seed, for live-stock and for ryots—but this is not an insuperable objection, there are small farms conducted by very humble men in England and why cannot they be here: it will be said the natives work cheaper; I contend it is an erroneous supposition—a genuine veritable farm has never been set up in this country: some have had extensive herds of cattle for salting, and this has succeeded admirably—and I should think there was much room for improvement in many other departments.

There has been instituted an horticultural society for the purpose of producing a better supply of vegetables, the present supply is miserably deficient, in summer only potatoes can be had. Look at the butter and the cheese manufacture here; they are scarcely worth the eating; as for the meat it is very inferior. Such are, I say, the inducements to cultivate and improve the art of agriculture or farming. But the difficulty lies in the discovery of ways and means how to learn these several arts, manufactures, and agriculture. A plan was once proposed, which I regret has been since abandoned; I think it was a very good one, it proposed to raise a fund for sending a certain number of lads to learn certain trades and manufactures in England—this fund was to provide establishments hereafter for these lads, and every encouragement afforded them. I should think a certain number of share-holders should subscribe to such a fund, and those who had learnt the different trades, &c. should be paid to conduct these several establishments while the profits should be divided amongst the share-holders.

I merely suggest this by way of hint to any individual disposed to treat the subject with serious attention—many plans might be concocted, and many crude schemes have already been devised—but some persons must set apart a portion of time to be devoted to the work. It is sometimes very salutary that persons should be driven to this necessity; it is time to be aroused from the sloth and supineness which sits so heavily upon some of you. Necessity is the mother of invention. If you are deprived of employment you must do something or starve. The severity of the times urge you to these considerations. It is not likely that affairs will mend, they have been degenerating for the last six years. The Government is bent on all sorts of reductions and entrenchments. I conjure you therefore by the love you have for your country—for your relatives and for those who will depend upon you, to make some provision for the dreary winter which is fast approaching. Your present state is happy compared to what it may soon be—if you are reckless of the future, you deserve the evils which it has in store. Let not this interesting subject be forgotten, ponder it deeply in your minds; think not of your own individual affairs merely, but consult the general welfare.

SANSKRIT LITERATURE.—We know not whether the generality of our readers are aware that Baboo Radha Kauth Deb, whose talents and accomplishments are so well known to the public, is at present engaged in the compilation of a Sanscrit and Bengalee Dictionary. It is now printing in four large quarto volumes. Of these we have received the three first, the fourth being still in the press. These have been too short a time in our hands to have enabled us to examine them very minutely, or to judge of their merits; but there is no reason to doubt that the work will be found to contain much valuable information. In the mean time every lover of knowledge must rejoice to find this respectable Native gentleman engaged in an employment, so useful to the literary world, and so honorable to himself as the elucidation of the language of his own country.

The work we understand is not for sale, but only for distribution among the author's friends.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

In the notice of Lord Carlisle's poetry in our last, we inadvertently omitted to quote the passage praised by Dr. Johnson. Here it is.

"I could have borne my woes; that stranger Joy
Wounds while it smiles;—the long imprisoned wretch,
Emerging from the night of his damp cell,
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams; and that which
• sings

Gladness o'er all, to him is agony."

Boswell, in recording Dr. Johnson's praise of Lord Carlisle's poetry and the remarks quoted by Byron in his preface to his "Hours of Idleness," that when a man of rank appears in the character of an author he deserves to have his merit handsomely allowed, has added some observations of his own about titled writers which have led Croker, though we think unjustly, to suppose that he differed from Johnson respecting the merit of Lord Carlisle's poetry. Croker gives it as his own opinion that though his lordship was not a great poet, he was superior to many whom Boswell thought highly of; and that his verses have "good sense, sweetness and elegance."

LORD CARLISLE.

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—I am surprised that in your article on Lord C.'s compositions and Byron's censure of them, you make no mention of his lines to Lady Holland,* in reference to the snuff box sent her by Napoleon, beginning

"Lady reject the gift—'tis stained with gore," &c.

which Byron parodied,

"Lady accept the box a hero wore,

In spite of all this elegiac stuff

• Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,

Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff."

I forget where I saw them—but I think they were in the *Edinburgh Review* some years since.

Yours, &c.

S.

* They escaped us at the moment but we now recollect them well, though we know not where to turn for them. Medwin alludes to them and records some remarks of Lord Byron's on the subject. "I have received," said his Lordship "from my sister, a lock of Napoleon's hair, which is of a beautiful black. If Hunt were here, we should have half a dozen Sonnets on it. It is a valuable present, but, according to my Lord Carlisle, I ought not to accept it. I observe in the newspapers of the day, some lines of his Lordship's, advising Lady Holland not to have anything to do with the snuff box left her by Napoleon, for fear that horror and murder should jump out of the lid every time it is opened! It is a most ingenious idea—I give him great credit for it." "He then read me" says Medwin, "the first stanza, laughing in his suppressed way, and produced in a few minutes the parody on it." "When will my wise relation," continued Byron, "leave off verse-inditing? I believe, of all manias, authorship is the most inveterate. He might have learned by this time, indeed many years ago, (but people never learn any thing by experience) that he had mistaken his forte. There was an epigram, which had some logic in it, composed on the occasion of his Lordship's doing two things in one day,—subscribing 1000*l.* and publishing a sixpenny pamphlet! It was on the state of the theatre, and dear enough at the money. The epigram I think I can remember:—

Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound

Out of his rich domains;

And for a six-pence circles round

The produce of his brains.

'Tis thus the difference you may hit

Between his fortune and his wit."

WRITING.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAUGHTEN.

Oh! wondrous Art! by which mankind can tell
Their wants, their griefs, their fears, their hopes, as well
When countless leagues their fondest ties divide,
As though in social converse, side by side.
Friends to far friends their inmost thoughts disclose:
The absent lover pours his numerous woes,
Renews his vows, augments th' impassion'd tone,
And wins more warmth than maiden's tongue might own.
Though thee that maiden yields the soft return,
And thoughts which else had made her heart their urn,
She breathes unseen; writes what she might not speak;
Owns the pure fun, and spares the blushful cheek.
By thee the parent meets the distant child:
The traveller greets his home, mid deserts wild:
The weary dweller on an alien strand,
Holds sweet communion with his own lov'd land;—
With thee his blessing, and his wish, to bear
To all the dearest to his bosom there.
By thee man's night of intellect is clear'd;
Fair commerce widen'd, and bright science rear'd;
Barbarian hordes to softer life inclin'd;*
And realms united by the ties of mind.
The student's lore, the poet's noblest song,
Th' instruct the rude, or charm the listening throng:
The sacred Word, — the proof from Holy Writ,
Alike for loftiest minds, and humblest, fit;
Which gifts the savage with th' Evangel's worth,—
Are, by thy power, diffus'd throughout the earth.
But, oh! from thee what mischief's dire proceed!
The libel foul, the forger's fraudulent deed;
The traitor's schemes to foreign foes made known,
And patriot hopes by falseness overthrown.
The atheist's poison through the nation spread,
And guileless minds on baneful doctrine fed.
By thee abroad the subtle sceptic throws
Distractive doubts, which break the heart's repose;
And malice scatters, on its page of shame,
The rankling slander, and the tainting blame.
Through thee false wisdom still corrupts the true;
Here virtue sought, there vice alone in view;
While bold assumption, by thy aidance, vies
With cheerful hope, and diffident surmise.
Wandering perplex'd, yet arrogant of mind,
(By thee halt disenthral'd and half confin'd)
Through nature's maze, in twilight-knowledge trod,
See man, the atom, judge th' omniscient God!
By thee promulge his axiom, or his wit,
And call unwise what he may deem unfit!
Thus by thy faults thy virtues are defar'd,
And we—by these exalted; those abas'd—
Now soar sublime, now sink in grovelling mood,
Held in thy marvellous power, of evilness and good!

* See, in that very interesting work, "*Mariner's Tongo Islands*," the description of the principal Chiefs' amazement, in withholding thought intelligibly (and, as it must have seemed to him, miraculously) communicated by the medium of written characters. The whole scene is depicted in the most lively and graphic, yet perfectly simple, manner; and the account is the only one of a like occurrence with which I remember to have ever met.

SIGNORA CARAVAGLIA'S BENEFIT, is fixed for the 4th of February. She has chosen for the entertainment of the evening, Rossini's Opera *La Ladra*.

A SAILOR'S REMINISCENCES.*

'When Steerwell heard me first impart,
Our brave Commander's story;
With ardent zeal his youthful heart,
Swelled high for naval glory."

CHAPTER I.

Now I cannot say that mine did, for when first "I went a cabin boy, my greatest ambition was to wear trowsers without braces, and have my hands well soaked with tar; but no sooner had I acquired these true characteristics (as I thought) of a sailor than like all other luxuries (for you must know I actually considered it a luxury before I tried it, to eat salt beef and biscuit with my hands smelling strong of tar) I found no great pleasure in them, and my ambition took a higher aim, I actually aspired to be mate of a collier some time or other; this however I never attained, for after getting kicked and cuffed about for two years and a half (by all those who were able to do it) in the Brig *Friends of North Shields*; and in my turn had thrashed all the boys in the vessel that I could manage, I was obliged to quit the coal trade—but before I left I got into a sad scrape for breaking the second mate's head with a hand-spike, and the cook's *proboscis* with the ladle; for which I had the honor to be walked up under an escort to the Thames police, and fined two guineas. Had it not been for the favourable evidence of the Captain, and the mate, who were both my friends and explained that I did it in self-defence, in the one case, and in the other, resenting an insult, so gross, that the manners of the age prevent my naming it, and which none but a semi-barbarous Northumbrian would have offered) I was informed by an old man in a white wig, with two pair of pistols hanging on each side of him, that he would have sent me on board a man-of-war—where I should have fighting enough. He might as well have done so, for in ten days after, I was taken on board H. M. Brig of war *Beetle* in Yarmouth roads, very unceremoniously indeed, without even with your leave, by your leave, or any thing else. I then bade a lasting, though at that time a reluctant adieu to a collier, from which era I date the commencement of this veritable log book. And here let me tender my best thanks to a bountiful Providence, and pious parents who inspired my youthful mind with a love of virtue, which enabled me to avoid the allurements that were here presented, to indulge in deeds of wickedness, equally vicious and disgraceful. O! what scenes of depravity does the mess deck of a man-of-war present, to an unprotected unsophisticated youth. Vice in its most disgusting and humiliating attitudes is here displayed in shameless nakedness—the permission of which under the very eye of authority is most disgraceful, and in my opinion the blackest stain, (if I may be allowed the expression,) on the fame of our Royal Navy. The scenes bad as they were in the Brig, were but a miniature resemblance of the doings I have seen enacted in a First-rate, and I sincerely hope and trust that should England again be involved in war, the noblest service in the world will never again be sullied by permitting such disgraceful proceedings to be carried on with impunity.

* These are not fictitious.

I do not know whether those who read this (that is if any one will ever take the trouble) can imagine the feelings of a youth of 15 or 16 who finds himself suddenly and involuntarily, transported from his ship which although possessing many evils to contend with he has been taught to consider his home, and arrayed before a host of naval officers on a man of war's quarter deck,—if not, I am sorry I cannot describe, them although I have felt them very keenly;—but suppose me a stiff little sailor-looking fellow about five feet high and doing my best to please every body, and you have a pretty fair specimen of Gabriel Gaskel fore top-man in the British brig of war *Beetle*.

I think I gave you a long winded story before* somewhere, about Scotch Jamie, swivel-eyed, cribbage-faced, but kind-hearted Kimbert, the boatswain, and Green his brutal mate, so that I need not repeat them here.

The Brig was on the North sea station, and her cruising ground was off the Texel about Heligoland, and sometimes when we wanted fish, on the Dogger Bank. And I must admit, that by some chance or other we were oftener among the fishermen than the Frenchmen, perhaps it might be attributed to a fancy of the captain's, who although a brave fellow, being the son of a Shetland fisherman, was remarkably fond of Turbot, but one night caught a Tartar which I always thought gave him a sickener of such sport. It was on the evening of a cold and very short winter's day—we were on the Dogger bank, and the fog had been exceedingly dense, approaching to what sailors call a Scotch mist, and we had been cruising under easy sail. About sunset the fog suddenly cleared away, and gave us a glimpse of some dozens of vessels of all shapes and sizes dotting the surface of the water like a flock of cattle on a plain, and extending to the very verge of the horizon:—one vessel among the rest attracted the attention of the nobles on the quarter deck; she was hull down to windward, and although she had no sail set, there was a certain something about her different from any of the rest. All the glasses were pointed at her and even the fore-castlemen had bets of several quarts of grog about her, and the knowing ones put her down for no good. Twenty questions were asked the man at the mast head concerning her, and an officer was sent up to scrutinize her from the main top gallant yard. However the evening closed in before they could make any thing more of her, than that she had only one mast, and looked very much like a man-of-war cutter.

Shortly after dark the fog fell as thick as ever. At 8 o'clock the top-sails were close reefed, courses hauled snugly up, the jibb furled and the tack of the boom-mainsail tripped up, the fishing trawl was laid all ready for using, and the look outs placed the watch on deck, and picked out the snugest berths they could find for spinning a yarn or taking a comfortable nap. In short all was considered settled for the night.

Poor Rill Garlick (that is your humble serrant) had the first watch, which was pleasantly spent in listening to Luke Tabire, a north of Ireland boy, and one of the after guard, telling a nonsensical tale, about two Irish giants, which lasted till past seven bells, and was only abridged then because he was called away to heave the log.

* See Cal. Lit. Gaz. of last year.

Had that fellow been educated, I am persuaded he would have been one of the first novel writers of the age. He could at any time invent a story extempore, that would last a whole watch, and what to me was most singular, he never by any chance lost sight of one of the many characters he introduced, nor would he allow any of his heroes to perform any action inconsistent with their character or derogatory to their dignity.

I was saying I had the first watch, and when it was relieved, which was at midnight, the main yard was laid aback and the fishing trawl lowered down, and most of the watch went to sleep under the long boat; or under the lee of the weather bulwark, or any where they could find most comfortable. The master was officer of the deck, who was mighty fond of a nap; and as soon as the fishing gear was all fixed, the ship (or rather the brig) fairly hove to he called for his boat cloak, which was a very large Spanish ensign he had captured some where in his travels, in which he wrapt himself and lying down behind the arm chest, in a few minutes was snoring away most lustily.

Old Betcher the quarter-master soon followed his example; and in half an hour I do not suppose a single soul on board the Brig was awake.

I suppose it must have been about 2 o'clock when I was awaked with a loud report of cannon and a *slashing, whispering, tearing* sort of a noise that I had never before heard; I thought the ship was thumping, and splitting on the rocks. For one moment as I sat up in my hammock a dead silence reigned and the next twenty voices broke out at once, "turn the hands up, fill the main yard, clear away the starboard guns; boatswain's mate, where's the gunners; get the lanterns up!" Another report and a dreadful crash of round shot tearing through the vessel succeeded, when down I came head foremost to the deck, the clue of my hammock being cut through by a shot and was trampled upon by those, who like myself had been aroused out of their sleep in a fright. "What is the matter" cried one; "we are sinking" said another, "my God, the ship is going down—who's that? where is the main hatchway?" and fifty such questions were uttered by the watch below, all scrambling their way in the dark, trying to get up on deck. Those only who have ever turned out on the wrong side of their hammock, in a ship's lower deck in the dark, can understand the bewildered state of my mind, as I bumped my head first against a stanchion, then against another man's head, groping my way to the hatchways but for the life of me I could not find one. The bustle on deck increased and my bewilderment kept pace with it. I could not find out which side nor which end of the ship I was in. The Captain and the officers giving twenty orders in a breath, some swearing, some threatening, and some imploring, the men to do this and that, while shot after shot, walked through and through the brig as though she had been only an inch broad;—groans of wounded men, the imprecations of others and the tearing of splinters added to the confusion and my terror. I do not think fear ever took such a hold of me as it did then, and I thought to myself what a cowardly fellow they will think I am, sculking below,—and, made a bolt in downright desperation to get to a hatchway—sure enough I did get to one; but instead of ascending, down I tumbled into the hold amongst the ballast. After collecting my senses and finding I was more afraid than hurt—I looked up and saw a star;—what a relief

this was! Groans not loud but deep and close to me told me I was not alone,—“who's that,”—“me, Sur,” answered a voice half-crying, “and who are you?”—“why the Carpenter's mate, Blackberry, Sur”—“you need not Sir me” said I, “but what's the matter with you.” “O Sur! I's tumbled down a hatch way and broke both my legs, ah think, among the water casks, Sur”—“Hang your Sirs, I have broken both my shins and there is work enough on deck I guess; so I can't assist you just now,” then seizing the stanchion I ascended to the deck, where I saw a large cutter under her mainsail, jibb and foresail, within 30 yards of our starboard side, and shooting fast a head of us. “Down to quarters,” was roared out from the quarter deck; “hoist away the jibb.” The jibb was furled and the vessel perfectly unmanageable—“Let go the peak hulkars; square the main yard, will you; hard a starboard; down every man of you,” were all issued in a breath, and down dropped all hands flat on the deck! I looked over the bow at our friend, and dark as it was I could see six guns run out. Not a word was heard from either vessel as the cutter eased off her bowsprit sheet and veered round close under our jibb. Young as I was, I understood the manoeuvre; and while I ran to the bits and placed myself half a dozen to them and my body parallel to the keel of the ship, as the greatest place of safety I could find, I thought to myself Frenchmen are not such bad sailors as they are called. All was silent as death, till a voice loud and shrill (aye I could recognize it now I think) on board the cutter was distinctly heard calling “*ele vous pré-pré-é*”—“oui” was answered in a firm tone. “*Feu*” was the next and with it came a shower of iron, round and graps. I felt the wind of some of the shot as they tore along the decks past my legs; but there was no time to think for—“stand by the larboard guns” was bawled out from the quarter deck which called me to my legs unhurt, while two poor fellows within a few yards of me never rose again. In a few moments we were upon the cutter's weather quarter, and luffing up in the wind got our larboard guns to bear upon her. The word was given, “fire; fire;” crack they went and down dropped the cutter's mainsail. I fell flat upon my back and gave my head a crack such as I have often done before upon the ice; but attempting to rise I could not move my left foot, and groping down my leg found that I was pinned to the deck with a gun carriage.

(To be continued.)

MRS. ATKINSON'S CONCERT, at the Town Hall on Monday evening was not quite so well attended, as we expected, but yet the attendance was sufficiently large to show that in spite of the pressure of the times and the abundance of public amusements, this fine singer can still look for encouragement and support. The illness of Mrs. Kuhlau, and the forgetfulness of Pizzoni who left his music at home, compelled Mrs. Atkinson to supply their places by a great additional exertion on her own part; but though she was labouring under indisposition, the audience had nothing to complain of, nor could they trace either weariness or illness in Mrs. Atkinson's performances.

CKOWRINGHUR THEATRE.—Henry IV. will be performed on the 6th proximo. *Fulstaf* by the amateur who lately took the part of *Masaniello*; *Hotspur* and *Prince Hal* by their former representatives. *

Selected Articles.

RIVALRY OF MURAT AND DAVOUST.

(Translated from the French.)

DISPUTE the opinion, (rather anti-French,) of a certain general who is pleased to throw upon Napoleon the whole blame of the disastrous war in Russia; despite his admiration for the defeat of the Russians during the march to Moscow, it is but just to declare that elsewhere than in the imprudence and incapacity of the emperor, the essential causes of our misfortunes will be found, and that "*le grand homme*" was not so much of a simpleton as he wishes to make him appear. Perhaps, too, the complaints of certain generals, who pretend to believe that war can be waged without risking limbs and lives—the effeminacy of some and the jealousy of others, may have contributed in no small degree to show dissension and discouragement in the midst of our army. Here is a fatal proof of that rivalry among officers, which rendered the soldiers uncertain how to act, and frequently took from them that enthusiasm so necessary to the success of this expedition.

Napoleon had recently placed Davoust under Murat, who commanded the vanguard of the army. They were now (the twenty-seventh of August,) at Slawkow; on the twenty-eighth, Murat pushed the enemy towards the Osna. He crossed the river with his cavalry and vigorously attacked the Russians, who were posted on a hill on the opposite side of the stream, where they could easily maintain an obstinate fight. They did so at first with some success, and Murat, wishing to spare his cavalry in a spot where the ground was difficult, commanded one of Davoust's batteries to sustain his movement, and annoy the enemy on the heights. He waited some moments to see the effect of this new attack; but all was quiet; and the Russians, profiting by this extraordinary inaction, poured down from their eminences, drove back the cavalry to the borders of the Osna, which runs in the hollow of a ravine, and almost precipitated them into the river. Murat, by words and example, encouraged his soldiers, and sent another mes-^{age} to the commandant of the battery; but still his order was not obeyed; on the contrary, word was returned that the commandant, alleging his instructions, which under penalty of deposition forbade him to engage without command from Davoust, refused to fire. Rage glowed within Murat, but a more immediate peril called him; the Russians continued to bear down upon the cavalry. He headed the fourth lancers, threw himself upon the enemy, and by a fierce struggle carried those heights that Davoust might have swept with his cannon.

The next day the two officers stood before Napoleon: the king of Naples, secure in having justified his rashness by success; the prince of Eckmühl, firm in his opinion founded on a well-^{tried} science. Murat complained bitterly of Davoust's commands to his subordinates. The emperor listened with his hands behind him, his head slightly bowed to conceal an air of satisfaction, pushing at the same time a Russian ball with his toe, which he followed as it rolled with seeming interest. Davoust, incensed, did not remain silent.

"Sire," said he, addressing the emperor, "the king of Naples must be cured of the habit of making useless and imprudent attacks, that only fatigue the vanguard. Never before was men's blood so prodigally spilled; and believe me, it is worth preserving in a campaign like this."

"The prince of Eckmühl has discovered an excellent way to do so," replied Murat, disdainfully; "it is to forbid his soldiers to fight. Apparently he follows the same receipt himself."

The unbending Davoust, who had incontrovertibly proved himself brave, and who now, especially, wished to prove himself in the right, addressed Murat in an angry tone:

"And what have all your rash attacks accomplished, against an army which always effects a retreat, previously decided on, and wisely planned; or against a rear-guard which never abandons a position, save when on the point of being beaten?"

"Will you tell me," answered Murat, sneeringly, "when it would abandon its position, if it were never attacked, nor on the point of being beaten?"

"Some hours later!" said Davoust, who had understandingly judged of the Russian general's plans, "be-

cause retreat is a part undertaken and invariably executed; one which they will accomplish by fighting, or not fighting, just as we please. What do we gain then from attacking troops, who would retire to-morrow, if not routed to-day?"

"Glory!" replied Murat.

"And lose thereby half the vanguard," sharply continued Davoust. "We shall see, when we arrive without cavalry at Moscow, how much assistance the glory of the king of Naples will be to us, with got a horseman under his command."

Murat, exasperated, fiercely interrupted him. "Marshal," said he, "you would find nothing imprudent nor useless in my conduct, were I under your orders as you are under mine; it is well known, however, that the prince of Eckmühl likes not to be subject to any; that it would please him to be reputed the hero of this expedition, even at the expense of the most exalted; but I swear to him there is a place for all—let him try to find his."

The reproach told; Murat had intentionally laid emphasis on the words, *the prince of Eckmühl likes not to be subject to any*..... and a slight contraction was observable on the brow of Napoleon. Davoust, aware that he was attacked in a vulnerable quarter, and for a thing of which the emperor frequently accused him, hastened to protest that it was his devotion alone that caused him to speak and act as he did. Murat interrupted him still more fiercely:

"So! it is hatred to me? Well, then, it is time to end it; it has existed since the campaign in Egypt, and I am weary of it. If Davoust will recollect that I have been a soldier as well as he; if he will recollect that he wears a sword as well as myself, I give him—"

At these words Napoleon, until now apparently indifferent to the controversy, raised his head, measured Murat with a look that made the words die upon his lips, and in that authoritative tone which he so rarely assumed, but which was irresistible, said to him:

"The king of Naples has nothing to give the prince of Eckmühl, but—orders."

Murat, satisfied, notwithstanding the harshness of the accent, that these words established his right of command, returned to his quarters. The emperor, alone with Davoust, spoke to him kindly; but better seconded in his rapid march and his desire of giving pitched battle to the enemy, by the impetuosity of Murat, than the prudent reserve of Davoust, he represented to him in a friendly manner, "that all kinds of merit could not be united in the same person; that to lead a vanguard was not to direct an army; and that Murat, with his boldness, might possibly have overtaken Bagration, whom Davoust had suffered, by his dilatoriness, to escape." Notwithstanding its mildness, this reproach wounded Davoust, who retired to his tent more than ever enraged against the king of Naples. Shortly after, the latter received a positive assurance that which ever pursued the quarrel further should be forthwith remanded to France.

The next day Murat and Davoust together, and by the command of the emperor, invaded Viasma. But the day after they were again at variance, for Murat, finding the enemy in front of him, determined to fight, and gave the word to attack. His cavalry immediately dashed upon that of the Russians, and were in turn pursued by the infantry of the latter. Murat determined to advance his, or rather Davoust's infantry, and accordingly placed himself at the head of the Compans division. At this juncture, the prince of Eckmühl came up, and reproaching Murat for this new and useless combat, refused to sustain him. He forbade Compans to stir. Murat renewed his orders. Davoust only the more resolutely persisted in his. At this insult, Murat's rage, before furious, became suddenly tranquil; he appealed to his rank, to his right; Davoust cared for neither, and Compans, in an uncertainty, obeyed the reiterated orders of his immediate commander. At which Murat, with haughty dignity, and a calmness unheard of in characters like his, turned towards Belliard, the chief of his staff.

"Tell the emperor," said he, "to dispose of the command of his vanguard; tell him that there is a general too few or a soldier too many. As for me, I go to extricate my brave men from the embarrassment in which I have placed them."

Then addressing Davoust, he added, "Marshal, we meet again."

"Undoubtedly," replied he, with asperity, "if you return"—pointing, at the same time, to the almost routed cavalry.

"I shall return," said Murat, with a look full of his most determined resolution.

Immediately, while the prince of Eckmül retired, Murat flew to his cavalry, and rallying them with his voice, placed in their front those towering plumes and glittering orders that were never absent from the post of danger. His soldiers gathered round to defend him, and, as he advanced, he found himself once more triumphant.

"Ah!" cried Murat, "glory is still all our own!"

So saying, he left the field and retired to his tent. Still breathless from the combat, his hand yet tremulous from the blows that he had dealt, he wrote a billet on ornamented and perfumed paper. As he finished it, Belliard entered, and without interrogating him as to the result of his message, Murat held the note towards him.

"Beliard," said he, quietly, "take this billet to Davoust."

"It is a challenge?" said Belliard, without taking the paper.

"It is a challenge," Murat coolly replied.

"I will not carry it," said Belliard resolutely.

Murat was electrified at this answer. He turned towards his officer, even more astonished than enraged:

"And you too!" said he, suffocating with passion.

"Sire, sire," cried Belliard, "you shall not make me accessory to your downfall; the emperor is resolved, and your first menace will be the signal of your dismissal."

"Well! let him dismiss me; there are other places than this to die in!" furiously answered Murat. "He forgets his army in Spain—let him give me *that*—let him give me a regiment—let him make me a simple soldier, if he will; I owe him my blood, my life; but my honour is my own, Belliard! do you hear, Belliard, my honour is my own, and I was brave before he was emperor! Go, carry this note, I tell you—"

"Sire," said Belliard, quickly, "you owe him also a crown, a crown whose dignity you have no right to compromise with an officer of the empire—"

"A crown!" interrupted Murat, more and more exasperated, "and has this crown hindered me from being insulted to my face—has it caused me to be respected? Look!" said he, seizing his arms with savage joy; "these have purchased me respect all my life, and will never abandon me. Go, Belliard, go!"

"You are a king," answered the general, and therefore Davoust will refuse."

"Then," cried Murat, "he will be a cowardly—"

"Tis false!" replied Belliard, fiercely eyeing the king.

Murat had his sword and pistols in his hands; at this flat contradiction, he gazed with a stupefied air at his general, who stood calm and resolute before him. Suddenly the expression of his face changed; rage abandoned it, and an agonizing grief spread over its haughty majesty. He cast his arms from him, rent his clothes, tore off his jewels and trampled them under his feet—he essayed to speak, he gasped, he burst into tears:

"You are right, Belliard, he is *not* a coward, and he *will* refuse. But I am a miserable king without power, a king whom the meanest soldier may scorn!" And big tears rolled from the hero's eyes, and he buried his face in his hands. Belliard took advantage of the momentary weakness, to give him prudent counsel; he pacified him, flattered his pride, excited his courage, and ended by saying:

"If the emperor were to give Davoust the command of the vanguard, he would act exactly as you have done."

This idea restored Murat, to himself; he arose, traversed his tent, and his dry and brilliant eye shot forth lightning.

"Yes, yes," said he with fire, "I will remain. There is no war elsewhere—here only is the combat. But I will wrench it from him. I will take all myself, and give him nothing—not a skirmish. I swear to you, Belliard, he shall not even see an enemy." And leaving his tent, he flew to an outpost.

Now we ask the historical general what misfortune might not result from such dispositions in such men?

A LOCKSMITH, of the small village of Philipsberg, in Pomerania, has just invented a most extraordinary lock. Through an admirable mechanism, by turning a key three times, three pistols are loaded, which would infallibly kill any one who attempted to introduce an improper key. If, on the contrary, the lock is opened by means of the right key, then the pistols are unloaded.

TRADITIONS OF MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

"As monumental bronze unchang'd his look,
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stolid of the woods—a man without a tear."

In the county of Berkshire, state of Massachusetts, a lofty mountain rears its gray form, which bears the above title. If there is any thing sublime attached to a mount, a rare beauty will be admitted to linger around this wild and towering line of rocks. Its bold and frowning front extends about one mile, and so roughly is it flung together by nature, and standing at the same time so perpendicular, that a tremulous chill hurries over the body as the awe-struck beholder gazes up at it. A few knotty, dwarfish pines are to be seen peering obliquely from the narrow crevices, looking green even among rocks, like hope flourishing on the borders of despair. The red bolt from the thunder-cloud, the winds, and the power of centuries, have torn away many fragments of stone from on high, and sent them smoking to the base, where, already, a long pyramidal line is strung along, forming quite a mountain on itself. The rear of this place falls off with a gentle slope, which is overshadowed by tall and regal looking trees, whose giant roots have never been broken. It presents a fearful yet magnificent appearance. There is no village near to wake the solemnity of its solitude, and silence is as profound at the sun's meridian as at the hush of midnight. It always seemed to me this spot was a favourite with the sun, for the first rosy flush of morning appeared uneasy until drinking the dew from the trees upon its brow, and his last rays lingered there at evening, even after a partial twilight began to fling a dusky shade over the vast valley below. But this may be imagination.

I must just mention a circumstance in relation to this mountain, which gave to it the appellation which it has received.

Once, this backward slope was studded with the wigwags of the Indians, called the Stockbridge tribe, and tradition has handed down many an ambiguous and chilling tale in regard to them. It was an established law among them, that, when an Indian had committed a deed, the penalty of which was death, he should plunge himself, or, refusing to do this, he plunged by some one of his tribe, over this frightful precipice. Many had been dashed in the rocky vale below; and so high was the spot from where the victims were cast off, that it was generally supposed that the rapid descent through the air deprived them of breath, and few, if any, had ever been conscious of any thing when they had reached the earth.

A beautiful squaw transgressed by marrying into another tribe, and the penalty for such an offence was, and ever had been, death. She was well aware what her fate would be previous to her sealing it, but it did not restrain her; she disobeyed, and nothing could atone but the full extent of the law. Although she had courage sufficient to face death in marrying, she did not feel willing to sacrifice herself according to the mandate, and it therefore devolved upon some one to precipitate her over the cloud-capt mountain. All her limbs being bound except the hands, she was borne to the verge and launched away with all the stoicism for which the Indians are famous. But here a thing occurred which had never been known before. In her downward flight, she came in contact with the long branch of a pine, which swung out many feet from the rocks, and, grasping it with the clutch of death, succeeded in breaking the force she had attained, and remained holding fast suspended between the top and base of the mountain. There she hung at the mercy of a slender branch, without even the hope of rescue. The space between her and the rocks was too much to think of touching them, and her strength, even in the cause of life, was not sufficient to draw her up to the limb. She cast her eye up, but nothing was there but her relentless enemies, whose diminished and dusky forms were arranged along the edge of the mount. They mocked her in the situation in which she was placed, and the aisles of the forest reverberated to their hideous and unearthly yells. Below all was in miniature—the rocks were dwindled to a level with the surrounding vale, the trees had shrunk away to bushes, and an old chief, who was sitting on a rock stringing his bow, was but a speck, and the outline of his form could scarcely be traced.

It was morn when her sentence was executed, and tradition says that when the shadows of evening began to

gather round, she still was there, and her shrill cry was heard disturbing the quietness of the hour. Night came and passed away, and still she was swinging on this sloping pine, and the noise which she uttered told that hunger was doing his work upon her. Late in the morning some of the Indians going to the verge of the precipice, and bending over, saw a few crows circling round the unfortunate victim's head, as if impatient for her wasting body, which they evinced by diving and darting at her form, and then rising suddenly in the air with out-stretched wings, as if some motion of life had deterred them from their purpose. Often did they rest their weary wings upon the very tree by which she was supported, and the long day passed with some one of these sable creatures watching the moment when the grasp should fail, and her body fall below.

It was on the night of the second day that a scene took place which has never been forgotten. The sun fell away at eve with a peculiar splendour, turning every object in the valley to a golden light, and causing the Himgwatonic, in its serpentine course, to gleam up and spangle like liquid fire. Many was the hunter who lay watching the beauty of the heavens which was flung around him; and when the last gorgeous streak had faded from Monument mountain, the broad heavens were clear and blue, except the rifts on folds which dotted in grandeur along the west. Yet the squaw still hung by the branch of the pine, and her cries alternately rose through the deep stillness that reigned around.

But soon a leaden haze began to rise along the azure wall of the west, and was shortly succeeded by dark, dismal looking clouds, around whose edge the lightning was silently playing, as if to light them on in their sad and gloomy pathway. The thunder muttered faintly, then sent its roll up to the meridian, and finally, with increased power, cracked and shook through the very heavens. The shriek of the squaw was heard in the profound pause after the roar had died away, but its echo stirred not the sympathies of any one of the tribe. Higher and higher rose the storm, the lightning crinkled over the sky more vividly, and the report followed so soon and heavy, that the gray old trees of the mount trembled as the peals burst through the upper world.

Night had set in with all its blackness, when a party of the tribe proceeded to behold the situation of the squaw. Soon after their arrival, a flame of fire suddenly lit up the world, the pine was struck by a thunderbolt, setting it on fire, which being parted from the cleft of the rock, spun round and round so swift, that nought could be traced of the tree itself, or the squaw whom they supposed to be attached to it. Upward it hurried into the air, burning and whizzing in its course, the torrents of rain not even dimming its glare. Tradition says it whirled with such velocity, that it did not seem, to the eye, to turn at all. Away it went, and it is said the Indians gazed at it until it seemed no bigger than a star; when finally it was lost in the blackness of the sky. The base of the mount was immediately examined, but nothing was to be seen, either of the pine or the squaw, when it was finally concluded, in council, that it was the work of the Great Spirit. The Indians, therefore, raised a monument by rolling stones together, which stands at this day, and from which the mountain takes its name.

The untutored urchin quickens his pace when passing this spot after daylight has departed from its summit, and whistles a lively air to elevate his drooping spirits; and the teamster, as the crack of his whip rings among the rocks, starts from his seat as if a spirit spoke, so strange are the associations connected with Monument mountain.

NEW CONUNDRUMS.—Why is ermine like a spruce tree?
—Because it is the best of fur.—(fir)

Why is an easterly breeze like an only son who gets intoxicated on the death of his rich father?—Because it is a wet air.—(wet heir.)

Why are the ardent glances of a beautiful woman's eyes like a broken flight of steps?—Because they are dangerous starts.—(stairs.)

Why is a hypocrite at his devotions like a bandit?—Because he prays (preys) without compunction or remorse.

THREE MISERIES.—To walk two miles for the purpose of begging a favour, and then feel too modest to name it.

Howing to a person whom you mistake for another, and getting nothing but a vacant stare of surprise for your pains.

To be in a scrape every hour, merely for want of nerve to say no.

LOVE MAKES A PAINTER.

Mathys was a blacksmith at Antwerp, but dared to love the beautiful daughter of a painter. The damsel returned his passion—but meekly, hesitatingly; as is the way of young damsels, at an age when the heart one moment trembles before that mythological child with whom it plays the next. The father was inexorable.

"Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine; but a blacksmith!—never!"

The young man mused and mused; the hammer dropped from his hand; the god stirred within him; a thousand glorious conceptions passed like shadows across his brain.

"I will be a painter," said he; but again his soul was cast down, as he reflected on his ignorance of the mechanical part of the art, and genius trembled at its own fiat. His first efforts reassured him. He drew; and the lines that came were the features of that one loved and lovely face engraven on his heart.

"I will paint her portrait!" cried he—"Love will inspire me!" and he made the attempt. He gazed upon her till his soul became drunk on beauty; in the wild inspiration of such moments, his colours flashed fast and thick upon the canvas, till they formed what one might have imagined to be the reflection of his mistress.

"There!" said he, showing the work to the astonished father—"there! I claim the prize—for I AM A PAINTER!"

He exchanged his portrait for the original; continued to love and to paint; became eminent among the sons of art in his day and generation; and dying was buried honourably in the cathedral of his native city, where they wrote upon his tomb, "*Connubialis amor de muliere fecit Apellam!*"

THE THIN GENTLEMAN.

The remains of the castle of Yberg consist of two gray towers, one of them shattered from top to bottom by lightning. The family to which the building belonged has been long extinct; and the last of the race, by his crimes and impiety, is said to have drawn down the vengeance of heaven even upon the roof which sheltered his sacrilegious head. It appears from the tradition that he had ruined his fortune by excess and debauchery, and then lived—like other knights of the time, who had strong towers and sharp swords—by strife and robbery. Chancing, however, to lose one of his arms in an encounter, his success was no longer proportioned to his daring; and his followers at length, disgusted with bare walls and short commons, deserted their chief. The latter, left alone in his castle, amused himself with cursing the world and its want of virtue, and taking a purse now and then when nights were dark and travellers few or unwelcome.

One evening, when sitting in his porch, on the walls of which the ivy and wall-flower were already mingling with the vine, a pilgrim approached the den of the robber.

"You are poor, sir knight," said he; "you would be rich?"

"Certes," answered the knight, surlily; but with that kind of hope which springs up when rational expectations are at an end.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the pilgrim, "that is strange; but no stranger than to see a man moping in poverty and misery, when gold and jewels may be had for the gathering even under his own roof."

"If I but knew how to gather!" exclaimed the knight bitterly, as he sunk again into despondency. "You allude I perceive, to a tradition which is known to every peasant self in the country-side—that my great great-grandfather when this castle was taken by assault, buried his treasures before given himself up to the knife."

"I do," answered the pilgrim; "I was by at the time."

The knight jumped upon his feet.

"You!" said he, "you! Why that is a hundred and fifty years ago!" and he looked suspiciously at the stranger.

The latter was a man about the ordinary height, but marvellously thin. His legs had no more calf than the tongs; he was as gray as a rat; and his skin looked as if it had been drawn wet over his bones, and then left in the course of years to dry and harden, and bleach, and seam and crack.

"I was by, I tell you," repeated the stranger. "Where is the harm? What have you to do with that? Having been present at the when, I of course know all about the where; and as I perceive you are a regular chip of the old block, who was always a great friend of mine, I will tell you the secret if you have a mind to hear it."

"Say on then," said the knight with a gasp: "only I wish you were not so thin, and that you had come to me in the forenoon."

"The forenoon would not answer our purpose," said the stranger, "things must be done according to rule. Thin! I would have you to know I have turned the head of many a pretty girl before now!" and he cut a caper with so much agility, that the other knew not what to think.

"Well, well," said the knight, a little enviously, perhaps, "my dancing days are over, if yours are not. Tell me the secret, and to pick and shoo! with us at once! Where is the treasure buried?"

"In the graves of your ancestors; who have it in as safe-keeping as if it was under lock and key." The knight started and grew pale. What is the matter? Are they not your ancestors? Is it not your money? However, these dead folks, who can make no use of riches themselves, are too apt to play the dog in the manger, and keep them from those who can. It will be needless to dig in the grave, so long as a bone of one of them is there. You must bring up your relations, one by one, apron-full by apron-full, and lay them here, in the moonlight, all round the porch. It is a fine night, and they will not be the worse of the airing." The knight trembled; he was about to cross himself.

"Holla! no nonsense!" cried the stranger, hastily staying his hand: "if you do not like the adventure, say so at once, without mummery; and I shall carry my advice to men of more sense and courage." As he spoke, he threw his cloak in dudgeon upon his shoulders, and was turning away when the knight caught hold of his garment, (which felt like a blanket made of spiders' webs,) and besought him to have patience.

"I cannot starve," said he; "I am not strong enough to rob, and I must have money. Sacrilege or no Sacrilege, I will do your bidding!" The stranger accompanied him to the door of the chapel; but when the knight besought him to enter and assist—

"I beg you to excuse me," said he, with a strange chuckling laugh; "they are no kin-folk of mine; I have no right to lay a finger on them; and I confess I am punctilious in matters that touch my honour."

"At least come in then, if it is only across the threshold that I may know there is something living near me in this dismal vault, where the moonbeams are gliding like spectres among the pillars."

"I really would oblige you if I could; but I dare not!"

"How, dare not?"

"No, I have got such a cold; it would be the death of me!" and the stranger, by way of a specimen, emitted a dry, hollow cough, so oddly mingled with chuckling laughter, that the knight felt his hair rising upon his head as he entered the chapel alone. His strength seemed increased, however, rather than diminished, by his terror; and with the aid of a pick-axe, he speedily raised the stone from every grave in the place. It was an awful thing to see the effect of the moonlight as it fell quivering upon the skeletons. One seemed to stir its foot, another to point with its finger, and a third to grin and leer; but when the knight seized upon some of the bones in desperation, and found that the pieces of the skeleton fell asunder in his hand, he had nearly fainted with horror. It was like committing parricide.

"It is sacrilege!" said he to himself, "It is sacrilege." Nevertheless, he filled an apron with bones from one of the graves, and carried them out into the moonlight. He then returned for another load; and so on, till he had emptied all the graves except the last and newest.

When he came to this one, it was not alone from fatigue that he paused, or from fear that he trembled. In the grave was buried a little child, the only one who had ever called him father—the only being he had ever loved. This had been the single bond of connexion between him and the sympathies of his species; and when the child died (many years ago,) there fell upon its pale, cold face, the only-virtuous tears its father had ever shed. The child was now lying in the grave—

"As if he had not been dead a day!"
the little body had not even shrunk in the grasp of death.

It was like an image of virgin wax, which (itself being formed of dead matter) imitated sleep. The father felt a film come over his eyes as he knelt beside the grave and took up his child. He laid it tenderly in his arms and against his bosom like a living infant; and forgetting for a moment the purpose he had in view, carried it out unconsciously into the moonlight.

Loud and long laughed the stranger as he appeared. "Set it down here," said he, "and the circle will be complete: then step over the line of bones to me and I shall whisper the remaining secret in your ear." The knight, as he was about to set down his gentle burthen, fancied that the infant stirred.

"Make haste, make haste!" cried the stranger, bending over the circle, and curving his long lean hand to take hold of the knight's. The infant opened its eyes. "Make haste!" cried the stranger again, and his voice rose to an unearthly shriek. "Throw down the bantling and follow me, or you are lost!"

"My father shall not follow you!" said the dead child. "Hence mocking fiend, for this place is mine! You have no final power where a single holy affect in remains as a bond of union between the soul of man and its Creator!" At these words, the stranger vanished with shrieks of mingled laughter and agony; the earth shook, and a peal of thunder broke over the building, which laid it in ruins.

Unarmed, bare-headed, wrapped in burlcloth, and with a pilgrim's staff in his hand, the old robber that night left the castle of his ancestors, never more to return.—*New York Mirror.*

MADAME PISARONI.

* This lady, the best *contralto*, and ugliest woman we ever saw, is a peculiar instance of what can be effected by art even in opposition to nature. Her musical endowments, which attract the wonder and admiration of all Europe, are almost entirely the result of study and practice. The voice is not, by any means, one of first-rate *timbre* or *calibre*, but, on the contrary, exhibits many discrepancies, which she has laboured hard to reconcile—the face, not merely plain, but irretrievably and ugly vulgar—the figure bald, in fact, no figure at all—in the break of her voice, which, notwithstanding its excellent government, is painfully apparent, she contrives the most indescribable contortions of visage—squints—has thick ankles, and in short every natural disqualification which can be imagined; yet before six notes are heard, every thing of this sort is forgotten, or remembered only to become the means of throwing her splendid attainments into bolder relief: attention is irresistibly enchained to every tone and movement; men, women and children appear alike enthralled; her oratory speaks with trumpet-tongue to all; ignorance or knowledge with regard to the language makes no difference; artists of the first pretension sink into comparative insignificance by her side; and the first vocalists in Europe do honour to her surpassing genius.

It may be asked by what means this is compassed; or what description of power that is, which can thus, in opposition to such manifold physical defects, not only nullify but triumph over and render them subservient to its purposes? Our reply is, mainly by not mistaking the means for the end—by invariably looking on graces, passages *d'agilità*, roulades, and all embellishments, merely as the path along which the performer is travelling for the attainment of the one great object; by using them only when they contribute to exemplify or heighten the particular sentiment sought to be conveyed; by treating them not as principals but auxiliaries, and never admitting them on any terms, excepting when strongly conducive to general effect. A strict adherence to this principle, joined to great perseverance, and amazing power of conception and development, have elevated Madame Pisaroni to her present standing in the musical world; and, when we consider the many persons of talent who have fallen from their high estate, in consequence of a want of attention to this important landmark, the necessity for its strict observance, cannot be too deeply impressed on the minds of all who live in these piping days, when every tyro professes to sing Rossini, and every boarding-school young lady can execute the chromatic scale, even before she has properly learned the diatonic.

Madame Pisaroni's *debut* in Paris was, if we recollect rightly, in the opera of *Samiramide*; and so strangely lu-

dicrous was her personal appearance, so opposite to all ideas that could be formed of the hero of a thousand battles and the son of the "great but guilty queen," that, notwithstanding the audience knew from public report what they had to expect, when she walked forward, a universal titter ran round the well-bred assemblage;—it was interrupted only by the voice of the artist—scarcely had she uttered six words of the recitative, when all was profound and breathless silence; one faint whisper nearly got its unfortunate utterer expelled, and ere she came to the conclusion of the short opening peroration, a mass of applause burst forth, so vehement, so energetic and so lasting, that we almost imagined Euterpe scowling down from the richly decorated ceiling, as if in envy of the skill which might eclipse her own. The persons composing the audience evidently felt that their mirth, though slight and momentary, was a departure from that non-attention to outward form, for which they had always been peculiarly distinguished, and well did the *scille Favart* that night retrieve its reputation. To see every point or development a singer attempts, promptly understood—put into the balance—weighed and rewarded in proportion to its merits, is indeed delightful, and while this theatre boasts such occupants, may it ever possess what has long been its pride—the first orchestra and most talented *troupe* in Europe.

The comparative coldness with which Pisanini was received in England, will ever form a matter of regret to all lovers of good music, and of reproach to an audience who could be so blind to her great talent, and so tasteless as to prefer a far inferior singer, whose only recommendation was her beauty, to one who is allowed on every hand to be the first *contralto* of the lady. It will scarcely be credited, that during the whole time of her stay in London, she scarcely sang at a single private concert; while Brambilla, who was in truth a vocalist of mediocre ability, and would never have been tolerated on the continent, had the whole run of all the fashionable parties during that season.

It is a fact not generally known, that when the French government (under whose control the Italian opera was at that time) wrote to Italy requesting to know this great artist's terms, and strongly pressing her to come to Paris, she immediately sent the chamberlain her portrait, saying that she was the ugliest woman in Europe, and in fact was cursed with a countenance fifty times more unprepossessing than even the likeness she had the honor to enclose; that if after this expose he chose to negotiate, she should be most happy to hear from him, but, that it was invariably her practice to inform every government of this unfortunate drawback, in order that they might judge for themselves with regard to its probable influence on the public mind. The Duc de Rochefortcault, much to his honour, sent her *carte blanche* by return of post, and the success which attended the engagement proved that his reliance on the taste and discrimination of a Paris audience had not been misplaced.

Professional singers are occasionally subject to very serious diseases of the voice, proceeding from over-exertion. The following cases, given on the authority of M. Patissier of Paris, will serve to show how carefully the throat should be watched, and its organs regulated:—"A professional singer, at the Theatre des Boulevards, at Paris, became affected with hoarseness, dryness and pain of the throat; a fatiguing cough, and loss of appetite and sleep. He gradually lost his voice, and became meagre and wasted; till at length worn out with a consumptive fever, he died. On opening the body, his throat was found to be extensively ulcerated, particularly about the organs of the voice, and the membranes of those parts were absolutely rotten, or as the surgeons call it, *carious*." Morgagni also relates the case of a young man who had a fine voice, and from over-exertion in singing, he produced an ulceration in the throat. He was ultimately suffocated in trying to swallow the soft yolk of an egg. Margarita Salicola-Scevinia, a celebrated singer of Modena, told Dr. Ranzani that whenever she exerted herself much, she was attacked with hoarseness, expectorated an incredible quantity of phlegm, and was also affected with giddiness and swimnings in the head. Such instances as these, however, are not of common occurrence, and persons are to be found who are able to make the most enormous drafts on their vocal powers with the certainty of success. Braham is one example, and Mrs. Salmon, who was, in a certain style, the greatest English singer that ever lived, was another. She has appeared on the Monday in London, Tuesday in Oxford, Wednesday in Leyden, Thursday in Oxford, Friday in London, and Saturday in Paris; and this too at a period when travelling was an affair of much greater labour and time than

SCENES IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

It is not the least of the terrors of the law, that they who trample upon its precepts and disobey its injunctions, are arrayed as culprits, before their friends and their enemies in a hall, crowded besides with eager and curious observers. These thoughts struck us forcibly a few days since, as we sat within the bar of the United States district court-room, and glanced around upon the dense mass of heads, which gradually receded to the distant wall, and upon those who lined the galleries above and looked down upon the solemn audience below. They were waiting for the prisoners, whose approach, a buzzing which ran through the crowd, and a stir and tumult at the door, now announced. They entered, hand-cuffed and pinioned, accompanied by the public officers, and were seated in front of the judge and adjoining the grand-jury, who now entered at an opposite door and took their places.

Here was a murderer, whose hours were numbered, and who knew that the sands of his life had well nigh wasted to the last—but he seemed, in the vigour of health and the flush and freshness of youth, not to realize that the busy throbbings of his heart were soon to be hushed for ever. He appeared unmoved amid the scene, except that, as he glanced around upon the multitude, his eye shrank from the searching and curious surveyor of those who had come to "see him prepare to take a leap into the abyss of death."

By his side sat a man who had been found guilty of forgery and perjury. He had been himself a lawyer for more than thirty years, and had mingled professionally with the legal brethren, before whom he now stood a criminal, about to be sentenced to a severe and ignominious punishment. The pressure of their survey and that of the other spectators, kept his eyes cast down, nor did he once raise them, not even when he rose to receive the sentence from the judge. Their "fruitful river" kept his cheeks bathed in tears. This public display of his disgrace, his shame and his humiliation, we have no doubt went deeper to his heart in that fearful hour, than the dread of the severe punishment which awaited him.

At the voice of the judge the young murderer "arose and stood up." His eye was fixed upon him, as if spell-bound by an invisible power. His lips were compressed in eager expectation; but his cheek was unblanched, nor did he tremble at the gulf before him. His mother and sister were gazing upon him in an agony of despairing tenderness, from the gallery. They had been resting in comparative comfort, that his body was not to be delivered over to the surgeons, at their earnest request; but they felt not this poor consolation now. While the judge proceeded to recapitulate the particulars of his crimes, and to draw, in vivid colours, a picture of his guilt, he remained unmoved. But when he assured him, in a voice faltering with emotion, that his death was inevitable—that although *hope* had visited him in the perils of the tempest and the wreck, and on the bed of sickness and of languishing, yet her power was nothing now—that he would carry his shroud and his coffin with him to the scene of his departure; and in the full vigour of health and bloom of youth, when earthly desires were strongest, and human hopes the brightest, he would pass from his prison to his grave. He raised his hand with an aimless and convulsive motion, and tears rained down his cheeks. He was sentenced to be executed on the tenth proximo.

While the judge was addressing the person who had been convicted upon two indictments of forgery and perjury, he seemed overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. The judge dwelt upon his highly respectable profession, the talents which he had evinced in entering upon it—the character and respectability of his connexions—and the enviable station which he might have acquired, had he chosen the paths of honour and of honesty. He then referred, in feeling terms, to the depths of degradation into which, from such a height he had fallen. In adjudging to him fourteen years' imprisonment at hard labour in the state prison, the judge remarked, that in all human probability, his days would terminate in the confinement; and that stepping from the ease and the condition which he had enjoyed, to the toil and privation and suffering of a prison, it was still more probable that he would not survive half the period allotted to him. The prisoner was so overpowered after the audience had in a great measure retired, that he fell into a swoon—and half an hour had elapsed before he recovered.

As we retired from the hall, the din of a public celebration burst upon the ear. The military were defiling away from the Park, in glittering array. The day was beautiful, and happy children were shouting and disport-

ing themselves on the sere sward and among the dry leaves. But we could perceive that the young who had partaken of the scene which we had witnessed, went solemnly away—turning only to gaze after the prisoners, as unanointed, and in pairs, they were remanded to prison to await the fulfilment of their sentence. There were few, we may believe, however hardened, who did not gather a salutary and monitory lesson from that portion of scenes in a court of justice, which we have described.

THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine for December.)

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The boundless unshorn fields, where lingers yet
The beauty of the earth ere man had sinned —
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if an ocean in its gentle swell
Stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over, with their shadows; and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.
As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds,
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer.—A race, that long has passed away,
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and wild,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwell. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay; till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke—and one by one
The strong holds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood

Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat un-cared and silent at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly looks
Welcomed the captive, and consoling words,
The conquerors placed him with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget, yet ne'er forgot, the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being; thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too,
Has left these beautiful and lonely wilds,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face, among Missouri's springs
And pools, whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaily as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannahs with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher breeze sweeps by and breaks my dream.
And I am in the wilderness alone.

THE PATRIOTIC MILKMAID.—During the war in the Low Countries, the Spaniards intended to besiege the city of Dort, in Holland, and accordingly planted some thousand soldiers in ambush, to be ready for the attack when opportunity might offer. On the confines of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept a number of cows on his grounds, to furnish the city with butter and milk. His milkmaids at this time coming to milk their cows, saw, under the hedges, the soldiers lying in ambush; they, however, appeared to take no notice, and, having milked their cows, went away singing merrily. On coming to their master's house, they told him what they had seen; who, astonished at the relation, took one of the maids with him to a burgomaster at Dort, who immediately sent a spy to ascertain the truth of the story. Finding the report correct, he began to prepare for safety, and instantly sent to the states, who ordered soldiers into the city, and commanded the river to be let in by a certain sluice, which would instantly put that part of the country under water where the besiegers lay in ambush. This was forthwith done, and a great number of the Spaniards were drowned: the rest, being disappointed in their design, escaped, and the town was thus providentially saved. The states, to commemorate the merry milkmaids' service to their country, bestowed on the farmer a large annual revenue, to compensate the loss of his house, land and cattle; and caused the effigies of a milkmaid milking a cow to be engraven on all the coin of the city. This impression is still to be seen upon the Dort coinage; similar figures were also set up on the water-gate of the Dort; and to complete their munificence, the maiden was allowed for her own life, and her heirs for ever, a very handsome annuity.

THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.

• MICELLUS. Let us hear what Simon the miser says.
 • SIMON *(in his sleep)*. Thieves! robbers! murderers! Where is my sword! Help! friends and neighbours! Help! the villain is escaping over the garden wall with a bag of ten thousand drachme. *Lurien. Somnium.*

The student sat in his lonely attic, beside his midnight lamp. The wind whistled shrill without, and the cold November rain beat loud against the casement of his secluded retreat. Yet neither the roaring tempest nor the dim waning light of his lamp, which told of time verging into the coming day, disturbed the meditations of that dark melancholy man.

It was a work of fiction, by one of those rare spirits who have made all time, past, present and to come, tributary to their genius, and rendered Fancy and Imagination, those lawless roamers of the universe, their willing slaves. The volume our student sat perusing was a fascinating and high-coloured picture of fashionable life, with its seductive delights and refined enjoyments; and as he read the varied descriptions and piquant conversations, combining the most minute and extensive observation with the most delicate wit and profound knowledge of the world; and followed the hero of the tale in his graceful pilgrimage from drawing room to boudoir, from promenade to soirée, entered into the spirit of his remarks and his peculiar tone of thought; our student felt himself, as it were, identified with him, and took a personal interest in his ultimate failure or success. When the lovely lady Katharine G——, with her pure Grecian profile and lofty aristocratic bearing, addressed our hero, the student felt ready to answer in his stead; and when he solicited the hand of the charming countess of H——, as a partner in the voluptuous waltz, with a forced badinage that but ill concealed his dread of a refusal from one in whom he felt his peace to be bound forever, our student caught the soft infection, and waited with no less anxiety for the reply. Thus, with an unwearied attention and a sympathy which, to common, unimaginative readers, may seem incredible, the ardent student followed the course of the hero through all the glittering mazes of fashionable life, to the consummation of his happiness, and for the moment, felt himself exalted, ennobled and enriched, together with the idol of his imagination. He closed the volume, and sat awhile gazing vacantly upon the gray embers of the expiring fire.

"Fool! idiot! dolt that I am!" cried he suddenly, rising up and striding furiously about the apartment, "worse than idiot, to have thought myself, though but for an instant, a meet companion for the high-minded, noble and ethereal daughters of aristocracy, with their sylph-like forms and winning graces. Am not I rather a dull, inanimate clod, an unlicked, mis-shapen lump of humanity, bereft of every attribute that can render the homage and admiration of men acceptable to the titled and high-bred. 'This magic circle of fashion, what can it ever be to me? begirt, as it is, with the scorn of the purse-proud and the sneers of the exclusive—what is it to me, that forms fair as angels glide around within its consecrated limits, or that hearts of unsullied purity glow there with ardent feeling and amiable sensibilities, awaiting but the fortunate moment to ripen into boundless love; shall I pine away with gnawing melancholy and hopeless desire, because chance has classed me among a different order of beings, instead of casting my lot with the privileged of the land! No, my manhood shall not waste in vain aspirations after forbidden fruit; my imagination shall be curbed, my desires controlled, my—"

Here he was interrupted by a dry, husky laugh, that seemed to proceed from behind him, and turning suddenly around, he perceived a man sitting beside the fire, busying himself in stirring with the tongs the embers imbedded in the ashes.

"Uh! uh! uh!" were the guttural tones of this mysterious visitant, who proceeded to resuscitate the fire, without appearing to notice the student. At first a shudder of dread ran through the limbs of the youth, as he had not observed his entrance; still it was not impossible that he might have come in by the door, which lay exactly behind him, and he resolved, as the probability seemed greater, to address him as to the cause of his visit.

"Have you any business with me, sir, at this late hour?"

"Uh! uh! uh! very fine declamation, that, sir student," replied the stranger, in the same singular tone; "so you feel a little disconcerted, eh! rather uneasy in mind at the end and prospect before you, with no aristocratic faces, or rustling silks and satins, to enliven it! I pity you from my heart because, when a man thinks himself miserable, why he is

so, and there is no help for him till his eyes are opened. Therefore, as I said, I compassionate you exceedingly." And the strange visitor commenced poking the fire with renewed vigour.

The student felt, he knew not why, a creeping sensation of awe pervade his whole system. He made no further question, but began to examine keenly the face and dress of the stranger. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years old, of a shrunken physiognomy, with a sallow face as yellow as quince, a sharp, prominent nose, and small, gray, peering eyes. His coat was of snuff-colour, of an ancient cut, and covered with a profusion of yellow metal buttons; his waistcoat was buff, his nether garments of the same hue, and his shoes of wash-leather, with large yellow buckles. He wore a queue tied with an orange ribbon, and his head was covered with a broad-brimmed, dun-coloured beaver hat. In short, he looked like a retired East-India merchant, who has returned to his native country with half a million dollars and half a liver. Hardly had our student taken this survey, when the unknown, apparently satisfied with the result of his labours, replaced the poker, and, crossing his legs, resumed his conversation.

"I suppose, young man, that you have come to the comfortable conclusion, after reading divers veracious chronicles like this, that you are the most ill-used of all God's creatures—a sort of predestined outlaw, born only for a fool to make others happy by self-comparison. At any rate, you seem determined to think so. You are, in your own estimation, a degraded outcast, a shapeless lump, a very clod. That is, you say you are, though I will not venture to predict your feelings, should any one else bestow upon you these agreeable epithets. Am I not right? why the colour rises in your face at the very repetition."

"Who are you? and what is the cause of this visit?" impatiently demanded the student, whose fear was succeeded by anger, on observing the contemptuous smile of the stranger.

"You shall know all in good time," replied the imperious visitor, "when I have propounded a few questions to your humble self. And first, do you feel that you would exchange your present condition, for the splendour and bustle of fashionable life? Oh! I see I am answered in the affirmative. And will you avail yourself of my means before your determination is fixed, to explore the secret recesses which contain those you termed the privileges of the land?"

The student regarded the speaker with a doubtful, incredulous stare.

"I see I cannot make you understand without due explanation. My name, then, is Plutus. In times past he anciently erected altars to me, and offered sacrifices; but their temples and sacrifices were naught to those of he moderns. In olden time, I complied with the existing modes and wore a tunic, now I adopt the garb of the quakers, though I live, as formerly, in a house of Doric architecture. Oft have I heard your complaints, in passing over this house in my way homeward from Wall-street, and having a time of leisure this evening, bethought me of paying you a visit. Now that you know my power, will you submit to my directions, which will surely result in good?"

The student, overpowered by conflicting sensations, bowed his head, and the god, putting his head beneath the broad flap of his coat-pocket, drew out a golden chain which he bound around the wrist of the youth, and grasping it firmly in his hand, they rose upwards together through the roof, which seemed to open for their departure. They mounted above the city, and after a rapid motion of a few minutes, alighted through the ceiling of a splendid mansion in a chamber adorned with rich hangings of blue and silver, and dimly lighted by a taper placed in a fancifully cut astral glass, and set upon a rose-wood stand. A bed, hung with purple silk curtains, fringed with golden tassels, occupied a portion of the chamber. They approached it, and beheld a young lady reposing, whose face the student had before seen in Broadway, and whom he recollected as one of the most wealthy and fashionable belles of the city. He had often thought her beautiful, when in the crowded streets he had passed her, arrayed in all the splendour and moving with the indescribable grace which distinguishes the high-bred and fashionable. But now her beauty seemed a thousand-fold enhanced, as she lay with her cheek upon the pillow, with a few stray ringlets straggling from their confinement down her neck, while her white arm, interlaced with a tracery of blue veins, was extended at length above her head. Still she slept, and the

gentle heavings of her breast caused a tremulous motion of the bed-clothes, while a flush of colour would light up her countenance at times, as if a pleasant dream was delighting her imagination. Then again it would subside, and a slight sigh gave indications of awaking.

The student started; but the god placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, in a low tone, "Fear not, we are invisible; besides, she will not awaken. You see her while dreaming; attend now to her words. As soon as she is touched by my finger, she will begin to speak, and unfold the subject of her dream."

Saying this, the god bent over the bed, and gently touched her lips with his forefinger. The lady, with a restless motion, turned around upon her pillow; a few unintelligible sounds escaped her as her lips began to move, and at last the student caught the following disconnected sentences, uttered with closed eyes by the unconscious sleeper:

"Did not you hear me ring the bell, Betty? Run and see if my new saffron-coloured *paukt de soie*, with the corsage waist, is come—it should have been sent by Mrs. P. two hours and a half ago. And my paradise-coloured bonnet. This piping is delicious. How the M—s will be mortified, and their horrid fat mother—perfect fright; carries a yellow head-dress big as a bushel. Is the barouche ready? I'll put my two country cousins on the front seat and drive to S—s—then roll over the Macadamized patch. Remember to call on F—n and look over his new opera cloaks—wear a black lace mantilla in the private box, and get Frank to adopt moustaches."

The student turned in amazement to his divine conductor. "Has she no heart? nothing but this frippery and superficial levity? Will not your power draw forth any redeeming trait—no deep-seated feeling—no melting sympathy—no soul-kindling terms of endearment and affection? Has not one yet made an impression upon her heart, or pierced the icy marble covering of chilling formality? Some lover—"

"Hark, she speaks again," said the god, motioning him to be silent.

"Lousa, were you at the ball last night? I danced with the Count—. They say his fortune is immense. His letters of recommendation were lost overboard on the passage. With what a grace he handled me the jelly—then his superb whiskers! Makes an evening call to-night. Sing 'Dalla gioja' to him. Sister Mary engaged to N— and three hundred thousand out the count's estate are worth three as much. His credentials will come in the next packet."

The student's eyes filled involuntarily with tears, as he gazed upon the beauteous form before him, animated by so frivolous a spirit. "'Tis enough," he said, mournfully. "Let us go hence. This gorgeous display of wealth, with its costly appliances, sickens me by the contrast." And casting a pining look at the sleeper, so lovely, yet so heartless, he rose with his conductor through the disjointed walls into the upper air.

"Observe that light glimmering through those curtains from the chamber of the house on our left," said the god halting for a moment in rapid course through the air, then swiftly descending towards a spacious mansion, in a newly-built quarter of the city. "In your mind it doubtless causes associations of study and intense application, let us enter and behold the employment of him who to so late an hour prolongs his lucubrations." Hardly were the words uttered before they descended into a richly furnished apartment with a canopied bed in one corner, and a fire burning brightly in the polished grate. Near it sat a young man, fashionably dressed, with his forehead resting on the palm of his left hand, and busily engaged in writing. Many newspapers and written documents lay scattered around, which from time to time he consulted, with feverish eagerness, then resumed his writing with renewed ardour.

The student watched him with admiration, "some future statesman," whispered he to his guide with enthusiasm, "some master-spirit, that with self-lending diligence and unremitting exertion, is silently but surely accumulating a store of knowledge and fund of deep research, that shall cause the possessor to shine forth, at no distant time, one of the luminaries of wisdom who guide our councils and adorn our land!"

"Suspend your judgment a while," said his conductor, with the same sarcastic smile which had before chilled the blood of the student. "I am content you should form your opinion from his words and actions; as yet you have seen nothing."

The young man here ceased writing, and seemed intent with reviewing his labours. Then he turned his chair toward the fire, and sat gazing upon its glowing coals with a lack-lustre eye and countenance jaded by excitement and want of sleep. After remaining a few moments in this attitude, he rose, and going to a side table, filled a glass with wine, tossed it off with a hurried motion, and returned to his seat.

"Cursed even chance, after all; no dependence can be put in the pedigrees, and the turn of a die will lose me ten thousand. I cannot hedge at this late hour; and if the news I received to-night of the southern filly be true, I'm dished, unless I can find some way to get out of the scrape. My betting-book is made up, and I was such an infernal flat as to show it to several who by this time have doubtless divided their pigeon among them. But it won't do—I will not be robbed in this barefaced manner. I'll be even with them. An honest man stands a poor chance among black-legs, and I will meet them in their own fashion."

Here he stopped, and the workings of his face showed the violence of the principles contending for mastery in his bosom.

"See," said the god, "what apologies he will offer for the first act of rascality. Hitherto, though addicted to the turf and a great loser, he has been honourable and bled freely, but his means diminish as his passion for the sport increases. You behold him at the crisis of his character. His good and evil genies are now striving for the mastery. A few moments will determine the issue. But listen."

"Is it not known that McGull lost five thousand to Dr. Nabitt through a bribe the doctor gave the groom? and did not Martin Slip cheat the young Georgian out of a rice swamp on the Savannah, by winking to his jockey to look his girth at starting, and showing him the face of a thousand dollar bill? and shall I submit to be the prey of a set of sharpers, who laugh in their sleeves while they pocket my money? No! I'll be—if I do; they shall undo their match, and I'll be revenged of them!" Saying this, he pushed his chair from him violently and walked furiously up and down the chamber.

"A burst of virtuous indignation!" muttered the god, "men never pity themselves so much as when on the point of becoming scoundrels. You perceive he fancies himself a much aggrieved and injured man. Now for his revenge."

The contest seemed over. The youth, with a pallid, haggard face, from which all emotion seemed suddenly to have vanished, resettled himself at the table, and opened his betting-book. "If I gain this race, I will never again try my fortune on the turf," he said, with the dogged resolution that is so often the excuse for the commission of the most disgraceful actions. "I will sell my stud, change my stables into barns, and keep but a gig and carriage. But if I lose this heat, I am a beggar for life." Here he rose from the table and hastily swallowed a second glass. "The groom of my adversary was once my servant. I know his character, and that he can be tempted to any thing by money. I'll send for him and induce him to administer a drug to the filly, or, at least, to be away from his cage when another obtains admission to the stable and does the business. A hundred dollars, with a promise to take him into my service, will gain the fellow. Now for the letter to him. No! I will not commit myself, I'll see him to-morrow on the course, and then farewell to racing. What! past four o'clock!" cried he, pulling out a gold-chased watch. "The doctrine of chances, and the inspection of pedigrees make a late sitter." And he began to undress.

The god motioned the student to depart, and in company they rose into the clear morning air, where the guide thus addressed him: "That young man has just passed the rubicon; yet how soon, with all his ingenious precautions, will his knavery be discovered, and the world behold a name, which envy's self dared not assail with a breath of suspicion, banded from ear to ear by the trumpet-tongue of infamy! Like the ostrich, he has hid his head, and fancied his whole person concealed, but he will soon awake from his miserable delusion, and writhe beneath the taunts and insulting gibes of the very wretches whom he despises even in his humiliation!"

"We will now," said the god, "visit the dwelling of Mr. W—, the well-known rich merchant, and see if his slumbers be free from anxiety. His house is that spacious mansion to the northward." Hardly were the words uttered, before they alighted within the sleeping apartment of old Mr. W—. The furniture was very plain, without a superfluous article, and bore evidence of being in constant

use. The room seemed very bare, from the want of hangings to the windows and bed, whose posts rose naked without curtains, and which was covered with a patch counterpane. But their attention was drawn to the occupant, an aged man with a head bald, except a few silver locks behind, giving him a venerable and prepossessing appearance. After beholding him a short time, the god touched him with his fore-finger.

"Robert, Robert!" cried he, in a querulous voice, "go and see if my broker has sold out the railroad-stock—tell him to hold on. And don't say a word about the new will I made yesterday. Give me the key of the desk that contains it. My nephews think they know my will, dissipated dogs—they'll find themselves mistaken. That specie, too, in my closet—it must be taken to the bank to-morrow—dangerous—I'm afraid they suspect it—graceless scoundrels—shan't have a shilling."

Here the student's attention was attracted by a strange sound, as of one boxing with an auger, and listening he detected voices in low converse without the door. His conductor gazed with a bitter, sardonic smile upon the aged sleeper, then pointing to the door, said, "this trusted Robert has informed the nephews of their uncle's plan, and you hear them in the act of forcing the door to get possession of the will, and murder the old man sleeping."

"Let us waken him and warn him of his danger," said the horrified student, obeying the natural impulse of his heart, as the sounds without became more and more audible, and the light of a lantern began to shine through a newly-made aperture in the door.

"Young man!" said his conductor in a severe tone, and with a look of awful majesty that awed his hearer to the inmost soul, "remember the object of this visit. You can but behold events, not alter or prevent them. Be wise and listen. The end is ordained in the decrees of a just Providence; nor is any deed, however dark and mysterious it may seem to mortal eyes, without its just recompense. And here, justice, though tardy, will be unerring."

"Take me hence," cried the youth, as the ruffians rushed into the chamber. The god seized his arm and they again mounted upward, as the foremost villain struck the old man a violent blow upon the forehead with a loaded bludgeon, then sprung upon him and grasped his throat as he fell back stunned upon his pillow. A gurgling sound and a few almost inarticulate words were all they heard. "Henry!—spare!—my own!—oh God!"—

"We've done him—now for the will!"

The student trembled from head to foot. "Let me return again to my quiet home," said he, as they left far below them the scene of blood. "I am content with my lot, and no longer will indulge in bitter repinings. I blush for myself that I ever coveted the splendour and misery of the great." As he spoke they reached his home.

The youth turned to his celestial guide, but his garb and appearance were changed. No longer in the disguise he first wore, a radiant halo shone around his head, and a robe of light fell in graceful folds, at his feet. The Deity stood confessed, severe in awful beauty, and thus addressed the humbled student:

"Fortune is no divine to the wise and resolute, though fools through her temples, and heap with sacrifices her altars. It is for yourself to determine whether your lot be cast in wealth or poverty; whether you shall be blazoned on the rolls of fame, or sink into the grave an obscure wretch, whose history is comprised in his birth and death. Then cease from unavailing regrets. Rise superior to chance, which afflicts only the timid, and its frowns will change to smiles. Enter with steady purpose upon an honourable pursuit, and you will find riches, and all the gifts I bestow, not meanly acquired or prodigally to be expended. Thus only can you retain an independence of feeling, coupled with decision of character and habits of intellectual exertion. Then will you acquire a mental superiority and look down with contempt upon the creatures of accident, though their treasures outnumber the sands of the sea, and their names come down honoured through a hundred generations."

The celestial visitant vanished, while at his departure a flood of light illuminated the narrow apartment, dazzling the eyes of the student with an excess of splendour, too strong for his gaze to endure. The youth started—and awoke—on a rising sun, just emerging above the horizon shone full upon his face, through the opposite window. It was a dream. Yet was it not without its power upon the heart of the imaginative sleeper. He arose a palmer

and better man; and though but a dream, and unsubstantial as air, still the visions of that eventful night hung long like a spell over the solitary youth, repressing melancholy and inspiring to exertion. H.

ORAL ANECDOTES OF WELL-KNOWN INDIVIDUALS.

(From the New York Mirror.)

When Commodore Porter last visited this city, he spent much of his time at the hospitable mansion of General Morton, who, as every body knows, is a gentleman of the old school, and a man of very agreeable wit and compliment. The walls of the general's library were graced with various productions of the pencil and graver, and among them full-length portraits of several distinguished naval officers—Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Morris, and others. The commodore expressed his admiration of the fidelity and effect of these; but said they were too large. "Now, I intend to add my portrait to your collection shortly; but it shall be done in quite a different style." "Then you do not like these?" said the general. "Not exactly," replied the commodore; "there's entirely too much canvas." "That's a very singular objection for you to make," observed the facetious general, directing the attention of his guest to a small picture representing the engagement of the Essex with a frigate and a sloop of war, off Valparaiso, which hung in one corner of the room, "a very singular objection, indeed, when we have before us an evidence that it will require double the usual quantity of canvas to take you."

There are many good stories in circulation respecting our worthy fellow-citizen, Preserved Fish. The following, we believe, has never before been published. This gentleman, in early life, was a sea-captain. One day his vessel was hailed by a brig, when the following dialogue took place: "Ship-a-hoy!" "Halloe!" "Who's your captain?" "Preserved Fish." "Who?" "Preserved Fish." The master of the brig, thinking he was misunderstood, and wondering at the stupidity of the opposite party, again applied the trumpet to his mouth and bawled out, "I say mister, I don't want to know what your cargo is; but what's your captain's n-a-m-e?"

The late Major Fairlie was a marked, original and peculiar character. When the new constitution of this state was submitted to the people for adoption, they were required to deposit either the word *yes* or *no* in the ballot boxes. There was no accepting the good and rejecting the bad parts of it. No alteration or amendment whatever would be permitted. It must either be taken as a whole, or not at all. Major F. thought the new document, in many respects, far preferable to the old one, but he did not altogether fancy it as it stood. On being asked his opinion he said, "that instrument is like a good oyster, but it's plaguily hard to be compelled to swallow the shells along with it."

The pious Mr. —, who by the way, is suspected of being no better than he should be, notwithstanding all his professions, a short time since rebuked a well-known merchant of his city for using profane language. "Your discourse is ungentlemanly and impious," said Mr. —. "You should break yourself of such an abominable practice." "I know it," returned the dealer in cotton-bales and profanity; "but most men fall into some error or other unknown to themselves, yet they are entirely innocent of all intention to do wrong, notwithstanding their little inaccuracies—now I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, yet neither of us, I'm confident, means any thing by it."

BEAUTY NOT EXAGGERATED BY IMAGINATION.—They say, that I speak too highly of what I admire, add that half the beauties which I discern in any object I put there myself. Believe them not. Nature has been before us. We only read what she has written. If others cannot read as much, is that the fault of the book? No: it is their own. Look at one of the simplest and the most beautiful objects in the world, a cheek; and tell us how came it? What a thought was the cheek itself, when nature created it? And do you suppose, that a vulgar eye estimates it enough? Put the question to those who can do something like it themselves; to Raphael, or to the poets. As the poet's thought is worth what it produces, so the cheek of the beauty is worth what it can suggest.

DEATH OF RICHARD LANDER.

[We mentioned a fortnight ago, that one of the companions of our unfortunate countryman at the period of his assassination had returned home; and we have now the melancholy satisfaction of stating the particulars of that mournful event as collected from an eye-witness, and a party to the contest. It is a saddening tale, but one in which the public must feel a deep interest.—Ed. L. L. G.]

Richard Lander and his associates entered the Brass River, and began ascending it in excellent spirits. With them were two or three negro musicians: who, when the labours of the day were over, cheered their countrymen with their instruments, at the sound of which they danced and sang in company, while the few Englishmen belonging to the party amused themselves with angling on the banks of the stream, in which, though not very expert, they were tolerably successful. In this pleasing manner, stemming a strong current by day, and resting from their toil at night, R. Lander and his little band, totally unapprehensive of danger, and unprepared to overcome or meet it, proceeded slowly up the Niger. At some distance from its mouth, and on his way thither, they met King Jacket, a relative of King Boy, and one of the heartless and sullen chiefs who rule over a large tract of marshy country on the banks of the Brass River. This individual was hailed by our travellers, and a present of tobacco and rum was offered him; he accepted it with a murmur of dissatisfaction, and his eyes sparkled with malignity as he said in his own language—"White man will never reach Eboe this time." This sentence was immediately interpreted to Lander by a native of the country, a boy, who afterwards bled to death from a wound in the knee; but Lander made light of the matter, and attributed Jacket's prophecy, for so it proved, to the petulance and malice of his disposition. Soon, however, he discovered his error, but it was too late to correct it, or evade the danger which threatened him. On ascending as far inland as sixty or seventy miles, the English approached an island, and their progress in the larger canoe was effectually obstructed by the shallowness of the stream. Amongst the trees and underwood which grew on this island, and on both banks of the river in its vicinity, large ambuscades of the natives had previously been formed; and shortly after the principal canoe had grounded, its unfortunate crew, busily occupied in endeavouring to heave it into deeper water, were saluted with irregular, but heavy and continued discharges of musketry. So great was Lander's confidence in the sincerity and good will of the natives, that he could not at first believe that the destructive fire, by which he was literally surrounded, was any thing more than a mode of salutation they had adopted in honour of his arrival! But the Kroomen who had leaped into the boat, and who fell wounded by his side, convinced him of his mistake, and plainly discovered to him the fearful nature of the peril into which he had fallen so unexpectedly, and the difficulty he would experience in extricating himself from it. Encouraging his comrades with his voice and gestures, the traveller prepared to defend himself to the last; and a loud and simultaneous shout from his little party assured him that they shared his feelings, and would follow his example. Meanwhile, several of the savages, having come out from their concealment, were brought down by the shots of the English; but Lander, whilst stooping to pick up a cartridge from the bottom of the canoe, was struck near the hip by a musket-ball. The shock made him stagger, but he did not fall; and he continued cheering on his men. Soon finding, however, his ammunition expended, himself seriously wounded, the courage of his Kroomen beginning to droop, and the firing of his assailants, instead of diminishing, became more general than ever, he resolved to attempt getting into the smaller canoe, afloat at a short distance, as the only remaining chance of preserving a single life. For this purpose, abandoning their property, the survivors threw themselves into the stream, and with much difficulty, for the strength of the current was incredible, most of them succeeded in accomplishing their object. No sooner was this observed by the men in ambush, than they started up and rushed out with wild and hideous yells; canoes that had been hidden behind the luxuriant foliage which overhung the river, were, in an instant, pushed out into the middle of the current, and pursued the fugitives with surprising velocity; while numbers of people, with savage antics and furious gesticulations, ran and danced along the

beach, uttering loud and startling cries. The Kroomen maintained, on this occasion, the good reputation which their countrymen have deservedly acquired; their lives depended on their energy and skill, and they impelled their slender bark through the water with unrivalled swiftness. The pursuit was kept up for four hours; and poor Lander, without ammunition or any defensive weapons

was at length overtaken by fire, as well as the incident which recorded. A white man named T——, completely overpowered by his fears, refused to fire on the savages who were within a paddle's length of him, but stood up in the canoe with a loaded musket in his hand, beseeching them, by his gestures, to take him prisoner rather than deprive him of his life. Whilst in the act of making this dastardly appeal, a musket-ball from the enemy entered his mouth, and killed him on the spot. The others behaved with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. The fugitives gained on their pursuers; and when they found the chase discontinued altogether, Lander stood up, for the last time, in the canoe, and being seconded by his remaining associates, he waved his hat and gave a last cheer in sight of his adversaries. He then became sick and faint from loss of blood, and sank back exhausted in the arms of those who were nearest him. Rallying shortly afterwards, the nature of his wound was communicated to him by Mr. Moore, a young surgeon from England, who had accompanied him up the river, and whose conduct throughout this disastrous affray was most admirable; the ball could not be extracted, and Lander felt convinced his career would soon be terminated. When the state of excitement to which his feelings had been wrought gave place to the languor which generally succeeds powerful excitement of any kind, the invalid's wound pained him exceedingly, and for several hours afterwards he endured with calmness the most intense suffering. From that time he could neither sit up, nor turn on his couch, nor hold a pen; but while he was proceeding down the river in a manner so melancholy, and so very different from the mode in which he was ascending it only the day before, he could not help indulging in mournful reflections; and he talked much of his wife, his children, his friends, his distant home, and his blighted expectations. It was a period of darkness, and distress, and sorrow to him; but his natural cheerfulness soon regained its ascendancy over his mind, and freely forgiving all his enemies, he resigned himself into the hands of his Maker, and derived considerable benefit from the consolations of religion. The traveller's arrival at Fernando Po, and the account of his death, have already been made known to the public.

Various conjectures have been urged as to the probable cause of this cold-blooded and heartless attack. Some persons imagine that the natives had been stimulated to the perpetration of the disgraceful deed by the Portuguese and South American slave-dealers, who have considerable influence in the country, and whose interests would unquestionably decline by the introduction into the interior of British subjects and British manufactures. Others entertain the opinion, that the natives committed the assault in revenge for the loss of one of their towns, which, it is believed, was burnt to the ground by the crew of the Alburkah steamer, on her last voyage to Atta; whilst others hazard the conjecture, that the Brass people, perceiving that their lucrative carrying-trade between the coast and the inland countries would be annihilated if they suffered the English to trade with the natives of the interior in their own vessels, formed a coalition with the people of Bonny, whose interests would likewise be affected by the new order of things; and that these men, aided by the savages inhabiting the country in the vicinity of the spot where the ruthless and cowardly assault was made, met together, and resolved on the destruction of the unoffending Englishmen.

From what cause soever it originated, this much is certain, that the attack had been premeditated, that the arrangements of the assassins had been made in a methodical and skilful manner, and that Brass and Bonny canoes were engaged in the assault. Those who have had the best means of knowing the character and disposition of the Brass people and their neighbours of Bonny, whose treacherous machinations can only be equalled by their insatiable rapacity, consider the last as by far the most probable hypothesis; and believe that King Boy, notwithstanding his affectation of sympathy for the sufferers, and his apparent distress on beholding his friend and benefactor mortally wounded, was, nevertheless, at the bottom of the plot, and had exerted his influence to bring that plot to maturity, in conjunction with the malignant wretch who

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ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Physiognomy is a science which most people smile at, and which all practise. It is more easily ridiculed than abandoned. The old and the young, the wise and the foolish, the shrewd and the simple, the confiding and the suspicious; all trust more or less, either for good or for evil to the outward and visible signs of the internal spirit. The philosophical testimonies in favor of this science are sufficiently respectable both in character and number. In the olden time the sages of Egypt and of India cultivated it with a severe enthusiasm, and it is supposed that it was from those countries that Pythagoras introduced it into Græce. But the custom of judging of the mental movements by corporeal signs was coeval with human nature. The unspoken language of the features preceded the language of sounds, though it was not till men began to analyze and arrange their thoughts and compare the result of their common experience, that Physiognomy was regarded as a science. Aristotle treated largely of the Physiognomy, not only of man, but of the brute creation. After his time many Greek authors wrote treatises upon the subject of which a collection was formed and published in 1780. Like Medicine and Astrology it was for a long time associated with divination, and they who followed it as a profession did not confine their scrutiny to the mental character of the countenance, but endeavored to trace in its lineaments the destiny of the individual, as the fortune teller of the present day pursues the lines of the hand. In ancient times and especially in Oriental countries, almost every truth was linked to error and superstition.

When the occult sciences, as they are termed, faded before the light of knowledge, the common mass of men who are ever in extremes and who rarely exercise a very careful discrimination, began to regard even many truths once associated with delusions, with a contemptuous scepticism as little to be admired as their previous wild credulity. It was thus that the science of Physiognomy shared for a long period, the same fate with magic, witchcraft, and divination. This rejection, however, of the theory interfered in no degree with the practice. Men who laughed to scorn the written rules of the science, unconsciously read and followed them in the human countenance, the living index of the soul. It was about the commencement of the eighteenth century that the science was revived. Several treatises on the subject were then published both in England and on the Continent by able and learned men, but Lavater was the first writer of eminence in modern times who made it fashionable and popular. His work on the subject was got up in so splendid a style and with such numerous illustrative engravings, and the author himself was so much es-

teemed, for his many personal virtues, that though he was opposed by a few of the critics of the day he speedily obtained a large body of disciples, and his writings were translated into various languages. A man more truly pious, or more candid and benevolent, the world has rarely known. His character would suffer nothing by a comparison even with that of Fenelon whom he in many respects resembled. He was not a profound philosopher, but that he was a man of genius no one can have a moment's doubt who has read his celebrated work on Physiognomy, and the autobiographical notices of his early life. It is true that the former is often much too fanciful. It is also too verbose and desultory, and abounds in useless repetitions. These defects must be at once admitted; but they are redeemed by so many acute and ingenious observations, by so many noble sentiments, and by such a pervading spirit of philanthropy and religion that the author's enthusiasm is almost irresistibly contagious. Though his ardour in the illustration of his favorite science he quells him occasionally into very untenable positions and leads him to speak somewhat too decidedly up in points that are purely speculative, his frank acknowledgments of error and the curious avowal more than once repeated, that, he knows little or nothing of the subject notwithstanding his long study and experience, disarm the anger of the reader and prepare him to make a liberal allowance for every imperfection.

Lavater introduced the study of *osseal* physiognomy. All preceding authors confined themselves chiefly to a consideration of what has been called *pathognomy*, which includes only those movable or accidental or transient appearances in the muscles or soft parts of the human face which betray the vicissitudes of feeling and of thought, while they neglected those permanent outlines which indicate the general and fixed character of the heart and mind. He was not only a physiognomist in the ordinary and limited sense of the term, but as much of a *craniologist* as Gall or Spurzheim, though he did not pretend to the same degree of preternatural knowledge, nor attempt, as they did, to divide the mind into distinct and opposing faculties and assign them their several little bumps or cells. He may fairly, however, be regarded as the originator of the system adopted by those gentlemen, though they have carried it to an extent that has gone far beyond the wildest phantasies of the worthy man of Zurich. If we are not mistaken Gall took credit to himself for the entire originality of his system, the foundation of which is laid in the pages of Lavater. All events the public are accustomed to regard Gall as the originator of the system which he expounds and to look upon Lavater as a mere student or interpreter of the face. Mr. Combe makes no mention of him when tracing the history of the science of phrenology in the work he published on the subject in 1825.

With respect to the term physiognomy we must be understood as using it in the popular sense

only, for we are aware that by many philosophers, it is applied not merely to the flesh and bones of men and animals, but to the external appearance of all objects whatever, either animate or inanimate. We limit its application to the features of men and brutes. When Lavater passes, as he often does, from the expression of the moveable portions of the countenance and traces the internal and permanent character in the form of the skull, he is a cranioscopical physiognomist.

We take our creed in craniology from the pages of Lavater, but we cannot adopt the wild and inconsistent theories of Gall, and Spurzheim, nor coincide in their positive and precipitate decisions. The broad principles of the science are very clearly explained by the former writer, and these perhaps, few reasonable and thinking men are now disposed to question. It is said that Professor Brown who in his article on craniology in the second volume of the Edinburgh Review, was so sweeping in his objections, not only repented his unqualified hostility to the new science, but from a bitter and sarcastic opponent became a true friend and believer. It is certain that in spite of the extravagance and the blunders of its latest expounders, it is rapidly gaining ground amongst persons of reflection.

Lavater advises the student to place a collection of skulls or casts of heads of celebrated or well-known persons in one horizontal row. After comparing these skulls or casts carefully with each other, and each with the intellectual or moral character of the individual, the student may proceed to the consideration of the external conformation of unknown persons. He who after comparing the heads of men of various degrees of mental power can remain of opinion that there is no difference between the skulls of the highest and lowest orders of intellect, or in other words that mind leaves no fixed and legible traces upon matter, whether bone or flesh, must have a cranium of his own that would be a puzzle to the phrenologist were it to indicate any portion of intelligence beyond the merest instinct. Perhaps there is no instance in the whole history of human greatness of a man of magnificent genius with a head of which the nuchal or frontal portion was at once both low and narrow. We occasionally indeed meet with persons of considerable capacity whose foreheads may exhibit either the one or the other of these defects, but never both, and the defect is invariably redeemed by the opposite advantage of height or breadth. But though genius refuses to reside in a forehead at once both low and narrow, it is not every high or broad one that is honored by its presence. A large forehead is not always intellectual. Its peculiarity of shape and inclination is of great importance. If it either falls too far back from the face or too much overhangs it, though in other respects of fair proportion, it is indicative of mental imbecility, and approaches too nearly in character to the heads of animals. The old Grecian artists had so strong an impression of the unsightly aspect of a violently retreating forehead that in their anxiety to avoid it in their ideal portraits they almost ran into the opposite extreme, and though they never allowed it to bulge out and overhang the lower features they made it nearly perpendicular, which in the living subject denotes dulness and inapa-

city. The forehead of an idiot generally either hangs clumsily, like a projecting rock, over a wild and dreary face, or falls directly back as we find it in the lower animals.

Lavater did not confine himself to the measurement of the height or breadth of a forehead, but carefully traced its various outlines in different positions, and each peculiarity of the skin. The bony part he considered to denote the degree of original power and sensibility of the mind; and the covering by its looseness or tension and the number, form and direction of the wrinkles indicated, in his opinion, either its generally predominant passions or its present state. It may seem ridiculous to place much reliance on the appearances of the mere skin of the forehead, but it cannot be denied that they are materially influenced by the form of the bones. The variety of form in the bones produces a correspondent variety in the skin. The wrinkles are either perpendicular, horizontal, curved, or mixed and confused, according to the shape of the forehead. It is by the study of the bones and the skin together that the intellectual and moral traits of the frontal region of the head are to be discovered with precision. The bones represent the internal power, the covering its application.

We do not pretend to offer on the present occasion a full or minute treatise on the subject of this article, for to do so with any degree of success it would be necessary to give it a great deal more attention than we have yet bestowed on it. We confine ourselves to the few thoughts and illustrations that occur to us without any study or preparation.

It is very rarely that we find amongst those who deny the truth of Physiognomy, a man of much acuteness or reflection. The few reasonable persons who are met with in the ranks of its opponents are generally influenced more by a mistrust of their own physiognomical discernment, or an apprehension of the mischief and injustice which follow erroneous judgments, than by any serious conviction that the mind is not generally stamped upon the features. To those who object to the science on the ground of its uncertainty, as regards human skill, there are two answers. In the first place truth itself is not to be rejected or denied because its followers are occasionally at fault; and in the second, let us reason as cautiously and as coldly as we may, we can never wholly resist the impressions whether right or wrong which we receive from the perusal of a human face. There is no science, however useful or important, the professors of which have not fallen into egregious errors. It is not less unreasonable to reject Physiognomy because the physiognomist is occasionally mistaken, than it would be to reject theology, medicine, and even the mathematics on similar grounds. The teachers and students are alike liable to error in them all. Science is fixed, but man is fallible. Lavater acknowledges his repeated blunders without supposing that his own mistakes form an argument against the truth of his favorite science, but Gall and Spurzheim seem to think themselves as infallible as the Pope, and have so completely identified themselves with the science which they teach, that to confess an error, however slight in their minutest details or their wildest speculations, would be tantamount to an admission that all the broad principles of phrenology, are

like the baseless fabric of a vision. In a lecture delivered by the latter at Liverpool in May 1822, he said that if but one tender and affectionate mother could be proved to be deficient in the organ of philoprogenitiveness or the love of children (a bump at the back of the head) or not have it afforgely developed he would give up Phrenology at once! A decision of this nature is equally unphilosophical and presumptuous. It is like the dogmatism of a religious enthusiast who stakes the cause of Christianity on the accuracy of his own interpretation.

It is not to be wondered at if conduct such as this exposes Phrenology itself to the scepticism or contempt of the multitude who are too apt to believe that a teacher is a kind of incarnation of his science, in the same spirit in which they connect the extravagance and bigotry of a priest with the essential character of his religion.

A profound study of Physiognomy would perhaps enable us to trace the origin of our ideas of beauty. It is a problem that has excruciated many subtle intellects. We may still, however, hazard an opinion, that it is not a quality of matter. The face, *per se*, has probably no more relation to beauty or ugliness than a lamp or transparent vase that betrays the light or colour from within. Beauty is a moral or intellectual quality shining through material forms. Those forms are the most pleasing to the eye, which are commonly the medium of the mental quality that we most admire. Mr. Burke, with all his ingenuity and acuteness, seems to have been more successful in showing what beauty is not, than what it is. We cannot adopt his vague and unsatisfactory definition. "It is for the greater part," he says, "some quality in bodies acting mechanically upon the human mind by the intervention of the senses." Hogarth had a similar theory. Some late writers on the subject, among whom are Mr. Alison and Mr. Jeffrey, suppose that in reality no one form of matter is more beautiful than another, and that all our ideas of beauty are the result of habit and association. For our own parts, we readily receive this theory though it has often been opposed with considerable ingenuity. Mr. Hazlitt, in his little essay on the subject, though he does not define what beauty is, endeavours to show that it is in some way inherent in the object. In this, we think that he has failed.

To the argument that beauty is a mere quality of mind, it may perhaps be objected that there are certain material objects, unconnected with life or spirit, such as a flower or a shell, which are admired as soon as seen. But even in new and inanimate objects the mind invariably discovers some kind of analogy, however slight or remote, with its own nature. The analogy is not the less decisive because it is sometimes a secret and almost unconscious process. It is in this way that poets breathe life and passion into all external things and sympathize with their own creations. The more imagination we possess, the deeper is our sense of beauty. The Venus de Medicis, that excites some men to an ecstasy of admiration, is regarded by others whose corporeal vision is in no degree inferior, with absolute indifference. The effect depends greatly upon the mind of the observer. Persons of exquisite delicacy of taste and feeling recognize traits of a congenial spirit in the smooth elegance and the flowing outlines

of the face and figure. We must be capable of conceiving and of sympathizing with the eternal spirit before its outward symbols awaken a genuine enthusiasm. On this account no man who has not a touch of gentleness or nobility in his own nature can study the science of Physiognomy with complete success. He might quickly discover his own crimes or weaknesses in the faces of kindred characters, but the signs of a higher spirit would escape his penetration, or present a tacit reproof of his own self-esteem, that would render him quite unable to peruse them with an impartial judgment. There is a great deal of truth, in the common saying, that a person has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind. If Swift had written a work on Physiognomy it would have been very different from that of Lavater. The more the latter studied the countenances of men, the higher became his opinion of our internal nature. But the cold, the stern, the suspicious and sarcastic English Satirist would have found nothing but wickedness and folly in the "human face divine." He only who unites in himself the rarely connected qualities of an enlarged and liberal mind with a capacity for minute observation, and a knowledge of the world with a pure and gentle heart, can hope to attain an equal facility in tracing the signs of vice or virtue.

The opponents of Physiognomy found their chief objections on isolated facts, and accidental circumstances. They are people who have a strange prejudice against all broad principles and general rules. With them a slight mistake even in the language of a proposition decides its fate. They rejoice at a flaw in the indictment. Thus if they happen for once in their lives to meet with an honest face on the shoulders of a rogue, or to have discovered a professed physiognomist in error, or to have proved their own want of physiological discernment by some still greater blunder, we are gravely assured that appearances are deceitful and are called upon to believe that the soul of man is never legible in his face. They conclude that the aspect of humanity is a continual lie, because they have in some instances failed to read it rightly, or because certain individuals by a cunning misuse of their features and others by some accident in life or some unkindly freak of nature form exceptions to the ordinary correspondence between mind and matter. Physiognomy is a science which can never admit of mathematical precision. But entirely to reject it on that account is illogical and absurd. The physician's art is equally uncertain. The full and blooming cheek is a sign of health and strength, and the pale and thin one of sickness and debility. He is guided by these tokens. Should they sometimes happen to deceive him, (such occurrences being comparatively rare) he does not the less regard them in other cases as symbolical of the internal condition of the system. He acts upon his general experience. If amongst a thousand apples of which the quality corresponds with their plump and rosy look, there should be five or six that are rotten at the core, it would be ridiculous and childish to dispute on account of these exceptions, the general assertion, that the quality of fruit is indicated by its appearance.

Notwithstanding our occasional mistakes and disappointments, the human face is still like a book of reference which we perpetually consult. We study the features of a stranger before we admit him to

confidence. We decide upon his character at a glance, and with infinitely more truth and then we could arrive at by a more lengthened and laborious process. Looks are more legible than words, and far less deceitful. We can better command our phrases than our features, though the former are by no means so expressive of the movements of the soul. Even deeds are more equivocal than looks, because the motives which give them their real character are often too deeply shrouded in the heart to be discovered by the world.

Our first impressions are commonly the truest. The general character of the face, and the peculiar expression which is stamped upon the features by the thoughts and feelings of many years, flash into our minds with more force and clearness when we meet them as a novelty than when they become more familiar. Thus the first view of a landscape or a city impresses the real effect more vividly on the fancy than any subsequent or more deliberate observation. It is rarely that we can entirely conquer the feeling of repugnance which is sometimes excited by the countenance of a stranger. Neither can we always explain the cause, even to ourselves.

I do not like thee Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.

Even when subsequent familiarity, an exchange of kind offices, and a strong desire to shake off an apparently ungenerous prejudice, suppress for a time all harsh and unfriendly thoughts some accidental exposure of character, either in word, or deed, or look, is almost sure to confirm our first impression. There is a curious passage in Gessner's *Life of Lavater*, that may serve as an illustration. We quote the translation by Thomas Holcroft*.

"A person to whom he was an entire stranger was once announced, and introduced to him as a visitor. The first idea that rose in his mind, the moment he saw him, was—'This man is a murderer'—He however suppressed the thought as unjustifiably severe and hasty, and conversed with the person with his accustomed civility. The cultivated understanding, extensive information, and ease of manner which he discovered in his visitor, inspired him with the highest respect for his intellectual endowments, and his esteem for these, added to the benevolence and candour natural to him, induced him to disregard the unfavourable impression he had received from his first appearance with respect to his moral character. The next day he dined with him by invitation; but soon after it was known that this accomplished gentleman was one of the assassins of the late king of Sweden; and he found it advisable to leave the country as speedily as possible."

Rousseau somewhere speaks of a man in whose countenance he traced certain obscure and mysterious indications of an evil character, and he accordingly resolved to avoid him quietly while there was yet peace between them, for he felt, he knew not why, that it could not long continue. Every man has experienced from repulsive features the same strong but undefinable impressions. Rousseau, however, often fell into great mistakes, for his fancy outran his observation. He regarded the face as a book in which he might read strange matters, and was far too whimsical and distrustful to make a just and accurate physiognomist. In the account of the controversy between him and Hume there is a curious and characteristic instance of his too fanciful interpretation of the face. It is given

in Rousseau's own words. "As we were sitting one evening, after supper, silent by the fireside, I caught his (Hume's) eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very often; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea. At that time he gave me a steadfast, piercing look, mixed with a sneer which greatly disturbed me. To get rid of the embarrassment I lay under, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but in fixing my eyes against his, I felt the most inexpressible terror, and was obliged soon to turn them away. The speech and physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man; but where, great God! did this good man borrow those eyes he fixes so sternly and unaccountably on those of his friends?"

The impression of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneasiness. My trouble increased even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by an effusion of tears, I had been suffocated. Presently after this I was seized with the most violent remorse; I even despised myself; till at length, in a transport which I still remember with delight, I sprang on his neck, embraced him eagerly; while almost choked with sobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous. If he be not the best of men, he must be the basest of mankind.* David Hume politely returned my embraces, and, gently tapping me on the back, repeated several times, in a good-natured and easy tone, *Why, what, my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh, my dear Sir!* He said nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I set out the next day for the country."

Hume answers all this by explaining, that like most studious men, he was subject to reveries and fits of absence, in which he sometimes had a fixed look or stare. A cool and sober physiognomist could not have made so ridiculous a mistake as that of Rousseau.

Thomas Moore has a poetical fling at physiognomy.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagvrite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull.

Moore.

This may be wit but it is not philosophy. We have answered its *logic* by anticipation in noticing the ordinary objections. He has even Holy Writ against him. "Wisdom maketh the countenance bright."* Spenser was not only a greater poet, but a better philosopher than Moore, and saw the strict analogy between the mind and body.

"For of the soul the body form doth take."

Spenser.

Has Nature bestowed upon man such an admirable mechanism of features for no useful end? The purport of outward expression is to show what passes in the mind, and as we have already said, it is

* The son of this well known writer, Villiers Holcroft, died in Calcutta a few days ago. He lived and died neglected. His death, we believe, was not even announced in the newspaper publications.

* Lavater also gives Scriptural authority for the truth of physiognomy, and makes the following quotation—"A man may be known by his look, and one that has understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him." This passage is not in the Protestant Bible, but may be found in the Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures. See *Ecclusiasticus*, xix. 36. The following verse in the same chapter and the same version, is equally to the purpose; "the attire of the body, and the laughter of the teeth, and the gait of the man, show what he is."

far more true than words. Speech, it has been wittily observed was given to man to conceal his thoughts. But looks cannot often deceive the most inexperienced of mankind. All children have skill in physiognomy. It is our mother-tongue. We understand it in our cradles. It is universal. Even animals can read it in the faces of their kind, and sometimes in that of man. It is wonderful with what precision we peruse the countenance of those on whom our hopes and happiness depend. Thus boys at school have a singular felicity in discovering the mood of their master in the condition of his features—

"Well do the boding tremblers learn to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

"There is surely" says Sir Thomas Brown, "a physiognomy which master meddants observe; whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy; for there are mystically in our faces certain characters, which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that can read A. B. C. may read our natures." Lavater describes a particular kind of nose which in his opinion is of more worth than a kingdom. This is somewhat too extravagant, we admit, but the value of an honest and noble face can hardly be overrated. Montaigne says, that on the mere credit of his open aspect, persons who had no other knowledge of his character had the most implicit confidence in his honor. He gives some curious illustrations of this fact. Even Moore, whose verified attack on physiognomy we have just quoted, has shown his just appreciation of beauty of person as associated with beauty of mind, and has on all occasions connected certain internal qualities with certain exterior marks in the persons of his heroes and his heroines. The Veiled Prophet of Khorrassan has a visage in keeping with his hideous soul, and the light of the haram, the young Nourmahal, is blessed with a set of features and a figure that are worthy of an angel.

"While her laugh, full of life without any controul,
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for it brightened all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon
When it breaks into dimples and laugh, in the sun.

For this exquisite description we forgive the poet the obnoxious passage about physiognomy. It would redeem a darker sin. If any man were to find a face like that of Nourmahal's concealing a cold and diabolical character, he might have some shadow of a reason to deny that there is a correspondence between the features and the soul, though even in such a case the shock that the discovery would occasion would be a sufficient proof that anomalies of this nature are extremely rare and strikingly at variance with our general experience. Lavater lays great stress on the very unequivocal and decisive character of a laugh. If it be free and hearty and occasion a general and light movement in all the features, and dimple the cheek and chin, it is an almost infallible evidence of the absence of any great natural wickedness of disposition. In judging of the character from the countenance it is of great importance to observe which emotions are most happily expressed. The frequency of a smile is not so true a sign of gentleness and good humour, as its facility.

In considering the truth or falsehood of the general proposition that the body corresponds with

the soul we may fairly illustrate it by extreme cases. No man for instance contracts in his own mind corporeal deformity with a perfect beauty of soul. As we cannot conceive pure unembodied spirit we give it a fleshly but most glorious external. An angel with a low monkey forehead and a flat or a pug nose is a contradiction which neither reason nor fancy can wholly reconcile. We derive this impression of the fitness of things from Nature herself, who reveals the harmony of that mysterious system which connects the flesh and the spirit of all mortal beings. Occasional and slight deviations from the general rule do not shake the faith of philosophic minds. Even admitting (but only however, for the sake of the argument) that some of the most amiable and intellectual men have had the faces of villains and of idiots; what does it prove? Such exceptions are not more remarkable than the occasional monstrous births of men and brutes. Because some individuals have been born with two heads or a hairy hide it is not the less a law of nature that mankind have only one head a piece and smooth uncovered skins.

We regret that we have not more time and space to do justice to our subject. We would fain dwell upon the majestic external conformation of the greatest poets and philosophers both of ancient and modern times. The heads of these men are all more or less indicative of their mental character. Montaigne indeed laments the ugliness of Socrates and repeats the well known anecdote of the physiognomical judgment passed on him by Zopyrus, that he was "stupid, brutal, sensual and addicted to drunkenness." With respect to the original moral qualities of the philosopher the decision was not erroneous, for Socrates himself admitted that his virtues were a hard-gained triumph over his natural disposition. But the philosopher's forehead was a fitting tabernacle for a lofty mind. No craniologist would have doubted his intellectual power. The skull of Zopyrus was confined to the perusal of the lower features.

How delightful is the study of the human head! It is a mystery and a glory! It at once perplexes the reason and kindles the imagination! What a vast world of thought and feeling is contained within its ivory walls! From that small citadel of the soul what a host of mighty and immortal thoughts are scattered over the wondering universe! What floods of external light, and what an endless variety of sounds are admitted to the busy world within, through those small but beautiful apertures, the eye and the ear! Those blue windows of the mind expose a sight more lovely and profound than the azure depths of the sea or sky! Those delicately penciled arches that hang their lines of loveliness above the mental heaven, are more full of grace and glory than the rainbow! Those rosy portals that give entrance to the invisible Spirit of Life, and whence issue those "winged words" that steal into the lover's heart or the sage's mind, or fly to the uttermost corners of the earth, and live for ever, surpass in beauty the orient cloud-gates of the dawn! To trace in such exquisite outworks the state of the interior is an occupation almost worthy of a God!

D. L. R.

"* In the above somewhat hurried article, we are aware that we have not gone sufficiently into detail. We shall perhaps make amends for this in a future paper.—Ed.

ADIEU TO THE RACES.

Adieu to the Races! they're over!—

And Benares no longer looks gay,
For strangers, both gamblers, and lovers,
Are scattered, like swallows, away:
There's nobody, left to amuse us,
Of the gay throng who lately were here;
By singing, or racing, or flirting,
Or helping their friends out with beer.

Adieu to the Races! A gloom
Has shed itself over the land,
The course, now looks lone, and forsaken,
All gloomy, and vacant, the Stand:
While the ladies, who lately so graced it,
With pale cheeks, and noses, so red.
Take the air in another direction,
Or slumber contented in bed.

Adieu to the Races! they're over!
The dinners, the concerts, and balls,
Every "Turk's" returned to his station,
All the steeds, are shut up in their stalls:
While of many, who lately contended
For partners, in life or quadrilles,
Some have marched to a Half-Batta station
While others, have gone to the hills.

Adieu to the meeting! Another
Will come with its dinners, and balls,
And hurry away like its brother,
In dancing, and flirting, and calls,—
Will it come with a smile, or a sigh,
Will it come with a blessing, or curse?
Will the girls be as pretty as ever,
Will the running be better, or worse;
Will it find me much thinner, or fatter,
Still in debt, or as rich as a Jew,
Or married, or buried,—no matter!
Adieu to the meeting! Adieu!

Benares, January, 1835.

J. H. S.

LODGE'S PORTRAITS.—This work is too well known to stand in need of any commendation from the periodical critics. It is sufficient to announce the numbers as they appear. Messrs. Thacker and Co. are the Calcutta publishers of this splendid work. The numbers for January and February are now before us. The first contains portraits of King Charles the second; Charles Howard of Effingham, Earl of Nottingham; and William first Lord Paget. The other contains portraits of Sir Hugh Middleton; James Stanley, Earl of Derby; and James Douglas, Earl of Morton, Regent of Scotland. The engravings are in the mingled line and stippled manner, and are worked with much vigour and precision. This series of portraits would form an excellent study for the physiognomist. They have all a marked character, and are generally supposed to be good likenesses, as the original paintings are by very celebrated artists.—Ed.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—We shall notice the performance of Henry the IVth in our next.

A SAILOR'S REMINISCENCES.

"Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit: for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying when 'man thereby liveth is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed."

CHAPTER II.

Now unlike Shakespear's knight though I was down in the battle it was in good earnest. I really thought it was all up with me, so suddenly was my position changed from the vertical to the horizontal, that I was perfectly ignorant of the cause, and very naturally thought I was shot through the head, or heart at least. For my head rang as though half a dozen Hirdy Girdies were grinding away in its interior, and blue and red stars danced vividly before my eyes. My hands were mechanically directed towards the place where my head ought to be; it was the first part of my body, that came in contact with the deck when I fell—I suppose from its greater gravity. Having convinced myself that it still retained its relative position, (that is, with regard to the other part of my body, for as I said, it was parallel to the horizon,) I then felt about my stomach and was rather disappointed (agreeably so) not to find a hole in it. In the midst of my bewilderment the gun was loaded and run out again, which relieved my foot from the trap it had been in, for it was jammed between the truck of the gun carriage and the deck. The fact was that the gun had been fired, while a man close to me was busy training it with a handspike, and the recoil knocked the handspike out of his hand, which catching my legs tripped me up. My feet went under the carriage and one of the trucks lodged on the instep of my left foot. The Frenchman's mainsail being down, sadly bothered him, and our men after giving three cheers (for they were beginning to know what was what) peppered him in grand style. Allen Clark a fore-castle man humanely bandaged my leg, with the end of the fore Royal Clue-line by way of a tourniquet to stop the blood, and rolled me under the bitts (I was stationed to the 2d gun before the gang-way so that I was close to the bitts when I fell,) "Who's that down?" demanded an officer, as Allen was rolling me along the deck, as he would the ribs and trucks of a pork barrel when reduced into what sailors call a shake.

"It is little Gabby the fore-top man, sir. I am just putting him out from among folks' feet," said Allen. I saw no more of the fight; for the blood flowing copiously I sickened, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep. This is what is called fainting I suppose; if so, as far as I recollect it was a very pleasant sensation, only accompanied with a little squeamishness, as we call it. Next day the Frenchman was not to be seen. How it was accounted for to the admiral, that she got alongside of us unperceived, I really do not know, but it was gazetted as a smart action, and that but for some of the Beetle's rigging being shot away, which prevented her chasing, the cutter would have been taken. As it was, I believe the Frenchman had nothing to boast of; for his mainsail came down as well as myself, which was with our first good broadside—and we got sail upon the Brig, (I say we, for sailors like authors and monarchs are allowed to use the plural) (although I was fast asleep under the bitts all the time) We handled him so roughly that he was glad

to beat a retreat *tout suite*, and just got his square sail on her and veered away before the wind—as the order was given to hoard her. As soon as she got fairly before it, she slipped away from us in a S. W. direction, and was soon lost sight of in the dark.

In this brush we had three men killed, outright, one died next day of his wounds, and fifteen were wounded, among whom was your humble servant no less an individual than Gabriel Gaskel, foretopman, in the starboard watch, and coxswain of H. M. Brig Beetle's Jolly Boat. Yes, I was wounded, altho' thank God not a grain of French lead, iron, or steel, ever perforated my skin, and I hope never will.

Next day when lying in the cable tier with my foot properly served and parcelled *secundum artem* (as the Doctor used to say) surrounded by my wounded shipmates, I began to philosophize upon the propriety of this sad fighting by candle-light; and the first inference I drew, was, that if generally adopted it would decidedly raise the price of tallow, (my father was a tallow chandler) so that my conclusion was quite natural as well as logical, although I believe not original; for I have heard of an old lady who when she asked the chandler (not my father) why the *barabee* candles were much sadder than formerly, and was informed it was all owing to the war, replied, *deil tak the folks*; can they no get enough of it with the blessed daylight, but they must *fecht* by candle-light? Having decided this knotty point to my own satisfaction, I next took into consideration the utility of it; what had we gained by it, thought I, four of his Majesty's subjects killed, and how many did I say wounded? 20, was it? no! look back in case you make a mistake; Aye 15, yes fifteen men wounded, three guns dismounted, at least so much so, as to be rendered useless until they had new carriages, foremast badly wounded, main-topmast, and mainboom shot away, and how many shot holes in our hull; and what state the rigging was in, may be conceived, when it took one day and a half to get her into anything like order; after the hour's peeping we got from the gay little Frenchman. Well it is worse than useless to fight so, thought I, I don't like it. It is wicked too to kill and mangle men so, in the dark; then the nation will be a few hundred pounds poorer, to repair our damages; but then, it was the Frenchman's fault, we did not seek the quarrel, what could we do? when attacked, in the dark too?—why nothing but what we did. We could not run away if we had wanted to do so for the beggar got athwart our bows, and we were caught napping with the topsails close reefed, the main yard aback and the fishing trawl fast to it. Confound the fishing trawl I detest the name; no more fisherman captains for me; but for it all this mischief would not have happened;—we could do nothing but fight then, thought I, and I am glad we gave him as good as we got. Well I do not much fancy this fighting work, although I suppose it's all right. Other people perhaps like it better. So I came to the conclusion that as soon as I saw the road clear, and my game foot healed, I would take my leave of both the Brig and H. M. service for ever, and leave fighting to those who had a turn for it. I have always had an aversion to it. I can now say I have seen, no not seen, but felt and heard a fight and it is much more pleasant to talk about than to be engaged in. I was roused from my cogitations by a heavy groan from the starboard cable tier with "O my God, my God, my legs, my legs!" from a

poor fellow who had both the calves of his legs carried away by a round shot. "Keep up your heart my dear Bill," said the boatswain's wife, who was attending the wounded with a truly motherly care. Rough as she was, and she was an unpolished diamond, Bet Kimber had a heart that could feel for another, and she was never so happy as when administering comfort to the sick or wounded. Poor Betty! I shall not soon forget her kindness to me. I used to write her letters for her to her mother, addressed to Mrs. Sally Slabline. Mutton Cove. Plymouth Dork. "Keep up your heart my dear Bill," said she, "and try to sleep."

"There is nothing the matter with my heart," roared the tar, "O! it's my legs, it's my legs that pain me!" This is some of Sir John Falstaff's honor, thought I. *My conscience*! if I get fairly out of this bathing tub of a brig they will never catch me fighting again if I can help it.

The Soblilly-Boys bell now rattled in my ears calling all that were able to use their *after pins* to repair to the medicine chest to get their wounds dressed, which completely upset my philosophical reverie, and I have never been able to get into the train again.

We were ordered into Sheerness to repair, and in a few days we were again among the flocks of colliers that swarm on the coast of England between the Thames and the Tyne, and buzz about as busy as bees in harvest.

We sailed through whole fleets of them, some of them I knew, and hundreds I did not, but it was with a full heart and a watery eye. I leaned on my crutch, and gazed wistfully, as one after another bounded merrily past us, hastening to their desired haven, each man or boy on board looking forward to be embraced by a wife, a mother, or a sister, while we poor slaves were pinned up as close as felons in Newgate. The Old Friends, among the rest passed close to us, flying light, and bound to the northward. I could see the old skipper on the quarter deck, with his chocolate-coloured neckcloth and tarpaulin hat, which had weathered many a gale; a yard of clay projected from his brows like a frigate's flying jibboom, a pigtail the pride of his heart, some eighteen inches long adorned the after part of his venerable grey poll, forming an angle with his body of about ten degrees, and stood out in bright relief from his snuff coloured jacket, leaving a beautiful greasy track, down between his manly shoulders, clear and shining as the wake of a line of battle ship in a smooth sea, or the moon on the ocean, when dimmed by a ripple—Oh! the sight of it was too much. I burst into tears. Then there was Robert Carse the carpenter heaving the lead, and singing out most musically *quarter less nine*. His hammock, I recollect, hung on the starboard side in the half deck, and had not been moved for twelve years. Then he had a daughter, Jessy; they lived at the Low Lights in Shields. How kind she always was to me! Yes, his hammock had not been scrubbed for twelve years. By Jingo! how black it was. It would never be allowed in the Navy, thought I. We were now in Hasely Bay; "All hands bring ship to an anchor"—no sooner said than done—and we were all snug in a few minutes. But what a night ensued! I will tell all about it by and by, and how many a poor fellow that night lost the number of his mess in Hasely Bay.

(To be continued.)

[We regret that there were so many serious errors of the Press in the first chapter of a Sailor's Reminiscences. Several of the Nautical and cant terms were ludicrously inaccurate.]

Selected Articles. .

ANACREON.

[From the *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*.]

Little is known of the life of Anacreon. There is reason to believe that he was born among the richer classes; that he was a visitor at the courts of princes; and that agreeably to a *polis* which was great enough, and has given enough delight to the world, to warrant such a devotion of itself to its enjoyments, he kept aloof from the troubles of his time, or made the best of them, and tempted them to spare his door. It may be concluded of him, that his existence, (so to speak) was passed in a garden; for he lived to be old; which in a man of his sensibility and indolence, implies a life pretty free from care. It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choked with a grape-stone; a fate generally thought to be a little too allegorical to be likely. He was born on the coast of *Tonia* (part of the modern Turkey,) at Teos, a town south of Smyrna, in the midst of a country of wine, oil, and sunshine; and thus partook strongly of those influences of climate which undoubtedly occasion varieties in genius, as in other productions of nature. As to the objectionable parts of his morals, they belonged to his age and have no essential or inseparable connection with his poetry. We are therefore glad to be warranted in saying nothing about them. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon; and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies. Cowley, one of the best of men, translated some of his most Anacreontic poems. We profess to breathe his air in the same spirit as Cowley, and shall assuredly bring no poison out of it to our readers. The truly virtuous are as safe in the pages of the *London Journal* as they can be in their own homes and gardens. But cheerfulness is a part of our religion, and we chuse to omit not even grapes in it, any more than nature has omitted them.

Imagine then a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has, perhaps, brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

For we are not, with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted every thing that a poet says, on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics who tell us, that such men as Anacreon passed "whole lives" in the indulgence of "every excess and debauchery." They must have had, in the first place, prodigious constitutions, if they did, to live to be near ninety; and secondly, it does not follow that because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him a taste, greater than other men's, for what he enjoys. Redit, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poem in Italy, drank little but water. St. Evremond, the French wit, an epicure professed, was too good an epicure not to temperance and preserve his relish. Debauchees, who are fox-hunters, live to be old, because they take a great deal of exercise; but it is not likely that inactive men should; unless they combined a relish for pleasure with some very particular kinds of temperance.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is not in earnest,—which plays with the subject, as a good-humoured old man plays with children. There is a perpetual smile on his face between enthusiasm and levity. He truly likes the objects he looks upon, (otherwise he could not have painted them truly) and he will retain as much of his youthful regard for them as he can. He does retain much, and he pleasantly pretends more. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, every thing that can be indolently enjoyed; not, it must be confessed, with the deepest innermost perception of their beauty (which is more a characteristic of modern poetry than of ancient, owing to the difference of their creeds) but with the most elegant of material perceptions,—of what lies in the surface and tangibility of objects,—and with an

admirable exemption from whatever does not belong to them,—from all false taste and the mixture of impertinences. With regard to the rest, he but all the sentiment which good nature implies, and nothing more.

Upon those two points of luxury and good taste the character of Anacreon, as a poet, wholly turns. He is the poet of indolent enjoyment, in the best possible taste, and with the least possible trouble. He will enjoy as much as he can, but he will take no more pains about it than he can help, not even to praise it. He would probably talk about it, half the day long; for talking would cost him nothing, and it is natural to old age; but when he comes to write about it, he will say no more than the impulse of the moment incites him to put down, and he will say it in the very best manner, both because the truth of his perception requires it, and because an affected style and superfluous words would give him trouble. He would, it is true, take just so much trouble, if necessary, as should make his style completely suitable to his truth; and if his poems were not so short, it would be difficult to a modern writer to think that they could flow into such excessive ease and spirit as they do if he had not taken the greatest pains to make them. Besides his impulse, he had the habit of a life upon him. Hence the compositions of Anacreon are remarkable, above all others in the world, for being "short and sweet." They are, the very thing, and nothing more, required by the occasion; for the animal spirits, which would be natural in other men, and might lead them into superfluities, would not be equally so to one, who adds the indulgence of old age to the niceties of natural taste, and therefore as people boast, on other occasions, of calling things by their right names, and "a spade a spade," so when Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, *there it is*; as true and as free from every thing foreign to it, as the thing itself.

Look at a myrtle-tree, or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom, then shut your eyes, and think how exquisitely the myrtle tree is *what it is*, and how beautifully unlike every thing else,—how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

This may not be a very scholastic description; but we wish it to be something better; and we write to general apprehensions. We would have them conceive a state of Anacreon, as they would that of his grapes; and know him by his flavour.

It must be conceded to one of our would-be-scholarly friends above mentioned, that there is no translation, not even of any one ode of Anacreon's, in the English language, which gives you an entirely right notion of it. The common-place elegancies of Fawkes (who was but a when he was humblest, as in his ballad of "Dear Tom, this brown jug") are out of the question. They are as bad as Hoole's Ariosto. Mr. Moore's translation is masterly of its kind, but its kind is not Anacreon's; as he would, perhaps, be the first to say, now; for it was a work of his youth. It is too oriental, diffuse, and ornamented; an Anacreon in Persia. The best English translations are those which Cowley has given us, although diffuseness is their fault also; but they have more of Anacreon's real animal spirits, and his contentment with objects themselves, apart from what he can say about them. Cowley is most in earnest. He thinks most of what his original was thinking, and least of what is expected from his translator.

We will give a specimen of him presently. But it is not to be supposed that we have no passages in the writings of English poets, that convey to an unlearned reader a thorough idea of Anacreon. Prose cannot do it, though far better sometimes as a translation of verse, than verse itself, since the latter may destroy the original both in spirit and medium too. But prose, as a translation of verse, wants, of necessity, that sustained enthusiasm of poetry, which presents the perpetual charm of a triumph over the obstacle of metre, and turns it to an accompaniment and a dance. Readers, therefore, must not expect a right idea of Anacreon from the best prose versions; though, keeping in mind their inevitable deficiencies, they may be of great service and pleasure to him, especially if he can superadd the vivacity which they want. And he is pretty sure not to meet in them with any of the impertinences of the translations in verse; that is to say (not to use the word offensively) any of the matter which does not belong to the original; for an impertinence, in the literal, unoffensive sense of the word, signifies that which does not belong to, or form a part, of any thing.

The passage quoted in our last London Journal about Cupid bathing and pruning his wings under the eyes of a weeping beauty (the production either of Spenser, or of a friend worthy of him) appears to us to be thoroughly Anacreontic in one respect, and without contradiction; that is to say, in clearness and delicacy of fancy.

The blind archer-boy, like larks in shower of raine,
Saw bathing of his wings; and glad the time did spend
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eyes,
And at their brightest beams, him proyned in lovely wise.

Milton's address to May-morning would have been Anacreontic, but for a certain something of heaviness or stateliness which he has mingled with it, and the deferential changes of the measure.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

The dancing of the star, the leading flowery May, the green lap, and the straightforward simple style of the words are all anacreontic; but the measure is too stately and serious. The poet has instinctively changed it in the lines that follow these, which are altogether in the taste of our author:

Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

then a long line comes too seriously in—

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

We will here observe by the way, that Anacreon's measures are always short and dancing. One of these somewhat resembles with the shorter ones of the above poem.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Every syllable, observe, is pronounced.

Dote moi lyren Homereou
Phonies ane the chords.

The *o's* in the second line of the next are all pronounced long, as in the word *rose*.

Hyacinthine me rhabdo
Chalepos Eros bandilion
Ekleuseu syntrochazein.

There is a poet of the time of Charles the first, Herrick, who is generally called, but on little grounds, the English Anacreon, though he now and then has no unhappy imitation of his manner. We wish we had him by us, to give a specimen. There is one beautiful song of his, (which has been exquisitely translated, by the way, into Latin, by one of the now leading political writers,*) the opening measure of which, that is, of the first couplet, is the same as the other common measure of Anacreon:—

Their eyes the glow worms lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

He ge melaina pinei,
Placi de dendre auten,
Pinei thalassa d'auras,
Ho d'Helios thalassian.

Suckling, a charming off-hand writer, who stood between the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and partook of the sentiment of the one and the levity of the other, would have translated Anacreon admirably. And had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles the first, instead of an ancient Greek, he would have written Suckling's ballad on a wedding. There is a touch in it, describing a beautiful pair of lips, which, though perfectly original, is in the highest Anacreontic taste:—

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compafed with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

Beauty, the country, a picture, the taste and scent of honey are all in that passage. And yet Anacreon, in the happy comprehensiveness of his words, has beaten it. The thought has got somewhat hacknied since his time, the hard, though unavoidable fate of many an exquisite fancy;

yet stated in his simple words, and accompanied with an image, the very perfection of eloquence, it may still be read with a new delight. In his direction to a painter about a portrait of his mistress, he tells him to give her "a lip like *Persuasion*,"

Prokaloumenon philema—
Provoking a kiss.

The word is somewhat spoilt in English by the very piquancy which time has added to it; because, it makes it look less in earnest, too much like the common language of gallantry. But *provoking* literary means *calling for*—asking—forcing us, in common gratitude for our delight, to give what is so exquisitely deserved. And in that better sense, the word *provoking* is still the right one.

Shakespeare's serenade in Cymbeline might have been written by Anacreon, except that he would have given us some luxurious image of a young female, instead of the word "lady."

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies,
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty been,
My lady sweet, arise.

Lilly, a writer of Shakespeare's age, who preverted a naturally fine genius to the purposes of conceit and fashion, has a little poem beginning—

Cupid and my Campaspe played

At cards for kisses,

which Anacreon might have written, had cards existed in his time. But we have it not by us to quote. Many passages in Burns's songs are Anacreontic, inasmuch as they are simple, enjoying, and full of the elegance of the senses; but they have more passion than the old Greek's, and less of his perfection of grace. Anacreon never suffers but from old age or the want of wine. Burns suffers desperately, and as desperately struggles with his suffering, till we know not which is the greater, he or his passion. There is nothing of this robust handed work in the delicate Ionian. Nature is strong and sovereign in him, but always in accommodating unison with his indolence and old age. He says that he is transported, and he is so; but somehow you always fancy him in the same place, never quite carried out of himself.

Of Anacreon's drinking songs, we do not find it so easy to give a counterpart notion from the English poets, who, though of a drinking country, have not exhibited much of the hilarity of wine. Their port is heavy, compared with Anacreon's *Teion*. Shakespeare's

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne

will not do at all; for Anacreon's Bacchus is the perfection of elegant mythology, particularly *comme il faut* in the waist, a graceful dancer, and beautiful as cheerfulness. In all Anacreon's manners, and turn of thinking, you recognise what is called "the gentleman." He evidently had a delicate hand. The "cares" that he talks about, consisted in his not having had cares enough. A turn at the plough, or a few wants, would have given him pathos. He would not have thought all the cares of life to consist in its being short, and swift, and taking him away from his pleasures. If he partook however of the effeminacy of his caste, he was superior to its love of wealth and domination. The sole business of his life, he said, was to drink and sing, perfume his beard, and crown his head with roses; and he appears to have stuck religiously to his profession. "Business," he thought, "must be attended to." Plato calls him "wise," as Milton calls the luxurious Spenser "sage and serious." The greatest poets and philosophers sometimes "let the cat out of the bag," when they are tired of conventional secrets.

This bottle's the sun of our table,

His beams are rosy wine;

• We, planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

These verses of Sheridan are Anacreontic. So is that couplet of Burns's,—exquisitely so, except for the homeliness of the last word:

Care, mad to see a man so happy,
E'en drown'd himself amidst the nappy.

One taste, like this, of the wine of the feelings gives a better idea of Anacreon's drinking songs than hundreds of ordinary specimens.

* See a periodical publication in two volumes, called the *Reflector*, which contained some of the first public essays of several eminent living writers.

But we must hasten to close this long article with the best Anacreontic piece of translation we are acquainted with;—that of the famous ode to the Grasshopper by Cowley. Anacreon's Grasshopper, it is to be observed, is not properly a Grasshopper, but the *Tettix*, as the Greeks called it from its cry,—the *Cicala* of the Roman poet, and *Cicala* of modern Italy, where it sings or *cricks* in the trees in summer-time, as the grasshopper does with us in the grass. It is a species of beetle. But Cowley very properly translated his Greek insect as well as ode, into English, knowing well that the poet's object is to be sympathized with, and that if Anacreon had written in England, he would have addressed the grasshopper instead of the tettix.

We have marked in Italics the expressions, which, though original in Cowley's version, are purely Anacreontic, and such as the Grecian would have delighted to write. The whole poem is much longer than Anacreon's, double the size; but this, perhaps, only justly makes up for the prolongation afforded to all ancient poems, by the music which accompanied them. There is not a Cowleian conceit in the whole of it, unless the thought about "farmer and landlord," be one, which is quickly forgiven for its naturalness in an English landscape; and the whole, from beginning to end, though not so perfectly melodious, runs on with that natural yet regulated and elegant enthusiasm, betwixt delight in the object and indolent enjoyment in the spectator, which has been noticed as the characteristics of the sprightly old bard. The repetition of the word *all* is quite in the poet's manner; who loved thus to cram much into little, and to pretend to himself that he was luxuriously expatiating;—as in fact he was, in his feelings; though, as to composition, he did not chuse to make "a toil of a pleasure."

Happy insect! what can he
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill?
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread;
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than his.
Thee country birds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Phœbus is himself thy sire
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withall,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou'rt retired to endless rest.

ANTI-CLIMAX.—Mr. H****, the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, adverted in one of his lectures to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration, and thus concluded his eulogy: "He was a great man," said the professor—"a very great man. He was the father of chemistry, gentlemen—and brother of the Earl of Cork."

A POKE STROKE.—The late Dr. Busby, when chaplain to the forces quartered at Dover, was one afternoon delivering a discourse from the Eighth Commandment, in which he animadverted on the sad consequences of stealing.—"It is," said he, "such an ungentlemanly, beggarly thing for a soldier to steal.—Not, my beloved brethren, that I would tax any of you with the commission of so foul a sin.—No, God forbid!—though I have lost a pair of boots, and several other things since this regiment was stationed on the Heights!"

PAGANINI.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

So play'd of late to every passing thought
With finest change (might but half as well
So write) the pale magician of the bow,
Who brought from Italy the tales, made true,
Of Grecian lyres; and on his sphyery hand,
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspended, ere it fell, a nation's breath.

He smote,—and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearn'd with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Sadden'd delight; and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face
Twixt his dark flowing locks, he almost seem'd,
To feeble or to melancholy eye,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret liv'd forlorn.

But true and earnest, all too happily
That skill dwell in him, serious with its joy;
For noble now he smote the exulting strings,
And bade them march before his stately will;
And now he lov'd them like a chuck, and laid
Endearment on them, and took pity sweet;
And now he was all mirth, or all for cause
And reason, carving out his thoughts like prose
After his poetry; or else he laid
His own soul prostrate at the feet of love,
And with a full and trembling fervour deep,
In kneeling and close-creeping urgency,
Implor'd some mistress with hot tears; which past,
And after patience had brought right of peace,
He drew, as if from thoughts finer than hope,
Comfort around him in ear-soothing strains
And elegant composure; or he turn'd
To heaven instead of earth, and rais'd a pray'r
So earnest vehement, yet so lowly sad,
Mighty with want and all poor human tears,
That never saint, wrestling with earthly love,
And in mid-age unable to get free,
Tore down from heav'n such pity. Or behold
In his despair, (for such, from what he spoke
Of grief before it, or of love, 'twould seem)
Jump would he into some strange wail uncouth
Of witches' dance, ghastly with whinnings thin
And palsied nods—mirth wicked, sad, and weak.
And then with show of skill mechanical,
Marvellous as witchcraft, he would old overthrow
That vision with a shower of notes like hail,
Or sudden mixtures of all difficult things
Never yet heard; flashing the sharp tones now
In downward leaps like swords; now rising fine
Into some almost tip of minute sound,
From which he stepp'd into a higher and higher
On viewless points, till laugh took leave of him:
Or he would fly as if from all the world
To be alone, and happy, and you should hear
His instrument become a tree far off,
A nest of birds and sunbeams, sparkling both,
A cottage-bow'r: or he would condescend,
In playful wisdom which knows no contempt,
To bring to laughing memory, plain as sight,
A farm-yard with its inmates, ox and lamb,
The whistle and the whip, with feeding hens
In household fidget muttering evermore,
And rising as in scorn, crown'd Chanticleer,
Ordaing silence with his sovereign crow.
Then from one chord of his amazing shell,
Would he fetch out the voice of quires, and weight
Of the built organ; or some two-fold strain
Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar;
And ever and anon o'er these he'd throw
Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
Of lovers' sweetmeats on Italian lutes
From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
Of pebbled water, sprinkling in the sun,
One chord effecting all:—and when the ear

Felt there was nothing present but himself
 And silence, and the wonder drew deep sighs,
 Then would his bow lie down again in tears,
 And speak to some one in a pray'r of love,
 Endless, and never from his heart to go;
 Or he would talk as of some secret bliss;
 And at the close of all the wonderment
 (Which himself shav'd) near and more near would
 come
 Into the inmost ear, and whisper there
 Breathing so soft, so low, so full of life,
 Thou'ld beyond sense, and only to be borne
 By pangs, which made each less bearable,
 The out of pure necessity for relief
 From that heap'd joy, and bliss that laugh'd for pain,
 The thunders of the uprolling house came down,
 And bow'd the breathing sorcerer into smiles.

A GOOD FELLOW.

ABSTRACT OF DE KOCK'S NOVEL, "UN BON ENFANT," OF WHICH THERE IS NO ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

There is nothing more ridiculous (quoth our author) than to see a person pursuing an omnibus, already far in advance, which still continues to gain in the race; the conductor who is employed in looking right and left, never casts his eye upon the dilatory passenger. If the unfortunate be a man he runs, then he stops, he lifts his hand to the air, he lifts his cane, his umbrella, if he have one; he shakes his arm, as if he would play the drum-major; he puts forth every now and then a-hoy! hoy! hoy! Conductor!—hallo! hau! ho, there! Now he runs a little, now he pants through the mud, and at last catches the unlucky coach half-way to his place of appointment. If the pursuer be a woman, she either runs not at all, or runs always; women do nothing by halves, they are sooner decided than men; and moreover they run with more grace; they have the tact to choose the pavement too, in courting the attention of the conductor. They certainly sometimes withdraw their garment a trifle; but after all, where is the crime of shewing a leg, especially when it is well made? and few are shown that are otherwise.

"A young man was in pursuit of the sixpenny coach, a good looking fellow, of moderate height, but well made, his countenance was frank and pleasing; his dress of a good fashion. At length he caught the omnibus as it turned towards la Madeleine, following the Boulevards; it was tolerably full.

"Have you room, conductor?" "Yes, sir;—on the right, at the bottom, sit a little closer, gentlemen, if you please."

"The young man enters, and does his best to make his way among the immovable legs, the projecting knees, wet umbrellas, muddy feet, and ill-tempered faces; for if ever you have been in an omnibus, gentle reader, (and it is most likely, if you inhabit the capital,) you must have remarked, that when the coach is something furnished with passengers, the arrival of another darkens the countenance of every one; firstly, because it is a cause of delay, and then because it is troublesome to be squeezed. The newcomer is therefore but ill received, and no one moves to make room for him. I have often wondered that those who speculate in such vehicles, have not yet thought of dividing them into stalls, like the front rows of the pit at the theatre; they would then at least be visible, and one would not be liable to receive a passenger on one's knee; and that passenger not always light and pretty. Our new-comer sate himself between a man very large, who seemed displeased that any one should sit by him, and a lady who seemed to think the contact of her gown and the young man's coat indecent. "They are going to pack us like herrings!" grumbled the enormous gentleman, stretching his limbs, so as to make himself comfortable. The lady says nothing; but as a fold of her gown remained under her new neighbour, she draws it back with quickness, assuming an air of dignity, of prudery, one of those airs that prove nothing but the absence of amenity." The young man also endeavours to settle himself as comfortably as possible, without paying any attention to the murmurs of the gentleman or the airs of the lady. As soon as he was fairly seated, he looks about him to see what his fellow passengers are like. They are a motley crew, but as they have nothing to do with our history, we will leave the curious reader to seek them in our original, and well will they repay him if he does. The omnibus starts, but makes but little way, on account of its frequent stoppages. At length

it is shaken by a sudden shock; some one has jumped on the steps without allowing the mass to stop. "It is a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, in a hussar's uniform, young, tall, with large black mustachios, which together with eyes and eye-brows of the same colour, a very dark complexion, and features strongly marked, gave his countenance an expression somewhat hard and repulsive. "Where the deuce is this gentleman going to put himself?" said the fat gentleman; but in a low voice, and less insolently than he usually spoke. The soldier did not seem at all embarrassed; he advances, pushes back legs, knees, looking all the while right and left, as though to choose his place. At length he throws himself *pele-mele* among the people, and forces a place. The soldier recognizes in the young man, his school-fellow, Charles Darville, and announces himself as Emile Mongerand. To the dismay of the passengers he talks across every body to his old friend in a loud voice, reminding him of all their wild frolics as school boys and youths, as though they were alone. It was Sunday, and Charles Darville was going to dine with his mother, but Mongerand persuades him to go into a coffee-house to rejoice over their meeting, for Charles is a good fellow, and cannot refuse to do any thing he is asked at the moment. From the coffee-house he drags him to the house of Rozat, another of his school-fellows; thence he takes them both to a billiard room, where he gets into a row. Rozat evades at the commencement of the disturbance. Charles magnanimously waits till Mongerand himself leaves him to pursue some of his enemies of the coffee-house. It is ten o'clock when he gets to his mother's. His mother is a kind woman, but has hurt her own authority with her good-natured but careless son, by a severe and reserved manner. Some friends are with her, and among them M. Formercy and his niece Leonie; which latter the elder people intend as a wife for Charles. M. Formercy is a very exact tradesman, and Charles's want of punctuality annoys him. Charles, however, manages to excuse himself to the satisfaction of all parties. The girl pleases him, and he pleases her. They are married, and old M. Formercy retires, leaving his business to the young couple.

Darville is charmed with his wife, and pays more attention to her than to his business. He plays, however, on the violin. At length Leonie presents him with a daughter. He promises himself the satisfaction of giving her a fine education. Leonie smiled and said to her husband, "That which will be above all things necessary to give her, my friend, is a portion. You know women seldom marry without it. You must therefore endeavour to earn money, and get up our business again, which has not gone on very well for some time."

"Be easy,—that will all come right: Vanflocck has promised me two commissions. I will give our child a hundred thousand livres, not a jot less."

In order to begin making his child's portion, Charles runs to announce its birth to all his friends; and, to celebrate the happy events, he eats oysters with one, a cutlet with another; plays for his coffee with a third, and drinks beer with Vanflocck; and thus he passes the day out of doors that he ought to have devoted to his wife. Scarcely is Leonie recovered, when she places herself again in the counting-house, and examines the books. She sees with affright that already they have suffered considerable losses in a business which, in her uncle's time, was so fruitful. Charles now often stays out the whole day, and in the evening he sees signs of distress in his gentle wife's face, he takes his hat and goes out again; "a way husbands have when they are in the wrong; it is a short one, but not the best!" The day of payment for six thousand francs arrives, and Leonie has but half that sum in her strong box. Charles went out in the morning to get some bills discounted, and, according to his custom, stayed out till evening. Rozat and his wife look in while Leonie is still anxiously waiting for her husband. Charles at last comes home. He had been dining with Vanflocck. His colour was higher than usual, and he spoke as if every one were deaf. Leonie saw at once that her husband was a little elevated, and her face was overshadowed with care. Rozat, shaking hands with his friends, smiled archly, while Madame Rozat murmured between her teeth "very pretty!" Here I am," cried Charles, with a joyous air; "good evening, Rozat—good evening, madame!—I could not come home to dinner, for I was detained with Vanflocck by a Brussels man, who took us to Grignon's, and treated us magnificently." "Do you know this Brussels man?" said Leonie, coldly. "No; I saw him for the first time—but he is a very pleasant man, without cere-

mony; besides, he is the most intimate friend of Van-floek's." Charles draws something from his pocket for his wife.

Leonie said tranquilly "What, my friend, is this another present?" Charles opened a little box, and drew from it a handsome pair of diamond earrings, which he presented to his wife, saying, "A week ago I made you stop before a shop window, and asked you which you thought the prettiest, and you showed me these, and I have brought them" to you." "How gallant!" said Rozit. Leonie took the earrings, but did not seem enchanted with the present, and she said with a little hesitation, "Good, good, my friend, I said I thought those earrings pretty, because you would positively have my opinion; but that was no reason why you should buy them—such rich jewels—it is a folly!" Charles grew still redder, he drew back a step or two, crying, angrily, "Make presents to your wife, and see how she receives them. This is pleasant. It is enough to make the best tempered man angry! Woman do not deserve that we should pay them any attentions!" Leonie had never seen her husband angry; she grew pale, and large tears stood in her eyes. Rozit pinched up his lips, and his wife again muttered "very pretty!" "Come, my dear Charles," said Rozit, affecting an air of simple good nature, "You do not say what you think; women will always merit our homages, our care, our adoration." Before Rozit had finished, Leonie rose from her chair; she ran to her husband, and throwing herself into his arms, hid her face in his bosom, sobbing out, "Ah! my friend, do not be distressed, I was wrong, and I ask your pardon!" With Charles anger did not last long, and he tenderly embraced his wife. "What a picture!" said Rozit. "Very fine! magnificent! full of fire!" said his wife, looking at the diamonds. Charles borrows some money to replace what he had paid for the diamonds.

"Where is this d—d rascal Charles? where is he, that I may embrace him?" said a tall dark man one day, entering cavalierly into the counting-house where Leonie sat.

"Sir, my husband is out; but"—"Oh, you are his wife, ma'am. Ah! I recollect they told me he was married. And I—I have been married too; I did that folly a year ago. But that is done with, thank God! I cut the Gordian knot. I laugh at it! I made myself a bachelor again. We separated, for good and all!—we had had enough of it, both of us!—Enchanted, madame, to make the acquaintance of my school-fellow's wife—Charles must have spoken to you often of me!"—"Your name, Sir?" "Ah! true! I ought to have told you at first: Mongérand—Emile Mongérand, class-fellow of Charles, then non-commissioned officer of hussars, then marchant de nouveautés, then married, then—I don't know what yet—but always, a faithful and devoted friend, and I hope Charles thinks so."

With Mongérand Charles does not retrograde in dissipation. Mongérand takes him every where, to drink, to smoke, to gamble. Charles's easiness gives way before Mongérand's peremptory persuasions, his sarcasms against a led husband; for your weak people, of all others, have the greatest dread of being thought to be governed by their wives. He stays out late at night, and returns smelling of wine and tobacco. His affairs get more and more deranged. His wife loses her health, her peace, but never her affection for her unthinking husband. One day he dines with Mongérand, Rozit, and two ladies of very equivocal repute. His love for his wife fails in this ordeal of temptation; he gets very drunk after dinner, and returns late at night. His wife is already asleep; and he succeeds in getting into bed without waking her. But he cannot sleep; ill-conscience and excess of wine disturb his rest, and he is ill. His groans wake his wife. "What is the matter, my friend," said she; "can you not sleep?" "No; I can't sleep." "Are you unwell?" "Yes, I feel ill, I don't know—perhaps—I feel unwell!" "Wait a moment, I will get up." "Perhaps if you call the maid!"—"The poor girl works hard all day, and must be very tired; I can take care of you, and get you any thing you wish." Leonie gets up, overcomes her weariness, puts her dressing gown on, and lights a fire. In a little while some tea is made, and the young wife brings it to her husband. Presently he feels better, and goes to sleep. Leonie would not return to bed till she was quite sure that Charles was asleep; then placing near her any thing her sick husband might wish for, if he waked, she lay down. Still it was almost against her will that she went to sleep; still she kept her ear attentive, while her eyes were closed, in case her

husband should complain. Soon after that night Leonie was again a mother, and Charles had a son born during one of his habitual absences.

His new mistress wishes him to take her to a *bal champêtre*. He has never passed the night but before, but he must take her, or see her no more. He pretends business in the country, and goes. While dancing at the ball, he hears that his house has stopped payment. He persuades himself he can set all things right on his return, and so he dances on.

Madame Darvillé comes to see her son, immediately after his return. She reproaches him with his neglect of business, of his child, his wife. She upbraids him with having exposed himself in public places accompanied by a mistress! Leonie hears it and faints, for she was quite unsuspecting. Madame Darvillé leaves her son to make his peace with his wife, leaving with him two-thirds of her property. His gentle wife forgives him. They pay their creditors, and change the house for a lodging, living on the wrecks of their fortune, till Charles can find something to do. Meantime the failure of his former business puts a period to the existence of old Formercy, who leaves fifteen thousand francs to Leonie. Meantime Mongérand sets up as a wine and spirit merchant. As he has little capital he obtains Charles's signature to some bills: As Mongérand is one of those who cannot do any business without drinking, Charles and he get drunk. In this condition they intrude themselves into the company of some persons who are celebrating a wedding at the same coffee-house. They are turned out. Mongérand insists upon getting the people next day, and accordingly an address is given him. Charles returns home late, in a very battered and bewildered condition. His wife hears with terror that he is engaged in a duel; but her fears are dissipated next morning by the appearance of Mongérand, who is a great rascal, for the address given him was a false one. The day of payment arrives for Mongérand's bills, and the holder comes to Charles for the amount. Charles is all the poorer for the transaction, and so also is Mongérand. Instead of coffee-house, Mongérand now takes his easy friend to public-houses. Charles is a little shocked at first, but he soon gets used to it. Charles is at last embroiled in a duel on Mongérand's account, and severely wounded.

In the same house with the Darvillés, in a small room among the attic, lived a young workman, a cabinet-maker, named Justin, he was twenty-two years of age; but the simple sweetness of his face, and the timidity of his manner, made him appear no more than eighteen. Of all the lodgers, he was the only one whom Leonie knew even by sight. In reading at his window he had continually seen Leonie working beneath. Her appearance struck him. At length he got so accustomed to see her, that it was his only pleasure. He desired ardently to speak to her, to serve her, but dared not make an opportunity. Unhappy at the protracted absence of her husband, Leonie goes down stairs to seek some news of him. Justin seized the opportunity to offer his services. Alas, he only returns to announce the coming of the wounded man. In the confusion, for Leonie faints, he is the presiding genius, and his zeal enables him to acquit himself like one experienced in such scenes. Charles's illness is long and severe, and so reduces their funds, that on his recovery they are obliged to change their lodging for a meaner one. His first task, however, is to visit his mother, who has heard of his mischance, and been ill in consequence. She tells him that she has done all she could for him during his illness; she had sent him money by the people his wife sent to her, but complains that Leonie should have sent drunken men with her messages. Charles excuses justly that Mongérand is at the bottom of this. As soon as they are settled in their new lodging, which consists of two attics, Leonie sets herself hard to work at embroidery. The children miss much the company of Justin, who had made them his friends during their father's illness. At length they are delighted one day by the sight of him;—he has come to live in the same house. Charles does nothing but play upon the violin, and plague his neighbours by perpetually playing country dances. One day, going into the house, the porter accuses him, and offers him fifteen francs if he will attend a bridal party as fiddler, at a house where a friend of the said porter's is servant. Charles is offended at the offer, and refuses. He goes up stairs. His wife's eyes were red. For some days the state of health of the little Felix had made her very uneasy; she held him in her arms, for she feared he was cold. Little Laura was running up and down the room blowing her fingers to warm herself. Charles was touched by this picture. "Certainly," said he, "if I went to this

dance—fifteen francs,—that something.” He drew near his wife, and said to her—“ You do not earn fifteen francs in a day, with your needle, do you ? ” “ Alas ! said she, “ it is with great pains that I earn fifteen sous,” but why do you ask ? ” “ Why—just now—the porter spoke to me ;—in short he proposed to me to play flances for a party to-night, and offered me fifteen francs for it.” Leonie looked at her husband with anxiety, for her children were cold, and nothing seemed to her too painful to do, that would procure what was necessary for them. “ Well, my friend,” said she at length, “ What did you answer ? ” “ You must know that it could not be very pleasant for me to play the poor fiddler ; I learnt the violin for my amusement, not to play to dancing.” “ Yes,” said Leonie, sadly, “ I feel all that there is in it which must be disagreeable to you ; but when misfortune overwhelms us, we are often glad to turn to those accomplishments we have learnt for our amusement as resources. In short you — ” “ I refused.” Leonie said nothing, she dropped her eyes, and pressed her little son to her heart. Charles was hungry ; he opened a cupboard and found nothing in it but bread. He exclaimed, “ where then is the dinner ? ” “ The linen-draper did not pay me to day ; we have had nothing else.” “ Deuce ! that is a sorry meal !—That rascal, Mongrand ! if we catch him !—To leave me in the lurch, after having borrowed money too of my — ” Charles finished his sentence between his teeth, and slowly munched his bread for a bit. Suddenly he got up, and exclaimed ; “ Certainly I will go to this dance.” He goes, and is ushered into a room full of people. They are waiting for the future bridegroom, for the wedding is not to take place for a week, this being merely a preparatory rejoicing. At length he comes, and Darville recognises Mongrand. Charles is not the only person who is already acquainted with the reckless adventurer, he is recognized also by an acquaintance of his wife’s, and the startling fact announced of his being a married man ! He is fiercely turned out of the house, and Darville of course accompanies him in his ignominious exit. In the turmoil Mongrand breaks the nose of his bride’s uncle with Charles’s violin, and the violin with the uncle’s nose. Mongrand persuades Charles to forgive him for his deception upon his mother, and they go to console themselves in a public-house.

Early in the morning Leonie hears some one enter the house. She goes down stairs to see if it is her husband. It is the porter’s friend, come to tell him of the disturbance at his master’s house. Leonie, hearing of her husband’s danger, falls to the ground. Justin, who has been roused also, lifts her up and carries her up stairs, while he sends the porter for medical assistance. He laid her on the bed, still lifeless. He knew not what to do, he despaired, he wept, for he thought that Leonie was about to die. He threw himself on his knees before her, took one of her cold hands in his, and endeavoured to warm it, sobbing out, “ Ah ! do not die, Madame, do not die !—Heaven will not always suffer you to be unhappy ! ” A little voice alone answered him ; it was Felix, who awoke complaining, and asked for drink. A bright redness coloured the child’s face. Justin had nothing to give, for there was nothing there. At length the porter returns with a doctor. The surgeon bled Leonie, and she recovered from the fainting ; but only to fall into a state of frightful delirium. She called on her husband ; she thought she saw him murdered, and accused Mongrand of all their misfortunes. The doctor declared that some one must watch by her while her delirium lasted, and Justin vowed that he would not quit her. While Leonie is in this condition, Charles returns. In his despair, he is rushing from the room, to throw himself into the canal ; but Justin detains him. Leonie gets better, but her poor boy dies ; a fact that is carefully concealed from the unhappy mother. As Leonie’s illness cuts off their only resource in her needle, Justin supplies Charles with money for the necessary things for the family. Money even thus obtained, Charles cannot devote to its proper purpose, but spends much of it at the ale-house. Justin, with all his simplicity, suspects as much, and then purchases the things himself. Leonie is allowed to believe that her husband’s violin, though a failure at first, is more fruitful now, and supplies the wants of his family. While Leonie is slowly recovering, news is brought her one night that her husband has been arrested by the guard. She begs Justin to go and look after her husband’s safety. At length Justin returns, but alone. Charles is safe, but cannot be liberated till the morning. “ And all that is true, is it not, Justin ? ” “ I assure you on my honour.” “ Oh heavens !—I’ve been very ill !—and my child, my poor child, who has sate up to try and

console me ! go, my dear child, go to bed ; wait let me kiss you again.” “ And you will not cry any more, mamma ? ” “ No dear Laura.” “ And you will sleep too ? ” “ Yes.”

Laura went to bed ; Justin helped the little girl to undress herself, and then he said to Leonie, who seemed overwhelmed by the events of the night, “ How do you feel now madame.” “ I have suffered much—in my heart—chest—every where !—but that will go off.” “ You suffer still, I see madame !—Will you grant me one favour.” “ A favour !—I—Justin !—alas ! what can I do for you.” “ Allow me to watch this night near you ; to remain there, on that chair ! You are ill, and if I knew you were alone, without help, I should not be able to taste repose ! Here I shall be more easy ! I am responsible for you to your husband ! Madame, you will not refuse me ! ” Leonie remains some moments without answering, and then she murmured, in a voice, in which there was something of solemnity, “ Very well ! Yes this night—remain near me ! ”

Leonie seemed overcome, she closed her eyes. Justin pleased at being allowed to remain near her, went to seat himself on a chair a few steps from the bed. He placed the light so as not to inconvenience Leonie, and abandoned himself to his reflections, lifting his head occasionally to hear if she slept and striving to hear her breathing. It is three o’clock in the morning. The quiet which till now has reigned in the chamber is broken by some hollow sighs which escape from Leonie. Justin approached her, and asked her what what was the matter. “ I feel very ill,” said the young woman, in a faint voice ; “ the event of this night has killed me. I had not strength to bear it ! ” “ Ah, Madame, you are ill ; I will go and seek for help—a doctor ! ” “ Do not go, Justin—it would come too late. Remain near me—that I may speak to you still—while I have the strength.” “ Oh, Madame, you will not die ! do not think so ! Oh, do not say so ! ” Justin, a doctor would be useless—and every other help !—My life is gone, I feel it.” “ Madame, for pity—Oh, stay—I shall be able to help you myself—to give you what you want.—This is nothing—a weakness—but not to die—you—can it be ! ”—And Justin ran like a madman about the room seeking Leonie’s customary medicines ; then he came back, and throwing himself on his knees by the bed-side, bathed her hands with his tears.

“ Justin—do you weep for me ? and my child she sleeps. ah ! she must not be waked. Laura ! Felix ! you will never abandon them, Justin ! ” “ But, Madame, you are not going to die !—Oh ! tell me that you will not die ! ”—Charles will return too late ! Justin I thank you for all that you have done for me ! I should like very much to have seen my child ! my poor Felix ! He is no longer ill, you told me so ! But I would yet pray to God for him ! ”

Leonie’s voice failed—it soon became unintelligible ; at last its sound ceased altogether, and the hand that Justin held grew motionless and cold.

Charles returns and finds Justin still kneeling by the bed.

A brother of Leonie, who had gone to sea when very young, returns to hear that his sister is dead. He adopts her daughter, and offers to get Charles a situation in America. Mongrand persuades him to remain with him.

Eight years after this period Charles and Mongrand return to Paris. They have exhausted all their resources, Charles is pale and haggard—Mongrand is untameable even by misfortune. Charles visits Pere La Chaise, he perceives an elegant though plain monument. It contains the remains of his wife and son. A fresh garland adorns it. The appearance of Justin accounts for this care ; and he offers assistance to Charles. Charles only wants to know where his remaining child lives. As he quits the cemetery he meets Mongrand issuing from a public house. Mongrand accosts him, but he dies his old companion in disgust. He seeks his brother-in-law’s house. He sees his daughter at a window. Charles has not enough eyes to look at his daughter with ; or rather he looks at her with his soul as well,—his heart ; for a father looks at his child with all the faculties of his being. Presently Laura dropped her eyes upon him ; she perceiving a man in the road who has his eyes fixed upon her. At first she regards him with a sort of fright, but very soon her fear gives way to compassion. She thinks she sees tears in the eyes of the stranger, and his hands are joined and stretched towards her. Laura concluded that it must be an unfortunate who asks her charity.

Laura quits the window for an instant ; but presently returns and throws out a large bit of bread and a small

piece of money, saying "Here! I wish I could give you more."

Charles felt struck to the heart at receiving alms from his daughter. He covered the bread and money with kisses and tears, exclaiming, "Thanks, thanks, dear child!" "Mon Dieu! why do you weep so, poor man?" said Laura, much moved, "You should not despair. One is not always unhappy. You give me pain. Adieu, I will pray to heaven for you!"

Charles walked slowly away, when he heard himself called. He trembled, for he knew the voice of Mongérand. The quondam soldier was leaning with his back against a tree, and as Charles came up, he looked at him, sneering. "Well!" said he, "you did not expect to see me here; I followed you because you told me not.—I am in the habit of doing that which is forbidden me." "Will you not leave me to my grief?" said Charles. "Ah! I have too often met you on my path!" "I have taken it into my head to keep you company." "And I can no longer bear it!—It adds to my despair! You are the cause of all my misfortunes; you led me on from folly to folly!" "Ah, ah! That is good! I was the cause that my gentleman loved pleasure, women, the table." "Without your bad counsel I should have listened to my wife—I should not have been the cause of her death!" "Do you know, you grow very tiresome?" "And do you know what I feel?"—My daughter has thrown me bread—she took me for a beggar, and I could not declare myself! I shall never more be able to press her in my arms and call her my child. Ah, that thought makes me desperate—it kills me!—Once again, leave me! Sir, I go this way, go you the other!" "I say, Charles, you have long assumed a tone, which in another I should have chastised!" As he said this, Mongérand placed himself before Charles, so as to bar his passage. Charles pushed him rudely away, and continued his walk.

"Insolent!" exclaimed Mongérand, "if I did not pity you—" "Pity," cried Charles, turning back quickly, and throwing a furious look upon Mongérand,—"You pity me, miserable—this odious wrong alone was wanting! Take care that I do not avenge the death of my wife and my son! Give me your pistols!"—"Charles, go—I do not detain you,—go; I will not follow you."—"What! coward! you can no longer lead me to acts of baseness!" "Coward!" cried Mongérand, his eyes sparkling; "Ha! you force me to it. Well, let us fight, if you will."

Mongérand took two pistols from his pocket, assured himself they were charged, and gave one to Charles, saying, "Draw back ten paces and fire!"—"Fire you the first," answered Charles, having drawn back a few paces. "Come, damnation! Let us fire together, and have done!" Charles made signs that he consented. The two scarcely took aim; the two reports sounded together; Mongérand heard the ball whistle past his ear. Charles received that of his adversary in his heart, fell, and expired faltering out the name of Laura.

Mongérand approached Charles, meaning at first to give him assistance, but he found that he was dead. He put his pistols in his pocket, and departed saying, "It is a pity—he was a good fellow."

LETTERS OF THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

[The following characteristic letters were addressed to Mr. B. Flower, then Editor of the Cambridge Intelligencer. As fragments, however slight, of the mind and history of a philosophical poet, they have their value, and will doubtless interest our readers. The second of them is without date, but was written towards the close of the year 1796.]

I.

April 1, 1796.

Dear Sir,—I transmitted you by Mr. B—, a copy of my 'Conjones ad Populum,' and an address against the Bills. I have taken the liberty of enclosing ten of each, carriage paid, which you may perhaps have an opportunity of disposing off for me—if not, give them away. The one is an eighteen-penny affair—the other 9d. I have likewise enclosed the numbers that have been hitherto published of the 'Watchman,'—some of the Poetry may perhaps be serviceable to you in your paper. That sonnet on the rejection of Mr. Wilberforce's Bill in your Chronicle the week before last, was written by Southey, author of 'Joan of Arc,' a year and a half ago, and sent to me per letter—how it appeared with the late signature, let the Plagiarist answer. I have sent a copy of

my poems; [there is a preface to be added, and a sheet of additional notes.] Will you send them to Lunn and Deighton, and ask of them whether they would choose to have their names on the title-page as publishers? and would you permit me to have yours? Robinson, and I believe, Cadell, will be the London publishers. Be so kind as to send an immediate answer.

Please to present one of each of my pamphlets to Mr. Hall. I wish that I could reach the perfection of his style. I think his style the best in the English language—if he have a rival, it is Mrs. Barbauld.

You have, of course, seen Bishop Watson's 'Apology for the Bible;' it is a complete confutation of Paine—but that was no difficult matter. The most formidable infidel is Lessing, the author of 'Emilia Galotti.' I ought to have written, was, for he is dead. His book is not yet translated, and is entitled, in German, 'Fragments of an anonymous Author.' It unites the wit of Voltaire with the subtlety of Hume, and the profound erudition of our Lardner. I had some thoughts of translating it with an answer, but gave it up, lest men, whose tempers and hearts incline them to disbelief, should get hold of it; and, though the answers are satisfactory to my own mind, they may not be equally so to the minds of others.

I suppose you have heard that I am married. I was married on the 4th of October.

I rest for all my poetical credit on the *Religious Musings*.

Farewell; with high esteem, yours sincerely,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

II.

My much-esteemed Friend,—I truly sympathize with you in your severe loss, and pray to God that he may give you a sanctified use of your affliction. The death of a young person of high hopes and opening faculties, impresses me less gloomily than the departure of the old. To my mere natural reason, the former appears like a transition; there seems an incompleteness in the life of such a person, contrary to the general order of nature; and it makes the heart say, 'this is not all.' But when an old man sinks into the grave, we have seen the bud, blossom, and the fruit, and the unassisted mind droops in melancholy, as if the whole had come and gone. But God hath been merciful to us, and strengthened our eyes through faith, and Hope may cast her anchor in a certain bottom, and the young and old may rejoice before God and the Lamb, weeping as though they wept not, and crying in the spirit of faith, 'Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord God, my Holy One; We shall not die!' I have known affliction. Yes, my friend, I have been sorely afflicted; I have rolled my dreary eye from earth to heaven; I found no comfort, till it pleased the unimaginable high and lofty One, to make my heart more tender in regard of religious feelings. My philosophical refinements, and metaphysical theories, lay by me in the hour of anguish as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick. May God continue his visitations to my soul, bowing it down, till the pride, and Laodicean self-confidence of human reason be utterly done away, and I cry with deeper and yet deeper feelings, O my soul thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked!

***** whose soul is almost wrapped up in ***** hath had his heart purified by the horrors of desolation, and prostrates his spirit at the throne of God in believing silence. The terrors of the Almighty are the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire that precede the still, small voice of his love. The penitence of our lusts must be scattered; the strong-laid foundations of our pride blown up, and the stubble and chaff of our vanities burnt, ere we can give ear to the inspeaking voice of mercy. 'Why will ye die?'

My answer to Godwin will be a six-shilling octavo; and is designed to show, not only the absurdities and wickedness of his system, but to depict what appear to me the defects of all the systems of morality before and since Christ; and to show, that wherein they have been right, they have exactly coincided with the gospel, and that each has erred exactly where, and in proportion as he has deviated from that perfect canon. My last chapter will attack the credulity, superstition, calumnies, and hypocrisy of the present race of infidels. Many things have fallen out, to retard the work; but I hope

• These words struck through.

that it will appear shortly after Christmas, at the farthest. I have endeavoured to make it a cheap book; and it will contain as much matter as is usually sold for eight shillings. I perceive that in the New Monthly Magazine, the infidels have it all hollow. How our ancestors would have lifted up their hands at that modest proposal for making experiments in favour of idolatry!

Before the 24th of this month I will send you my poetic endeavours. It shall be as good as I can make it. The following lines are at your service, if you approve of them—

[The lines are those addressed 'To a Young Man of Fortune,' &c.]

I seldom see any paper. Indeed I am out of heart with the French. In one of the numbers of my 'Watchman,' I wrote a remonstrance to the French legislators; it contained my politics; and the splendid victories of the French since that time have produced no alteration in them. I am tired of reading butcheries; and, although I should be unworthy the name of man, if I did not feel my head and heart awfully interested in the final event, yet, I confess, my curiosity is worn out with regard to the particulars of the process. The paper which contained an account of the departure of your friend, had in it a sonnet, written during a thunderstorm. In thought and diction it was sublime and fearfully impressive. I do not remember to have ever read so fine a sonnet. Surely, I thought, this burst from no common feelings, agitated by no common sorrow! Was it yours?

A young man of fortune (his name—) wrote and published a book of horrible blasphemies, asserting that our blessed Lord deserved his fate more than any malefactor ever did Tyburn. (I pray heaven I may incur no guilt by transcribing it.) And after a fulsome panegyric, adds, that the name of * * * will soon supersede that of Christ. * * * wrote a letter to this man, thanking him for his admirable work, and soliciting the honour of his personal friendship!

With affectionate esteem, yours sincerely,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

At the close of this week I go with my wife and baby to Stowey, near Bridgewater, Somersetshire, where you will, for the future, direct to me. Whenever there is any thing particular, I shall be thankful for your paper.

S. T. C.

The reader may, perhaps, be curious to see the Sonnet so strongly praised. It is subjoined. There is much in it of the spirit of Coleridge's own juvenile compositions.

SONNET.

To the Wind: written in a Stormy Night.

Roar, boisterous element! and howling send
Thyings of havoc through the lowering skies,
Upon thy breath as desolation flits,
Led to her mischief by the lightning's glare;
The general wreck accords with my despair:
In whirling eddy, as the leaves descend,
And from its twig the ring-dove's nest is torn;
The bending oak, of all its foliage shorn,
Resembles me—'tis thus th' Almighty's blast
Strips me of every comfort, and my soul,
By clouds of melancholy overcast,
Loves the dark pauses when the thunders roll;
For then, each peal seems awfully to toll
The knell of all my happy moments past!

October 22, 1796. [Monthly Repository, Sept. 1834.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday was produced the *Mountain Sylph*, a "Romantic grand Opera" in two acts, by Mr. Thackeray; the music by Mr. John Barnett. An English author and English composer, an English house, an English company—all native talent, and no mistake, are powerful recommendations of this performance. But it is yet more gratifying to state that it may well rest its claim to popularity on its own merits. It is an exceedingly able and pleasing drama. Wild and fanciful enough in its super-human agencies; there is also sufficient of the simplicity and nature of the northern Doric to add a charm of earthly mould. The story is that of the love of *Eolia*, a sylph (Miss E. Romer) for a mortal lover, *Donald* (Wilson), previously enamoured of and engaged to *Jessie* (Miss Somerville), who is in turn hopelessly followed by another swain, *Christie*

(Keeley). Wizard powers under the influence of *Eolia* (H. Phillips), thwart this fourfold *mésalliance*, already too much embroiled by other causes, and a diabolical finale seems to be inevitable; when, by the aid of *Etheria*, the sylphid queen (Miss Novello), the immortal *Eolia* is, as sportsmen say, winged, and made mortal happy; while *Jessie* and *Christie* agree to unite and live in or under the same tarian for ever. Of course *Antony* &c.

— they have not
time, leave their
units and serial.

The alterations, and more particularly the omission of certain too lengthy *diableries*, after the first night, greatly improved the piece, and added to its success. The misit is Mr. Barnett's first attempt in this line. Considered as a whole, the opera is neither German nor French, yet partakes of both; and has further some Scotch airs cleverly mixed up as concerted music. The overture, which ought rather to be called an introduction, seems to have been hastily written, and wants character. The transition from the slow movement to the allegro is abrupt; and there are too many subjects introduced, which is always the fault of the French school. The introductory chorus to the sylph acene is light and tasteful, and in the same scene we have the first example of a Scotch melody arranged as an accompaniment, at the same time that a recitative or invocation is sung over it, which has a pretty effect. And in the same way, afterwards a bridal chorus is superinduced upon a Highland fling. A melody of the sylphs, in A major, "Deep in the forest dell," was sweetly sung, and warmly received. Some of the concerted music is the best part of the opera. We might particularly mention the scene of the fortune-teller, the stealing of the ring and contract, the scarf trio, (which reminds us in its latter part of a trio, in *Don Juan*;) and the *finale*.

The ballads are pleasing, though perhaps sometimes a little out of place. Thus, the sentimentalism of "Farewell to the moss-covered mountain" ill suits the character which sings that man's despair is the demon's joy. Still, the variety introduced between Highland song and the supernatural of the demons has a good effect; and every succeeding night has shewn how well calculated the entire music is to grow upon the public taste—the surest proof of its intrinsic desert.

Of the way in which it is executed, we need only mention that Phillips is at home, that Wilson warbles some of his sweetest melodies, that Miss Somerville sings one delightful song, and that Miss Romer was never heard to greater advantage. We quote three of the principal lyrics as samples of the words they have to adorn:—

"Air.—Donald.

Can'st thou love, yet coldly fly me?
Beauteous riddle that thou art!
Softly smile, and then deny me,
When I'd press thee to my heart;
Like a lovely sportive child,
Trifling with thy lover's pain,
Whilst a glance so sweetly wild,
Tells me I'm beloved again;
Oh th' extremes of bliss and anguish
Mingle in my fever'd breast,
Now in hopeless woe I languish,
Then in fancy am most blest.
Yet my fate I'll not upbraid,
For I wish not to be free—
Since an age of pain is paid
By one tender smile from thee."

"Air.—Jessie.

Thou art not he, whose looks of love
Did this poor heart beguile;
Thou art not he, who fondly strove
To win from me a smile:
Oh, no! for he would weep to see
The tears that fall unmarked by thee;
Thou art not he! thou art not he!
Thou art not he, who lately vow'd
For me he'd spurn a throne,
Whose ardent glance amidst the crowd
Sought mine—and mine alone.
His form is thine, but could it be,
Could e'er his heart be cold to me?
Oh, no, 'tis false—thou art not he!"

"*Ad.*—Hela.
Farewell to the mountain,
And sun-lighted vale.
The moss-border'd streamlet,
And balm-breathing gale—
All so bright, all so fair,
Here a seraph might dwell;
How lovely for me.
Farewell! oh, farewell!
Farewell! for how sweetly
Each sound meets mine ear,
The wild bee and butterfly
They may rest here;
Hark! their hum, how it blends
With the deep convent-bell!
Such strains are of heav'n;
Farewell! oh, farewell!"

Before concluding, we ought to bestow a hearty deed of applause upon the acting and singing of Miss Novello upon Mrs. Griffiths as the mother of *Jessie*, and, indeed, upon the whole cast of the opera. The scenery is excellent, and the dresses, machinery, and other attributes, of the foremost order. No wonder that the opera is perfectly successful, and increasing in favour on every representation. The *Dead Gull* continues to live in very prosperous circumstances. [Lon. Lit. Gaz.]

CROWDS.

We had thought of saying something upon crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article however with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library, (for though too like the truth, it is a work of fiction) we find that it is not quite so well-written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollection had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of a multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and to these an extract at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abbess, who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive, is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that almost before they are aware of it, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For, though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death, (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage) yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced, in the course of a few frightful moments, to a state which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, on either side—the one from not taking care to avoid offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead;—a mistake, from which, thank heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them, on the occasion we allude to.

"*Abess's narrative*," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of) had taken part against the abbess, and who is her cruelty to the people, "created horror and surprise throughout; but when she related the inhuman murder of Agnes, the indignation of the mob was so audibly testified, that it was scarcely possible to hear the conclusion. This confusion increased with every moment. At length a multitude of voices exclaimed, that the prioresse should be given up to their fury." To this Don Ramirez positively refused to consent. Even Lorenzo

bade the people remember that she had undergone no trial and advised them to leave her punishment to the Inquisition. All representations were fruitless; the disturbance grew still more violent, and the populace more exasperated. In vain did Ramirez attempt to convey his prisoner out of the throng. Wherever he turned, a band of rioters barred his passage, and demanded her being delivered over to them more loudly than before. Ramirez ordered his attendants to cut their way through the multitude. Oppressed by numbers, it was impossible for them to draw their swords. He threatened the mob with the vengeance of the Inquisition; but, in this moment of popular phrenzy, even this dreadful name had lost its effect. Though regret for his sister made him look upon the prioresse with abhorrence, Lorenzo could not help pitying a woman in a situation so terrible; but in spite of all his exertions and those of the duke, of Don Ramirez and the archers, the people continued to press onwards. They forced a passage through the guards who protected their destined victim, dragged her from her shelter, and proceeded to take upon her a most summary and cruel vengeance. Wild with terror, and scarcely knowing what she said, the wretched woman shrieked for a moment's mercy: she protested that she was ignorant of the death of Agnes, and could clear herself from suspicion beyond the power of doubt. The rioters heeded nothing but the gratification of their barbarous vengeance. They refused to listen to her: they shewed her every sort of insult, loaded her with mud and filth, and called her by the most opprobrious appellations. They tore her one from another, and each new tormentor was more savage than the former. They stifled with howls and execrations her shrill cries for mercy, and dragged her through the streets, spurning her, trampling her, and treating her with every species of cruelty which hate or vindictive fury could invent. At length a flint, aimed by some well directed hand, struck her full upon the temple. She sank upon the ground bathed in blood, and in a few minutes terminated her miserable existence. Yet though she no longer felt their insults, the rioters still exercised their impatient rage upon her lifeless body. They beat it, trod upon it, and ill-used it, till it became no more than a mass of flesh, unsightly shapeless, and disgusting."

Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—*The Minuet of the Ox.*—Haydn, one day, was not a little surprised at seeing a butcher call upon him, who being not less sensible than the majority of that great composer's admirers, to the charms of his productions, said freely to him—"Sir, I know you are both good and obliging, therefore I address you with confidence of succeeding in my wishes. You excel in all kinds of musical compositions; but I am particularly fond of your minuets, and very much wish for a new one, for my daughter's approaching wedding. Haydn, always kindly disposed, smiled at this curious instance of homage to his talents, complied with the solicitation, and desired his visitor to call again the next day. The amateur returned at the appointed time, and received with gratitude the precious gift. Shortly after the joyful sound of instruments struck the composer's ear: he listened; and thinking he recognised the passages of his own minuet, went to the window; when he beheld a superb ox with gilded horns, adorned with festoon, and surrounded by an ambulatory orchestra, which presently stopped under his balcony. The butcher knocked at the door; when being admitted, he respectfully approached Haydn, and again expressing his admiration, ended his speech by saying, "Sir, you have done me a very great favour: and I thought a butcher could not better express his thanks for so beautiful a composition as your minuet, than by presenting you with the finest ox in his possession: I therefore request your acceptance of this." He persisted in pressing the offering upon the composer, till, affected by the frank generosity with which it was urged, he accepted the living present. From that day, the minuet written for the butcher, was known throughout Vienna by the appellation of *the Minuet of the Ox*.

A COMPLETE, YET PUZZLING ANSWER.—"Did you or did you not speak of me, sir, the other night?" said a peremptory gentleman to a fellow collegian, (now eminent in the state.) "I did or did not speak of you," said the respondent.

THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

OR

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Original Articles.

ENGLISH AND INDIAN CLIMATES.

FOR THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE.

There are some who ridicule the idea of the mind being affected by the aspect of the weather, and contend that such sensitiveness, when it does exist, is an indication of a weak understanding and diseased body. But I entertain a very different opinion. In Europe, indeed, many people are like living barometers, being able to tell the direction of the wind before getting out of bed in the morning, sinking into despondency on the rising of a fog, and receiving intimation of every fall of rain, several hours before its occurrence, from an attack of rheumatic pains or of nervous irritation. Persons of this kind are to be pitied or rather laughed at, their morbid sensibility usually owing its origin to an effeminate and luxurious mode of life, and to the workings of a gloomy and disordered imagination. Their feelings are very different from those of the individual of sound intellect and sound constitution, whose mind acquires a sombreness or a vivacity in consonance with the prevailing aspect of the season and weather. This susceptibility, though it may often be inconvenient and distressing, is rather desirable than otherwise, as it always belongs to that temperament which is essential to a taste for the fine arts, and for all the highest and best embellishments and accomplishments of human nature. The man who is equally insensible to the enlivening influence of a transparent atmosphere and brilliant sun, and to the depressing power of a dense fog and darkly clouded sky, may be a very good mathematician, an excellent linguist, or a profound antiquarian; but his opinions and judgment will be worth little, on subjects connected with the exercise of taste and imagination; and it may safely be pronounced that he will feel indifferent to pursuits demanding the exercise of those qualities for their successful cultivation.

But the truth is, I believe, that every one, without exception, is more or less affected by the prevailing state of the weather. People, not in the habit of analyzing their feelings, should they experience any unaccountable depression or exhilaration of mind, are disposed to attribute it to some self-evident and tangible cause connected with their habits of life. The man who is in a gloomy mood, will explain it by saying that he sat up too late or slept too little the preceding night; while, on some other occasion, when he happens to feel particularly cheerful without knowing why, he will satisfy himself with the belief that he enjoys a presentiment of good fortune. Probably in both instances the whole may be referred to the operation of the surrounding atmosphere.

Whole nations have their characters modified by peculiarities of climate. The French and Italians are remarkable for gaiety of disposition and liveli-

ness of fancy; while, on the other hand, the Germans, the Dutch, the English, and the Scotch, possess much comparative sedateness of demeanor and gravity of mind. But the contrast becomes more striking when two similar classes of people are compared together. How little does the talkative, musical, and frolicsome Italian fisherman, resemble the taciturn, austere, and melancholy one of the Shetland and Orkney Islands! Their respective occupations are precisely alike, but the first pursues his business among the beautiful bays, upon the calm sea, and under the transparent atmosphere of the Mediterranean, while the latter is employed upon a turbulent ocean seldom visited by the sun, and is daily liable to be assailed by fogs, rain, furious tides and tempestuous weather.

From what has already been said it may appear that I am ready to pronounce that climate to be the best which enjoys the greatest proportion of sunshine, supposing of course that the temperature is moderate, and the country naturally a healthy one. India has its full share of unclouded skies, but is not adapted to the constitutions and habits of Europeans, and therefore its genial atmosphere can be enjoyed by its native population only. But it is doubtful whether a long succession of fine and serene weather constitutes the most desirable and agreeable feature of climate, at least in a region where civilization has made any progress. Were it my present purpose to point out the influence exerted upon mankind in general, by the nature of the atmosphere with which they happen to be surrounded, I might say that the more severe and ungenial it is, the more enlightened and industrious they are likely to become. When a climate is cold, rainy, tempestuous, and changeable, the ingenuity of the inhabitants is exerted to counteract these bad qualities by securing the means of domestic comfort, increasing the conveniences of life and adding as much as possible to its embellishment. One improvement suggests another, and when the demands of necessity have been supplied, taste steps forward and points out in what manner utility is to be crowned and perfected by the super-position of ornament. Many instances might be brought forward to shew how indolent and degraded a people are liable to become, when the climate in which they live is so lenient that few or no defences are requisite against its severity, and the soil so productive as to yield the necessaries of life almost without cultivation. Spain is a country which answers this description, and its inhabitants compose the most slothful, spiritless, and unimproving population in Europe. Nearly the same thing may be said of Italy and the Mediterranean islands. In Cuba, one day's labor will produce a month's subsistence, as the climate, in the interior, is so fine that people of the lower class usually live under a roof without walls. But they sleep sixteen or seventeen hours daily, and smoke segars the rest of their time. On the other hand, in Britain, Sweden, Denmark and Norway, where the seasons are severe, tempestuous and uncertain, the peasantry are industrious, neat

in their habits, enlightened and respectable. But as it is not my intention to enter into general speculations, these remarks may be considered a digression, and I will therefore return to the immediate subject of this essay—viz. the influence of climate upon our personal happiness and enjoyments.

The climate of Britain has always had a bad reputation. A foreigner humorously remarks that it must be one of the worst in the world, because the people never fail to congratulate each other when the weather happens to be fair and serene. However it is reported that Charles the Second, in speaking of climates, pronounced that to be the best in which one could go abroad the greatest number of days in the year, and the greatest number of hours in the day, without experiencing personal injury or inconvenience, and that this advantage belongs in a preeminent degree to England. His Majesty, entertaining such opinions, must have made very light of a thorough wetting, or even of a Scotch mist; or a great increase in the humidity of the atmosphere of our native country must have taken place since the date of his reign. Lord Byron describes things as they are in modern times, when speaking of England he says,

"I like the climate when it is not rainy,
That is, three months in every year."

But I wish to make it appear that a moist atmosphere, cold seasons, and occasional tempestuous weather, under particular circumstances, very much encrease the number of the enjoyments of those who are exposed to their influence.

Variety forming one of the most desirable ingredients in human existence, it will readily be admitted that a changeable climate produces a good deal of it. Nothing is more tiresome than to live in continual sunshine, whether the expression be taken literally or metaphorically. We feel little interest on awakening in the morning when we know what kind of atmosphere its dawn will unveil to us; and our days lose their individuality when they present one unvarying aspect during the lapse of many weeks or months. The inhabitants of those regions which enjoy the greatest proportion of clear and serene weather lead a languid and spiritless kind of life.

The Italians, the Sicilians, and the South Americans have no idea of those delightful vicissitudes of feeling to which the English are daily exposed, because of the variableness of their climate, and of the numberless little comforts which are cultivated among them and enjoyed with a zest in consequence.

The pleasures of a blazing fire are more durable and animating than those afforded by a contemplation of the brightest sunshine. The lustre of chandeliers has in the eyes of most people, greater attraction than that of the moon and stars. The confined area of a well furnished apartment is found to be better adapted for the purposes of social life than extensive groves or flower covered fields; and gracefully suspended window curtains have a more pleasing effect and comfortable appearance, than the changing clouds, even though the dye of the latter should be richer than that of the terrestrial draperies. Such is the domestic scenery that is peculiar to a bad climate, for nothing of a kind can exist in a good one, taking the term in its common acceptation. The high temperature of those regions which bask in perpetual sun-

shine renders a fire insupportable; the necessity of promoting a free circulation of air causes the people to build houses as large as barns and as open as cattle-sheds; and they dare not exclude the gloom of night by window curtains, lest their folds should afford an asylum for mosquitoes and cockroaches.

But even the cold, changeable climate of Britain affords, at certain times and within certain limits, most of those enjoyments which are often supposed to be found exclusively under the skies of more genial and more southern zones. Admitting the correctness of Lord Byron's verses above quoted, are not three months of summer annually, sufficient to satisfy the desires of the enthusiast in brilliant skies, sunny fields and balmy breezes? The securities of the most northerly regions of Europe are interrupted, once a year, by periods of warmth and brightness which make nature, for a time, assume nearly all the splendor and beauty that always distinguish her costume in countries lying within the tropics. The inhabitant of Britain frequently will find his own seas calm enough for pleasure sailing; and for water-musical parties, in the style of the Italians, he will often experience a degree of heat and glare that make the shades of a grove desirable and agreeable,—the evenings will prove so serene as to admit of his dining or supping under an arbour in his garden; and the nights may now and then be sufficiently warm to give him an opportunity of sleeping on a terrace outside of his house and under the canopy of heaven.

When the approach of winter puts an end to these privileges, different and equally agreeable ones will succeed them. Tempestuous weather, storms of snow, and severe cold, produce the antidotes; and while they confine us within doors, they teach us new enjoyments, and are the means of calling into play new energies and new resources. An English writer, of some celebrity, thus eulogizes a winter evening. "Surely every body is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter's fireside, candles at four o'clock, warm hearth rugs, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without."

Independently of that encreased activity of mind and liveliness of spirits which are produced in most persons by the influence of a cold climate, there is nothing to prevent one from adopting and following any particular mode of life which may appear most agreeable to him. The inhabitant of the tropics cannot take exercise out of doors during the day—a regard for health obliges him to retire early to sleep—and the same reason makes him perhaps unwillingly quit his couch at the dawn of morning. No restraints of this kind exist in even the most dreary regions of the north; and life there consequently is animated and efficient in proportion to their absence.

It is remarkable that the habits of civilized man, are in most instances directly opposed to those which appear to be taught and inculcated by nature. The untutored savage regards the approach of darkness as a signal that he should resign himself to sleep, and conceives that neither conversation nor business can be carried on with propriety during the gloom and silence of the night. But the refined inhabitants of cities agree in making the evening the scene of their choicest

enjoyments, and prolonging these beyond the midnight hour. The spirits rise, as the day declines, and all that is elegant, ornamental and attractive in social life is called into play by the stimulus of an atmosphere of artificial light. Fashion is not the sole arbitress here. The man of science chooses night for his time to study—the author finds it the most suitable one for composition—the musical amateur selects it for his concerts—and the domestic circle concentrates itself into closer union and companionship on its approach. A partiality for late hours is universal among civilized people, wherever the character of the climate in which they live admits of their safely and fearlessly indulging in them.

Probably the pleasures of winter are much heightened, to those who have the means of enjoying them, by the reflection that they are artificial. Man is such a power-loving creature that nothing gratifies him more than the idea of being the architect of his personal condition, of counteracting nature, and of improving his comforts, and producing new sources of happiness by the exercise of his own ingenuity and contrivance. The contrast between a warm, well lighted, and handsomely furnished apartment, and the cold, dark, and barren face of nature, during winter, is so strong and startling that it can hardly fail to awaken in the observer a high sense of those capacities, which enable the human species to plan and execute such a variety of useful, convenient, and ornamental additions to the material world.

It is true, indeed, that the European inhabitants of tropical climates are surrounded with human contrivances to alleviate the heat, and ameliorate their condition in regions where nature tells them in a hundred different ways that they are unprivileged intruders on the burning soil. But the difference is that in cold or temperate countries, our ingenuity not only neutralises the disagreeable peculiarities of the atmosphere but actually renders them indirect sources of enjoyment; while the means which we employ within the tropics to keep ourselves cool, often prove altogether inefficient, and thus, as it were, force upon our attention the existence of those very evils, to which we expect them to make us insensible. But every climate exerts at times a depressing influence upon the human spirit, and the grand secret of regulating the mental barometer, lies in the refinement and cultivation of the understanding, and the continuous and absorbing interest arising from a steady attachment to some useful pursuit or elegant accomplishment.

H.

SONNET.

Thou Sun, that rulest all my steps by day
And by Imagination's borrowed light
Shinest like Dian on me in the night,
Look down upon me with a fixed ray.
As Phœbus erst his sorrow to allay
Shone on Leucothoe's grave with all his might,
Do thou, beloved, bless me with thy sight
And chase this host of troubled thoughts away.
Look on me, loveliest, with thy smiling eyne,
T'was eyne like thine first drew the angels down:
Look on me, loveliest, with a cheerful men,
But O! forbear to kill me with a frown.
Not home to wanderers o'er the pathless sea
Is half so grateful as thy sight to me.

Benares

A.

A SAILOR'S REMINISCENCES.

" Ah little think the gay licentious proud
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel riot waste,
Ah! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood
Or more devouring flame; how many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man."

CHAPTER III.

They who have been sailing about on the east coast of England know where Hasely Bay is, and that in a dirty winter night with the wind any way from the eastward it is by no means a desirable roadstead.

At the time alluded to, the north sea fleet used often to rendezvous there, and when we anchored, there were about thirty sail of ships of all classes—from a three decker down to a Collier Sloop, riding in it.

It was a beautiful winter evening. The brilliancy of the setting sun that had lingered long in the western horizon had disappeared—and the solemn twilight had given place to the sombre shades of night—when the shrill whistle of Mr. Kimber the boatswain followed by the drawing "all hands up anchor, hoy"—repeated by half a dozen minions of quarter deck despotism yclepped boatswain mates, called the crew of the Beetle to the Capstan bars, nippers, and messenger. It might be about 7 o'clock, the flood tide had made, and the moon was just peeping out over the distant horizon, and the hills on the coast were barely distinguishable. By the time anchor was up it was a clear frosty moonlight night. The outline of the coast was clearly defined against the distant clouds and Orfordness light glittered through the frosty atmosphere, bright as the evening star—a gentle breeze from the westward scarcely rippled the surface of the water; the moonbeams were dancing gaily on the ocean and looked like a stream of molten silver.

A long undulating sea that sailors call a ground swell was setting in from the eastward. The bright yellow sides of the men of war broken into a sort of checker board appearance with the huge rows of artillery that grinned through their port holes, glittered gaily in the moon-light. Many of them had bands playing—and as the stately vessels rose and fell upon the sluggish wave, and their tapering spars waved across the moon's disk, one could almost fancy that they were animated and danced instinctively to the cadence of the music.

A number of merchant vessels of all sorts got under weigh with us—a few tacks threading through the fleet soon carried us past the men of war, and the heavy sailing merchant vessels were left behind us (for the Beetle was a vixen on a bowline) and all around was silent, serene and beautiful. The solemnity was only broken at interval, by the little splash at the bows of the vessel, the plumping of the lead and the song of the leadsman as from time to time he sung or rather howled out his *quarter less seven*.

I was pretty well recovered of the wound I had received, and was idling about the deck upon crutches enjoying the beauties of the evening and calculating upon seeing Sheerness next day.

As we approached the narrow channel called the Swin—the breeze began to freshen, and as it was not intended to go far into it in the night

time, the Royals, flying Jibb, and top Gallant sails, were taken in.—His Majesty's ships are not allowed to keep under weigh in the Swin during the night except in cases of emergency.

I don't half like the look of the night, said Old Tomahawk the master, to the pilot, after grinning for five minutes over the weather gangway—during which time he had ground his quid to a mummy—I think it is going to be foggy and those nasty puffs sound as hollow as an empty teir Butt.

"I have been thinking so this some time" answered the pilot, "and we are in an awkward berth here to anchor, right in the way of these Northward bound ships." "What are you croaking about Old Blow hard," said the first Lieutenant to the Master, "has the cat's paw been hard at anuto to day, or have the pigs been taking a reef in, that you are afraid to beat through the Swin in a night clearer than the brightest day you ever saw among your Shetland Islands." Old Blow hard, however, was right for while they were yet talking Orfordness light became obscured, and a *Scotch Smack* that passed us under press of canvas disappeared astern in a twinkling literally lost in the fog.

"Shorten sail sir, if you please" said the pilot to the first Lieutenant, "the sooner the better; we must try to get her well over on the sunk, out of the way of these running ships; one crack from one of them with this breeze would send the old brig to the bottom like a 32 pounder.

The next moment we were enveloped in a cloud of fog as thick as butter milk.

None of your Ossianic ghostly mists that you might count the stars through, but a regular built palpable cloud, so thick that you might have cut it with a knife—one that you could not have seen the sun through if it had been shipped on the royal mast head for a truck.

"All hands shorten sail, Mr. Kimber, bear a hand" were issued from the Quarter Deck, and in an instant the *cluelines*, *buntlines*, *cluegarnets* and *down hauls*, were manned. "One hand stand by the anchor" was the next order. All ready forward Sir, haul-taut, "Starboard" drawled the pilot "keep her away, we must get shoaler water, we are only in mid channel yet." "Starboard," answered the helmsman. "Hard a port for God's sake; port your helm," roared half a dozen voices from the fore-castle, and the next moment a heavy ship shot past us like an arrow, so close that some of her yards touched ours; had she come in contact with us, one or both must have gone down. Not a word was spoken on board either Vessel, till she was past, when old Tomahawk drily remarked, "that's a close shave your beggars, I'm blowed if it ant."

The breeze had freshened now to half a gale—and the helmsman having put the helm down when the noise was made from the Fore-castle, the vessel came round; the courses were hauled up and she filled on the larboard-tack.

We had not stood many minutes on this tack when the rattling of bells, tinpots and drums warned us that we were close to a number of ships but whether at anchor or under weigh we could not tell, so tacked again to stand out amongst them. "The best laid plans of men and mice go wrong at a glee." So did ours; for instead of getting out amongst them, first hearing up, then hauling upon a wind, guided only by the sounds of the bells &c. as they were heard first in one direction, and then in another, we at last got bewildered and such a rattling, shouting and blow-

ing of horns in every direction at no great distance convinced us we had got into the centre of a fleet, and were glad to bring up for fear of accidents.

Scarcely had the cable been bitted when a dreadful crash was heard close a head of us, a few shrieks of terror, and a gurgling in the water, and all again was silent; the fog cleared away a little and showed us a large ship coming under a cloud of canvas dead before the wind, looming as large as Beachy-head in a fog, and steering directly for us. "A sail right a head, Sir, coming this way" shouted a dozen voices at once. "Hail her" cried the pilot "let the carpenters stand by to cut the cable round the Capstan". Down she came like a moving mountain. "Hail her" roared the pilot again. Twenty pair of lungs were exerted in an instant to make her alter her course, but in vain. "Good God (roared the Captain as he jumped on the bits,) we are gone, we are gone to a certainty; look at this, fire at her centries, fire at her I say, cut away the boats catch hold of her hobstays; men save yourselves." She was so near us, that I could distinctly hear the noise of the water at her bows. Crack went two muskets which I suppose attracted their attention, for she immediately hauled up and as our cables were cut, our head veered in the same direction as the stranger's. As her side opened we saw she had no bowsprit; and as soon as she came to the wind, crash went her fore-mast over board, and in its fall carried away our jibboom, sprit-sail yard and fore top gallant mast and sent half a dozen sailors swimming. It proved to be a large ship bound to the Baltic. She had run on board of a loaded ship, the Betsy, of Shields, and cut her in two. The Betsy went down in an instant and every soul perished. This was the crash we had heard. Two families, passengers on board of her were drowned in their cabins. The shock had carried away the ship's bowsprit, and I suppose damaged the fore-mast.

The fog gradually cleared away a little, but the wind howled with increased fury. We caught a glimpse of Orfordness light and the pilot thought it advisable to run back to Hasely Bay, and anchor near the men of war. The close reefed topsails were set, and as we approached the fleet of men of war we were caught in a snow storm which again obscured every thing, and we were obliged to take in sail for fear of getting foul of some of them—all hands were straining their eyes, trying to penetrate the gloom, and discover where the ships were.

The water appeared very smooth all at once, and a vessel under close reefed top-sails running before the wind was reported, by the look-out men upon our starboard bow. "Very good" said the pilot "keep her away, we will anchor when she does, for I dare say she is well acquainted and is running in shore for a good birth."

"The ship is on shore! the ship is a-shore!" roared a man who was out stowing the jib. "Hard a starboard, square the main yard," were issued from the Captain, Officers, and Pilot all together—every thing was let fly at once, notwithstanding which the smart little craft wore round like a top, so close to the beach that the rudder touched the gravelly bank, and so steep was it; that I think I could have jumped from the taffrail on to the dry land—"Eeaw-Eeaw" screeched an astonished donkey, who I suppose was a little surprised, and

no doubt laughing in his sleeve, to see a man-of-war chasing a martillo tower, which the supposed ship under close reefed topsail turned out to be, and we even disturbed some sheep, for we distinctly heard their bells as they trotted away from the beach.

"For Gods sake," said the Captain to the Pilot, "let us get our anchor down, some where or other. I think we are doomed to destruction this night, I wish I was fairly into the North sea again."

After a good stretch off under a press of canvas the Brig was anchored, the sails furled, extra grog served out, the watch set, and all hands thought of enjoying a few hours' repose.

As the wind increased the sea rose; and in an hour the cable was reported stranded; another and another anchor was let go, to try to hold her fast—but the gale still increased, and the sea rose to such a degree that it completely buried the little Brig—whole seas came over the bows and made their way over the taffrail. All hands were on deck, the sick, the lame and the lazy, the hatches battered down; and although every thing was done to ease her, it was evident she could not ride long; in short it was quite a treat to get up the rugging, for the seas broke over her in such quick succession, that it was difficult to breathe, and next to impossible to hold on. The cables were at last cut, and away we went before the wind. The weather was now quite clear and the pilot was trying if he could run into Harwich for shelter. As we passed the large ships, one line-of-battle ship was lying athwart another which was totally dismasted. On board of them upwards of thirty men were killed, and a great many wounded. Fourteen sail of merchant vessels were seen at daylight, lying on their beam ends on the shoals, that bound the Swin. Most of the crews perished. One was in flames. Masts, spars, sails, casks and chests covered the surface of the water. This dreadful night was followed by a beautiful morning, and by 10 o'clock the Beetle accompanied by a frigate had the dismasted line-of-battle ship in tow, proceeding to Sheerness for repairs before a fine fair wind and a smooth sea. We arrived safe in two days afterwards. The first time I landed I took the liberty of bidding adieu to the Beetle. In three months after she foundered at sea, and every soul perished.

SONG.

Forget thee?—can I e'er forget
Those dreams of days gone by,
When life was in its spring-time yet
And hopes were warm and high—

When love was like the pure chaste flame
Upon a holy shrine—
When in my heart one only name
Was garnered—it was thine!

Thou wert the idol of my dream,
The thought of waking hours;
The sun-beam of life's early stream,
The brightest of its flowers!

The incense lingers round the shrine
Although the flame is fled,
Thus memory's fondest thoughts are thine
Though love be chilled and dead.

O. K. R.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

[From a Correspondent.]

It is unnecessary to dwell particularly on the causes, which have led to the protracted suspension of English plays among us; suffice it that they may be comprised generally under the two heads of foreign monopoly, and a holding aloof fit of waywardness on the part of the leading amateurs, which threatened to be as long as the trance of the seven sleepers. The last eighteen months, accordingly, may be considered as a sort of dark or middle age in the history of the English Drama in Calcutta, where nothing but the fusion of melodrama or the charms of foreign art could be tolerated, by the "groundlings" on the one part, or the dilettanti on the other. As regards Vaudevilles and Italian Operas, we are the last in the world who would murmur at their legitimate reign among us. On the contrary, we should be glad if it could be rendered permanent, always provided it did not entirely set aside, or absorb the sap and life of our vigorous home-bred Drama.

At length matters came to such a pass, that the question was not play or no play, but theatre or no theatre; seeing that the temple of the Tragic and Comic muses, sacred to so many cherished recollections was not merely getting into a state of decay, but occasioned apprehensions that it might ere long be clasped with cloud cap towers, and solemn temples of the past, which have dissolved and left not a wreck behind. Things having reached this melancholy crisis, the "late remorse of love," would appear to have come over the hearts of our amateurs; and it was determined to get up one of Shakespeare's best and most popular plays, for the benefit of the house. That it had been the last with generations long since in their graves, and still continues to be so in our own time, sufficiently demonstrates that it is the first. One great reason that it should be so, is the fresh general nature with which it is fraught. In real life, we seldom find events resolving themselves into pure tragedy or comedy. The sad and the gay, the momentous and the frivolous, on the great stage of human experience are intimately associated, and in this fine Drama they are accordingly harmoniously blended. What excellent keeping all the characters respectively are in, and what striking contrasts they yet form throughout! We have the astute masculine-minded but apprehensive monarch, falling into the sere, the yellow leaf, with a mind dashed with bitterness at the thoughts of an heir to his throne and his renown, whom he deemed little better than an abandoned profligate. We have the seeming wild and thoughtless, but shrewd, aspiring, and in some respects, noble-minded, but after all, essentially selfish young Prince, a wavering sapling—that was to strengthen into a firm and lofty oak. We have the factious and crafty Worcester, the blunt, bold, choleric, sanguine Hotspur, and his sweet confiding wife. But not to

* We much regret that illness kept us at home on the evening of the Performance of Henry IV. for we were anxious to see how the new *Falstaff* would succeed and intended to have written a careful criticism on the occasion. The excellent acting of the amateur alluded to in other parts made us curious to see him in this. We have heard from various quarters a very favorable report of his performance. Our readers will have no cause to regret the absence of a critique from our own pen as its place is so ably and obligingly supplied by our correspondent.—Ed.

detain the reader too long with reference to that which without any comment of ours must be so well known to him already, we now come to the richest plum in the whole olio, the inimitable *Falstaff* with his amusing satellites, the bullying *Bardolph*, the easy good natured *Mrs. Quickly*, the convenient *Gadshill*, and that shadow of nullity *Francis* with his "anon anon *Sir*." These all move before us each welcome, and each in his way harmonizing to the general effect.

Although we have throughout a racy flavour of the olden time with the delightful whim and festive enjoyment of "the Boar's head" and the ever ready wit of that fat incarnation of Bacchus and Mercury; yet is it to be hoped on the whole that we may never again hear of such goings on in merry England, as some of those alluded to in this play. If there should be a civil war once more in our native land, it will be no longer between the reigning Prince and proud overgrown Barons, but between an incensed people and a pampered insolent aristocracy. If England once was justly entitled to be *par excellence* called "merry," we rather suspect that the term is no longer applicable. Foreigners accuse us of being any thing but a merry people, and it is scarcely consistent with the tone of our manners now a days, when even a frank hearty laugh would horrify the grave flaments of that school of good breeding appropriately called "the silver fork" one; and an unimpassioned, unadmiring, unsympathising placidity, or rather insipidity of manners, is deemed the truly aristocratic perfection of propriety.

It is impossible to go through a play of Shakespeare's, and not to be struck with wonder, at his powers as a painter of human nature and a poet. He is the Colossus of the Drama, others who followed in his path of literature, (*hæud passibus æquis*!) are generally well pleased if they succeed in drawing one prominent figure among a group of common-place ones, while he out of the vast stores of his sublime intellect, unfolds whole clusters of variegated characters, with an exhaustless liberality, and all stamped with the immortality of his genius!

Shakespeare like the face of universal nature is always familiar, always dear, and yet ever new. Turn to him when we may, we discover some latent charm, some fresh beauty formerly overlooked or imperfectly apprehended. He is the Aloe of time, that blooms from cycle to cycle. His imagination is like the fabled Pactolus, and whatever passes through it becomes gold. If he were not so sweetly and accurately true to nature this would not be so generally acknowledged, for as *she* is always the same; the writer who follows her closely is ever sure to be a favorite while nature is lovely, or in other words, forever. Nevertheless though the axiom be true, that nature is always the same, yet are there epochs when she appears to exhibit a certain freshness and elasticity that do not characterize her at other times. The nature of the 15th and the 19th centuries differ, marvellously, if we consider each conventionally. It is this circumstance that renders Shakespeare so often a more pleasing and edifying companion in the closet, than on the stage. We quietly read to ourselves, in that homely and honest spirit, in which they were intended, tales of the olden time, which now a days it would be impossible to read aloud, throughout

in a family circle. Whether our morals are better than those of Shakespeare's contemporaries, we cannot take it upon us to say; but we plume ourselves at any rate upon being much more refined and decorous. Shakespeare was the age of downright caking of things by their veritable and vernacular names; ours is that of delicate periphrasis when it is impossible to define certain articles of dress even, save after some such fashion as that of Leigh Hunt in his beautiful poem of "The Gentle Armour"—where the hero does battle with no other buckler to shield him than "the delicatest garment of his mistress."

There is something exquisitely rich in the character of *Falstaff* that splendid portrait in the immortal gallery of our great dramatist's originals. It reminds one (if it be not too fanciful a simile) of the autumnal tints of a vineyard in which the slanting rays of the declining sun, beam cheerily on foliage and fruitage, where all is glad some, jocund and free. What jovial vitality, what hilarious abandonment half Anacreontic, half Sherwood, throughout, and what 'cunning of fence'—with the weapon of wit and humour, polished on the anvil of Epicurean philosophy! We have unconsciously strayed so far out of the direct path, in these preliminary comments, that but little space is left us comparatively, to enlarge on the merits of the performance of Friday, the 6th instant. This is the less to be regretted, as our daily cotemporaries have anticipated us. Although the success of his *Tartuffe* had shewn what the representative of *Falstaff* could do, when he resolved on screwing his energies to a task, yet are we free to confess, that we viewed his undertaking of personating the inimitable knight, of whose memory Eastcheape is redolent, as rather rash. There were so many circumstances which rendered failure not improbable, that this conclusion, we think, will not be deemed an unreasonable one. The physical qualifications of the individual were not, *a priori*, we would say, in his favour either as to age, voice, stature or general personal appearance. To add to these difficulties, already sufficiently formidable, the character was not happily dressed, nor well set off, as to padding and stuffing, and such like appliances. We naturally expect in *Falstaff*, and have all been accustomed so to expect, a breadth, a fullness and an amplitude of habiliments, no less than of character. Our amateur on the contrary was pared down in his proportions, and had a miserable rag of a mantle behind him, which appeared like a bib that had gone awry. His legs and his corporation (of which there was scarcely enough) were not in harmony, and in dialogue or soliloquy there was apparent more of the actor's appeal to the audience than we quite approved of. Having thus stated the obvious difficulties that lay in the amateur's way, no less than the defects that struck us the distant most assiduous reader may be curious to know how he met the former. The fact is, that the critic had too much to do, in "holding his sides"—to think a great deal of defects, or forgot them in the universal cackinnation around him. Altogether it was really an extraordinary and highly creditable performance, and although we went to the theatre doubtingly, we came away cordially admiring the talent that had been evinced throughout. Were the amateur to become perfectly familiar with the

acting of the part in two or three representations, he would become a very popular *Falstaff*. More simplicity, less of the apparent art of the stage, and more slowness and distinctness, are the points he should particularly look to. In the soliloquy on honour, he was much too hurried. The same may be said of the scene in which he enacted the King; but in those with the Prince and his "Boar's head" companions, after the robbery, and in the interchange of retorts with *Bardolph* and *Mrs. Quickly*, &c. he was very happy. The King was by a Debutant, and was a performance of great and promising merit. *Hotspur* was admirable throughout, save perhaps in a little lack of tenderness with *Lady Percy*. The thunders of applause on his own and the Prince's appearance, evinced how cordially welcome they were after such a long recess. *Hal* was at home in a part peculiarly his own, but we missed the vivacity of yore. The other characters were well supported, and our brief notice of them arises more from want of space, than of inclination to do them fuller justice.

ON CRITICISM.

Censure or not to me 'tis all the same —
Ye "cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,"
Critics! who leaving beauties to the fates
Pounce on misprints, misspellings, and misdates,
Insist a point to show where some lone word halts,
And make you living by detecting faults.
So have I seen on tran a's shiny tide
The vulture soaring on his wing of pride
O'er pleasant valleys and delightful dales,
O'er spicy fields that scent the passing gales,
Yet would he when some carcass met his eye
Dart on the hideous carrion floating by.

Upper Provinces.

A.

MR. LINTON'S BENEFIT.—A selection of Scenes from favorite Operas will be performed, with other entertainments for Mr. Linton's benefit, on the 18th Instant.

AN ORATORIO is to be held at the Cathedral on Tuesday evening the 24th of February, for the benefit of the Free School. It is to be under the patronage of Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. Linton, Mr. Hamerton, Mr. Planel and many other popular musical persons are engaged for the occasion. Several able amateurs will also give their assistance.

THEATRE MECANIQUE DE MONSIEUR PIERRE.—The proprietor of this proposed exhibition has not yet, we believe, fixed upon the place and time of entertainment; but has informed the public of Calcutta that he will charge them according to their position in his house or theatre, either four or two rupees. The entertainment consists of a variety of scenes representing not only fixed and inanimate objects, but moving appearances and living beings by an arrangement of some ingenious machinery. Salutes are to be fired from hillpatrian forts, stags are to be hunted and shot, and a ship is to be struck by lightning, and her "devoted crew" to use the expressive words of the Advertisement, are "to be seen swimming for their lives, the minds of the spectators being kept in the most painful suspense until the unfortunate men (the devoted crew!) succeed in reaching a place of safety on a naked rock!!!"

PHYSIOGNOMY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I have just perused, in last Saturday's number, your very interesting and eloquent essay on Physiognomy; which, whatever difference may exist regarding its theory, is, certainly of the greatest practical importance in all the circumstances, and conditions of life; and which is, indeed, so strictly a habit of existence, that we could not, if we would, renounce it. I conceive, however, that you are, in some degree, mistaken in believing that the doctrine of Lavater has anything in common with that of Gall and Spurzheim: indeed it appears to me, that the two theories are altogether irreconcilable—that, as antagonist principles, credence in the one, necessarily pre-supposes the rejection of the other.

The Physiognomist asserts that the lines, positions, magnitudes, &c. of the various portions which compose the face, may enable one skilled in the art to appreciate the energies, passions, dispositions, &c. of the mind; to which it is, in general, affirmed to be an infallible index: while the Phrenologist declares that all these depend entirely on the magnitude of the various portions of the brain; which, he affirms, are equally indicated by the external cranium; but that the face, with the exception of the brow and eyes, has nothing whatever to do with the matter. In fact, the Phrenologist makes the whole to depend on the size and distribution of the brain, while the Physiognomist dwells on the face alone;† the greater portion of which, not coming in contact with the brain, can receive from it no modification whatever. Phrenology further affirms, that the magnitude of the various portions of the brain fix, determine, instigate, and control, all the energies, predilections, sensibilities, &c. of the mind;—not that these have any possible influence on the modification of the brain, but that they are the passive results of its original structure! whereas the Physiognomist only asserts that the peculiarities of the face are the effects of the passions, emotions, &c. of the mind, but by no means the causes that produce them—which discrepancy of doctrine appears to me to amount to as complete a distinction of one or other of the two positions, as any thing I can conceive coming within the cognizance of the logician.

It is now a long time since I perused Lavater's work, and if I misapprehend him, or if my recollection has deceived me, I should be extremely obliged by your putting me right. If however, it really be his doctrine that the modifications of the face are not the effects of those of the mind, but that they actually produce and create the human character—(and the one or the other must be the case, if they have any dependency at all)—if this really be Lavater's doctrine, I think, it it would not be difficult to prove that such is not

* Note by the Editor.—Gall and Spurzheim investigate the characters of men by the external appearance of the skull. Lavater did this before them. "It must have been already remarked" says Lavater "that I take the system of the bones as the great outline of man, the skull as the principal part of that system, and that I consider what is added almost as the colouring of this drawing, that I pay more attention to the form and arching of the skull, as far as I am acquainted with it, than all my predecessors; and that I have considered this most firm, least changeable and by far best defined part of the human body as the foundation of the science of Physiognomy."

† Note by the Editor.—This was not the case with Lavater.

only absurd in itself, but also a complete begging the question, in one of the most important desiderata of intellectual philosophy.*

You state "that Professor (I presume you mean Dr. Thomas) Brown who in his article on Craniology in the second volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, was so sweeping in his objections, not only repented his hostility to the new science, but from a bitter and sarcastic opponent became a true friend and believer." The *Edinburgh Review* commenced in 1804, and the last number of the second volume, I should think, would be published in the year succeeding—long before Craniology was thought of in Britain! I think you will find that the article you allude to, was contained in the 49th number, which was published in 1806; but I know not upon what ground you attribute the production to Professor Brown, (it certainly does not contain the objections such a metaphysician would be likely to furnish) still less can I conceive where you have received the information of his having become "a true friend and believer" in Phrenology. Its votaries may delude themselves into such a fancy, but no unbiassed enquirer who has studied his profound speculations, can, for a moment, admit such an assertion.

Some years ago, Mr. Drummond published in Calcutta, a small volume, entitled "Objections to Phrenology," which gave the *coup de grace* to the "new science" in this part of the world. Finding that the Phrenologists had claimed Dr. Brown as their own—that they insisted his "Philosophy of the mind" was essentially in unison with their contradictory hypothesis, Mr. Drummond adopted, in a great degree, the reasonings and conclusions of that very "friend and believer," and, with those identical weapons, in my opinion, completely demolished the flimsy superstructure which these enthusiasts had attempted to raise; and, if you will turn to the concluding pages of the "Objections," you will find the claims which Phrenologists pretend to have on the Professor of moral philosophy, on the University of Edinburgh fully examined, and, I think, you will admit fairly and successfully refuted.

Phrenology appearing to be now totally extinct in Calcutta, I should have felt no inclination to revive the subject, had I not thought that your readers, who may well be delighted with your "Essay" as a whole, may also be to a certain degree misled by hearing that the illustrious name of Brown has been added in support of that German mania, to which all his reasonings are in direct hostility. You have also stated that Phrenology "is rapidly gaining ground amongst persons of reflection." If so, in my opinion, the more the pity; but until you give me good authority for the assertion, you will permit me to "hac my doots."

Your's sincerely.

A. B.

9th Feb. 1835.

* *Note by A. B.*—You have inserted a sentence from *Scriptura* quoted by Lavater in support of his argument, viz :

"Wisdom maketh the countenance glad,"

and for the same purpose you have quoted from Spenser—

"For of the soul the body form doth take."

but if Lavater's theory had, in principle, any similarity to Phrenology, these assertions, in place of supporting it, would be a direct contradiction. To agree with the "new science,"

the quotations would require to be reversed thus,

The bright countenance maketh wisdom

and,

For of the body soul the form doth take!

I trust it will now be allowed that Physiognomists dealing only with the countenance, and Phrenologists with the whole encephalon constitutes but the smallest portion of the discrepancy.

* *Note by the Editor.*—The article we referred to in, at page 147 of volume 2 of the *Edinburgh Review*, which commenced in 1803. The title of the work reviewed is as follows: *Lettre de Charles Villers à Georges Cuvier, de l'Institut National de France, &c.* A letter from Charles Villers to George Cuvier, member of the National Institute of France, on a New Theory of the Brain, as the immediate organ of the Intellectual and Moral Faculties; by Dr. Gall of Vienna. Metz. 1802. It was on the authority of Maurice Cross, the editor of the *Selections from the Edinburgh Review* that we asserted that Professor Brown was the author of the article in question, and that he became some years after that severe attack on Phrenology a friend to the science.

Note by the Editor.—We can scarcely call ourselves phrenologists with reference to our knowledge of or our belief in the system of Gall and Spurzheim. We merely acknowledge the fundamental principle of a general correspondence between the character of the mind and the form of the skull. Gall and Spurzheim have raised a fanciful superstructure upon this fact that will one of these days fall to pieces before the rough winds of truth. They were ingenious men; however, and amidst the ruins of their own too fantastical productions more sober inquiries will perhaps find many things that may assist them to construct a more durable and philosophical system. Many persons who think of Gall and Spurzheim with even less respect than we do, are disgusted with the odd mixture of dogmatism and dreaminess which their works display, are nevertheless very firm believers in the science of phrenology, while they reject with scorn some of the wild vagaries of its teachers or professors. We wish our correspondent, who appears to have paid some attention to the subject, and to have the necessary talent for the task, would give us a plain and popular account of the present state of the science. We should be glad of a good article on the subject whether for or against it, because controversial speculations of this nature are always interesting in themselves and occasionally elicit gleams of truth from both sides.

VALUE OF COPYRIGHTS.—In a private letter from a friend at Edinburgh amongst other literary gossip we have the following statement of the sums given by the booksellers for several lately published works. "Mr. Effingham Wilson has given Mr. Campbell £400 for his life of Mrs. Siddons. Allan Cunningham received from Cochran and McCrone £600 for his *Life and Works of Burns*. The same publishers gave Galt £250 for his autobiography. Smith and Elder have given £150 for each of the works forming their *Library of Romance* (edited by Ritchie). Mr. C. Hall is to have £300 from S. Bentley for his forthcoming novel in three volumes to be called "The Outlaw." But perhaps the highest price given for literary labour since the death of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, is the sum which Hoggs has received for his *Recollections of the great Scottish Novelist*. The work extends to only ten or twelve sheets and he has received £100 for it from a publisher in America. It is expected very shortly to appear in this country; and contains some very extraordinary statements for the accuracy of which the shepherd pledges himself." The above information our correspondent takes from Mr. McDiarmid's *Dumfries Courier*. Mr. George Allen who once edited the *Dumfries Journal* has finished and published a *Life of Sir Walter Scott* which was commenced by Mr. William Wise who gave up all his materials to Mr. Allen. The work is said to be entertaining, and to contain many new anecdotes; though as it was published at Dumfries its circulation is as yet almost quite local. The London critics seem not to have heard of its existence. —Ed.

PLATO AND THE POETS.

Lycurgus first brought Homer's works to Greece,
Collected and arranged them in one piece;
T'was he who gave those laws to Sparta's state,
Which while she followed she continued great:
But Plato thinking for the general good,
Poets from his Republic would exclude:
Observe the difference—Plato's was ideal,
Whereas Lycurgus' commonwealth was real.

Benares.

A.

COLERIDGE.—In Tait's Magazine for September there is an article upon Coleridge by "The English Opium Eater" (DeQuincey,) which we have read with interest. Its length alone prevents our quoting it. The writer tells us that Coleridge was for many years "under the full dominion of opium," and that he confessed it to him with "a deep expression of horror at the hideous bondage." This fact we were not before aware of, and it will be necessary to keep it in mind when we endeavour to account for many strange passages in his daily life. The writer of the notice of him in Tait's Magazine appears to have known him long and intimately. He says, that excessive procrastination was one of the Poet's most prominent weaknesses, and that none of his friends ever thought of trusting to the punctuality of his appointments. If they invited him to dinner they went for him themselves, or sent a carriage. At one time of his life he neither answered nor opened letters. There is a curious account in this article of Mrs. Coleridge, a lady of "common-place prettiness," who did not understand or appreciate the high qualities of her husband; and there seems to have been very little love lost between them. Coleridge died a Christian, though his religious opinions were not uniformly the same during his whole life. His last letter was a kind of Christian warning and exhortation to his god-child, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird. It was written twelve days before his death. In a Funeral Sermon preached the first Sunday after his death in the Church at Highgate in which he was buried, this letter was introduced and read in a very feeling and appropriate manner.—Ed.

MR. FARNER.—This gentleman, the Secretary to the Chowringhee Theatre, has just returned from England with restored health and a most liberal supply of new plays, farces and other theatrical materials. Mr. Farner's skilful, enthusiastic and indefatigable exertions will give a fresh impulse to the Drama at our little Drury.

"Married life,"—A new comedy (one of Mr. Farner's fresh supply of such articles) and the popular farce of the Bear and the Bashaw will be performed on the 27th. The prices of tickets to be still at the increased rate, on account of the necessary repairs of the House.

THE BENGAL ANNUAL FOR 1835.—This work was published on Tuesday last. It has not been much noticed yet by the newspapers on account of the press of English News. They all promise to return to it. The *Englishman* says that it is the best volume of the Bengal Annual that has yet been published.

CAPT. CALDER CAMPBELL.—We have much pleasure in mentioning the return of this gentleman to India. We may now expect that our readers will have an early opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with his genius. His volume of poem, we believe, attracted a good deal of notice at home, and was well spoken of by the critics.

Selected Articles.

WEAKNESSES OF THE WISE.

At the very first proposition of such a subject, the mind of every reader must rush to the recollection of Bacon—the man whose powerful intellect overthrew the whole heathendom of philosophy, substituting truth in its place; and yet could, for ambition, betray a friend, and fawn upon a menial, and, for wealth, sell justice at a price! Ceaseless wonder must follow the history of Bacon. The errors of two thousand years vanished before the brightness of his mental sight. He placed the human mind for the first time in a right reasoning course. No wisdom could be more profound, no eloquence more winning, no services more useful, than his. But mark the course of his life. He employed his professional talents in pleading against the Earl of Essex, who had recently been his patron; nay more, spontaneously brought forward private letters, addressed by the unfortunate nobleman to himself, as evidence of his guilt—and all this for the purpose of gaining new patronage. He flattered James I. as superior in judgment, learning, eloquence, and every princely attribute, to all the great men of antiquity; he even flattered the smooth-faced and unlettered minion of that monarch, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in order the more effectually to gain royal favour. Lastly, he so far prostituted the highest legal office in the kingdom by receiving bribes from suitors, as to be thought worthy, by his peers, of degradation and banishment. "How mortifying," says a modern writer, "to reflect on that deficiency of principle, that absence of ingenuous feeling, that tendency to dissimulation, that everlasting struggle to aggrandise himself by menial arts and beggarly importunities, and even by the more sordid instrumentality of detraction, all of which may be traced in the memorials of the private life of this man—

"The wisest, mightiest, meanest of mankind!"

Bacon was one of those who are at once avaricious and prodigal. When on a progress to Newmarket with the king, he gave a man ten pounds for bringing him some fruit at which the royal wit remarked, "My lord, this is the way to Beggars' Bush." He could also tamely see his servants appropriating the money which lay in his closet, saying, "Ay, ay, poor men, that is their portion." It was not so much for his own use that he seems to have desired money as, at the utmost, for the eclat of lavishing it on others, among whom his servants were the principal. Hence, on their all rising up at his entrance into his own hall, he said, with a bitter quibble, "Alas, your rise has been my fall." The frailty of Bacon is thus of a double character.

It is not necessary to travel far from the age of Bacon, in order to find specimens of the same mingled weakness and strength. The great mind and lofty policy of Elizabeth were not superior to the machinations of an assassin. She could hint to a courtier how pleasing it would be to her if Mary could be removed without the disagreeable ceremonies of a judicial death, and called him a precise fellow when his honour rose against the monstrous proposal. The woman who could grasp the whole case of Europe, and brave the concentrated power of all its Catholic states, was liable to be beguiled by the most barefaced flattery, and caused all the mirrors in her palace to be destroyed, when they could no longer tell her that her face was smooth. She at length died with her finger in her mouth at seventy, heart-broken for the loss of a youth to whom she thought she had been attached.

Nor was her successor an uninteresting example of the same phenomenon. That James possessed not only learning, but talent to give it life and effect, no one can doubt who has given his history a proper consideration. And yet was there ever a character more childishly weak? The man who could discourse to admiration on every abstract question, who had a pertinent and shrewd remark for every little incident that came under his notice, and who uttered more wit in his daily course of life than any man in his dominions, wanted the common manliness which peasants and citizens enjoy alike with the warlike and the noble, was timid and cruel, cherished a variety of paltry antipathies, and as ridiculous affections, and was alternately a sage and a buffoon, a boy and an old woman, as the various shades of his character happened to predominate.

At the same period, we have Napier mixing his profound mathematical pursuits with the employment of di-

vination for the discovery of hidden treasures. A contract was entered into with him, says Mr Wood in his *Peerage*, by the noted Robert Logan of Restalrig, in July 1694, setting forth, forasmuch as there were old reports and appearances that a sum of money was hid within Logan's house of Restalrig, John Napier should do his utmost diligence to search and seek out, and by all craft and ingenuity to find out the same, and by the grace of God shall either find out the same, or make it sure that no such thing has been there. For his reward he was to have an exact third of what was found, and to be safely guarded by Logan back to Edinburgh, with the same. Such a document must ever be considered as a most remarkable memorial of the absurdities which sometimes beset the most profound intellects. After finding Napier himself liable to so deplorable a weakness, can we justly laugh at the peasantry who believed him to be possessed of supernatural powers?

But how trifling appear the heresies of Napier when compared with the nonsense of his still more illustrious contemporary, Kepler, who, while penetrating for the first time the sublime mysteries of astronomy devoutly believed in astrology, and thought there was a resemblance between the distances of the heavenly bodies, as seen from the sun in their aphelia and perihelia and the division of the musical octave. Kepler maintained that the earth was a vast animal breathing out wind from holes in the mountains, and that all the planets are animated, and have muscles proportioned to their bulk by means of which they move through absolute space. He also supposed that the earth had a sympathy with the heavenly, and was so tormented at the approach of a comet as to sweat out a great quantity of vapour which caused great rains and floods. Yet to this man are we indebted for some of the most valuable discoveries in one of the most magnificent and true of all the sciences. After such wild assumptions, it will not excite any wonder that Kepler was weak enough both to be vain and to publish his vanity. When some of his discoveries were controverted by his envious contemporaries he informed the world that he might well afford to wait for the approval of a subsequent age when Nature had waited six thousand years for a Kepler to explain her mysteries!

From the dreams of these philosophers it is a relief to turn to the pilgrimage which Descartes made to Loretto, in order to propitiate the Virgin Mary to the success of his mathematical investigations. Ory to the confusion which Cromwell placed in his lucky day. Nor is it less pleasant to contrast the mighty speculations of Newton with his sitting for hours on his bed side, oblivious of the duty of putting on his clothes—his application of his mistress's finger to the bowl of his pipe, his request to the servant to remove the fire when all he had to do for the required coolness was to remove from it, or his supposition, that he had dined on hending the fowl which had been brought in for his dinner reduced to bones a friend living in the meantime eaten it by his own request. The childlike simplicity of the author of the *principia* hardly ranks, indeed among the weaknesses of the wise though sufficiently amusing in its way. The absurdities committed by a philosopher through mere abstraction of mind, induced by the nature of his studies, are not to be wondered at. Very different, however, are those which escape into notice from the men who pretend to be observers of the world, and the censors of its errors. When we find such a man as Swift writing on the back of his letter communicating Gays death that he had not read it for five days, on account of "an impulse foreboding some misfortune"—when we find the Duke of Orleans with all his native and acquired gifts, his wicked wit and his extensive knowledge of mankind, solicitous of favourable prognostics from fortune tellers—

"A godless regent trembling at a star"—

the wonder is legitimate, for the one part of the character is in opposition to the other. It would be hardly possible, perhaps after having read the works of Pope, to believe any one who told us in conversation that their author could cherish the most unworthy enmities and jealousies, and practise the meanest arts of dissimulation. The whole trick about the publication of his letters, as exposed in so masterly a manner by D'Israeli, must ever be looked upon as one of the most contemptible actions of which any man was ever guilty. His eagerness moreover, to destroy the reputation of all contemporary writers, some of whom were beneath his regard, while several were more entitled to the respect of the world himself, is quite unjustifiable on any principle of

morality, while it exposed him to miseries the most intense, and at the same time, he most ridiculous. How strange, too, to connect with the exquisitely worked up and fine-sounding essays of Pope, the recollection that he would overeat himself with childish dainties, and, when offered a dram by a compassionate host, pretend to be angry, but take it nevertheless!

In a later period, when mankind were exempt from many follies that had beset the enlightened and unenlightened at an earlier period, have we not Rousseau acting like the veriest child and Johnson believing in the second sight? That the author of the *Rambler* should have commenced every effort of locomotion with a particular foot, appears not less wonderful than that the author of the *Essay on Man* should have been like to surfeit himself every time he came across stewed lampreys. The grand weakness of Johnson, however, was not unparticipated by other eminent men in his own time. Sir James Stewart, whose work on Political Economy gave the first impulse to the study of that invaluable science in Britain, had in early life made a paction with a young friend named Trotter, that whosoever died first, should, if possible, revisit the other at noon in a particular arbour in the Garden at Coltness. To the very end of his life—after twenty years of intervening exile—and when hardly able to walk with the gout, the surviving philosopher went every day at the specified hour to the place appointed, and as often returned disappointed. On every other point Sir James was a shrewd and sensible man, one who could play, and pretty successfully too, with the weaknesses of others. He was also, he it remarked a sound Christian. Yet he seriously hoped to the end of his days that a visit of his deceased friend would be very useful to him. When rallied on the subject, he presented much the same unphilosophical argument at which he understood to have actuated Johnson. "We do not know enough," said he, "of the other world to entitle us to say that the return of Mr Trotter is impossible."

Goldsmith again, united the fancy and feeling of a poet, the penetration of a man of the world, and the sagacity of a philosopher with a character most strangely compounded of coxcomb and simpleton. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* strange to say, would fret to hear praise bestowed on a harlequin, and complained that when he published any thing, the public made a point of overlooking it. Blair, the author of the *Sermons*, never made the least effort to conceal that he had the highest possible opinion of himself, and so fastidious was he about externals, that on getting a new coat, he would have a mirror laid down on the ground that he might see how the skirts hung. An illustrious medical teacher of the last century kept all his ready money in an open drawer in one of the public rooms of his house, to which he resorted when he wanted any, as did his wife—and perhaps also his servants. Dr Adam Smith with all his immense powers of reflection, and with a character in every respect highly amiable, was in some respects a misanthrope. He was tyrannised over by an old female cousin who kept his house, and when he wanted a bit of comfort, out of which he was as fond as a baby, he had to watch till her back was turned from the table in order to snatch it. A friend of his said one day to an individual who mentioned it again to the present writer, "Is it not strange of Adam Smith? notwithstanding all his acquaintance with commercial principles the wealth of nations and so forth, he cannot buy his own horse-corn, and I have to do it for him! What a strange compound and a man—it tinges them all these—was Blair is a mixture of dirt and duty, according to Byron who was the same himself. Scott seemed likely during the greater part of his life to escape from the world, without its being able to detect any failing in his character, but it turned out that in order to acquire the comparatively humble honours of territorial proprietorship, of which he seemed to glory than of any degree or kind of literary fame he had impugnered his genius, his credit, every thing but his honour, and was at last obliged to wear out the very principle of life in a desperate effort to expiate the consequences of his imprudence. His great man was impatient of all allusion to his writings, and totally insensible to flattery on the score of that in which he transcended all other men—his creative imagination but he liked to observe that his character of merit carried with it some local respect, and listened to the praises of his trees with a doating fondness only to be exceeded by that with which a young mother hears her infant commended for beauty."

But after all, let us be just to the votaries of literature and science. Strange as the above instances of mingled greatness and frailty may appear, they prove nothing against greatness in the main. We could enumerate many equally great with the above, who hardly ever uttered a thought or committed an action calculated to elicit either ridicule or reproach. The name of Shakespeare has come down to us without the record of a fault. Milton has the front of majestic Virtue herself. Newton is as stainless as the child whom, in some trivial matters, he resembled. Addison's is a name of unsullied lustre. And no man could display more true worth, more benevolence, more immaculate honour, than the illustrious person who comes last but not least upon our roll. Nature seems to have no rule on this point; she sometimes gives a character that degrades talent, and sometimes one that adorns it. Upon the whole, there is reason to conclude that a studious life, as it abstracts men from contact with the world tends to make them more virtuous. Even in the case of the poets, we believe this rule will hold. We think with Mackenzie, that the air of Parnassus is naturally favourable to goodness; the failings of this class of men must be chiefly attributed to external circumstances. When we find, however, that great mental gifts do not exempt their possessors from a share of human foibles or vices, in what mood of mind should we contemplate the apparently so great phenomenon? Assuredly with a sense of self congratulation on those inferior gifts of our own, with which we were otherwise, perhaps, disposed to be discontented. Let us indulge in no paltry triumph over the lame deity who seems to fall from heaven at our feet, such a feeling is not justifiable on any grounds whatever. But let the contemplation of such phenomena at least assist us in attaining that tranquil acquiescence in the decrees of nature which is so beautiful a trait in every well-regulated mind, and which helps so greatly to place us at ease with our selves and it peace with our fellow creatures. *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*, Aug. 9, 1834

REMARKABLE RESCUE FROM A MINE.

On the 2d of May 1818, a number of colliers were working in the Quarrelton coal-mine, near Paisley, when a stroke from one of their pickaxes suddenly opened a passage for a vast quantity of water which had been collected in a neighbouring pit long since disused. A large stream immediately poured into the place where they were working, sweeping every thing before it with the violence of a rapid and swollen river. The men fled with precipitation, and, crying aloud, sent the alarm through the pit. Struggling with the growing force of the stream, which threatened to hurry them along with it, and, in the confusion, having most of their lights dashed from their hands, all rushed instinctively towards the bottom of the pit. Out of twenty, thirteen reached the bucket, and were drawn up, one of whom, so narrow was their escape, had been twice thrown down by the violence of the current. Seven of the men were yet in the pit, but the water soon rose above the mouth of the mine, and their communication with it was cut off. For these the most lively concern was immediately felt by their companions, and the progress of the water was anxiously observed. The engine connected with the pump was set in motion, but although the quantity it drew up was immense, yet the water for some time rather increased than diminished. The only way in which they could assist their unfortunate fellow-workmen seemed to fail them, but they consoled themselves with the hope that they might have escaped to a higher part of the pit, an upper tier of rooms, which they knew to be still above the reach of the water.

The knowledge of this fatal accident was by this time rapidly spreading over the country, and as it passed from village to village, and cottage to cottage, excited in every breast a feeling of mingled sympathy and horror. Crowds were soon seen gathering from every quarter towards the spot, and relating to each other, as they went, the numerous reports which now began to circulate, and, on reaching the pit, they seemed to look with awe on a spot which covered human beings, thus shut out from the world, and apparently off from all human aid. The colliers of the village also, as evening advanced, were seen collected in groups, listening to the expression of each other's feelings, and devising plans for rescuing their fellow-workmen from their miserable situation. With the accuracy not uncommon to the labouring class of our countrymen, they con-

sidered the size of the rooms in which the men might be supposed to have taken refuge, the quantity of air which these could contain, and the time it might support them; and the probability of their having any food in the pit. It was soon suggested that a little above the surface of the water, which had now ceased to rise, a mine might be driven, so as to reach these higher rooms in a certain time, viz. six or seven days. The execution of this plan, so promising and well conceived, was unfortunately delayed, from not unreasonable apprehensions of danger, by the closing in of the mine, and the explosion of the damp air; and there was but too much reason to fear that the unhappy objects of their pursuit would have perished before they could reach the spot. The men, too, were dejected and spiritless at the frightful fate of their companions. The work was not therefore begun till two days had been suffered to elapse, which, in calculating the probability of success, were to be added to the unfavourable side. At this time the workmen at the neighbouring pit of Auchlodmont offered their assistance to the Quarrelton colliers, and the mine was begun. Two men only could work at a time, they were taken from the two sets of colliers alternately, and, without intermission or abatement of exertion, they plied the work night and day. All eagerly looked to the period in which the mine was to be completed. Despair had begun to predominate, when, on the morning of the 12th, the glad tidings were heard that the mine was finished, and that two of the men were alive. These were brothers, of the name of Hodgart, who had fondly clung to each other during the whole of their confinement. To add to the interesting scene of their deliverance, their father went down into the mine just before it was dug through, heard their voice, and was so overpowered that he had to be carried up, happily removed from witnessing the difficulties which were yet to be encountered.

By this time, according to a narrative of the circumstances prepared by the colliers themselves, the damp or bad air had put out their lights, and as Bowie was advancing forward, the damp seized him before he could get hold of any of them, and he returned back to get breath. Allan immediately stripped off his coat and vest, and went forward, in desperation, but was also obliged to return, and with difficulty escaped with his life, and had to be helped out to the fresh air, when he said he was sorry he had heard them, for he doubted their lives would go yet. Patrick and Bowie then called out to them to come forward, for they could not come to them. By this time Peter Barr came to their assistance, and the two Hodgarts, creeping towards Patrick and Bowie, and Patrick and Bowie rushing forward towards them, succeeded in laying hold of the hand of William Hodgart, and brought him into the mine while his brother, who was left behind, cried with a lamentable voice for help. Barr, Patrick, and Bowie, rushed again forward, and James Hodgart, creeping to meet them, they succeeded in getting hold of him also, and brought him into the mine beside his brother. By this time it was about four o'clock in the morning, and after resting a little, and getting the good air to breathe, Patrick, Bowie and Barr, asked them how they had supported themselves for meat, when they told that they had got a little oatmeal bread in one of the men's pockets who had escaped, and a little oil they had for light, and being asked if they knew any thing about the rest who were enclosed along with them, they said there were none in their company, except Alexander Barr, and they supposed he was dead two days ago. They also said that they heard the engine going all the time, and heard the men mining for them two or three days before they came to them.

Although every exertion was made to get out the other five, it was impossible to reach them till the water was drawn off. One of the bodies was found on the 28th May, and the others on the 3d and 4th June.

As soon as the brothers were restored to health, all were impatient to know how they had saved themselves from the water. How they had spent their time in the pit. What were their endeavours to escape. What their feelings. And what the conduct of those, who, unlike them, had, alas! found in it a tomb. We have an account of some of these particulars, which we subjoin, it is the more valuable, as it is written by James Hodgart, one of the brothers.

On the 2d of May 1818, when I was at my work, I was, about eight in the morning, alarmed by the cries of the men, that the waste was broken, I immediately ran to the mouth of the mine, but the water was running with such rapidity, that I found it impossible to reach the

bottom of the pit. I then saw the boy Shaw coming down the water. I pulled him out, and I saw my brother, and I helped him out. Then I saw Brydon, and I gript him, but I lost the grip. Then the other six were all together. Then I saw there was no help for us, but to flee to the highest part in the pit. I was in great fear of being suffocated for want of air, I immediately ran to a biggin* that was connected with another pit, but found it had no effect, I built it up again. Here we lay for some time, but we don't know how long. Then we thought to try the water again, and the water seemed for some time neither to rise nor fall so that the run from the crush was still keeping the engine going, but on examining the place, we found the water that stood so near us had been dammed in with sludge, for we heard the water running from us. Then we returned back to the men again, and we wished them to come along with us, to try if we could reach the bottom of the pit. So we all came together to the place where the water was running, but the two old men did not cross the water, so the other four crossed it, but were obliged to turn back to the place we had left, and we lay there for a considerable time before we attempted to go again, and all that we could get was a drink of cold water, which we carried in an oily can. Then we thought of trying the water again, and so we wished them all to come, but the old men said they were not fit to come, and wished the little boy to stay, and he did so. We came away, Barr, my brother, and myself, and we got through with great difficulty for the loads that we had to come were almost filled with dirt and water. Then we got to the place where we heard the engine going, which continued night and day, and the sound of the picks in the mine. Soon after we came to the place where we heard the sound of the engine and picks, our clothes being very wet, we became very cold. Then we thought of searching for the men's clothes that had made their escape which we found, and searching them, we found some pieces of bread, but they were almost spoiled with the water and the dampness of the pit. Here we lay for some time, and heard the men working for us, so we went to a man-room and brought a pick and chapped with it, and marked the water with, but they did not hear us. We then turned weak, and could not go (walk), so we lay there till the mine came through.

This narrative is deficient in what no unlettered man could have been expected to give—a description of the feelings of the survivors during the advance of the mining operations, and at their ultimate deliverance. The first sounds, which told that they were still objects of solicitude to their fellow creatures, though apparently cut off for ever from all intercourse with them, must have affected them with a variety of strange sensations. How earnestly during the progress of the work must they have calculated the depth of the mass which still divided them from the realms of light and of life! And, finally, even when almost exhausted by the long continuance of their sufferings and privations, with what a burst of joyful feeling must they have beheld the first gleam of light, and heard the first accents of their deliverers!

* A biggin—a partition between one working or pit and another.

PARSIFLS—A present, it is said, should be rare, new and suitable, neither so priceless as to be worth nothing in itself, nor yet so costly as to bring an obligation on the receiver. We know of no such cautious niceties between friends. The giver, indeed, must have a right to bestow, but let this be the case, and a straw from such a hand, shall be worth a sceptre from another. A keepsake in particular, as it implies something very intimate and cordial, is above these ceremonious niceties. We may see what people think of the real value of keepsakes, by the humble ones which they do not hesitate to bestow in wills. Petrarch, it is true, when he bequeathed a winter garment to his friend Boccaccio to study in, apologized for "leaving so poor a memorial to so great a man," but this was only to show the other's merits he knew that the very grace of the apology supplied all the riches it lamented the loss of, and Boccaccio, when heat enveloped in his warm gown, should feel "wrapped up in his friend." Something that has been about a friend's person, competes the value of a keepsake. Thus people bequeath their very hearts to their friends, or even to places they have been attached to, and this is what gives a lock of hair value above all other keepsakes—it is a part of the individual's

self. Franklin made no apology when he left Washington his "fine-crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty."

WANTED—A VALET.

There is great difficulty in meeting with a servant exactly all that could be wished. Of those which are tried, one is found to be too lazy, too fat, or too ugly, another is discovered to be too dirty, too impertinent, or too something or other, which acts as a preventive to the satisfaction that should exist between served and serving. Most certainly they should endeavour to accommodate each other—the master by kindness, the servant by honesty and diligence—so as to insure confidence in one and respect in the other.

A gentleman, who in the country was called Squire Gubbins, on a journey to London lost a faithful servant by a sudden illness, which in a few days hurried him to the grave. Squire Gubbins shed a tear, and directed a stone to tell that it was erected to the memory of John Thornton by his friend and master, in testimony of regret and acknowledgment of faithful services. To supply the place of this valuable servant was the first consideration of the squire on his arrival in London. He accordingly went to one of those offices where it is professed that servants of every description may be obtained. The squire and the master of the office were chatty together, so that objections and good qualities attaching to the character of a servant were perfectly understood. A few particulars the squire enforced, such as, the truth to be always observed—sulkiness never to be exhibited—some intelligence from a reading travel or experience, for, added the squire, "I don't like to have a fool about me, and with respect to impertinence, this is what I say, John or Thomas, if ever you feel disposed to be saucy, put on your hat and enter the parlour, demand a month's wages, because I prefer to endure that blow on my purse rather than the slightest wound my feelings." "Oh, I see, sir," replied the office-keeper, "you shall have the man you want, depend on it, sir, I know the individual who is exactly what you require." Accordingly, Mr Gubbins's address was entered, and he departed.

The following morning, one Timothy Browne was dispatched from the office to the squire's, was admitted, making many bows—not exactly as if he had received a hint from a dancing master, but as if he had been a boot jack, with a hinge exactly in the middle—and with unequivocal tokens of respect Timothy listened, while the squire inquired some commonplace particulars, to all of which Tim answered with great obsequiousness. "And how have you passed your life?" said the squire. "Why, sir," replied Tim, "I have been engaged as one of the most useful members of society." The squire looked somewhat suspiciously at Tim, who continued, "I have assisted in preserving the health of the inhabitants of the metropolis, and have contributed more towards that end than all the doctors' shops, apothecaries' hall, and the college of physicians to boot." The squire leered through his bushy grey eyebrows, and requested to know how. Tim stroked his hair over his forehead, and recollecting truth must be adhered to, replied, "as a scavenger, sir." The squire fell back in his chair with a loud umph, then giving his eyelids their greatest elevation, inquired if Tim had been a duck or a hog? Tim, who knew nothing of the transmigration of souls, was confounded, put his hands into all his pockets successively, and then placing himself in a firm position, replied "Sir, I have been a man these sixteen years, before that I was a boy, and before that I was an infant, and I have been nothing else, at least I never heard that I was." "Perhaps all this may be true," said the squire, "but I fear you will not suit the place you now have in view. So I wish you a good morning." So poor Timothy Browne, the pink of street cleaners, departed in no small degree hurt at finding that he would not suit the squire.

The servant girl soon after entered to say that a well-grown, hard-looking man wanted the squire's leisure. He was shown in. "Well, where do you come from?" said the squire. "From Thurles, county Tipperary, Ireland, sir, and my name is Patrick O'Donovan." "Oh, ho," exclaimed Squire Gubbins, not approving the brogue. "Pray, where have you been since?" "Och," replied Pat, "I can't tell where I have not been, sure I've been servant to an officer during that same war in Portugal." "Then," said the squire, "you have seen some service?"

"Sure," said Pat, "you may say that. I'm no fool at sogering of all kinds; sometimes rough as a farze-bush, and sometimes tender as a blue. Indeed, it seldom runs smooth as butter-milk. I could tell your honour a little about that same inquisitioning quarter of the world." The squire leaned back in his cushioned chair, motioning that Pat should proceed. "That's a nate place to get into, your honour, where they have no rum nor whisky to drink, except wine, and when you sit down to dinner, you must stand with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, because of the French foragers. Sure I remember just as the French army crossed the river at Hu-ta one night, dived a moon was there till the sun got up, and then our general looked at 'em with only one eye through his long glass, and brought 'em so near that he heard every word they said. 'Ah, ha,' says the Duke of Wellington, 'I'll look after 'em soon as ever I get in front.' Off they went, and we after 'em, to the Douro, and, sure, we there came in first at last, though we were behind before. Off goes Marmont again, down comes an advanced guard close after 'em, all silently riding on mules, making a hubbub with more than half of 'em that marched in front. Oh, what a pretty set of ugly rascals! They had no colours nor arms except cloaks and swords, and didn't we do at 'em, every man of us? Yes, we did, and we had plenty of ammunition, we put more than half of 'em to the sword, not one escaped except two of their chiefs, who, running off different ways, came slap against each other and were taken. The prisoners we took didn't speak a word, except gibbling all the time. We tried 'em directly, some we left without a rag to cover them and they skulked away with their hands in their waistcoat pockets. A great many were badly wounded, most of 'em were killed entirely, or dispersed, and more of 'em must have gone home missing. But, your honour, when we got to Madrid, such bills, *le Deums*, and bull-fights! 'There, there,' said the squire, holding up both hands, 'that will do, don't go any farther, you may have spoken the truth, but your extraordinary mode of communicating it confuses me. You'll not suit me, Patrick.' 'Sir, your honour,' interrupted Pat, 'I'm just thinking I'd shute you to astanty. I know at all events, the place would shute me remarkably well.' The squire, however, would not listen to another word, and pulling the bell, requested him to be shown out of the house.

The squire sat reflecting on his own harsh manner of dismissing this poor fellow, who was a leonous of nature, his service, but worth the trouble, as he might have been at John Thornton, that I cannot but think I shall never meet with one like John Thornton! The servant girl now came to announce a mother-in-law to the place, and he was shown in. The squire put on his spectacles, and looking up saw a smart, lively looking man about forty years of age, having very good looks and stating for what he appeared there. "Well," inquired the squire, surveying this new applicant, "has the office keeper acquainted you with the particulars I require?" "Yes, he has sir," was the reply. "Well, what is your name, and where do you come from?" "James Nightingale, sir, and I was born at Hampton Wick, that is to say I was born—yes, let me see—I should rather say, Hampton Court or properly speaking, in the parish of Hampton." "Well," said the squire, "you were born somewhere, I conclude—and what have you been doing all your life, James Nightingale?" "I have been in service, sir, that is to say generally, I have lived in gentlemen's service.—Let me see, let me see—I have lived with three or four, ay, there was one, two, three, four ladies. No, only three—that is to say four—yes, four ladies." "Well, will never mind how many," said the squire, getting rather fidgetty. "Why did you quit your last service?" "I will tell you sir," replied James. "I lived with Sir Thomas Faddleton—that is to say, with Lady Faddleton, as you shall hear, sir. Well, one day about two o'clock—let me see, 'bout about three o'clock—think it was about three, or it might be half-past two—the squire now began to express a little impatience, James continued—]it might be a few minutes more or less, well, there comes a rapping at the door—such hammering never was heard except at a trunk-maker's shop. Well, away goes I to the door, there behold, was a gentleman to inquire after our beautiful Fidelia. Oh dear, says I, the dear creature was taken ill—let me see, I think it was on Tuesday; no, it could not be Tuesday, it must have been Wednesday. Ay, Wednesday, very true,—as I am a living man, it was Tuesday after all." "Pshaw!" exclaimed the squire, almost ready to burst, "how can it signify to me on what day the

child was taken ill?" "Oh dear, sir," said James, "it was not a child, it was Lady Faddleton's little pug-dog, and the poor little dear was very unwell; it could take nothing but—". "Bah! I am sick of this," said the squire. "Well, sir, you shall hear the catastrophe in a moment. Away I sent John—I think it was John—stop, let me see—where did John go? Yes, John ran off to Mr. Crighton. No, it was not John. Now, I think on it, it must have been Thomas that ran to Mr. Crighton—that is, Doctor Crighton, and I when he came, and was told how extremely ill Fidelia was, 'Why' says he, 'you don't say so.' Only think of that!—and in truth, sir, none of us thought of any thing else, Doctor Crighton at once said, if he had not been sent for just as he was, it would have been too late. My lady, with tears in her eyes, hoped Doctor Crighton would do all in his power for the dear little interesting Fidelia." At this stage of the story, the squire's patience was exhausted, he grew red and blue, as if he were suffocated, but James continued. "The doctor requested her ladyship to calm her agitation, and to place confidence in his skill, so he took the little dear in his arms, and—". "There, there!" exclaimed the squire, "not another word about dog, doctor, or lady, tell me at once, why did you quit the place?" James bowed. "I was going to tell you, sir it was because I didn't weep, like all the rest of the servants. The doctor whispered to my lady that I was a hard hearted fellow. My lady's maid overheard it, and told it to I know. Let me see—no, it was to William—at least I think it was not Francis—it must have been William." "Non-sense!" exclaimed the squire. "Well, sir," continued James, "it all came to this I said, says I, this is what I said, sir. 'Any one who says I am hard hearted, is a confounded liar.' 'Emph' bad language," said the squire, "and for that, I suppose, you were discharged?" "Exactly so," replied James. "Ay," added the squire, "it is my advice, you had better return, beg her ladyship's pardon, and promise to be more tender towards her footmen. Go, James Nightingale, I never desire to hear another note of yours."

Many hours of the squire's were occupied in the endeavour to extract from various applicants their propensities, by which to judge of their fitness to be about his person, but not one, amongst thirty he had listened to, had the qualifications of poor John Thornton. He was mainly, obliging and honest, one or all of these good qualities appeared in every transgression of his life, and the squire despaired of meeting with his equal.

One morning, as Mr. Cubbins was about to take his usual walk, he was accosted at his door by a stout well-dressed man, inquiring if the gentleman was suited with a servant, if not, he ventured to offer himself. The squire scrutinised a little the manner and the frankness of the man of which he thought favourably. He therefore returned to his study, and requested the man to be shown in, that he might make farther inquiries. Accordingly, the questions as to name, and what he had been doing, were put, and as directly answered, "Charles Roberts—the gentleman put of his life at sea, or servant to a naval officer on shore." Among other particulars that fell within the squire's knowledge, was the mention of a gallant affair under Lieutenant Blyth, in which Charles Roberts was slightly wounded, and, at the squire's request the circumstances were related.

"Sir," said Charles, "a small squadron, consisting of the Quebec frigate, the Raven and Execution brig, with the Alert sloop of war, were on the look-out off Wanger Oeg to the northward knocking about, and doing nothing; so, thinking there might be something in between the island and the main land, the boats of the squadron were manned, and sent out under the command of Mr Blyth; he was then first of the Quebec. Well, after rowing more than twenty miles, we saw four large gun vessels at anchor in the mouth of the Embos. All hands agreed to have a smack at them. Hurra in the bows! It would have done your heart good, sir, to have heard the rowlocks rattle, as we neared them, whir comes the grape-shot aboard of us, slap comes the musketry among us. 'Pull away my lads,' says Mr. Blyth, 'take them astern.' Why, sir, their decks seemed crowded, though we could only see their heads, and the flashing of their muskets over their bulwarks. It was a rough business, sir, but we were in it. Well, under a rattling fire we pulled under the quarter of the leeward vessel, and soon were on deck slashing away. I saw M. Blyth settling scores with a tall fellow, down he came like a swab off a capstan, and down came the colours too. 'Stand by, my boys,

says Mr. Blyth, 'point the long one, cover the boats' putting for the second vessel.' 'On they went, sir, up the bends, over the bulwarks, in the twinkling of a handspike. In half an hour all four were carried. It was a jolly sight, sir, to see their colours hauled down one after the other. Well, they had twenty-five men each, three long eighteen-pounders, with small arms, and they had bulwarks five feet high on their sides, it was tightish work to get at them, sir. Well, Mr. Blyth got the step by this brush, and was made master and commander of the Boxer. He was as brave an officer and as good a man as ever stepped over a ship's side. I went with him on the Halifax station, and followed him to his grave.' Here Charles's voice faltered, and the squire, with his cane, gave a blow on the table that echoed through the house. "Is it true," said he, "that the ensign of the Boxer was nailed to her gaff-pole?" "Very true, sir," replied Charles, "it could not be lowered when Captain Blyth fell. He was too at five, sir, as well as too brave, just as we neared the enemy, within musket shot indeed, Captain Blyth ran forward to point one of our bow-chasers, he was hit by a fourteen-pounder, that doubled him up, and he fell without speaking a word." "Gallant, unfortunate Blyth!" said the squire, "I knew him well, he had nothing but his enterprising spirit—a perfect contempt for danger to recommend him in the service, he was a fine illustration of a character in a song of Dibdin's—

'In fight a lion, the battle ended,
Meek as a bleating lamb he seemed'

And so, Roberts, you have served your country at sea, and naval officers when on shore? Have you worn a liver?" "None, sir," replied Roberts, "except blue coat or jacket. If you are not satisfied, sir, I shall be happy to serve you, there is a letter of recommendation from Captain——" The squire read it, and, looking at Roberts, said, "Yes, I am suited, but not till now, this testimony of your good conduct from my worthy friend is all that can be wished. Consider yourself engaged, and I shall trust that there are more faithful servants in the world than one."

Roberts turned out as the squire had expected. He served long and faithfully, and, surviving his master, was endowed with a pension sufficient to place him at ease for the remainder of his life.

ANECDOTES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[By William Drummond of Hawthornden *]

After the Reformation, Nigel Ramsay, laird of Dalhousie, and ancestor of the Earl of Dalhousie, went to hear a preaching along with the Regent Murray, who afterwards asked him how he liked it. "Passing well," answered the laird, "purgatory he hath altogether ta'en away if the morn [to-morrow] he will take away the place of future punishment altogether, I will give him half of the lands of Dalhousie."

A doctor of the Sorbonne, sent into Scotland as an envoy to the Queen Regent Mary of Lorraine, heard some one affirm that French wine was to be got as good in Scotland as in France, he denied the fact, and said that the French sent no commodities out of their country but the worst. "Well, doctor," observed George Buchanan, who stood by, "I never before knew that you were the refusal and worst of all the doctors of the Sorbonne."

George Buchanan being told that the Earl of Marr had obtained the government of the young king (James VI.), asked immediately, "Who, then, shall have the government of the Earl of Marr?"

The Regent Morton used to say, "he wished no greater reason than a twenty-four hours' lie to bring a courtier in disgrace."

Queen Elizabeth entering Bristol, a speech was delivered to her. The honest man began, "May it please your sacred majesty, I am the Mouth of the Town" and then, all amazed, forgot the rest. She sporting said, once or twice, "Speak, good Mouth."

King James VI., at an ecclesiastical assembly in his own country, asked a bashful divine, who seemed a fair mark for his wit, "who was Jesus the son of Sirach's father?" to which the poor man had not one word to answer.

* From the lately published volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland.

Bishop Montgomerie wrote a letter to the Earl of Eglintoun (a man inclined to a faction against bishops), to send him a trait of horsemanship. The other answered, "I think it enough, cousin, to run on foot to the devil, although ye ride not, and go ye'll alone, although I send no train with you."

King James I. asked his favourite bishop Foby Matthew (Durham) why his beard was so near cut? He replied, that his patron was Saint Cut-beard [his patron of the bishopric was St. Cuthbert].

Dr. Arthur Johnston, well known as an excellent Scottish Latin poet, said of a bishop who seldom preached, "that he was a very rare preacher."

Two thieves were on their way to Tyburn in different carts one had been condemned for the theft of a mare, the other had stolen a watch. "What o'clock is it by your watch?" said the former to his brother. "Just about time for you to wait your mare," was the reply.

A fool being with his prince in a great storm at sea, said, "Now, nobles, we shall all drink out of one cup."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

IV.—THE TRAGEDY OF GUERNSEY.

John Andrew Gordier, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of Jersey in the early part of the eighteenth century, had, for several years, paid his addresses to an accomplished and beautiful young woman, a native of the island of Guernsey, and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, which always increase the value of the object in pursuit, the happy day for adoring his mistress to the altar at length was fixed. After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage need not be described, hours were years, and a narrow channel between the islands, ten thousand leagues. The land of promise at length appeared, he leapt on the beach, and without waiting for refreshment, or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visited which was only a few miles from the port. The servant who soon followed, was surprised to find his master not arrived, repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire, in vain. Having waited in anxious expectation till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstance of the case.

The next morning, at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man, was not calculated to diminish their fears. With evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the environs of the road by which Gordier generally passed—After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds, but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or, even to hazard conjecture against the perpetrator of so foul a murder. The regret of both families for a good young man thus cut off in meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery and mode of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species, which relieves itself by shew and exclamation, was, for that very reason, the more poignant and heartfelt, she was never seen to shed a tear, but doubled the pity for her fate by an affecting patience. Her virtues and her beauty having attracted general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant and native of the island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding in hopeless silence over the catastrophe of her first. In submission to the wishes of her parents but with repeated and energetic declarations that she never would marry, Galliard was occasionally admitted, but the unhappy lady, probably from thinking it not very delicate or feeling in relation of her murdered lover to address her, found it difficult to suppress a certain antipathy, which she felt whenever he approached. It was possible also, that, although hardly known to herself, she might have entertained a worse suspicion. At all events, the singular but well-authenticated circumstance of her antipathy was often remarked, long before the secret was revealed, it was a more than mortal

"version, and was said to bear a near resemblance to that tremulous horror and shivering, which seizes certain persons of keen sensibility and delicate feelings at the sight of some venomous creature, abhorrent far their own nature and likeness. But such was the ardour of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits. Sometimes he endeavoured to prevail on the unfortunate young woman to accept a present from his hands. Her friends remarked that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket, of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she pointedly refused, adding, that it would be worse than improper in her to encourage attentions and receive favours from a man, who excited in her mind sensations far stranger than indifference, and whose offers no motive of any kind could prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard by the earnestness of his addresses, by his assidues, and by exciting pity, the common resource of the artful, had won over the mother of the lady to second his wishes. In her desire to forward his suit she had taken an opportunity, during the night, to fix the trinket in question on to her daughter's watch chain, and forbade her, on pain of her displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted affection.

The health of the lovely mourner suffered in the conflict and the mother of the murdered man who had ever regarded her intended daughter in law with tenderness and affection, crossed the sea which divided her from Guernsey to visit her. The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, naturally called forth ten thousand melancholy ideas in her mind. She seemed to take pleasure in recounting to the old lady, many little incidents which lovers only consider as important. Mrs. Gordier was also fond of enquiring into and listening to every minute particular which related to the last interviews of her son with his mistress.

It was on one of these occasions that their conversation reverted as usual, to the melancholy topic, and the sad retrospect so powerfully affected the young lady, whose health was already much impaired that she sunk in convulsions on the floor. During the alarm of the unhappy family who were conveying her to bed their terror was considerably increased by observing that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier, were fearfully caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch that well known token of her son's affection which with a loud voice and altered countenance she declared he had purchased as a gift for his mistress, previously to his quitting Guernsey. With a dreadful look in which horror indignation wonder and suspicion were mingled she repeated the extraordinary circumstance as well as the agitated state of her mind would permit to the unhappy young lady during the interval of a short recovery.

The moment the poor sufferer understood that the jewels she had hitherto so much despised, was originally in the possession of Gordier the intelligence seemed to pour a flood of new horror on her mind. She made a last effort to press the appendage to her heart her eyes for a moment, exhibited the wild stare of madness stung, as she was to its highest pitch by the horrible conviction and crying out "Oh, murderous villain!" she expired in the arms of the by-standers.

It is hardly necessary further to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination, Gordier in his way from the port to his mistress's house, had been clearly waylaid by Galliard, murdered and plundered of the trinket in the hope that after his death he might succeed to the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard being charged with the crime boldly denied it, but with evident confusion and equivocation, and while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and by a violent tempered letter of confession.

CONSOLATION

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE

The great philosopher Citophilus said one day to a lady oppressed by grief for a heavy misfortune, "Madame, the Queen of England, daughter of Henry the Great, was as unfortunate as yourself. She was chased from her kingdom she nearly perished in a storm at sea, and she saw her royal husband expire on a scaffold." "I am sorry for her," said the lady, who continued to shed tears over her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citophilus, "recollect Mary Stuart, she loved—but in all honour—a very handsome musician. Her husband slew him before her eyes, and afterwards her good friend and relation, Queen Elizabeth, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold hung with black, after having kept her in prison for eighteen years." "That was very cruel," answered the lady, relapsing into melancholy.

"You have perhaps heard," said the comforter, "of the beautiful Joanna of Naples, who was taken and strangled?" "I have a confused recollection of it," answered the mourner.

"I must relate to you," rejoined he, "the adventures of a sovereign who was dethroned in my time, after expelling, and who died in a desert island." "I know the whole story," replied the lady.

"Well then, let me tell you what happened to another great princess to whom I have taught philosophy who speaks nothing but her misfortunes." "Why do you wish, then, that I should not think of mine?" said the lady. "Because," answered the philosopher, "you ought not to reflect on them, when so many great ladies have been so unfortunate it does not become you to despair. Think of Ilcuba—think of Niobe." "Ah!" replied the lady, "if I had lived in their time, or in that of the beautiful princesses and if to console them, you had related my misfortunes, do you think they would have listened to you?"

The next day the philosopher lost his only son—he was really to expire with him. The lady made out a list of all the king, who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it found it perfectly correct, but he did not weep the less.

Three months after they met again and were mutually astonished at each other's cheerfulness. They caused to be etched a beautiful statue to time, with this inscription—
TO HIM WHO CANNOT FLY.

ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE'S YOUTH

In the accounts of celebrated men we rarely meet with as interesting a number of those personal and domestic particulars which in so interesting to the common nature of us all in which we often omitted peculiarly in history, upon which the philosopher's notion of their being incompatible with the dignity of the work. As if anything could be more worth our while to know than what is calculated to charm one sympathetically with intelligent natures, and to instruct us in our daily life. Perhaps it would not be too much to affirm that every life which has been written except at very great length, could be materially enlarged improved and rendered a great deal more interesting by a diligent search into collateral accounts of the person recorded and into his own writings, whether in prose or in verse. A great deal might be added, for instance to the lives of most of the English poets. Take the following anecdote by way of specimen, as an illustration of the life of Shenstone not a great poet, it is true but a very pleasing one and a man of no ordinary powers of reflection when he chose to set them to work. I very much liked his poem of the School Mistress, and of the nature and sometimes the deep reflections to be met with in his essays would surely be glad of more such memorials of him. It is to be found in a little anonymous book (*Recollections of Some Particulars in the Life of the late William Shenstone Esq.*) written not long after his death, in defence of him from some of the objections of Dr. Johnson by his old and fast friend, Richard Graves the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, whom a comfortable prison life, and a pleasant temper, kept alive till upwards of ninety.

The anecdote will "come home to the bosoms" of hundreds of youths and older men too, who know what it is to "quarrel and make it up." The poet and his friend were at that time young men from college, and Graves was on a visit to Shenstone at an old family house belonging to the latter, with a rookery to it and other rural appurtenances; where they enjoyed themselves in the sweets of literary companionship.

"At Harborough (says Mr. Graves), Mr. Shenstone and I passed a month in a very agreeable sojourn; sometimes indeed pursuing the high road to useful science, but more frequently roving amidst the flowery regions of fancy and amusement. We read, however, Boileau, Boissieu, Dacier's *Ierence*, and other French critics, entertaining authors, and Mr. Shenstone wrote several little pieces.

of poetry, which I then thought excellent, but most of which, I believe, are now buried in oblivion. As we went out but little, and saw hardly any company, and of course were confined chiefly to each other's conversation, we now and then got into a hot dispute, on which occasions, as Mr. Shenstone was generally victorious, he could not submit patiently to a defeat. We were one day engaged in a warm debate, in which, I think, I had the upper hand, and drove my antagonist to a painful dilemma, and with exultation pursued my advantage so far, that Mr. Shenstone grew angry and our trifling dispute terminated on each side in a sullen silence, which, as Mr. Shenstone would not vouchsafe to break first, I from a youthful spirit of independence, disdained to submit, so that, although we ate and drank together, this pouting humour continued and we never spoke to each other for near two days. At last, as I was never much addicted to taciturnity, and it was pain and grief to me to keep silence, I wrote upon the wall in a summer-house in the garden, a sentence in Greek which I translated,

"I will, I will be witty"

Under this, Mr. Shenstone wrote this distich

"Matchless on earth I thee proclaim"

Whose will and power I find the same"

This produced a reply of my side, that a rejoinder on his, did at last the ill-fated wall was scrubbed from top to bottom, which the next morning was succeeded by a laugh at each other's folly, and a cordial reconciliation."

WHAT IS MEANT BY GENEROSITY?

[From an excellent little work just published entitled "Minor Moral and Poetical Fables by John Bawley, illustrated with engravings by C. G. Ashmole and H. H. Whitaker, London.]

"You said, mamma, that when we came home you would talk to me about that generous little girl who gave money to all the beggars, as we rode along. Was it not very kind and very good?"

"I dare say it seemed so to you, Fith, and I yet the money which that little girl so cheerfully threw away, might have been much better employed."

"Better employed, mamma! I thought there could be no better employment than charity."

"By charity, I suppose you mean doing good love. And what if the money so spent, instead of doing good, does harm?"

"Can that possibly be, mamma? Can there be harm in assisting the poor?"

"There can be no harm in assisting the poor, Fith, if you do them real services, but there may be much harm in acting without any consideration as to the consequences of what you do."

"But are not the consequences the relief of their wants, mamma? And is it not right to relieve them, and ought not we to show pity towards the distressed, and to help them as far as we can?"

"We ought, my dear, to do whatever we can to relieve and rescue distress, but in order to do so, we must always ask ourselves how we can relieve it—most speedily and most effectually. And, that you may judge for yourself, and understand my meaning, I will tell you the difference between the person who gives money prudently and usefully, and the person who does not. Money is given to the poor for the relief of some want, but suppose it creates more wants than it relieves, or for the cure of some misfortune—now fancy that it produces more misfortunes than it cures? Certainly it would be wrong to give that money. The want of prudence and of providence, among the poor cannot be provided against, unless they suffer something for their neglect. It is often for their own interest that they should suffer. If I punish you for a fault, it is not because I have any pleasure in punishing you, and seeing you suffer, but because I know, unless you are made to suffer, you will not try to correct the fault. If a poor person were as well off as you, or as I, by his laziness or his drunkenness, then he would be by his industry and his temperance, he would have a stronger motive to do wrong, than to do right. He must always try to give to people reasons or excuses for doing right. Suppose one boy works hard, every day, in the fields, and at the end of the week, day gets a shilling for his labour, and there is another boy, who gets a shilling without work, by merely asking for it. The first boy will be more careful, and the second boy, who gets a shilling without work, will be more careless."

given the bad boy is an encouragement to his idleness and his beggary. I have seen a little girl who hunted for mushrooms all the day long. She was then a pattern of neatness and industry, she went into the fields and was as diligent and busy as she could be, and, in the evening, if she had earned two or three pence by the sale of her mushrooms, she was as pleased as possible. But, one evening, when she was coming home from her walks, and very tired indeed she was, she saw a girl of about her own age who asked charity from a lady in a fine carriage, and the lady gave her a shilling, and said to her in a very kind tone, 'There, poor child!' Upon which the little girl, who had been used to gather up pennies, and two-pences, and three-pences, by her own industry, said to herself, 'Why do I lead this weary life? Why do I go trudging away through field and field, and after all can only get a few halfpence for all my toil and travel? I will turn beggar too.' And so she did, and she lost her good habits, and took to bad ones. The clean and diligent child was no longer to be seen hunting for mushrooms in the fields. She became a practised beggar, and at last an insolent one, and then grew careless about right and wrong, and invented stories about her sufferings, that were untrue, and ended by committing crimes, for which she was transported to a distant land, and sorrowful indeed it was to recall the time of her childhood, when she gathered mushrooms in the green fields. Now you must not think that the lady who gave the shilling to the beggar girl intended to act amiss. She thought she did a generous thing, and it was generous to give a shilling to a poor child, but it was very mischievous, and thus, you see, that to be generous is not quite the same as to be wise and good."

"May not money be sometimes generously and usefully given," asked Fith, who looked a little perplexed, and who forgot her mamma's lesson began, had been thinking that she would spend all her money among the poor beggars who accosted her. Fith had indeed been much fascinated by the smiles with which all the beggars looked upon her generous young companion, and thought how very delightful it would be, if she could bear addressees to herself the same words which had been used to her fellow-traveller. 'God bless you, sweet young lady! A pleasant journey to you, and thank you goodness!' But her mother's conversation had brought many new thoughts into her mind, and she therefore timidly inquired whether money might not sometimes be generously and usefully given."

"Yes, indeed, love," answered Mr. Howard, "and to enable you to give it generously and usefully, you must give it prudently."

Nor was an occasion long wanting for while they were talking, a servant came in, and said that a sad accident had just happened in the front of the house. A wagon load of timber was passing and one of the beams, not having been carefully fastened, had slipped off, and had fallen upon a crippled man who was crossing the road, and was supposed to have done him serious injury. Mr. Howard hastened to the spot, and was followed by Fith. They soon found that the poor man's leg was broken. "We must immediately send for a surgeon," said Mrs. Howard to Edith. "You may be generous now."

And Fith saw at once that there had been no fault on the part of the man, and that she could do no harm to him nor to any body else by her liberality, so she ran in and dispatched a servant for a surgeon, and she asked to be allowed to pay, out of her own pocket-money, the expenses of the poor man's cure.

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Original Articles.

ON STUDY.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability
Becon.

I once asked an acquaintance of mine whether he was fond of reading, he replied that "he had no time" I was somewhat struck with so singular an answer, for upon mature consideration I could recollect no employment, in which this person could possibly be busied, of more importance than that of sitting in an arm chair and placing his feet upon the table. Instead however of attempting to discover why this occupation was so momentous, so engrossing, as to debar him from all other employment, I began to reflect upon the downright intimation of those who wilfully resign one of the greatest—as it is the purest of pleasures, which a civilized being is capable of enjoying. A little observation soon convinced me, when my attention had once been directed to this subject, that the friend, to whom I have alluded, was by no means a solitary instance among my own acquaintance of this wonderful devotion to doing nothing. There were too many indeed who appeared to have an abundance of leisure for any thing save reading. Nay, although their time hung so heavily on their hands, and day after day passed with such wearisome stupidity, that they were continually exclaiming against the tormenting length of each succeeding hour, they rarely applied themselves to any instructive or amusing study. If occasionally a solitary hour compelled them to take up a volume, it was still of such a trifling, unprofitable nature, that instead of rendering them enamoured of, or even teaching them to endure, the pleasures of reading, upon the approach of any idle friend, the book—the unwonted book—was thrown aside with the greatest delight. Surely this is a marvellous infatuation! Is there no pleasure in tracing the pages of the historian, and recalling to life the heroes and statesmen that in their day have attracted the attention of the world? Is there no delight in losing one's self amidst the mazes of poetry? No amusement in dwelling upon the wit of our most brilliant geniuses? I say nothing of improvement and instruction—let us lay all that aside as if it were unattainable or undesirable—I merely ask is there no *pleasure*—for that is the word—is there no pleasure to be derived from these things?

There is a great distinction between study, and what I would wish to be understood by the term "reading." By "study" I mean the laborious and persevering devotion of our intellectual faculties to any particular object: it demands the dedication of the greatest portion of our time: its subject should be grave and of sufficient dignity: and it should be the principal object of our life. "Reading" on the other hand, may be casual, and rather a recreation than a labour: it may have

higher object than our general improvement, and amusement; may be resorted to in the interval of our more arduous occupations, and may embrace every subject from the highest to the lowest species of literature. To fill the world therefore with a race of students is neither possible nor desirable, and study such as I have described it here is almost forbidden to those whom fortune has placed in the more active walks of life. But let us not pervert a truth which can scarcely be disputed, or maintain because Providence has denied us leisure for the studies of a Newton, that the wisdom, the wit, and the learning of ancient and modern times is a sealed treasure, on which necessity has fixed the inviolable stamp of secrecy, which our busy hands are forbidden to touch, and our longing eyes forbidden to explore. This is a vain and indeed a false assertion, for he, who is unable to devote a few hours in each day to some description of reading, is truly an object of commiseration: he can have neither freedom nor enjoyment, but is condemned, like a criminal, to labour in chains on the high roads of life, and can turn aside into none of those agreeable bye-paths which are the haunts of pleasure, or the abodes of contentment. With a man of this sort a rigid moralist might argue thus—"Friend, the chains which you have forged are not of adamant: the guards which you have placed over your own enjoyments are not so severe as you may imagine them: they are merely your avarice and your ambition: you yourself called them into existence, and assigned unto them their duties; and if you can summon a little resolution, you can easily dismiss them, or at least diminish their power. The fable of Prometheus has been imagined to typify an ambitious man. You are that Prometheus chained to a rock of torment; summon to your aid a firm determination, and your own mind will prove the Hercules that shall set you at liberty." In this manner we might argue with the overburdened man of the world, but with him who without serious occupation has a fixed aversion to reading simply because it is reading, how shall we with propriety discuss this point?

We might perhaps say unto him thus—"my friend, you are a man of pleasure: your object is amusement; your only wish is to pass your days most agreeably to yourself; you have tried every source of enjoyment, and found every cup that you have tasted, bitter and unwholesome at the bottom, until, like the Persian of old, you would give half the wealth that you possess for the discovery of a new pleasure. I will tell it you. Open your books and read! this is, the only pleasure that never fails, yet the only pleasure that you have uniformly avoided." This brings me upon the pleasures of reading. "Studies," says Bacon, "serve for delight" and he puts this in the first place, as if it was their chief object. The pleasures of reading indeed are so various that I hardly know with which to commence. History, Poetry, Romance, Philosophy, have all their peculiar charms. Do we wish merely to while away a few

heavy hours, we have abundant and not fatiguing means in the lighter species of composition.

Of all descriptions of literature I am inclined to imagine that History unites improvement with delight in the most eminent degree. The adventures of its Kings, its Heroes, its Statesmen, have more interest in them than the most splendid romance, while in the revolutions of kingdoms, and in the characters and actions of their founders, destroyers, supporters or benefactors, we have more instruction than in the wisest homily. We here learn the dangers of injustice, intemperance, or inactivity, and we see how the opposite qualities have raised their possessors from the dust. Luxury, the failing of Emperors, becomes divested of its tinsel allurements, and ambition, of much of its false brightness. We read, and we shudder as we read, how one man for the gratification of a lust or a prejudice, may involve thousands in one general destruction: we learn that the noblest hearts are corrupted by prosperity, and that a bad man in power is a greater scourge than either famine or pestilence. We are taught that the highest places are not the most secure, and that neither guards nor fortifications can exclude hatred and revenge: that the favourite of a tyrant is the most wretched of his slaves; but that the betrayer of his benefactor never passed a life of prosperity. We learn that the love of the people is more uncertain than the winds of Heaven; but that the affection of a tyrant is more to be dreaded: that the destroyers of liberty are frequently the greatest of slaves, but that the liberators of their country are not always the happiest of mankind. We are instructed that gold has power to corrupt kingdoms and to overcome valour, but that virtue even vanquished is more to be envied than vice in a triumphant chariot.

Of all our historians I consider Gibbon the most amusing: his anecdotes are so various, and he possesses such skill in laying hold on the most interesting points in the characters of his heroes, that notwithstanding a somewhat too turgid and affected style, I find it always difficult to lay him aside when I have once dipped into his pages. Those pages indeed present a longer list of depravity than it has fallen to the lot of most historians to record. Unsparring cruelty, insatiable avarice or monstrous profligacy are unfortunately the most prominent features of too great a portion of his work, yet he is equally interesting and instructive; and when virtue or valour is his theme, no writer knows how to depict it in more amiable colours. How admirably does he paint the tent of the dying Julian—the victories, the valour, the disgrace of the ill-requited Belisarius—how absorbing is the interest which we take in the sufferings of the imperial Rome, when the Barbarian Alaric, within three short years, thrice insulted, besieged, and captured that “immortal city”—in the adventures of the Greek Emperor, Andronicus, we have the epitome of a brilliant romance, and in the death of Constantine, an affecting repetition of the patriotic valour of a Leonidas. Robertson⁶ is also a great favourite of mine: his style is more agreeable and less fatiguing than the verbosity of Gibbon. He carries you along with him ingeniously though rapidly: and the Historian of the unfortunate Mary is equally delightful amidst the scabals of her depraved court: in the schemes and engrossing ambition of the great Charles; in the almost incredible exploits, dangers, and successes

of the conquerors of America, and in the impotent struggles of the unfortunate Monteguma. In reading History we choose ourselves companions among the greatest of mankind: the contemplation of their actions enlivens the most lengthened solitude, and musing over their misfortunes is sufficient to reconcile us to our own petty and more deserved griefs. A good volume of History is a companion equally suited to every hour of the day. I have no objection even to reading at meals, when fate condemns me, as it frequently does, to a solitary dinner. I have indeed often thought of and often admired that speech of Lucullus, who when his steward had provided a somewhat too scanty supper, and pleaded in excuse that his master was to be alone, replied angrily, “Do you not know, Sir, that this evening Lucullus sups with Lucullus:” by which the old Roman meant, perhaps, that he was always a sufficient companion for himself, and by no means inclined to meagre fare because he had no living society to enliven his repast. But we might make a more notable reply even than this. Do you not know, Sir, that I have invited the Emperor Heliogabalus to sup with me this evening, would be no very absurd rejoinder from one who was provided with a good volume of history. Indeed I have often rejoiced in the power, which we possess, of summoning an illustrious company of ghosts to share in our most frugal meals, and choosing a companion from amongst the most illustrious heroes of antiquity. In this respect Plutarch affords a more splendid company than any of his fraternity. We may in turn sup with a Brutus, a Cato, an Alexander, or a Cicero: or with that gay warrior who lost the world for love, or with the

—“Fairest and the bravest of
Athenians

—The curled son of China.

the most incomprehensible of mankind—at once statesman and a debauchee, a hero and a gambler; the born companion of the most dissipated among his countrymen, yet the loved of the greatest of philosophers; a patriot and a traitor; now more than a monarch; now a banished and a felon; the voluptuous friend of the luxurious Persian: the frugal comrade of the abstemious Spartan; the enemy, the friend, and well nigh the conqueror of Lacedemon—at length the victim of a hireling assassin and murdered on the threshold of a prostitute's chamber! What a fund of amusement and instruction may we not derive from such a companion although we should enjoy his society but for a single evening!

It is a great triumph to literature that some of the simplest and least elaborate compositions are capable of drawing tears from the eyes of the most callous or most light hearted. For myself I confess that a simple tale of sorrow has at some times, and in some humours the greatest effect upon me. I said “confess;” but after all I should be heartily ashamed to confess the contrary. There are moments when our best, our warmest feelings are awakened into a temporary energy; when the tenderest and sweetest strings of our hearts are touched by pity for fictitious sorrow. These moments are green spots in the desert of life. The cares, the struggles, the jealousies, the animosities of the world smother or keep down every good feeling until some hidden or long forgotten chord is touched, and the heart while it aches for woes that

are unreal confessions that it may still be taught to bleed for such as are not ideal. I would shun the man who had never wept over a tale of woe, with a more holy abhorrence than Lorenzo would avoid the insensible wretch who has not "music in himself:" for he too

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted—

But the tale to have this effect should be simple, natural; have nothing overstrained or high wrought—the sentiments should be such as we can easily make our own, and the incidents such as may possibly occur to ourselves. I could mention many little books of this sort, modest unassuming volumes, not placed conspicuously on the highest shelves, but on the contrary to be hunted out from amidst the nooks and corners of literature. Now is it not extraordinary that there should be something so pleasing in this imaginary melancholy? We weep, yet we seek not to dry our tears, or to stifle the feelings which have called them into our eyes? Fear, anxiety, sorrow, despair at other times the most hateful of passions, become sweet and agreeable when excited by such distressing pictures. It is perhaps for the same reason that a man rejoices to hear the winter wind howling round his well built mansion, and the pitiless storm beating against his well secured windows.

There is pleasure, I say, in weeping over one's book, yet I have also a great delight in a good hearty laugh: but whether we wish to weep or to laugh we should still be *alone*. It is a commonplace remark that to one who is unable to hear the music which regulates their movements, no sight can be more ridiculous than that of a company of dancers, throwing themselves into a hundred fantastic and unmeaning postures. The observer, too, who is ignorant of the brilliant wit, the irresistible jest which sometimes drives the gravest into a heart of laughter, or of the unreal yet well imagined tale that draws a tear from the most hard-hearted, is apt to despise or to ridicule us for the secret workings of the mind which he can neither appreciate nor understand. Whenever I feel inclined therefore either to weep or to laugh I take my book into a corner.

To enjoy poetry also we should peruse it in solitude. if the surrounding objects are of a nature to raise the soul to a true correspondence with the subject and with the nature of the book, the enjoyment is greatly increased. To read poetry then with real zest do not shut yourself up in a dreary cell whose narrow window far from giving you a free unbounded prospect of beautiful nature, scarce admits sufficient light to enable you to decipher the glowing page before you; but take your volume into some fair grove, some shady nook, where soft verdure, and flowers, and sweet scents and the music of happy birds or of falling waters, shall serve as a vivid commentary to the lines which you are reading, and cheat you into that happy state of mind, in which we are glad to imagine that we are more than half inspired ourselves—then take to your poetry.

I have often reflected that we should consider ourselves most fortunate in living at a period when no kind of knowledge is any longer concealed under the mask of a learned language. I believe indeed that a person might become not only exceedingly well informed, but even very

learned without the slightest acquaintance with the dead languages. Every science which was known to the ancients we have not only made our own, but corrected and enriched also by a thousand improvements and amplifications. Most of their best poets, philosophers, and orators, have been admirably translated, and all their records and annals have been so completely ransacked by our own historians, that from the period when Greece first rose from darkness until clouds of obscurity again rolled over the fragments of the Roman Empire, we may trace every action, and mark every character that in its turn attracted the attention or admiration of the world; and this without knowing one syllable of the language in which their histories were originally recorded. This is a great comfort not only to those whom a want of early education has debarred from the acquisition of the learned tongues, but to many also whose situation in life, and almost constant occupation has not left them sufficient leisure for maintaining their acquaintance with the classical writers, or has at least rendered such a task difficult and unwelcome. That the scholar whose zeal for knowledge induces him to search for it at the fountain head, has an incalculable advantage over the mere reader of translators, compilers, and imitators, cannot however be doubted for a moment, yet to those who either possess not the power or the opportunity, the advantage is by no means diminished by this reflection. An intimate acquaintance with the ancients indeed is the source of so much and such acknowledged pleasure that it is surprising how frequently men of the world, in whom neither talents nor opportunity are wanting, and in whose education neither trouble nor expense has been saved, should make a point, as it were, of forgetting the language in which their books were written. This is perhaps partly the fault of our system of education, which by commencing too early to force upon our immature and unwilling minds a species of learning which we are incapable of appreciating does not fail to disgust many of us with it for the remainder of our lives. The taste and genius of Byron even were not proof against this—

I abhor'd

So much to conquer for the poet's sake
The drill'd dull lesson forced down word for word
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record
Aught which recalls the daily drudgery which turn'd
My sickening memory; and though time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learned,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health, but what it then detested, still abhor.

It is fortunate, however, that this system of education (upon which too much has been written to need any remarks from so unskilful a pen) has not had so deplorable an effect upon all: for we know that many of our greatest geniuses have declared that they scarcely knew any pleasure in life equal to that which they derived from reading Homer, Virgil, or Horace. Addison has an excellent and ingenious paper on modern and ancient learning, in which he compares the pleasure which we are capable of feeling upon the perusal of the ancients, with the happiness which they themselves enjoyed from the production of their authors; and indeed, since so much has already been said on this sub-

ject, I will only add that if pleasure is to be found amidst any of the higher walks of literature, it is surely to be met with among the ancient writers who are the models after which our later authors have moulded their productions.

Many who are incapable of feeling the pleasures which may be derived from this source entirely neglect their learning, because they are of opinion that little or no profit is to be gained from it, and have an idea that they may prosper exceedingly in their worldly affairs, without a dash of scholarship in their whole composition. Such persons as these are apt to consider learning as rather a clog than otherwise, and to despise that which they imagine will not assist them in their pursuit of wealth, fame or splendor. They may indeed enforce this argument of theirs by producing a great number of illustrious persons who have attained to the highest stations without being at all beholden to the extent of their knowledge or the cultivation of their intellects—but these are in general men of extraordinary natural talents, such as appear not once in a century, who have stood in no need of the extraneous aid of learning: or they are persons who have raised themselves by unscrupulous acts of violence, treachery or cruelty, and such as should never be imitated: or who have risen at times when courage or strength, or skill in war were the only qualities in requisition. As to Shakespeare, and some others who have rendered themselves celebrated even as authors without any great degree of learning, I will only say, that their numbers are so inconsiderable that they scarcely deserve attention, and that our great dramatist himself was, to use the words of Dryden, "naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inward and found her there."

The ancients seem to have united a love of literature with an ambition of shining in public affairs to a greater degree than the moderns. Thucydides was an eminent general; and Xenophon the "*bee of Greece*" is more celebrated for his Retreat than for his elegant histories and treatises. Cæsar the dictator whose ambition grasped the world did not disdain to be the historian of his own wars. Tibullus, the elegiac poet, was a brave and good soldier. Cicero was equally eminent as a statesman and as a philosopher. Pliny whose days were occupied in administering the affairs of his province, dedicated his nights to study; and the memory of every reader will easily supply him with many other names to encrease this illustrious list. The profession of literature has indeed of late years been more widely separated from public employment than it was in ancient times, but it can scarcely be necessary to remark that few men in modern days have risen to any eminence without a moderate degree of learning. The extremest love for abstract study is by no means absolutely prejudicial to a man's elevation in public affairs; nor is the latter totally at variance with the former. Bacon for instance composed his "*Novum Organum*," amidst the cares and distractions of the most busy office in the state, and the name of Selden will ever be venerated as a profound scholar, and a sincere and eminent patriot. He too was offered the Chancellorship in 1642: he had always applied himself to the study of the law with the greatest assiduity, but the intervals between these were devoted to studies of a different de-

scription nor, says he, "has the proverbial assertion that 'the Lady, Common Law must lie alone' ever wrought with me."

We may perhaps recognize in that love of speculative philosophy which the ancients carried to so great an extent, one reason of their associating a taste for literature with a desire of shining in public affairs to a greater degree than we, moderns. Every person of distinction embraced some sect, or enrolled himself as the disciple of some school, and as he made it a point to become acquainted with all the arguments which could be adduced in its favor, as well as with all the reasonings which his adversaries might advance to the discredit of his party, he was led into a constant succession of agreeable and improving studies. Alexander the Great declared in a letter to Aristotle that he valued the knowledge which his preceptor had imparted to him, at a higher rate than either power or grandeur. "Brutus," says Plutarch, was acquainted with all the sects of the Grecian Philosophers, and understood all their doctrines, but the Platonists ranked highest in his esteem; while Cato regulated every action of his life by the sterner precepts of Stoicism. But it we bring ourselves to regard without prejudice the character of a monarch who has been branded with the name of apostate, we shall recognize in that of the Emperor Julian a mind singularly well adapted for associating the pleasures of literature with the toils of government. Julian passed the early years of his life under the severe and jealous guardianship of his uncle Constantius, whose hated and blood-stained name he unfortunately confounded with the pure religion which he professed. After the execution of his brother Gallus, he was removed to Athens; there, amidst the classic shades of that learned city, he became intoxicated with the poetry and philosophy of the Pagans, and hastily adopting a religion which they had described in such seductive terms, would have been contented to pass the remainder of his days in a learned retirement: but the empire possessed other claims on the services of the heir apparent, and Julian was summoned to take command of the army in Germany, a duty which he appears at that time to have regarded with repugnance. "Oh! Plato! Plato!" exclaimed he, as he once awkwardly performed some martial exercise, "what a task for a philosopher!" The philosopher, however, soon proved himself a better warrior; and the love of his admiring soldiers compelled him prematurely to assume the title of Augustus, and of Emperor. In this elevated station however, Julian forgot, not for a moment his love of learning and philosophy: the sophists of Greece filled his palace, and their disputes amused or instructed the learned and intelligent Emperor. He himself shone as an orator and as an author, and qualified himself for both these capacities by intense application. In the midst of his mighty preparations for the Persian

* Alexander used Homer as a counsellor in the art of war. We have an interesting anecdote told of one of our own generals than whose name there is none more dear to heroism and chivalry. "Wolfe was showing some General officers how expert his men were at a new mode of attacking and retreating upon hills: and when he stepped up to one of the officers after the performance, and asked him what he thought of it, "I think," says he, "I see something here of the history of the Caribbees who harassed Xenophon and hung upon his rear, in his retreat over the mountains." "You are right," said Wolfe "I had it from thence, and I see you are a man of reading; but our friends there are surprised at what I have shown them, because they have read nothing." Rev. W. Jones's letters.

war, the warlike monarch composed an elaborate treatise in support of that religion of which he was the enthusiastic admirer: mortally wounded in the conduct of a disastrous, yet valiant retreat, the last words of the dying Emperor breathed a spirit of philosophy worthy of a better religion. I do not write this with the slightest idea that I am producing an example with which every reader is not more or less intimately acquainted, especially since an admirable writer has familiarized us all with the history of that period, but because I am persuaded that those persons who pretend to be debarred from the pleasure of reading by the pressure of their own arduous occupations, must intentionally place out of sight such glorious instances as I have just recorded; that those whose most weighty affairs scarce equal in difficulty and importance the most trifling occupations of a Brutus, a Pliny, or a Julian, should plead an excuse of this nature, is equally absurd and presuming.

But if on the other hand we allow that our scholars have in general withdrawn themselves from public affairs, or active employment; that they have courted a life of ease and retirement rather than of arduous occupation; that they have preferred the enjoyment of repose to the display of grandeur, and a tranquil life amidst their own books to all the allurements of pleasure and dignity, are we not in fact adjudging a triumph to the literary life instead of producing an argument to its disadvantage? Men of the most refined and highly cultivated minds, whose genius, wit and information would enable them to lead and shine in any society have nevertheless preferred this mode of life to any other, and those who have been best acquainted have ever been best contented with it. To them books and contemplation have supplied the place of almost every other pleasure; and in this have they discovered the true art of cheating life, the "*fallere vitam*" of the ancients, which has elicited such eloquent panegyrics from many authors but especially from the inimitable Horace. That poet, indeed, appears to have been peculiarly ill adapted for a public life, and is a somewhat rare example among the old Romans of one who completely despised every species of fame except that which was to be derived from literature. Unsited for war he regarded its alarms with horror, and as is well known fled from the battle of Philippi: but so far from being ashamed of his cowardice he has immortalised it in his verse; and his "*relicta non bene parmula*" is at once the record of his timidity and his philosophy. He loved his retirement so heartily that no temptation could withdraw him from it, and Augustus having sent him a pressing invitation to proceed to Rome, and become his private and confidential secretary, must have been astonished at the refusal of one, who had the firmness to decline the favours of an Emperor. If books then are capable of affording so much delight, that men in order to enjoy them without interruption have forsaken all the more splendid and alluring walks of life, surely we may with reason expect to derive from them no inconsiderable pleasure if we devote to them those hours for which we have no more serious occupation.

And now allow me in conclusion to add a few words to those upon whom so much of human happiness depends. The consent of all ages and of both sexes seems to be so strong against learned ladies, that I can scarcely venture to stand

forth a Quixote in their behalf: (I hate a wise woman) is the saying of Euripides, and Juvenal has an amusing tirade against the blue stocking ladies of Rome, which has been so well translated by Mr. Gifford that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting it:

Oh! never may the partner of my bed
With subtleties of logic stuff her head,
Nor whirl her rapid syllogisms around,
Nor with imperfect euthymines confound;
Enough for me if common things she know,
And have the little learning schools bestow,
I hate the female pedagogue who pores
O'er her Palæmon daily, and explores
All modes of speech, regardless of the sense,
But tremblingly alive to mode and tense,
Who puzzles me with many an uncouth phrase
From some old canticle of Numa's days,
Corrects her country friends, and cannot hear
Her husband solace without a sneer.

The translator, however, that he may not appear to participate entirely in the sarcasm of his author and of the ungallant Euripides (who bye the bye is no authority, for he not only hated the learned female, but detested the whole sex promiscuously, so that he obtained the title of a woman) later has quoted the following lines from "*The Wife*" by Sir T. Overbury.

Give me next good an understanding wife
By nature wise, not learned by much art,
Some knowledge on her side, which all my life
More scope of conversation will impart,
Besides her inborn virtues fortify
They are most surely good who best know why.

There is much more truth in these rude lines than in all the wit of Juvenal or the raucous of Euripides, and so indeed in spite of the Satirist and the woman-hater the ancients were capable of understanding. Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi has obtained no mean honors for the excellent education which she imparted to her children. But I cannot help adding to my quotations a few lines from the *Guardian* upon this interesting subject. "Learning and knowledge, says Addison, are perfections in us not as we are men but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong." The mode of life indeed which necessarily condemns them to inactivity and repose affords them a thousand opportunities of improving their minds and laying up a store of useful and amusing information. How seldom is the opportunity improved! They seem to imagine that reading is entirely out of their sphere, and that the slightest appearance of learning is as much to be dreaded as any misfortune save age or ugliness: and yet a little reading, a little more knowledge than they generally possess, would make them better companions, better wives, and better mothers, besides furnishing them with a constant source of enjoyment during those many idle hours which hang so heavily and so unprofitably on their hands. But, after all, the chief motive is held out in the last of these lines which I have quoted from Sir T. Overbury; and which, as containing a truth equally applicable to both sexes and to every station of life, should never be forgotten.

They are most surely good who best know why.

Madras.

C. T. K.

ON SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PICTURE OF
MISS CROKER.*

By CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

O faciem pulchram!

I.

Like some fair form of love and light,
In short but blissful visions seen,—
Than aught beheld on earth more bright,—
With faultless mould, and look serene.

II.

On which the mind delights to dwell,
When sleep and all its dreams are o'er;
And only fancy's powerful spell
Can raise the angel shape once more:

III.

So, charming Portrait! thine shall be
The cherish'd image which shall rise,
In hours of witching fantasy,
Before my spirit's raptur'd eyes—

IV.

Shall come,—and only disappear,
To beam at fancy's call again;
And with its matchless sweetness cheer
My hours of solitude, or pain.

V.

And when the youth, whose pleading sighs,
Shall win her to love's hallow'd shrine,—
Her, whose own beauty's sweetness oust
Even that (so marvellous) of thine;—

VI.

When he shall fold her to his heart,
And mutual love in her's shall be;
Thy memoried charms may still impart
A blameless happiness to me.

VII.

For, as when on a tranquil sky
We gaze, the feelings all grow calm,
And when its softening glories fly,
Their retrospect affords a balm:

VIII.

So now my bosom owns the spell,
Those mild, pure graces o'er it fling,
Which oft (remembered long and well)
Shall soothe affliction's poignant sting.

XI.

Within thine eyes a soul-born ray,
(Though weakly *her's* be here portrayed)
Sweet picture! softly seems to play,
Like moonlight through an abour's shade,

X.

And, mingling with the seraph smile,
Which makes those lips of love so bright;
Illumes the cheek, whose bloom, the while,
Gives roseate richness to that light.

XI.

And round thy brow of pearly sheen,
See how the clustering ringlets press,
Its beauties from the view to screen,
By their own silky loveliness!—

XII.

Oh! though mid scenes of troublous life,
Stern fate hath doom'd me still to be;
Oft, oft, I'll fly its cares and strife,
For fancy, solitude,—and thee.

XIII.

But hold!—and from my longer view,
The dangerous semblance far remove:
Better to deem it all untrue,
Than fondly gaze,—and madly love.

* This exquisite and enchanting picture was exhibited at Somerset House in 1837.

** In Captain M'Naghten's poem entitled "A Mother's Grief," which was introduced in his last prose contribution there were several errors of the press. And verse punctuated "like for "roll widely" read "roll widely," column, 5, line 8 from the bottom for *detestations* read *detestations* and in lines to a Child for *rose-tended* read *rose-tended*. When the reader meets with errors and incongruities like these he must think of the printer and not the author.—Eds.

EAST INDIANS.

What ought the generality of East Indians at present to do in order to improve their condition?

This is a question which has puzzled many. The improvement of the condition of individuals has often presented no smaller difficulties than that of the whole body considered as a community or a nation. Being an East Indian myself, I have personally experienced these difficulties, and it was not until I had for some time bewildered myself with fruitless cogitations, that I at last felt satisfied I had discovered the key to the solution of the above problem. But as my own satisfaction can be of benefit only to myself or perhaps a small circle of friends, I have come to the determination of submitting my thoughts for the examination of the public, with the view to have their errors corrected and their crudities polished.

All the difficulty felt in devising means for improving the condition of the East Indians appears to me to arise from the false system on which the generality of them conduct their domestic economy. Not above half a century ago, the number of East Indians was extremely limited, and most of them were readily provided with situations in the public offices, and some very successfully engaged in commerce. Besides the smallness of their number, at that time there was none to compete with them in the field which they had chosen for the exercise of their industry. Under such favorable circumstances their habits of life were formed, their system of domestic economy established, and their notions of respectability fixed. Had the increase of their numbers progressed no faster than that of other infant nations, there is reason to believe that their manners and habits would have gradually and imperceptibly changed with their circumstances: but such has not been the case. From a variety of well-known causes their number has within these fifty years so rapidly augmented, and their circumstances have so much changed, that they seem as if they were taken by surprise, and were become strangers in the very land of their birth. In the rising generation of the Hindoos they have found competitors against whom it is hard to contend, and even if they had not to compete with them, the increase of their own number would alone have created difficulties which, under existing circumstances, could not be easily removed.

The East Indians had formed their habits after the model of their progenitors—the few Europeans, who at that time resorted to this country for the purposes of commerce and conquest. They learnt from their parents to look upon India as a foreign country; like their papas and mamas, they called England their *home*, and the circumstance of being born in India, within admixture of the country blood, was under the epithet—a *country born*, considered reproachful. What proper domestic habits, I ask, could such a frame of mind generate—what patriotism could be expected from persons thus educated? They looked upon India and all that belonged to her as beneath their notice—as something which, if allowed to come within their reach, would produce contamination. On the other hand every thing that was European was considered as worthy of imitation. Happy would it have been if the virtues, the philosophy, and all those mental qualifications which frequent

ly adorn the mind of a Briton had been the objects of imitation. But the case was otherwise. The East Indians of those times, content with a very moderate education which fitted them for clerkships in public offices, did not feel the necessity of imitating their progenitors in the higher qualifications of the mind. They adopted their customs, their dress, their manner of living, and I am ashamed to confess, very generally, their predominant vices.

"The education forms the human mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

They never for a moment reflected whether the system of domestic economy adopted by the European sojourners in this land would suit them as its permanent inhabitants; they never looked forward to those mighty changes which are already come upon their offspring, nor for a moment considered the difficulties to which their children would be exposed by persisting in their habits. They accordingly educated us of the present generation much in the same manner as they had been brought up, and we now find ourselves exposed to all the inconveniences and difficulties consequent on a false system of domestic economy—on a system unsuited to the country—unsuited to the circumstances in which most of us are placed.

What is now the prospect of most East Indians who earn their livelihood by working as clerks in the Government and other offices. Few of them can say that if they were to be deprived of their situations they could continue to live with tolerable ease even for the short space of a year. Their monthly expences are generally measured by their monthly income, and to stop their allowance even for one single month would be to throw all their affairs into disorder, and reduce them to the alternative of starving or running into debt. Many of them too have large families to support, and yet they are far from being more provident. Such conduct, I admit, can be found in every society: but in the one I am speaking of, the evil has become habitual, and instances to the contrary can be looked upon only as exceptions to the general rule.

Now let us turn for a moment to the aborigines of the country. In the first place we shall scarcely find one in a hundred among them who has not a house and a piece of land which he can call his own. I am now speaking of the middle classes of them—those who may be ranked with the East Indian assistants in public offices. Should such a one be deprived of his situation, he has no dread of his property being seized by the landlord for arrears of rent. It is true his dwelling is of an humbler description than that of an East Indian enjoying the same pay; but this very circumstance is the cause of his independence and comfort at a time when his more enlightened neighbour is perhaps suffering all the miseries of destitution. I prominently mention the dwelling, because I am persuaded that its style, in a great measure, determines the scale on which every department of domestic economy is arranged. A pretty pukka built house in a fashionable part of the town must have fashionable furniture, its inhabitants must dress fashionably, and thus dressed, they must have fashionable equipages. All these fineries cannot surely be allowed to continue unseen by friends and acquaintances; the owner of these must therefore invite them to parties, and provide suitable entertainments for them. In short, all must be in a

neat, elegant style, according to the notions of neatness and elegance entertained by him. Thus it may be observed how one expence leads to another, until a poor deluded fellow, upon a pittance of a hundred or so, is found surrounded by a scene of expensive superfluities the only bounds of which is the utter impossibility of procuring more money than his monthly salary will allow. Should this income by any chance be stopped, his affairs instantly fall into disorder, and the whole machinery of domestic comforts, neat and elegant as it was, is soon brought to the hammer at the Sheriff's sale. The humbler dwelling of a native on the receipt of the same pittance presents a very different aspect. In it such great vicissitudes of fortune are seldom known. When in affluence the scale of his domestic comforts was limited far within his means, and now that a source of income is cut off, scarcely a change is perceptible. The family live on as they had done before, and their credit is maintained with the world, whilst the working man is looking out for another employment, which even if he do not obtain for a length of time destitution is a stranger within his dwelling. His liberty, at all events, is secure. Many, I am aware, may prefer the charms of a fashionable life to the monotonous and limited comforts I would recommend: they may, like the transient meteor, prefer to dazzle the admiring beholder with a momentary flash of splendor, and then sink into nothingness. For my part I would prefer the scarcely perceptible glimmer of the smallest satellite. I would ejaculate with the humble creature of our celebrated poet and moralist, Pope—

An't please you! honor, quoth the peasant,
This same desert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.

But general remarks like these, true as they may be, seldom induce practical reforms. Even those who feel the truth of them by dear-bought experience often look upon them as the vague speculations of newspaper scribblers—which cannot in detail be reduced to practice. I shall therefore be a little more particular and recommend certain reforms, which if followed, I am persuaded, would be attended with the happiest results. I shall begin by considering what I conceive to be the chief item in the system of one's domestic economy, viz. the dwelling house. It is not necessary that the dwelling of an East Indian should be the same as that of a Native. There are many peculiarities in the Native customs and manners, which an East Indian neither could nor ought to imitate, yet there are features in their domestic economy which no East Indian—which no man of sense ought to despise or consider as unworthy of imitation.

An East Indian on a salary of from one to three hundred Rs. lives in a house, particularly if he be a man of family, of the rent of at least forty Rs. a month. Is it impossible for such a man to provide a house of his own, and like his native neighbour rid himself of this item of never-ending expensiture? Several circumstances, which did not before exist, now concur to render the change I am recommending, comparatively easy.

If he be bent on living in Chowringhee or other fashionable parts of the town, and of occupying the kind of house to be met with in those places, it will not be easy for him to emancipate himself from this expensiture. But supposing that a due

consideration of the evils which attend living on a scale above one's means were to make him forego the charms of a fashionable locality, I would in that case recommend his purchasing a spot of ground in the suburbs. Some ten or twelve years ago the price of ground was very high, but now it has become proverbially cheap, the average rate per cottah being about thirty rupees. Lower roomed houses in the town which cost about forty rupees per month scarcely afford seven cottahs of ground. A biggah of ground in the suburbs would at the low rate of thirty per cottah cost six hundred rupees. This is about treble the extent of the ground usually allotted for a house in town of forty rupees rent. Having purchased a spot like this, let him next erect a bungalow on it, if he have not the means of building a pukka house. Nay, start not at this proposition! To those who have been living in Calcutta bungalows may appear contemptible: but let them look to the Mofussil, particularly the Military Stations; they will there find nine-tenths of the covenanted servants living in bungalows thatched with straw. There it is no disgrace to live in houses of this description; in Calcutta they are considered fit only for the Natives. I shall however suppose that when our uncovenanted servants consider that such houses do not disgrace the red coats and towering plumes of their future secretary and messmates, they will be satisfied that, when out of the Marhatta ditch, their honor and dignity will not be compromised by living in such houses. I have lived in houses of this description out of Calcutta, and found them comfortable enough. The building of a large one containing five or six rooms and a hall with out-offices would not cost more than four hundred rupees. Thus one may have a house and a biggah of ground for about a thousand rupees. Now at the rate of forty or fifty rupees a month which house-rent would cost in Calcutta one thousand rupees could be accumulated in a couple of years. This would suffice to make one independent of his landlord: he could always say he had a piece of ground to call his own and a roof to give him shelter. He would have an interest in the soil, and be no longer a stranger in the very land of his birth. Surely the laying out of a thousand rupees to one who can afford to throw away forty rupees a month on house-rent cannot be impossible.

But it may be said that the repairs of the bungalow would cost something annually. It would, but a whole biggah of land would, under proper management, yield something annually. It would be tedious for me to detail the variety of ways by which such a piece of land might be rendered so productive as to cover its own revenue and the repairs of the building on it. I shall however mention one or two instances of what may be done to encompass this object. If the builder of the bungalow has had the precaution of digging a tank on the ground and building his walls with the brick made by the excavated earth, he has it not only for the supply of water but also for rearing fishes. A tank occupying about six cottahs of ground would yield fish to the amount of about twenty rupees annually. Coconut trees thrive well if planted at about four or five yards from each other, if the owner of a biggah of land were to have this useful tree planted all round his ground he would accommodate about one hundred of them without difficulty. But he would have a walk about two yards wide carried all round

the ground, on both sides of which I would plant coconut trees, and thus without disfiguring the property would have about a couple hundred coconut trees on it. The produce of each is well known to yield one rupee annually. Here then we have about two hundred rupees per annum, and the greatest part of the ground yet left for gardening and other purposes. This surely would be more than enough to keep the house in good repair.

The liability of a straw house to catch fire is a serious objection: but precautions may considerably lessen the danger. The houses might be detached from one another, and trees planted in the spaces between them. The tank might be in their vicinity, and vessels filled with water placed on their tops for immediate service. If the natives in building their huts and villages would use these simple precautions, fire would not be so dangerous a disturber of their peace and comforts.

To those employed in public offices the distance of the Suburbs from the Government house would appear to be an objection to fixing their residence out of the town. But changes have lately occurred, which present an easy means of obviating the apparent difficulty. As it is, assistants seldom live within a mile or so from their respective offices. This obliges them either to walk that distance or to keep a conveyance which costs at least twenty rupees a month. Now the concentration of public offices has been a very material reform. It is no less beneficial to the interests of the service than it is to those who are connected with the public offices. Indeed I look upon it as one of those wise and judicious measures of economy which must for ever make the name of Lord William Bentinck honored among the people whose happiness it has been his constant endeavor to promote. By concentrating the public offices, all who are employed in them have every day to proceed towards one spot. Therefore if they live in the same neighbourhood one conveyance can serve for at least four, and cost each not more than five or six rupees. Now a stout horse can easily drag a light Palanquin carriage every day to the distance of two or three miles and back again. This arrangement would therefore actually lessen, instead of increasing, the expence or inconvenience of living in the suburbs.

It is my conviction that the plan I have ventured to suggest is not only free from every serious objection; but has peculiar advantages. Who is there that does not prefer the rural charms with which verdant nature adorns the rich and prolific soil of Bengal to the artificial regularity of white masses of building which ever and anon pain the sight by their glare in this tropical climate. The crowded streets of Calcutta put a complete prohibition on the morning and evening walks of the fair sex whom fortune has denied a Barouche or a Buggy. Not so the delightful walks in the suburbs. They invite, and the few who have already fixed their abode there avail themselves of the invitation, to stroll about among green trees and odoriferous exhalations of the gardens. The very men of fashion who have perhaps already put me down as a visionary projector, retire to these places confessedly for the purpose of recreation and enjoyment, and yet, with what consistency I know not, they are the first to condemn the innovation I am proposing. With the view to be more certain of what I am now saying I have made

it a point to examine the suburbs minutely, and have had the satisfaction to find that my opinion in regard to them has been borne out by facts.

The present is perhaps the most advantageous time for securing a residence in the suburbs. The price of ground owing to obvious causes is now low, whilst the increasing population of the metropolis will in time enhance the price of house and land properties and make them more valuable to the owner, than they can be at present.

I have as yet noticed but one of the points of domestic economy, in which I am persuaded majority of the East Indians who reside in Calcutta may make a reform, viz. the locality and the description of their dwellings. There are several other points on which I mean to express my thoughts; but those I shall reserve for a future number of these papers.

M. C

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON ANNUALS.—We have glanced over some of the *London Annals* for 1835. They bear much the same character in point of literature and embellishment as those of preceding years. The *Friendship's Offering* is elegant and varied as usual. The *Oriental Annual* is splendid and characteristic, but deficient in variety. It contains a brief notice of Baboo Kasiprashad Ghosh, the Indian Poet. No portrait however accompanies it as we had been led to expect. Mrs. Norton's *English Annual* is a kind of imposition utterly unworthy of her character. It is made up of old articles and engravings used in the *Court Magazine*. If this had been openly acknowledged no one would have any right to complain, but there is no intimation of the fact, and by keeping this a secret and underselling similar works a great injustice is done to the enterprising publishers who have lavished large sums on new matter literary and artistic. The selection of the articles is in the vilest taste. The first engraving is an old portrait of the editor herself and in the body of the work we meet with a dry genealogical account of her family. There is besides a great deal of the worst *Magazine* trash in this strangely-manufactured *Annual*, though the work is edited by such an accomplished Lady as the Hon'ble Mrs. Norton. We regret to see her name on the title-page.

THE EAST INDIA UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL.—The number of this work for February is one of the very best yet issued. The original articles are as follows:—A plan to abolish duelling—Military Insolvents—On general Service Regiments—Brevet Rank for distinguished Services—Veteran Officers—The Native Soldier of Bengal—The Siege of Bhurtpore—The Private Sentinel—The Editor's Tablets, &c. &c. We have given an extract.

THE MONTHLY JOURNAL.—No. 2 of the new series of this work is fully equal to its predecessor. The Selections are very judicious; and it contains a mass of local information that is not elsewhere obtainable in so condensed a form.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—The Comedy of "Married Life" that is to be performed on Monday is a very lively and pleasant production. They who wish to enjoy a laugh are strongly recommended to be at the theatre on that evening. The excellent afterpiece of "The Amateurs" will be a delightful addition to the evening's entertainments.

Selected Articles.

THE GOOD WIFE.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

It was early the misfortune of Frederick Templeton to be placed in the uncontrolled possession of wealth. At the age of eighteen, with no guide but his own unsubdued passions, and no warning voice to guard him from error, or protect his inexperience from the designing, he was launched upon the world with a host of temptations in his path, and without a single check upon the boundless indulgence of every inclination which might rise with the caprice of the moment. He was an only son, had lost his mother before he could know her value, and was first the petted boy, and then the favourite companion, of his father. Frederick had even in childhood given indications of no common abilities; he had passed to the university, and just gathered the first-earnest of academical honours, when a rapid and sudden illness carried his father to the grave. The catastrophe was so unlooked for, that there had been time neither for a will nor the appointment of guardians; and after the first violent burst of grief had expended itself, the youth found that he was the unrestrained master of a very considerable fortune. He now quitted the university and the business of preparation for the bar, and plunged headlong and deeply into the revels of fashionable life. Every hour saw some diminution of his patrimony, and brought cause for future repentance. Before he had, however, imbibed the fullness of that utter selfishness which is the characteristic of a man of pleasure, he had conceived an ardent attachment for one of the most amiable of her sex. Louisa Somers was, like Templeton, an only child, an orphan and born to the enjoyment of a large fortune. Her father, left her under the guardianship of a maternal uncle, who had been the warm and intimate friend of the elder Mr. Templeton, and now beheld with concern the vortex of dissipation in which his son was entangled. To divert the young man, if possible, in some measure from worse occupations, he had been always earnest and pressing in his invitations to him to spend a portion of the year at his residence in the country, and there Frederick had frequent opportunities of meeting with Louisa. They had, indeed, as children, been playfellows, and a strong and mutual passion had grown up with their years. Every time after Frederick had visited at her uncle's, he returned to the metropolis with resolutions of amendment, which were destined to be as regularly stifled in the contagion of the society from which he had not strength to extricate himself.

Yet they were no feeble attractions which should for ever have weaned him from error. With a share of personal charms, uncommon even in our favoured land of pure and healthful beauty, Louisa united an extraordinary degree of talent and mental energy, which had been carefully assisted by every advantage of judicious education. To Frederick the lovely girl was alternately the grave and playful mistress, long before she was sensible how deeply her own happiness was committed in his course. She had been taught from early associations to regard him somewhat as a brother, and he now listened to her admonition with the pleased attention of one who finds himself an object of interest with the being whom he loves most upon earth. He vowed all reformation, all change that could be desired, if she would be ever, at his side as his guide and counsellor; and he extorted a proof that whenever he should give substantial proofs of a serious determination to withdraw from his career of dissipation, he might hope to call her his own. She would hear of no concealment from her uncle, and he was made acquainted with their attachment.

The information was to the anxious guardian a source of poignant regret; he despaired of the young man's rescue from habits which he could not approve. From such a connection he saw nothing but misery in store for his niece—fill whose worth he most fully appreciated—and he made one powerful effort to dissuade her from the encouragement of Frederick's addresses. To all his representations of the young man's wildness, of his dissipated pursuits, of his extravagance, she had nothing to oppose, but the hope that for her sake he would no longer be what youth and thoughtlessness had made him. Her good sense told her all the errors of her lover, and yet she felt her strong attachment to him. Her uncle was glad then to compound the matter, by promising to yield his consent to their union if a

probation of twelve months should be found to have wrought a reformation in her lover.

We may pass over this period of mock reformation. Templeton was little else than what he had been before, and Louisa's attachment—such is some women's inconsistency—remained unabated. Contention longer was useless, and this amiable young lady was married to a reckless spendthrift, one who sacrificed every thing to fashionable dissipation. She voluntarily embraced misery, a thing by no means uncommon. Louisa had been brought up a good deal in retirement, and was accustomed to centre every wish and to seek every pleasure in home; but Templeton had so long moved in the world of fashion that the feverish excitement of splendid dinners and crowded assemblies had become almost indispensable to his happiness. In the early days of their marriage, he was all tenderness and affection to her, and she could do no less than sacrifice her own tastes to his. To please him, she entered into scenes whence it was impossible that she could derive gratification; and their whole life flew into a whirl of heartless gaiety. They were never alone for an evening, and met rarely during the day. To rise unrefreshed and without appetite to a mid-day breakfast, to yawn for an hour on a sofa, saunter through the fashionable lounges of the morning, return just in time to dress, and close the day in the monstrous absurdity of an eight o'clock dinner, and half a dozen routs, composed the life which Templeton endeavoured to convince himself presented the only chance of earthly felicity. From sharing in so fruitless a search for its attainment, Louisa received a temporary respite in the birth of their first boy, Frederick was at first delighted with the little stranger, but his avocations left him no leisure to play the father—such a round of engagements, he could rarely spare time to see even his wife, and she was frequently for days without beholding him, except in the five minutes of morning inquiries how she had rested. Often did the bitter tear of wounded affection fall over her slumbering infant, while its father was mingling in the loud laugh and insipid jest of his vapid associates. Not that he was really indifferent to his amiable wife—for his attachment to her was at bottom as warm as it had ever been; and could he have witnessed some of her solitary moments, he would have been stung to the quick; but it was that his habits had rendered him unconscious that he was guilty of neglecting her by an absence which appeared to him unavoidable.

Very shortly after the birth of her boy, a real misfortune befell the young mother in the death of her uncle. The worthy man had observed the course into which Templeton had drawn his wife, with an aching heart. In his will, he spoke of her with the warmest remembrance, and left her a memorial of his affection; while he bequeathed to her boy a large legacy, to be paid, with its accumulated interest, when he should arrive at the age of five-and-twenty; but the name of Templeton was not even mentioned. The only allusion to him was in the avowal that he left the legacy to his grandnephew, and not to his beloved niece, that the extravagance of others might not leave the boy wholly a beggar.

This was the first direct conviction which was forced upon Louisa, that a continuance in their present style of expenditure must terminate in ruin; for she rightly argued, that her uncle was not a man to record so strong an expression of his opinion on the subject without good grounds. Yet hitherto she had scarcely perceived the approach of the storm. This storm, nevertheless, at length broke over her head. Extravagance met with its appropriate consequences, and the unhappy wife was roused into a state of energetic decision, hardly to have been expected from the feminine softness of her character.

Every expedient of raising money had been exhausted by Frederick's necessities, and yet his wants were only the more importunate; but the principal of his wife's fortune remained untouched, though the income from her estate had been long dissipated. He had hitherto been restrained by pride and better feelings from suggesting that his means of relief was still in her hands; but the crisis of their fate had now arrived, and the sale of her estate could alone enable them to hold their place in society for another hour. The proposal to sell the property was broached to her, and considered as the alternative between a fall and the support of her establishment. To his utter astonishment, she gave, though with reluctance, a decided negative to the suggestion. She would not sell her property to the point

her it was fit she should stand, and she was not to be shaken.

"No Frederick," was her reply; "I cannot, must not, consent to put the finishing stroke to our ruin, and that of our children. If this last hope for the future be sacrificed, if we dispossess of the only means of support which is left to our family, we may indeed find the power of continuing for some time longer in our present station, but it is impossible to blind ourselves to the conviction, that we only delay, and do not avert, the ruin which is before us. I will cheerfully—Heaven knows how cheerfully!—support all privations, go through all humiliations with you—and I can foresee that there will be many trials of pride for us—but I cannot, will not, put my hand to a deed which is to rob my helpless babes of their all."

Surprise and indignation at this first refusal which she had ever opposed to his wishes, and doubt of her attachment to him, were the first feelings which flashed through the mind of Templeton, and they were vented in passionate upbraidings. She had reason to feel that she merited any thing but unkindness from him. Worlds would not have tempted her to go through the bitterness of that hour again; but she yet had courage to support it, though her utterance was choked, and she was for minutes insensible to every thing but the tones of anger which rung in her ears as he rushed out of the apartment.

But that day gave the first hope of returning happiness. Templeton had already been agonised by the endless cause for self-reproach which haunted his memory. The recollection of neglected talents, slighted opportunities, and mispent time; the reflection how miserably he had fallen from the promise of early youth; how many pangs he must have inflicted upon the bosom which beat only for him; how unworthy he was to dwell in its pure affection—all this, and much more, had conspired to wound and humble him in his own esteem, and now he had crowned the whole, by repaying years of unrepining submission to his errors, with brutal cruelty and ungenerous suspicion. He never was so fully aware of his own inferiority, never more thoroughly convinced that she was born to be his guardian angel. It was the work of a moment to pour out his whole soul in confession before her, to implore her forgiveness, to seek her opinion for future measures. That moment might be termed the first of their real union.

Louisa could be but little versed in the details of pecuniary affairs; as a girl, she had of course scarcely needed a thought of money; as a wife, she had never been permitted to acquire an insight into such matters: she was apparently, therefore, as little qualified to take the helm at the moment of difficulty as her husband; but it was astonishing how her latent powers of judgment and decision developed themselves as the occasion summoned them into action. She remembered that her uncle had reposed great confidence in the probity of a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who had been at once his friend and legal adviser. She wrote immediately to solicit an interview with him. The lawyer came, and she entered directly upon business with him. The husband was present, but he felt his incapacity, and listened in silence to the conference. He could not, indeed, even give an idea of the amount of their debts, or of the property that might be set against them. Their affairs were a perfect chaos; neither husband nor wife knew a syllable of particulars, and the steward was sent for. The disclosure which was then made looked sufficiently appalling; there were debts without number, and a long series of embezzlements and peculations which the steward had securely been carrying on for years; for he had possessed the entire control, without superintendence, without examination, of the whole of Templeton's property. The lawyer was touched by the situation of the niece of his old friend, and pleased with the energy which she displayed. He readily took in hand to bring affairs into a manageable shape. The chief measure which was adopted was the making over to him, for the progressive discharge of the debts, the income of Louisa's fortune. By this means, and by making arrangements with the creditors, Templeton was saved from the fate which he had too well merited. It was calculated that a period of privation for fourteen years would liquidate their incumbrances. There was a small annuity upon two lives, which it was considered would hold out for the necessary number of years; and besides, a little farm distinct from the body of Louisa's estate: these might together produce something above two hundred a-year, and they could not in principle retain more for their immediate support. With such prospects as these, we have now to behold the ruined family retire

into obscurity in a secluded part of the country. Louisa steep with a light heart into the hired chaise which bore them from the scenes of so much folly and suffering, and her cheerfulness was undiminished even at the sight of their destination. The feelings of her husband were widely different; he had now daily and hourly to view his wife in a station so infinitely beneath any thing she had hitherto known, or to which she could otherwise have been reduced, and to remember that it was his hand which had occasioned the change. But her continual gaiety and unruffled cheerfulness were a balm to his wounded spirit, and she soon taught him to forget the past, or to remember it but as a useful study.

The first direction which was given to Frederick's avocations was in improving the comfort of their cottage. Here much was to be performed; and she playfully pressed him into the service, with the declaration that there were a thousand little things which she found it impossible to manage without his aid. By the strictest economy, they lived within their little stipend; and they beheld the increase of their family with the cheering conviction that the self-denial of a few years would secure for their children a respectable independence. How often, how gratefully, did Templeton recall that firmness and foresight in his wife which had shielded their offspring from impending beggary!

I have mentioned the high promise of distinction which the early youth of Templeton had afforded, and the cessation of all intellectual exertion which had followed the death of his father; it was now one of the happiest effects of his reverses that they turned him again to the cultivation of literature, and he resumed the studies of his boyhood with a zest and avidity which a short time before he could not himself have believed possible; it was now almost as difficult for him to conceive how he could ever have forsaken them. It was Louisa who had encouraged him to undertake the renewal of his neglected attainments; it was from her high polish and refinement of mind that his tastes and opinions were now reflected. They read, conversed, thought together, and scarcely felt that there was aught to desire beyond the precincts of their retreat.

But fate had yet trials in store for them; they had just entered on the fifth year of their residence in Berkshire, when the annuity on which they had in part depended for their income, suddenly dropped, by the unexpected termination of both the lives on which it rested. This was a heavy blow, and it came just as their two eldest boys were entering on an age when a school will yield great advantages of instruction than it is possible for a parent to bestow. But Templeton was no longer the man who knew not where to look for a resource, or how to support an adverse contingency. He resolved to try whether his pen could not work out an opening for improvement in their means, and he was successful. His first essays in periodical publications were favourably received, he persevered, and his reward exceeded the most sanguine of his expectations. Thus did their years glide on, at once in useful activity and peaceful seclusion, while they patiently awaited the period that would restore them to the possession of wealth, which they scarcely courted, but as it might yield them the more unlimited power of perfecting the education of their children.

I had enjoyed an unreserved and constant intercourse with my friends for about a year and a half, when one winter's evening, after the social meal which we frequently took together, and while we were seated before the blazing wood-fire of their parlour, we heard the sound of carriage-wheels in the lane which ran near the house, and presently after the footstep of a stranger, who hastily crossed the paddock and knocked for admission at the door. Templeton stepped out, uttered a recognition of pleasure, and ushered in a gentleman to whom I was introduced as their old friend of Lincoln's-Inn. He was the bearer of most welcome tidings, which were told in a few words. It had been his practice to report to the Templetons, from time to time, the progress of the liquidation of their debts; and in one of his letters upon this subject, two or three years before, had mentioned as a curious circumstance, that a distant relative of Frederick's father, who was supposed to have amassed considerable wealth in the East Indies, and was without family, had commissioned a friend in England to make particular inquiries how the young pair were proceeding in the world. It was fortunate that the agent employed to obtain such intelligence had come to the lawyer for information, and had of course received a correct, and therefore favourable,

picture of the conduct of Templeton and his wife under their change of condition. When the friendly lawyer had cursorily noticed this incident in his letter to Frederick, it had excited little hope or attention. He had only seen his Indian relative at two periods of his life; once, when the latter had returned home on his furlough, found him a manly, promising boy, and taken a great fancy for him; and again after his marriage, when they had parted with something more than coolness, in consequence of the old gentleman's venturing to offer his opinion of the imprudent expenditure of his younger relation. The welcome tidings which the solicitor had now to communicate, were, that he had received, from the agent of Colonel Templeton, a full authority to draw for the whole remaining amount of Frederick's debts, with such an additional sum as would put them in comfortable possession of their estate. This splendid act of liberality was accompanied by a letter from Frederick himself from the colonel, briefly but warmly expressing his satisfaction at the good account to which he had turned the consequences of early imprudence, desiring his kindest regards to Louisa, though he had scarcely seen her, and announcing that, before his letter could reach its destination, he should have taken his final departure from India, to cultivate better acquaintance with her, and to settle near them in England.

Templeton, now trained by adversity, resumed his former rank in society, and, from the severe lesson which he had been taught, now conducted his establishment and managed his ample resources in a very different manner. Along with the virtuous Louisa, he devoted his wealth to the benefit of those dependent upon him, and became an example to be followed where he had formerly been beheld only with contempt and pity. His story furnishes another pleasing instance of the incalculable value of how much a husband is frequently indebted for his salvation from utter worldly ruin to—a good and amiable wife.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

* Abridged from "Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin."

WILD-BEAST STATISTICS.

[The following article is from the *Dumfries Courier*, and is one of those which have given that paper the better part of its celebrity. It is not only valuable for its amusing information, and the healthy natural feeling which it breathes, but as suggesting in how many matters which we daily pass by without regard, we might, if we chose, or would take the trouble, find matter calculated to awaken thought, to interest the heart, and to amuse the fancy. Mr. M'Diarmid, as we have reason to know, acts perpetually upon a conviction to this effect. He never omits an opportunity of obtaining, from the individuals he encounters in the daily progress of life, any such information of an interesting or uncommon character as they may be qualified to give; nor does he much regard that the information he is receiving seems of such a kind as to preclude all hope of his ever being called upon to make use of it. The possession does no harm in the meantime, and possibly an occasion may occur for its calling it into exercise. It was the good fortune of one of the Editors of this Journal, a few years ago, to spend a week with Mr. M'Diarmid in making the tour of Galloway; and he remembers—indeed he will never forget—a particular incident in their joint travels which will illustrate the subject of this note. At Glenluce, where they had to wait till midnight, to be taken up by the mail, in order to proceed to Stranraer, while Mr. C. was tempted to snatch a hurried repose on a sofa in the travellers' room, in order to make up some late arrears of sleep, Mr. M'Diarmid lounged into the family parlour or kitchen in the exercise of his untiring vocations as an observer and inquirer. When the two travellers were subsequently seated in the mail, the junior asked the senior how he had employed his time since they last saw each other in the traveller's room. "Why," answered Mr. M'Diarmid, "in learning the statistics of cork-cutting. In the kitchen," said he, "I met a poor traveller, who in his youth had been a cork-cutter. From him I learned every particular about the place whence cork is imported—its first price as a raw material—the nature and prospects of the trade—prices to the public—in short, every thing about the cork trade. I may not soon have need for the information; but then, consider, it was not while you were sleeping, and I am none the worse for having it." Mr. C., it may well be imagined, was fully, as much the better of the lesson thus read to him, as his fellow-traveller was of the addition to his stock of knowledge; and he warmly hopes that some of his present readers will participate in the advantage.]

We are always very glad when it suits Mr. Wombwell to bring his broad-wheeled waggons to the banks of the Nith, even in cases where his stay is so limited that he must forego an opportunity which he once embraced of sending his pelicans into the Gullet Pool to catch fish

for themselves. Now that Mr. Bullock has become, through the friendship of a former ministry, the proprietor of silver mines in South America, and Mr. Cross has abandoned Exeter 'Change for the Surry Gardens, he is the only menagerie-keeper who travels of the slightest consequence, and, in carnivorous animals especially, is richer than all the zoological depôts in the country. United, his collections surpass any thing to be met with in the world, and even when divided are well worthy the attention of all who love to study the wonders of creation. Since he was last here, about two years ago, he has added to the menagerie an alpaca, a lama, a gnu, a young amadillo, two black tiger cubs, two young lions, Japanese sparrows, &c &c. Wallace still keeps the road unscathed by his tussel with the dogs at Warwick, as well as the huge elephant Chuncy, now ten feet high, and a thorough master of all the arts which delight the young, more than the peculiarities of an organ so delicate yet so powerful, that it can pick up a pin and rend the gnarled oak. This stupendous native of the forest consumes a cwt. and a half of hay daily, to say nothing of piquantes in the shape of fourteen loaves grain by the bushel, and burdens, of fitches. In drinking he captures a paulist at once, and still looks for more, to the tune of 14 gallons in 24 hours. In winter he is allowed four gallons of strong ale in the same space, and in summer a more diluted beverage. The alternation is found conducive to health, but Mr. Chuncy himself merely imbibes swipes when he can get nothing better and cares so little about temperance and the rules it enjoins, that he would broach a beer barrel every night, and go to bed mellow, if his master would let him. It is a common opinion that elephants continue to grow to the age of fifty, and Mr. Wombwell believes that such is the fact. Chuncy was captured during the Burmese war, and cost his present owner one thousand guineas.

Often as we have seen Mr. Wombwell, we never became acquainted with him until Thursday last, and were not a little astonished, considering his capital and the extent of his concern, to find him dressed in a smock frock and cleaning and scrubbing as anxious as the meanest servant he has. In this he is a true Englishman, and so far from springing or giving himself airs, sets in example of untiring industry to the whole establishment. Mr. Wombwell, he admits, is sick of teneitizing and often wishes him to retire into private life, to enjoy quietly the fruit of his exertions, but after the truly active life he has led for the last twenty years, he doubts whether rustication would add to his happiness and objects farther, on the ground that it would be difficult to find a suitable customer for his huge and valuable collection of wild animals.

Mr. Wombwell, when a boy was a bird fancier and beyond this had no intention of becoming a caravan keeper, and in fact was made one by the force of accident rather than of circumstances. At the London docks he saw some of the first boats imported into Britain. Most persons were afraid of, and ignorant of, managing them; prices from this cause gave way a little, and our friend at last ventured to offer £ 75 for a pair. He got them, and in the course of three weeks cleared more than the sum he advanced—a circumstance which, he confesses, makes him partial to serpents up to this hour, as the first thing that gave him a lift in his profession. All the world knows that boats gorge themselves with rabbits and then fast for weeks, and the principal thing in treating them is to regulate the temperature of their lair according to the nature of the weather. With this view, they are rolled in blankets, and kept in a covered wooden box, placed above a tin or copper vessel, filled with warm water night and morning. During frost, storm, and wet the water must be changed much oftener. Apart altogether from profit, Mr. Wombwell from the first was attached to his trade, and when ships arrived from India containing rare animals, parted so freely with his money, that he sometimes got so bare that he hardly knew how to find his way through a toll of a morning, and this, too, when he was surpassingly rich in a species of stock which might supply the wants of all Europe. Many a time and oft he has paid tolls to the extent of £ 14 in one day, and £ 6 between such places as Stirling and Glasgow. His boat, which is a fine one, costs about £ 1,200 yearly, and the expenses of the establishment which he started up on Thursday and left early on Friday, are calculated at £ 35 per day, or above £ 12,000 in the year. In fact, were he stationary, he would find it profitable to become his own butcher—retaining all the offal, and

selling merely the prime pieces of beef and mutton. A sheep's head, singed or rough, makes a capital supper for a ravenous hyena, and of these and other odds and ends, Mr. Wombwell makes a speedy clearance wherever he goes. Even the elephant's ale comes to something throughout the year, to say nothing of loaves, grass, hay, and the capacious maw that consumes the latter article at the rate of 168 lbs. per diem. As has just been hinted, the wandering life which Chuncy and Wallace lead, prevents their master from buying every thing in the cheapest market, and were he not so peripatetic, he would find an interest in baking and brewing as well as in killing. Of all gobblers the pelicans are the best, and a devourer with such relish the scaly people, that it is quite a treat to see them feed. Mr. Wombwell's largest stud consists of 41 powerful horses, some of which would bring very heavy prices. To these he lately added an animal of the draught kind, which measures very nearly 19 hands high, and is in every respect the most gigantic horse we ever beheld. At present it is lean, but as he intends to fatten and show it separately at Donnybrook, he is not without hopes that he will clear the price of it during the continuance of the fair. Of the credit side of the account, we can say nothing special beyond the fact that the menagerie in four days, has been visited by upwards of 60,000 persons in the neighbourhood of London. St. Bartholomew, in fact, could not be held wanting in Mr. Wombwell, or some one like him, and next to the great mart of fun and frolic, his best fairs in England are those of Nottingham and Birmingham, in Scotland Glasgow and Paisley, and in Ireland, Donnybrook, which lasts eight days. I am here must strive as carefully as the Jews do the stalls, and manage matters so as to be present at all the best. During the year he is only once in London, but he has a friend on the spot, and another in Liverpool who watch the arrival of vessels from abroad, and purchase for him whatever is new and rare in his line. As he is constantly on the road, one of the caravans is fitted up in a house with kitchen parlour, bed rooms, and every other necessary accommodation.

Mr. Wombwell, of late years, has been successful in breeding, and possesses at this moment thirteen or fifteen elephants—more, we believe, than all England can produce. Twice the black tigers devour their young, but by removing the male, and placing a *cuddle* in the den, she was weaned from this vicious propensity, and is now as good a nurse as could possibly be desired. The lioness goes with young twelve weeks, the tigress sixteen, and female leopards and panthers the same. The value of wild animals, like every thing else, varies according to supply and demand. Tigers have been sold as high as £ 300, but at other times they can be purchased for £ 100. A good panther is worth £ 100, hyenas from £ 30 to £ 40, zebras from £ 150 to £ 200, the rarer kinds of monkeys are very valuable, and lambs and gnus are always very high. Upon lions and elephants it is impossible to fix any particular price. Two cubs is the usual litter of the lioness, but Mr. Wombwell's old one has repeatedly dropped four. In such cases she takes two, and neglects the others, and the owner has a beautiful pointer bitch which has suckled in her day four lions! Two of these are exceedingly pitiful, and were seen tumbling over and over one another in the den like little puppies.

Menagerie-keepers suffer much loss from disease, mortality, and accident. Not many weeks ago, a fine ostrich, worth £ 200, which could have picked crumbs from a ceiling 12 feet high, thrust his bill between the bars of his cage, gave it an unlucky twist, and in attempting to withdraw it, literally broke his neck. Monkeys become exceedingly delicate when imported into Britain. Cold affects them very easily, and when they begin to cough, they very generally fall into a consumption, and exhibit all the symptoms of human beings labouring under the same complaint. Their general food is bread and milk, varied with a stock of lettuce and a few young onions, of both of which articles they are very fond. Mr. Wombwell calculates that he has lost, from first to last, not less than £ 10,000 by disease and death among his birds and beasts. Most zebras, he thinks, might be made as tame as the horse, his own, however, is a very vicious one, and will not permit one of those keepers to enter his den who stand and walk fearlessly among lions, tigers, panthers, and leopards. Once a year he is secured with ropes and taken out of the den, that his hooves may be pared—the toughest job which, including grooms, falls to the lot of 31 individuals. The gnu is also a dangerous animal, and strikes so fiercely with his horns that they require to be topped. The

specimen at the London gardens killed a man some years ago. The alpaca is a species of the lama, but if you look at it, it spits, which the other does not. It is a native of Chili and is there used as a beast of burden.

Mr Wombwell, from being a planet, has always satellites revolving around him in the shape of minor shows. With these he would very willingly dispense, but, though potent in inclination, lacks the necessary power. Go where he may, they watch his motions, and profit by the fair the menagerie creates. To a certain extent, his own idea of the matter is—"that he beats the bush, and they catch the bird."

SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR.

About a year ago, a medical gentleman of Edinburgh, who has distinguished himself by various publications, wrote the following directions for the use of individuals when they have occasion to call in a medical attendant, which he presented to the world in a newspaper. Struck by a sense of their value, we have requested and obtained permission to put them into a place where they will be more extensively read, and remain more readily at command, than they could be in the sheet where they were first printed.

First, When you wish a call from your medical attendant, always send a *written note*, and never a verbal message. A written note presents itself to the eye, and tells its own tale, without depending on the memory of the messenger. A message, on the other hand, progresses through at least two, often illiterate brains, before reaching the doctor viz those of the person who carries and of the person who receives it, and when not altogether forgotten by the latter, it is frequently so jumbled and confused with other messages received at the same time, as to be altogether unintelligible.

Secondly, Give the *address*, as well as the name. This gives many mistakes. We know a medical man who lately attended three patients of the same name at the same time, and more than once went in great haste to the wrong house, in consequence of the name only being mentioned. Similar mistakes are not of uncommon occurrence, and are the sources of much discomfort to the patient.

Thirdly, When practicable, always send early in the morning. The medical man starts betimes on his rounds, and if he gives notice before going out, when his services are wanted, he can generally make the required visit without leaving his other patients in the same quarter, and so do without his time and leave more leisure for minute inquiry. If on the other hand the notice is not delivered till after he has left home, his labour is doubled, and his time consumed by going twice over the same ground. This is a rule of immense importance; the country, where the practice is very great.

Fourthly, It is a good rule, especially when sending in haste, to state the supposed seat and nature of the ailment, so which advice is required. This enables the practitioner, as he goes along, to reflect on the constitutional peculiarities of the patient, and the probable influence of prevailing epidemics, and the precautions which a knowledge of these may suggest in directing the treatment. This rule is of much importance in sending for assistance in the night-time, because, from having some previous notice of the case, the practitioner may carry remedies along with him, and give relief on the spot. And in all cases, it in some degree prepares the mind of the adviser for the investigation of the phenomena.

Fifthly, When any one is taken ill in the day time and likely to need assistance, send for it while it is yet day, and never wait, as too often happens till mid night darkness frightens you into alarm. In every sense, the last is bad policy. By sending early, you obviate mischief, and procure tranquillity, and disturb no one; and there is no medical man who would not rather make a needless visit now and then early in the evening, than be even once disturbed in the night time, when perhaps he is already exhausted with the labours of the day.

Sixthly, When your medical attendant calls, proceed at once to business, and do not seek to occupy his time with the state of the weather or the news of the day before telling what you complain of. A doctor's time is like a stock in trade, and you may with as much propriety make free with a yard of broad cloth in a merchant's shop as with half an hour of his time. Finish your consultation first, and then, if he has time to bestow in a friendly chat, you and he can settle the affairs of the nation or the state.

of the crops with comfort, because you then leave him a liberty to depart the moment his leisure is expired, which he could not do if you were to take the generalities first, and your case last. Every right-minded medical man will, even as a matter of professional duty, bestow some time in this way when not much pressed, for without doing so, he cannot acquire that complete knowledge of his patient's condition, or exercise that wholesome moral influence over his mind, which are essentially to obtaining confidence and successful results. Many people complain of the hurried and unsatisfactory visits of their professional advisers, when they have chiefly themselves to blame for insisting on long disquisitions, which have nothing to do with the purpose for which they were consulted.

Seventhly, When the doctor arrives, conduct him to his patient, or send away the friends who may be in the room except the nurse or parent if the patient be a young person, and follow this rule, however trivial the ailment. Professional inquires, to be satisfactory, must often involve questions which delicacy shrinks from answering in the presence of unnecessary witnesses, and even for a sore finger or broken shin, it may be required to enter upon such topics in order to prescribe successfully. Patients shrink from communicating their feelings and sensations in the presence of third parties, who may misunderstand and misrepresent them.

Eighthly, Never attempt to *deceive* your medical adviser, for, besides being thereby guilty of an immorality, the deceit is carried on at your own risk and may lead to the injury of others. If you conceal circumstances concerning your disease, which ought to be known, and your attendant is thus misled to prescribe on erroneous information your life may be endangered, as well as his reputation which is justifiably made to suffer by your doing so. If your confidence in him is not such as to make you rely on his honour, good sense and skill, change him for another but do not practise deceit. Or if he prescribe medicine, which you do not choose to take, do not lend him to believe that you have swallowed them, and that the present symptoms, or change have been the effects of such medicines. By doing so, you cause him not only to prescribe erroneously in your own case but also in that of others which he may consider to be analogous to yours and if by the persuasion of friends or otherwise, you have either been through the regimen prescribed, or in any other way consciously departed from what you know to have been the intentions of your adviser, do not add to the evil by further deceit, but endeavour at once to obviate the consequences by a candid statement. And

Ninthly, Do not unknown to your regular attendant, call in another medical man to ascertain what his views are. If you wish for their advice have recourse to it openly and honourably, in the form of consultation, allowing your first adviser to communicate his views and observations to them as regards the past, the present, and the future. This is required to enable the new comer to appreciate the situation of the patient and decide as to treatment and it is not only unworthy of an honest mind to attempt to obtain a surreptitious opinion, but the mingling of two methods of treatment, which almost always results from such a proceeding, does justice to neither, and is almost sure to hurt the patient, who alone deserves to suffer.

The above are a few general rules for every day use. There may be exceptions to some of them, but to specify such exceptions would occupy much room, and be a mere waste of time.

Elegant Interval of the Fine Arts.—Hayman the painter it has been said was a hero of the fist, and that the heroic Marquis of Granby who was fond of the same amusement when he went to sit to Hayman for his portrait, insisted upon having a set-to with the artist before he began his work. The proposal was agreed to and carried into effect immediately. They began in good humour, but as the fighting gloves had not then been invented, a clumsy blow from one roused the anger of the other, they bet-to earnest, and up set easel as well as combatants, the noise made by the fall alarmed Hayman's wife, she burst into the room and found the peer and the painter upon the floor grappling one another like enraged bears, each striving to keep the other down, while himself got upon his legs. She patted the combatants, and when they had readjusted their dresses, Hayman proceeded to complete the portrait of his antagonist. *Shilling Magazine.*

PAGANINI.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]
 Sir, these lines on Paganini,
 If it should be quite convenient,
 put them in your Magazine.

Paganini, Paganini!
 Never was there such a genius
 before as Paganini
 Though his figure's lank and leany,
 I'd give something to have been he.
 Though he is a little mean, he
 Still, you know, is Paganini
 Like rich villas, fresh and greeny,
 Are the strains of Paganini
 Nothing's seen of the machinery
 of art in Paganini.
 From the first set off at five,
 Nature's all to Paganini
 Fifty pianos *con son dini*
 Can't come up to Paganini
 If there is a man whom the knee
 May bend to—'tis Paganini
 Billious men, and men who're spleeny,
 Ought to go to Paganini
 Dullest fellows I have seen e-
 lectrified by Paganini
 Such his power that—"Nota bene"—
 The D—l himself or else his plen-
 potentiary is Paganini.

MFLIBTUS.

A MASONIC EXHORTATION.

Oh, in one breath utterable skill
 BEN JONSON

If your soul be not too dronv,
 Go and hear the great Mason!
 Scarce Napoleon (nicknam'd Boney)
 Was more wond'rous than Mason
 'Pollo's pet Futerpe's crony,
 Is the exquisite Mason
 All the sweets that live in honey
 Are concentr'd in Mason,
 And more swift than fleetest poney
 Run the triplets of Mason.
 Utterly himself unknown he
 Should be, who not knows Mason!
 E'en from Greece Colocotron
 Ought to come, to hear Mason.
 That heart must be *ultra stony*
 That is touch'd not by Mason,
 Fiddler rich and rare, and toney,
 Soul-enrapturing Mason!
 Money without ceremony
 Should be shower'd on Mason.
 Oh, ye marvel-seekers, on'y
 Go and hear the great Mason!

G. D.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

A YOUTH IN CIVILIZED LIFE, WHO LIVED IN TREES
 AND ROCKS.

The personal strangeness of appearance produced by the life which the subject of the following account was obliged to lead, together with the interesting countenance which it had left him, and the rapidity with which he used to glide from his wild home into his proper one, appears to us to render the narrative affecting.

All this portion of the country, (says Mr. Keppel Craven, in his "Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples," speaking of the neighbourhood of Castellamare), bears a bad name, as offering secure retreats to felons or homicidal rascals, either suspected of misdeeds, or actually convicted of crimes, seek their safety in temporary concealment within its mountainous recesses. This state of things is sometimes so prolonged as to become not only a nuisance, but scarcely urksome to the inhabitants and individuals of my acquaintance who inhabited the place, formed, in the course of his frequent excursions in its romantic environs, an acquaintance of some

intimacy with a rich inhabitant of Lettare, and was in the habit of frequently dining with him and his numerous family. He usually went by invitation, or at least after giving notice of his intended visit, but one day, finding himself at the hour of dinner in the vicinity of the house, he ventured to request that hospitality which he had so frequently before experienced. He was admitted with some symptoms of embarrassment attributable, as he thought, to the consciousness of being inadequately provided with the means of receiving him, but perceived an addition to the family in the person of a young man, who was with some hesitation introduced as a son, and whose peculiar person, and dejected yet prepossessing countenance, so excited his interest and curiosity, that his sisters, confiding in the regard of the visitor, bade the stranger tell him his history.

Salvador, that was his name, had, from his early infancy, been in the habits of intimacy with a youth of the same village, who, following the bent of an evil disposition, through the path of poverty and vice, had so far advanced in the career of iniquity as to have become, at the age of twenty four, associated with all descriptions of petty depradators which can in no language be so well expressed as by the Italian word *Malviventi* (evil livers). Salvador, educated as carefully as the affluence and affection of his parents would allow, had vainly endeavoured to reclaim his friend Aniello from his wicked courses, and, in the hopes of ultimately succeeding, had continued to keep up an intercourse of good fellowship with him, and more than once had assisted him with money. One day the latter informed Salvador of a scheme, formed by him and his companions, of robbing a rich proprietor, who resided in a solitary house adjoining some vineyards belonging to Salvador's father, and his assistance was required to allow this iniquitous band to conceal themselves in one of the buildings used only in the vintage season, where they might remain in ambush until night should enable them to execute their villainous purpose. Salvador not only refused to become accessory to such a crime but put the intended object of it on his guard against the machinations of the banditti, without however, naming Aniello for whom he still retained a feeling of compassion if not of regard.

His friend as may be supposed, from that day became his inveterate foe, and vowed to watch every opportunity of being revenged. Sometime elapsed, however, before such an occasion presented itself, but one morning that Salvador had arisen with the sun, for the purpose of shooting quails among the ripe grapes, his unrelenting enemy, who had watched and followed him, attempted to satisfy his cowardly vengeance by firing two pistol shots at him from a place of concealment. Discovered, upbraided, and pursued by the other, he suddenly turned upon him, and endeavoured, by an exertion of bodily strength, to wrest from him his fowling-piece. The contest was prolonged and obstinate, ending finally in the fall of the aggressor, who received his death wound from the hand which had so often relieved his wants. The survivor, under the influence of terror and confusion, at the commission of a crime so foreign to his nature, fled precipitately to his paternal roof, where he only rested time, enough to relate his misfortune, being persuaded by his alarmed parents to seek safety in concealment. Some labourers, who had indistinctly seen the conclusion of the affray at a distance, ran to the spot, and reached it in time to learn the name of the homicide from the vindictive ruffian, whose discharged pistols, for ner gifts of Salvador, and still bearing his initials, served, together with the evidence of the gun, which he had hastily flung down, to corroborate the facts depicted by the witnesses, the local police was made acquainted with them, and proceeded to the house of the culprit, who had already fled and thereby justified the accusation brought against him. A sentence was pronounced, and for a considerable time he never ventured to revisit the house of his parents, but as he was as respected as he was beloved, no vigorous researches were instituted, and having never withdrawn himself from any great distance, he by degrees ventured to return occasionally, for a few minutes, to the presence of his family, and, in the course of time, paid them a daily visit, regulated by a signal given by his sisters from the back windows of the house, which looked to the steep range of almost inaccessible rocks, covered with wood, that rise above Lettare. In their fatigues he had now dwelt more than two years, and he described, in impressive language, the singular existence thus imposed upon him, and to which he had become, in a manner, as much

habituated as to the exercise of descending and remounting these rugged steeps, with a velocity and agility almost incredible.

The individual, who frequently afterwards saw him, described his descent as something to all appearance supernatural. He was, during the day time always lurking among the caves, or perched upon the trees within hearing of the shrill whistle that gave him the summons to approach, and when it was uttered, a few minutes sufficed to bring him down from the highest precipice. He gave an account of the methodical way in which he divided the few and unvaried occupations that broke the monotony of his solitary hours. The changes of the weather or the wind were hailed by him as an interesting incident in his life. The trees, plants, and flowers, growing within the circumscribed precincts of his retreat, had become the objects of his care; and he watched the changes brought upon them with anxious solicitude. The few animated beings, whose movements broke upon the stillness of his solitude, he looked upon as so many acquaintances or visitors. A variety of birds had accustomed themselves to assemble round him at a certain hour, to receive the remnants of the food which he carried up from his father's house. He could enumerate every different sort of butterfly or insect which could be found near his retreat; and had seen the same fix upon the same hour of each day during the two years of his seclusion. In these pursuits, if so they can be termed, and the perusal of some books, which he always brought away from the house to the mountain, his time had passed, he said, quickly and not painfully. He generally took a daily meal at home, but never spent the night there, considering his rocky hermitage as more secure. This from its particular position, was inaccessible from the upper masses of the mountains, and presented no approach from below, except through a strip of enclosed vineyard through the back of the family dwelling.

CORPORAL CARNFORD.*

The tide of the assailants like the waves of ocean rolled restlessly around the wall, and beat heavily against their fabric. The muskets were brought into such close contact that their fire blackened and scorched wherever their balls took effect. Soldiers clambering on their comrades' backs, attempted on every side to win a footing on the defences—clinging to the summit of the wall or to the loop-holes, until stabbed or dashed with violence to the earth. Men met and fought where human foot was never intended to come, and used weapons seldom employed in civilised warfare. Corporal Carnford in particular, whose great muscular strength disdained the instruments of slaughter of ordinary mortals, had armed himself with a heavy axe which he wielded in his right hand as easily as if it had been a riding roll, beating down with it every opponent. Nothing could stand the terrible edge of this gigantic weapon: muskets and sabres were divided like reeds before the blade of the reaper; and such awe did its effect inspire, that men who cheerfully exposed themselves to the fire of muskets and cannon, shrunk from the encounter of a being almost superhuman in the power of his body and violence of his passion—wielding a weapon they had never been used to see employed in hostile encounters. Indeed, it was observed of this man, Carnford, that his passions appeared to be inflamed in proportion as his physical energies were called forth, and that where other men fought from honor, duty, patriotism or love of fame, he seemed to be engaged in a personal quarrel of the most deadly and inveterate kind. His features, at those moments, inflated, the veins swollen, and the eyes glaring from the depth of their sockets, he gave the spectator the idea of some spirit of violence and bloodshed—the god of battles of the Scandinavian creed, or one of the demon monster of the ancient Persian. Implacable and unsparing, he seemed to revel in the joy of slaughter, and the officer, in charge of that post was afterwards heard to declare, that he had counted twelve victims to his single arm in that day's contest. It may appear fantastic to speak of mercy in a melody of such desperate character; nevertheless there are frequent opportunities, even in the closest struggle, for the exercise of the gentler feelings of the heart—of disabling merely where the life of the foe is at out

mercy, and of checking the uplifted arm from him whom the shot or steel has already maimed. "Stacy," said Maurice, laying his hand on Carnford's shoulder, as he was in the act to strike, "that poor fellow's arm is shattered although he's too proud to fall back." The axe was already descending,—no shade of pity checked its deadly violence. The noble victim fell cleft downward to the chest. Maurice uttered an exclamation of horror; Carnford turned abruptly upon him, his eye glaring, and a savage triumph distending his nostril. He seemed about to wreak upon the unwelcome intruder, the fury that still inflamed his heart, and it required all Maurice's self-control, and remembrance of past kindness, to prevent him from turning his blade upon the vengeful being against whom his indignation boiled. They stood a moment eyeing one another with a glance most changed from its late friendly character. Their souls stood forth without disguise, and it was evident to each, that they were incongruous as light and darkness. That moment anticipated to either the experience of many years.

A BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAY.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light,
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embedded in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long-protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling; even the insect swarms,
From their dark nooks, and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
The forest and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine—they partook
The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY.

MADAME VILLACERFE AND MONSIEUR FESTEAU.

This story has been related a long time ago by one of our classical authors; but it is worth repeating, partly because it is told with real earnestness and in his style, by the present writer, and partly because he obtained his particulars from a connexion with one of the parties. The catastrophe is one of the most affecting in the world. Nothing can be conceived more frightful than the situation of the lover, both before and after the death of his mistress. One almost wishes that she had been less amiable and generous, or affected to be so; and thus have given him less occasion to adore her memory, and despair over his mistake.

Madame Villacerfe, was a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose remarkable and tragic death was distinguished by an evenness of temper and greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and equal to the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The short history of this excellent woman is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognised by many of my readers; but she is so striking an example of philosophic suffering, Christian fortitude, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least possible alloy of selfishness or sensuality, that the affecting circumstances cannot in my opinion, be dwelt on too long, or repeated too often.

An early and mutual affection had taken place between this lady and Monsieur Festeau, a surgeon of eminence in Paris, but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (A. D. 1700) so strictly guarded superior rank from intermingling with plebeian blood, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities when

* From an article entitled *The Private Sentinel* in the East India United Service Journal for February.

opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes. The lover would have perished rather than by a rash proceeding degraded the object of his tenderest affections in the eyes of her family and the world, and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveler of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of her admirer, who in the scale of unprejudiced reason far outweighed a thousand fashionable pretenders to frivolous accomplishments and superficial attainment, resolved

To quit the object of no common choice,
In mild submission to stern duty's voice,
The much lov'd man with all his claims resign,
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

After some years past in what may be called a defeat rather than a struggle of the passions, after a glorious victory of duty and honour, which surely affords a durable and exalted pleasure far beyond the gratification of wild wishes and misguided appetites, Madame Villacerfe from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, was, by the prescription of her physician ordered to be bled. Festeau, as surgeon to the family, was sent for, and his countenance, as he entered the room, strongly exhibited the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse and a few professional questions, in a low hesitating voice he prepared for the operation by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm, an interesting business to a man of fine feelings, who had long laboured under the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness diffused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished. Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour, this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Monsieur Festeau, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out,—"I am the most unfortunate man alive! I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction or her composure. In less than three days the state of her arm in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a bare and little mind, she tenderly requested him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case, ordered her will to be made, and after her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than four-and-twenty hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex. The voice, the looks, the stifled anguish of her lover, as well as of her own feelings, convinced her of the approaches of death, an opinion which her earnest and solemn entreaties, entreaties on her death-bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm. A few hours before the awful moment of dissolution, that period which none can escape and the fear of which bold bad men only affect to despise, she addressed the disconsolate surgeon in the following words—

"You gave me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing, to all intents and purposes I am removed from the interests of human life, it is, therefore, highly incumbent in me to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it. I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider me as one by whose error I have lost my life, I regard you rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality. But the world may look upon the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it, to your disadvantage. I have, therefore, provided in my will against any thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudice, or the selfish representations of mankind. I present a pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, has not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipatory revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved him, and in whose presence she was eagerly to triumph and adore."

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who of all others loved and doated on her most, when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan, which is repeated no more; sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its vain pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom, and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented such serious evil and irretrievable calamity. I have said in a former article, that love, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution, and as it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entire strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people. The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, from whom I tell the story, pointed him out as the most improper man alive for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity and a steady hand, and a collected mind.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

MORNING.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Yes, light is lovely for its own good sake.
Morning is morning still, clouded or fair.
He wants his cue indeed from Nature's breast,
Wants air, and movement, and a natural life,
Or innocence regain'd from pient thoughts,
To whom the daylight's reappearance mild
Comes like a blow,—like a dread taskmaster
Waking his slave, who sees his load, and groans.
For me, whom Love and no unloving need
Have taught the treasures found in daily things,
I count the morning bright, if I but hear
One bird's voice sparkle (for the voice of birds,
By fine analogy of sound with sight,
Surely does sparkle, making brilliant cheer
Congenial with the sunbeams), and if bird
Nor unbeam is abroad, but listening more
I hear the windows thick with wateriness,
Which ever and anon the gusty hand
Of the dark wind flings full, I make my morn
Still beauteous if I please, with sunny help
Of books or my own thoughts, sending them up
Like nymphs above the sea of atmosphere,
To warm their winking cheeks against the sun,
And laugh 'twixt islands of the mountain tops.
Or else my morning breaks for me in bloom
Out of old Greece, twice glowing with some love
Of sweet Aurora midst the hly dews
Or with the tumbling freshness of the seas
Am I, with slippery porpoises, and mirth
Of the wide breasting of the rough seaene
Losing the seaman's house, whose sides are touch'd
With the warm heav'n, after a night of wet.
Or rising where the sun does, I behold,
Enthrou'd, the Persian with his jewelry,
True "Brother of the Sun," if only then,
And giving beam for beam, awake and high,
While the dull princes of the West lie blow'd.

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Original Articles.

ON THE SENSE OF SIGHT.*

BY R. M. GORDON, ESQ.

The sensations, which the sense of sight seems to me to comprehend, are colour, space, and figure. This opinion, which differs so widely from that which metaphysicians have so long held, deserves to be carefully examined. I shall endeavor, therefore, 1st to state my meaning with clearness, 2^{dly} to point out what the common opinion of philosophers is on the subject, and the objections to that opinion, which have occurred to me; and 3^{dly}, I shall attempt to shew, that the opinion I have advanced, is not open to the objections which belong to the common one, nor is it exposed justly to those objections, which have been brought against similar words differently analyzed. In searching after the original elements of any sensation, our knowledge, I readily admit, can never amount to certainty—to that sort of certainty, I mean, where an opposite supposition would involve a contradiction in terms. Our sensations have existed in combination, almost from the hour of our birth, and as we appear to be incapable, until a comparatively advanced period of life, of making such feelings the subject of a careful analysis, it may undoubtedly happen, that the long continued co-existence of different sensations may be operating injuriously on the mind of the most subtle, and most unprejudiced enquirer. But if this is true, it is likewise undeniable, I think, that if we would analyze our sensations at all, we shall be more likely to state the truth, if we advance only such opinions as have the evidence of present consciousness, and of memory from our earliest years. Our object then, is to discover the sensations which belong to the sense of sight. Let us suppose ourselves to be stationed on the brow of a hill, from which we command an extensive view of the surrounding landscape. To the right, and stretching over a vast expanse of level ground, and bounded by a magnificent city, lie those various objects, which the prospect of a rich and highly cultivated country affords. Villas with their groves, their orchards filled with fruit blossoms, their gardens stocked with flowers, and their pastures crowded with animals perfectly happy. Cottages surrounded by fields loaded with every sort of agricultural produce, and in the back ground, a castle rising perpendicularly from the earth on a stupendous rock, and the spires, domes and other architectural monuments of a splendid city. To the left, and almost beyond our visible reach, lie immense mountains, exhibiting, as they approach nearer to us, all the varieties of thick woods, verdant pastures, and bleak heath. Between us and such objects, in the intervening plains, sweeps an inlet of the sea, having bottoms bosom of

green and fertile islands, its waters slightly rippled, and vessels of all sorts gliding over its surface. Let the sun be shining bright over such a scene, and the sky clear, except where here and there a few delicately white, and fantastically shaped clouds, are floating on the blue heaven, and every one fond of looking at a beautiful landscape would delight in such a prospect. In such a scene, which, for the purpose of furnishing materials for reflection, I have described at length, what is the sort of knowledge which we derive exclusively from the sense of sight? I should say, that such knowledge consists of certain varieties of colour, of space, and of figure. Every visual object expresses a sensation of colour, space and figure; and these, although they are never in actual existence separate, are yet in their nature perfectly distinct, and are constantly the objects of separate comparison. With respect to colour, it is universally admitted to be a sensation obtained directly and exclusively by sight.† To those who can see, and are acquainted with language, the term colour conveys a notion that cannot be mistaken. By such persons, when objects are described as green, red, blue, orange or white, the conception of these different colours is instantly formed; and it is impossible for us not to believe that such conceptions are the same throughout the human race. Languages differ, but present any object, a flower for instance, the sight of which constitutes the sensation of a particular colour, to an inhabitant of the remotest corner of the globe, and, although he may not understand, the name which you give to that colour, the sensation itself will be perfectly familiar to him, and as a proof that he has such knowledge, he will immediately specify a variety of the products of his own country, which from reading, or from actual observation, you know to be of the same colour as that of the flower which you presented to him. It seems needless, therefore, to dwell longer upon colour, and I shall proceed accordingly to the sensations of visual space, and figure. Here unfortunately language is not so precise. The words space and figure are undoubtedly intelligible as conveying notions derived from what is called the sense of touch; and were such notions the only ones which could be truly ascribed to space and figure, there can be no doubt, that it would be false to say, that such sensations are gained directly by sight. The notion of space or extension as acquired by touch, is merely the comparison of an unknown magnitude, with one previously known. When we say, that a room is 24 feet long by 18 feet broad, we mean that the portion of length called a foot (and which from handling we have formed a distinct conception of) repeated 24 times, forms the length of the room; and the same measure of a foot, repeated 18 times gives its breadth. It is thus that

* Inconsistently admitted. I think, as in the case of sensation, by those who hold that light is the only object of sight. In this place, however, it would be necessary to accept the admission.

notions of the extent of plain surfaces are got by touch; and it is by a process, quite similar, that notions of the size of solids are acquired. If such were the only notions, as I have already said, that could be ascribed to the term space, it would be self-evident, that sight could not give originally any such knowledge. But is it really true, that sight communicates no other notions which we call space? Do we not in looking round a room, see *directly*, that it occupies a certain area or space? Is it possible, that we don't instantly perceive differences in that space, that the carpet for instance, comprehends a larger space than the hearth rug; the whole door more than one of its panes; or the whole window more than a single pane? By the term larger, I hope it will be distinctly kept in mind, that I do not allude to the sort of comparison which such a word implies with reference to knowledge derived from touch. I speak of visual largeness. I admit that a person looking round the room for the *first* time, would not understand *by sight* what was meant by the words larger or smaller. But would he be equally ignorant of the notions of difference, which it is the sole use of these words so to mark, that they may be understood? Were a person for instance, to walk round the boundaries of the apartment, and then round an inner circle, informing the visual inquirer, that the first circle walked over, was larger than the second, can we for a moment doubt, that the notions of difference in space, were not seen *directly* by the visual student before; although until his friend pointed them out to him, he could not of course from mere sight, have known names, which were given in common, to sensations of sight, and sensations of touch. I have hitherto spoken only of space as applied to plane surfaces, but the same remarks are equally applicable to what are called solid magnitudes. Referring for instance, to the landscape which I formerly described, can we believe that no difference is directly seen, between the small hush and large tree, between the insignificant cottage, and magnificent villa, between that villa again, and the towering castle, or between that castle and one of the immense mountains observed. I must own, that the opinion that we do obtain such knowledge directly, seems to me not only true, but that the contrary doctrine is altogether unintelligible. It is also quite true, I think, that we see differences of figure directly. Here as in size or space, the word conveys two sorts of knowledge, which appear to me to be perfectly distinct, and unconnected with one another. The common opinion of metaphysicians, certainly, is, that without touch we could not have obtained a knowledge of the shape of bodies. But is such an opinion consistent with the experience of a single human being? Do we see no difference instantly between an oval and a circle, a cylinder and a cone, a square and an oblong, a cube or a sphere, and are not such perceptions, in fact, essentially different, as seen, and as known by touch? The names indeed, are given to these various forms, by beings who both see and handle bodies, and thus it will of course happen, that a man who sees for the first time, cannot recognize by sight, the names, of forms which were known only by touch. But the great question is, whether clear sensations of the various kinds of figure, are not conveyed directly and instantly by sight, though some time may be required, ere such sensations may be marked by

their proper names? I think I may safely refer the question to the consciousness of every human being. The answer which all, I think, must give, would be in the affirmative. All would admit, I think, that, "we cannot help feeling, that we see directly, and instantly, differences in the figure, of planes, and solid bodies; that the knowledge, in fact, of figure as derived from touch, the sensation, for instance, of the form of an orange by handling it, is totally dissimilar from the sensation which that body would convey to sight." Such then, as it seems to me, are the elements, which form the complex sensation of sight. Colour, size, or space, (which comprehends the two sorts of magnitude,) and figure. The two last terms are used also to denote sensations derived from touch, but these, I have endeavoured to shew, have no sort of direct connection with the visual sensations. Since my opinion, however, is so different from that of other metaphysicians, let us consider carefully what the prevailing doctrine on the subject of vision, really is. I shall state that doctrine as laid down by the late Dr. Brown. The only difference of opinion that exists between that ingenious author and others, is the denial by Dr. Brown of the reality, of what is called visual figure, as a direct sensation of sight. I must own, if I admitted Dr. Brown's previous assumptions, I should admit also his inference respecting visual figure*. But it will not be necessary to examine this difference between the parties, inasmuch as the term visual figure, as explained by others, is totally different from the meaning which I attach to the term. According to Dr. Brown, then, all that we see originally, is "a small expanse of light (see vol. ii. p. 61), equal merely to the surface of the narrow expansion of the optic nerve." Again, the true "object of vision is not the distant body itself, but the light that has reached the expansive termination of the optic nerve." Again, "light then, which comprehends all the varieties of colour, is the object, and the only object, of the sense which we are considering." (see vol. ii. p. 63.) My first objection to this doctrine, is, that it appears to me to be unintelligible. As far as I can understand it, it means that light is the only sensation which sight confers upon us—That is, light, and the original sensation of sight are synonymous terms. Now I would ask any one accustomed to consider the meaning which the word sensation conveys, whether the word light used as expressing a sensation, is distinctly conceivable? When we speak of smell, sound, taste or hardness, the words are instantly, and almost universally intelligible. The sensations referred to by these terms are distinctly felt and recognized by all possessed of the organs of sense. But is this the case with respect to light? I must confess it is not so with me, and I have made the word the subject of much thought. The only notion, and that is far from a distinct one, which the word conveys to my mind, is, that it is something without which, colour, visible space, and figure could not be seen. Or rather these, which I distinctly recognize as sensations, imply light. I repeat, that even in this sense, the word light is far from communicating, as it seems to me, any distinct meaning. Yet how different is this notion, from the meaning apparently intended to be put on the word by Dr. Brown. According to

* As the case stands between Dr. Brown and other philosophers, I think the former certainly has the best of the argument.

my notion, the word light is not more entitled to be called a sensation of sight, than those parts of the eye, which opticians call the refracting apparatus, the muscles instrumental in varying the direction of vision, or the optic nerve. In seeing, the existence of these material substances is implied; but it would surely be a monstrous perversion of terms, to say, that these or other parts of the eye, or the eye itself, was the sensation of sight. Light, however, is said to comprehend the varieties of colour. If the author mean, that light and colour are different sensations, and both comprehended under sight, we have discovered I think, that with respect to the first as used to represent a sensation, the word is without a meaning. We have now to examine, what the author means by calling colour the original sensation of sight. It must be remembered, that as used by Dr. Brown, colour does not include space or figure. It is something perceived by itself. Now I cannot help thinking, that as an actual sensation, colour without space and figure, is as unintelligible as light. It certainly does not in that sense, convey the same notion which the word colour does to the vulgar; and if it be the true meaning of the word, we must admit at least, that our present notion of colour is acquired, and not original. It is no doubt true, that after we have gained the knowledge of colour, space, and figure, as inseparable sensations, we can compare these elements separately. So indeed can we form an abstraction of tangible magnitude without reference to any degree of hardness. But can we obtain originally the sensation of length by touch, without handling a body; and if not, is it possible to gain the knowledge of length, without also becoming acquainted with the sensation of hardness, or (as Dr. Brown would call it) of resistance. It is the same with colour, as respects visual space and figure. These, though different, always co-exist, and in Dr. Brown's sense, therefore, colour is not an intelligible conception. If these remarks be well founded, we must admit at least, that the analysis of the original sensations of sight as given by this and indeed by all philosophers, since the time of Bishop Berkeley, is not distinctly intelligible—a most serious fault, as it seems to me,—for once admit as sensations, feelings which no one experiences, or can form a clear conception of, and there is no opinion, however monstrous, that may not be proved. But such an inference, is not I think the only one, which seems to be inevitably deducible from this doctrine, respecting the original sensations of sight. Admit it, and I confess it appears to me to be impossible to account for the sensations of vision which are said to be acquired. For allowing that by the principle of association, we could in the manner stated by Dr. Brown, acquire the notion of distance of which he speaks, such notion surely would not enable us to discover how we acquired those essentially different notions of visual space, and figure, which I cannot help thinking every human being feels. In truth, however, I do not see how the perceptions of vision as explained by Dr. Brown could ever be acquired. This is, I think, a most important objection, and if it can be shewn to be well founded, may have an effect on those, who are inclined to hold the prevailing opinion as to the original feelings of vision. According to Dr. Brown, our acquired sensations of vision, are notions of touch, immediately suggested by, and combined with, certain visual feelings, which formerly co-existed with the

sensations of touch. (See vol. 2 page 79) Let us consider what these visual feelings are. It will be remembered, I dare say, that our author says, all that constitutes the original sensations of sight, are the rays of light which reach the expansive termination of the optic nerve. It seems however, that these original sensations admit of great variety, inasmuch as they vary, with every varying quantity of the retina affected; with every varying quantity of light that falls on the retina; and with every varying degree of contraction “of those muscles, which adapt the nice refracting apparatus in each eye to the degree of refraction necessary for distinct vision in the particular case, and produce that inclination of the axis of vision to each other, which is necessary for directing both eyes equally on the object.” It is some one of these visual feelings, which, originally co-existing with tactual sensation, afterwards suggests the tactual feeling, and combining with it, forms what are called the acquired perceptions of vision. For instance, the perception of distance may be acquired, according to Dr. Brown, in the following manner. The “different feelings, when more or less of the retina has been affected, are capable of being associated with other feelings, which may co-exist with them. An object, held at the distance of a foot from the eye, affects one part of the retina; held at arm's length, it affects less of the retina; and this difference, as perceived in the variety, whatever that may originally be, of the resulting sensation, being found constant and uniform, becomes of itself significant of the distance.” Independently of this, and the other modes by which a knowledge of distance may be acquired, by the different sensations resulting from the different quantity of light which falls on the retina, and the different degrees of contraction in the contracting muscles of the eye, there is, according to our author, another mode of ascertaining the distance of an object. It is our “previous knowledge of the distance of other objects which form together with it one compound perception. Thus when we look along a road and observe a man on horseback, who has nearly approached a house which we know, we have of course little difficulty in determining the distance of the rider.” My first objection to Dr. Brown's explanation of the manner in which the knowledge of distance is acquired, is, that no human being is conscious of feeling, or ever remembers to have felt, those “visual sensations” to which he alludes. And to state as suggesting and combining feelings, a set of sensations of the existence of which we are altogether unconscious, either as originally co-existing with others, or as subsequently suggesting them, is to state what appears to me to be altogether at variance with rational philosophy. When metaphysicians lay it down as a truth in the phenomena of mind, that one conception suggests another, they surely mean to say, that both conceptions have been distinctly felt in former co-existence. In point of fact, it is the familiarity of the mind with both conceptions, in former co-existence, that is said to be the cause why one of the conceptions subsequently recalls the other. They surely mean in like manner, when they mention a conception as suggesting another, that the suggesting feeling is distinctly conceived. It often happens, no doubt, that thoughts arise, without our being able to state those which immediately preceded them. In such cases, however, who pretends to state the suggest-

ing thoughts, when by the very supposition we are ignorant of them? Let us consider, whether both these rules don't apply to the instance of association quoted by Dr Brown, as strictly analogous to that respecting the association of visual with tactual feelings. "Visual feelings," he says, "suggest tactual notions, on account of former co-existence, in the same manner as the words of a language, when a language has been fully learned, suggest what ever the words may have been used to denote. A child whose eye has already learned to distinguish objects, hears the word *cup* frequently repeated, when a cup is held before him, and the word afterwards suggests the *thing*." Now is it not obvious here, that the perception of the articulate sound *cup* in frequent co-existence with the visual perception of a cup, is a feeling of which the child was distinctly conscious, so *familiarly conscious*, that on the recurrence of the articulate sound, the visual feeling was instantly recalled. How then can such a case as this form *any sort of analogy* for Dr Brown's instances of visually suggesting feelings, when no one can be found who can distinctly understand, what such visual feelings mean, and certainly no one can say, that he remembers ever to have felt them. This objection is of itself conclusive, I cannot help thinking, against the satisfactoriness of Dr Brown's explanation. My second objection is (if possible) still more so. It is, that the tactual feelings alluded to by Dr Brown as originally co-existing with certain visual feelings, cannot, except in a very small number of instances, have any existence at all. A tactual sensation, as the very name implies, must refer to something actually touched. As a sensation, therefore, co-existing with a visual sensation, it must be confined to those cases in which we look at a body held in the hand. If we do not touch the body, it is a contradiction in terms to speak with reference to that body, of a tactual sensation. What shall we say, then, with respect to the vast majority of cases, of the doctrine which accounts for the suggestion of tactual by visual feelings, in consequence of their former co-existence, when the existence of such tactual sensations is actually impossible? The notion of distance in almost every case as acquired by touch, is not a sensation, but a conception of a given sensation repeated a certain number of times. Unless we know the distance previously, therefore, it is impossible by touch to gain such a knowledge immediately. "We are assisted" says Dr Brown, "in calculating the distance of an object by our previous knowledge of the distance of other objects." Thus, when we look along a road, and observe a man on horseback who has nearly approached a house which we know, we have of course little difficulty in determining the distance of the rider. If we know the distance of the house, and the distance of the horseman from the house, it is indeed, an easy calculation to discover the horseman's distance from us. But the questions are, how are we to acquire (according to Dr B's doctrine of the original sensations of sight) a knowledge of the distance of the house from us, and of the horseman from the house? Certain rays of light cannot suggest tactual feelings which we formerly had of an object, separated perhaps miles from touch! In like manner, how is the horseman to be seen at all by us, or again his distance from the house? The truth is, if our original sensations of sight were what Dr Brown and other philosophers describe them to be, it

would, I cannot help thinking, be as absurd to tell those who could see, to look along a road at houses, trees, or horsemen, as such advice would now be to a blind man. But on what data is Dr Brown's analysis of the original sensations of sight, which (if the above objections be sound) involves such absurdities, founded? I confess in addition to my other objections, I think his doctrine is an assumption altogether unsupported, and indeed contradicted by fact. The real object of sight, is light,—In proof of the truth of such a dogma, we are told, that objects which *continue* precisely the same, seem different, merely by altering the light that it is reflected from them, either by absorption or by a change in its direction. The same paper, which we call white, for instance, *seems* red or blue, if a glass of a particular colour be interposed between the eye and the paper—and an object which continues all along precisely of the same size *seems* larger or *smaller*, if looked at through a concave or convex lens. Now I would ask, in the first place, what is meant by the expression that objects continue precisely the same. When we speak of objects as *seen*, we surely allude to the feeling or sensation resulting from their relative position with respect to the eye. If so, what is the sensation of blueness or redness of the paper, when we look through the stained glass, not to be considered as equally *real* with the sensation of whiteness when we use the naked eye. It is surely not true that the sensation of vision in either case, is a part of the object looked at, and what proof of reality can be given respecting one of these sensations, which is not equally satisfactory respecting the other? When we taste a lump of sugar we experience the sensation of sweetness. Were we to dip the bit of sugar in mustard and put it into our mouth. I apprehend the taste would be altogether changed. We should not on that account, surely, say, that the sugar continued to have the same taste, when our feelings (the only criterion of truth in such cases) told us differently. Why then shall we not be equally entitled to say that the sensations of sight were different, when we employed our naked eyes or looked at objects through the medium of stained glass or lenses? If the sensations resulting from the intervention of optical instruments are not as good as both is, however we consider them is ascertaining the properties of insects, and which without such aid could never be revealed to us? As objects of *sight* then, (and it is only in this sense that the examples given by Dr Brown can be of any use to him) what should seem not to be any reason for the assertion, that, paper or other bodies are the same in reality, though they *seem* different when looked at through the medium of transparent bodies of various properties. On the contrary there are, I think, good reasons for believing, that the one sort of sensations is as real as the other. In the second place, if light be the true object of sight, or light (as elsewhere described) comprehending only varieties of colour, how happens it, that a mere change in the direction of the rays of light reflected from an object by looking at it through a lens, makes that object *seem* at least, to use Dr Brown's language, *larger* or *smaller*. Here is a fact, which at once appears to contradict the doctrine of light being the only object of sight. The *seeming* largeness or smallness cannot be got by touch, for by the very hypothesis, were we to touch the bodies thus magnified or diminished, the visual would be

contradicted by the actual assertion. To sum up these objections. 1st—Dr Brown's analysis of our original sensations of sight is unintelligible I think.—2ndly—The perceptions of vision which we seem at least not to have, could not be accounted for, if we admit the truth of the common opinion regarding the original sensations of sight,—for even were Dr. Brown's explanation of the mode in which we acquire a knowledge of magnitude and figure satisfactory, there is still the difficulty that the magnitude and figure as seen are altogether different from the magnitude and figure alluded to by Dr. Brown. That is they are by him asserted on the evidence of consciousness to be different and accordingly, it is incumbent on those who think them the same to shew some proofs that my feelings are *delusions*, before they place much weight on inferences the justness of which depends entirely upon the identity of our acquired perceptions of vision, with that sort of knowledge, alluded to by Dr. Brown as the principle of vision. But 3dly I have attempted to shew that we never could acquire the sort of knowledge alluded to by Dr. Brown in the way which he explains. And 4thly I have endeavoured to shew that the professor's opinion respecting the original sensations of sight is altogether unsupported assumption and apparently contradicted by the very facts brought forward to shew its truth. The first parts of this essay I have thus attempted to finish but I propose in the third part to shew that the analysis which I should make was not consistent as I could do only to my solid objections. It is unnecessary. I therefore stop at the analysis of the sensations of sight which I have set so fully in the earlier part of these columns. As to that analysis I have referred to the full attention to what they considered to be sensations of sight, those who read it will be surprised to not think my explanation satisfactory. I must of course be deficient but on the whole I think after all that the betterment of truth in such cases is the chief object, so as memory reaches, of reflecting on it. But I would be so fortunate as to gain the assent of such classes of readers, they will admit at once I think that my opinion respecting the original sensations of sight is not at least open to those objections, which I have stated against the prevailing opinion. We should not then require to account for perceptions of vision, as *negated* which by the very hypothesis adopted by many our original perceptions. Man would not then be so singular an exception with regard to sight, to the rule which appears to prevail universally amongst the lower animals, nor should we be reduced to the necessity of acknowledging, as we must do, I think, in admitting the truth of the common opinion, (if my remarks on that opinion are just) that we are utterly ignorant of the sensations of sight! But I must stop, when other objections can be urged against the doctrine that vision comprehends colour, space, and figure. "It is long," says Dr. Brown, "before the little nursing shews, that his eye has distinguished objects from each other, so as to fix their place." It is stated, in like manner, that in those cases, in which by the operation of couching, the invaluable blessing of sight has been conferred on persons, who had been blind from birth the magnitude, figure and position of bodies, was not seen, at first, neither is their distance known, but can a cube be distinguished with *certainty* from a

sphere. In answer to these objections, I would say, that as far as magnitude and distance are concerned, the account which I have given of our original sensations of vision, does not seem to be at all affected by them, inasmuch as these terms allude to *tactual sensations*, and are altogether different from the visual sensation of varieties of space, which I assert to belong to sight. There certainly is no reason, why the infant should know the *distance* of objects before he learns to measure them, and that he can scarcely do until he can walk and creep about the room, but that he sees forms and sizes, and colour, seems to me to be proved by the very fact of his stretching out his hands to possess every object that attracts his sight. This desire of handling objects is universal amongst infants, and it is not confined to those objects which he may have previously touched, but to new objects also. Now I confess, if the child saw only rays of light, and not objects comprehending colour, space, and figure, I am utterly at a loss to conceive, why he should stretch out his hand to clasp such *non entities*, as I cannot help thinking rays of light as used by Dr. Brown to be. It would not serve this author's purpose to say, that the child had formerly touched the object, for I think it must be admitted, that the desire to handle objects placed before him, is instant, in cases when the objects are altogether new. But even if a child touched the object before, the old objection returns how could such knowledge assist him in seeing that object again. That is I assert the sensation of touch to be of an essentially different nature from that of the sensation of sight and accordingly, the remembrance of a tactual feeling could give no knowledge of a visual sensation. It is said however, that when sight is conferred by means of couching, in a case of cataract the patient cannot at first distinguish with *certainty*, a cube from a sphere although previously acquainted by touch with both of the figures. Here I would remark, that we should be very cautious in founding a negative objection against visual perceptions of nature from such experiments. The eye in such cases, is by the very hypothesis, diseased and it is no unlikely that one who has the sense of sight conferred on him in a way so different from that in which his fellow creatures receive it, may not for some considerable time, have the use of that sense, as others who have. We know how delicate the eye is even when it is well. If we suddenly go from darkness into a room full of light, it is some time before we can distinguish objects at all and in like manner, the sudden change from a horizontal to an erect position, is sufficient sometimes to deprive some persons of the sense of seeing for a limited time. I think it possible, then that the person restored to sight, may not have for a considerable time, the same sensations from sight which others have. But let us examine this fact a little more narrowly. The person on whom sight is thus conferred, is said not to be able at first to distinguish different figures with *certainty*. It must be remembered, that figure as *seen* and figure as *touched* are by me supposed to be essentially different sensations. It may very easily happen, therefore, and indeed *must* happen, that if a cube and a sphere were known only by touch, to him who had received vision in mature life, the names of such figures visually, should not be known at first, and it is very likely, even if told the names of each, that he

should forget them, or confound them, as expressing notions so different, as the visual sensation of a cube, and the visual sensation of a sphere. But would it follow from this, that the person alluded to, should not have any visual sensations of figure at all? I cannot doubt, I confess, that he would instantly see a difference between a cube and a sphere, although he could not of course give them names. Indeed, I consider that this opinion is proved to be correct by the very admissions of Dr Brown. 'The patient he says cannot distinguish the cube from the sphere *with certainty*. If sight gave no notions of difference whatever, why should he distinguish these figures in *any way*? The expression that he cannot distinguish the difference of figures *with certainty*, is perfectly intelligible if it allude to nomenclature. It would then indeed be highly probable, that for some time, the novice in seeing, should confound the names for separate sensations. But if it allude, (and it does I think) to the sensations themselves, then I confess, if the person thus possessed of sight cannot see anything, except what Dr Brown calls certain rays of light, I am altogether at a loss to account for his being able to distinguish forms, not *with certainty*, but *at all*, either at first, or at any subsequent period of his life! The only objections, then, which I can suppose to be brought against my doctrine respecting the original sensations of sight, have I hope, been shewn to be without any force. Other objections possibly may be urged, and if I cannot satisfactorily answer them, I shall be the first to acknowledge their truth.

SONNET. IRISTIAN D'ACQUA.

Man dwells not now upon that rugged Isle
The platform of yon peaked mountain! Here
Nature proud Queen! is undisturbed by him
Who first her beauties rifled!—I o' now grand
Appears this towering Peak!—Morn's sunbeams smile
Upon its dark blue sides, where floating fan
In the clear dawn are mist wreaths grey and dim,
And on its haughty brow the storm king's hand
A crown of snow hath set!—That Isle ('tis said)
Is the rude offspring of volcanic throes,
And the scant herbage in its chasms that grows,
Serves for the wild goat's food—the wild hog's bed—
That roam its tracts with undisputed sway,
While on its shores the seal and sea lion play!

12th Nov 1834, Lat 36—48 S } R. C. C.
Long 12—40 W }

AN AMERICAN BULL.—In the New York Mirror (May 31 1834), in an article on careless driving, the Editor observes that if the proverb were reversed which says, that what is every body's business is nobody's, there would be fewer street accidents. "It is only," he continues, "when an old woman is knocked down by a pair of prancing leaders, or a little boy has *two or three legs* crushed by a wheel" that a temporary indignation is excited. In America, it appears, that children have more than two legs.

MR BULWER'S NEW WORK.—The London periodicals give an account of Bulwer's new work entitled "The Last Days of Pompeii." The idea of this novel was suggested by a sight of the Ruins of Pompeii.

FANCIES AT SEA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Our ship is walking through the waves,
A goodly and a glorious thing,
Her sides the shimmering ocean laves,
Whilst midnight moonbeams fling
A light,—like that which, over graves,
The Wizard of the Second Sight
Beholds at dead of night,
'Mid Scotland's spirit haunted hills,
Where every mountain hath its sprite,
And Kelpies claim the lochs and rills,
And goblins own each wood and dell,
And fairies in each hillock dwell!

The Moon is slumbering on the sails!—
A halo bright with colour splendid,
Shines round its orbit—far attended—
Like some fair wreath of Paradise!
The melancholy night-wind wails—
And from the liquid expanse rise
Wild sounds,—as if the smothered sighs
Of strangled monsters in the deep
Broke through the covert of the water!—
Ah! who may tell how many sleep
That sheet of mourning beneath?
The Storm hath hushed its rage of slaughter
The tide hath won its victims dead
Hath many titles, each and all
Names to conceal a coffin's pale!

Here may be gold upon the lid,
But under it the coast is hid—
There may be silver on the shroud,
But in its folds corruption lies—
And lights may leap before the eyes,
And all seem wum while all is chill
While worms their wissal foul fulfil
Beneath the curtain and the cloud
That duns, or dizzles us! We look
Upon the calm untroubled brook
Nor guess, that 'neath the weedy ledge
Which stretches o'er its grassy edge,
The bloated body lurks of one
Hath paid his debt before the throne
Where Death, the De pot sits!—
We praise the ancient oak, whose boughs
Have nodded for two hundred years,
Beneath the twilight's falling star,
To the uncertain fits
Of sultry winds, that round it close
Like wrestling fiends—Nor do we guess
That its tough, twisted roots cumber
The mould'ring bones of one hath died
The victim of a Paricide!

Upon the cliff the moonbeam falls,—
It seems a sheet of living gold!
Yet prophet eye may there behold
The wandering foot mistake its track,
While from the neighbouring mansion's walls,
The startled menial may hear
Sounds, that shall fill his mind with fear,
And from the portal scare him back,—
And early risers of the morn
May find in fearful fragments torn,
The traveller be righted—toss'd
From that steep rock,—nor found till lost!

There is a plain there is a mead,
Bright is its grass and sweet its flowers,
In which the summer insects breed,
And lurking leveret cowers,
At evening hour there Lovers meet,—
The morning lark there carols sweet,—
There flings its fragrance bee-loved thyme—
There crops the kid the daintiest blade—
There who can mark a trace of crime,
A vestige of War's havoc-trade!
Yet, long ago, the Battle—there—
Raged fierce and fell, and blood ran fast,
And underneath yon old Elm-tree,
Where sinks the sunbeam slantingly,
— Like smiles upon a face of care—
Full many a warrior sleeps his last!

Death is the despot of each day,
The Necromancer of each night!
His works are blood,—his tools diamay,
The battle, and the blight!
Poison, and pestilence, and pain,—
The crown, the crossier, and the chain,
Each addeth to his might!
And all, that frets the sleepless mind—
• And all we seek, but never find,
• Are weapons to fulfil
His mandates and his will!
He rages in the wave, the wind,—
The lightning and the lion rides,—
Is to no time, nor track confined,
But over all presides!
Ship Lady Flora, November 1834.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

Mr. Buckstone's comedy (or rather *Farce*) of "Married Life" did not draw so full a house as we had expected. If, however, we were to decide upon the merits of the piece and the quality of the acting by the mirth which they occasioned we should say that we have not had a more successful dramatic entertainment for many months. The audience were convulsed with laughter, though many persons were half ashamed to be so powerfully moved by what appeared to them such unmitigated nonsense. We confess that the farce (it was a mistake to call it a comedy) is not very full of either wit or nature, but yet the author (who is himself a clever actor) has shown great tact as a play-wright and has turned his knowledge of stage effects to good account. The variety of droll contrasts of character, the laughable situations and the felicity with which the different parts of this piece are adapted to the peculiar qualifications of certain popular performers at the Hay-market Theatre, secured its local and temporary success. Its merits indeed are not of a high order; but still such as they are, it is right that they should be acknowledged. If Mr. Buckstone limited his ambition to a single stage he has gained his object, but the piece will not bear a transplantation from the Hay-market to Drury Lane, much less from London to Calcutta. The characters are exclusively suited to a particular dramatic corps; and the outlines are extravagant and the coloring conventional. The play therefore cannot be long or widely popular.

The plot, if there may be said to be one, is sufficiently simple. A number of ill assorted married people are brought together; they all quarrel and they are all reconciled again. It is good policy they find to make the best of a bad bargain, and this is the moral of the piece. If we were disposed to be critical we could easily point out numerous faults in the dialogue and a want of nature in the conception and construction of this play, but it would be idle to examine a production of this kind with too much nicety. With all its faults it is undoubtedly a very amusing little piece.

In the part of *Mr. Coddle* who is haunted by a nervous dread of draughts from crevices and open windows, and which was written expressly for Farren, the amateur who is often a successful imitator of that celebrated actor, displayed much of his usual ability, but we have seen him to greater advantage on occasions when we should have expected less from him. Some points were admirably managed, but on the whole there was a want of keeping in his performance. He became at times much too loud and boisterous for that

apathetic being whom nothing but a current of cold air could move. *Mrs. Coddle*, (by *Mrs. Black*) who is the opposite in all respects of her sickly spouse and is always complaining of heat and a dread of suffocation, was pretty well supported, especially in the scenes of altercation. *Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband* (the former by the late Henry IV the latter by *Mrs. Leech*), who are perpetually contradicting each other—*Mr. Lynx* by the late Fulstaff, and his Lady (*Mrs. Francis*) who is a prey to the restless spirit of jealousy—*Mr. Dore* (by our Keelley) and *Mrs. Dove*, by a gentleman who takes female parts with very great success,—and *Mr. and Mrs. Dismal*, were all represented with more or less dexterity and skill though in some instances the actors went beyond even the extravagance of the author. The best performances were in the parts of *Mr. and Mrs. Dove*. *Mrs. Dove* a quondam school-mistress, who married her footman and is constantly correcting her ungrammatical husband, was excellent in voice, dress, and manner. Nothing was overcharged, and in this respect it deserves a tribute of exclusive praise. The humour of the representative of *Mr. Dove* was less chaste but not less effective. It was irresistible. *Mrs. Leech* as *Mrs. Younghusband*, was in one scene particularly successful. We mean that in which she cries at the separation from her husband in the midst of her passionately expressed determination not to shed a tear. The representative of *Mr. Lynx* displayed, as he always does in comic parts, great ease and humour and a perfect knowledge of his duty. He was the only one of the performers who seemed to be independent of the prompter's aid.

In the amusing after-piece of *The Bear and the Bashaw* the Proteus of our stage, and our Keelley both performed with their wonted ability and truth. The *Bashaw* (by the late representative of Henry IV) was a very superior performance to that of *Mrs. Younghusband* in the first piece. The second childishness of the old despot was very faithfully and strikingly portrayed. On the whole we were much pleased with the evening's entertainment, for though it was open to considerable critical censure we have rarely enjoyed more hearty laughter than on this occasion.—ED.

HEATH'S PICTURESCAPE ANNUAL FOR 1835.—This work, copies of which have been just received by Mr. Ostell, is one of the most elegant and interesting of the London Annuals. The admirers of Scotland will be especially delighted with it, for it is this year exclusively devoted to an illustration of the scenery of that land, and the local allusions in Scott's poems and novels. The engravings are exquisitely beautiful. The literary part of the work is from the pen of Leitch Ritchie, and exhibits his usual spirit and power.

THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL FOR 1835, a very splendid publication is also for sale at Mr. Ostell's. The annuals noticed in our last are procurable at Messrs. Thacker and Company's.

PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY!!!—On an equable quantity of phosphorus in the brain, calculated at two to two and a half per cent., according to M. Couerbe, depends the state of the human mind, which, he says, "spiritualists call the soul!"

SHERIDAN KNOWLES' excellent play of the Hunchback and the popular farce of the *Amateurs* are to be performed on Monday the 9th of March.

Selected Articles.

* * * BREAKFAST

A breakfast-table in the morning, clean and white with its table-cloth, coloured with the cups and saucers, and glittering with the tea-pot, is it not a cheerful object, reader? And are you not always glad to see it?

We know not any more minute sight more pleasant, unless it be a very fine painting, or a whole abode snugly pitched, and even then, one of the best things to fancy is it, is the morning meal.

The yellow or a flow coloured butter, (which softens the effect of the other hues), the milk, the bright the sugar, all have a simple temperate look, very refreshing to the eye. Perhaps the morning is sunny, at any rate the day is a warm one, and the hour is freshest, we have been invigorated by sleep, the sound of the shaken canvas prepares us for the fragrant beverage that is coming, in a few minutes it is poured out, we quaff the delicious refreshment, perhaps chatting with dear kindred or loving art laughing with the "morning friends" of children, or it alone, reading one of the voluminous national in our last, and taking tea, books, and bread and butter all at once, in "independent" pleasure, as Sir Walter Scott says of the eating of tarts.*

Dear reader, make of this (very dear, if the latter), do you know how to make good tea? Because if you do not (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum) here is a recipe for you, furnished by a mistress of the art—

"In the first place, the best pot is found by experience to be best, when it is made of metal. But whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a bit of the stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling, are various with different people, but there can be no certainty, if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle, and it is best therefore to be sure of that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from a tin, because in tin cannot be kept boiling, and water should never be put upon the tea but in thoroughly and immediately boiling state. If it has long boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling proportion, and attention, are the three main words of tea-drinking. The water should also be soft hard water being sure to spoil the best tea, and it is advisable to prepare the tea-pot against a chill, by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin, emptying it out, of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three tea-spoons full, and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup, you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then first putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea, making sure to put in another cup of boiling water directly.

Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each and one over must be used, taking care never to drain the tea-pot, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water as just mentioned.

The most exquisite tea is not perhaps the wholesomest. The more green there is in it, certainly the less wholesome it is, though green is as to the palatableness. And drinking tea very hot is a pernicious custom. Green tea and hot tea make up the two causes which produce perhaps all the injurious results attributed to tea-drinking. Their united effects, in particular, are sometimes formidable to the "nerves," and to persons liable to be kept awake at night. Excellent tea may be made, by judicious management, of black tea alone, and this is unquestionably the most wholesome.

Now have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half way down, or the syrup into which some convert their

tea, who are no tea drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast, or the mere strength of tea, without any due qualification from other materials,—a thing no better than muddled tea-leaves, or tannin, which it is said were actually served up at dinner, like gruel, when tea was first got hold of by people in remote country parts, who had not heard of the way of using it,—a dish of acid bitterness. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a silky softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a richness, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and in elegance, and we believe the most innocent of cordials, for we think we can say from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot, a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, like people, is not a kitchen copper.

But good tea, in any of you may see, is a tea of all sorts is a great deal too dear, but we have known very costly tea turn out poor in its drinking, and consequently poor tea become precious. Out of very bad tea it is perhaps impossible to make a good cup, but skill and patience are famous for converting ordinary materials into something valuable. And it should be added, that it is better to have one cup of good tea, than half a dozen of bad. Nevertheless we are not for despising the worst of all, if the drinker has any kind of refreshment in it, and can procure no better. The very names of tea and tea-time are worth something.

And this brings us to an association of ideas which, however common with us at the breakfast-table, and doubtless with hundreds of other people, we never experience without finding them amusing. We allude to China and the Chinese. The very word *tea*, so pretty, so intimate, so winking-eyed so expressive somehow or other of something inexpressibly minute, and stretched with a little (*thee*), resembles the idea of him (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing except that they sell us this pretty little bow-back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China* and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilization long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and it numbers, and the customs of venerable ancestors are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population, they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body, but as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known) impress us irresistibly with a fancy, that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed little footed, little bearded, little minded, quaint, over-wearing, pig-tailed, bald headed, cone-capped or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-mch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat or a house, or a tree made of a pattern, being over their heads or underneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird, as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the glacer's windows, and putty of their own novels too, in which every thing seems as a little as their eyes,—little odes, little wine parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them, than our land furnished in the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on their luncheon-ware, and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilized as they, is not likely to be so much behind-hand with us in the art of living, as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a great shade of barbarism than we suspect, in our scorn of them.

At all events it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden, the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom which changed the face of our morning refreshments, and that instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthen-ware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery. We shall not speak contemptuously, for our part, of any such changes in the history of a nation's habits, any more than of the changes of the wind,

* In his *Life of Dryden*. Original edition, p. 86. "Even for some time after his connection with the theatre, we learn from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean, and his pleasures moderate, though not austere. 'I remember,' says a correspondent of the *Continent Magazine* for 1745, 'plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of a Norwich drug. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Cherry garden, when our author advanced to a sword and Chateaux wig.'"

which now comes from the west and now from the east, doubt less for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books a long way in the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and "cool tankards," were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea drinking introduced more domestic, given to reading and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom,—the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. This conjunction is not the best in the world but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea drinking is better than drain drinking, a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles during the transition from ales to teas. When the late Mr Hazlitt by an effort worthy of him suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy and water by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments or rather to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of supper he took to tea drinking, and it must be owned was latterly tempted to make himself as much amiable as he could for his loss of excitement in the quantity he allowed himself, but it left his mind free to exercise its powers,—it kept, as Willer beautifully says of it,

"The place of the soul serene,"

not to be sure, the quantity but tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea drinkers was Dr Johnson one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unaltered. It is to be feared his quantity suited him still worse, though the cups of which we hear such multitudinous tones about him were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather effused the humorous request for tea in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things he said without irreverence, which he did not understand) will as "his cups." The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale.

And now I pray thee Hetty dear,

That thou wilt give to me,

With cream and sugar softened well,

Another dish of tea

But hear alas! this mournful truth,

Nor hear it with a frown—

Thou canst not mix the tea so fast,

As I can gulp it down

Now this is among the pleasures of reading and reflection, or their breakfast or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a time some nothing to others shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculation. There is a tea cup for example. Well, what is a tea cup? a simpleton might say it holds not a tit-bit all. Yes, that is all to you and your poverty-stricken brain we hope you are rich and prosperous to make up for it as well as you can. But to the right tea-drinker the cup we see, contains not only recollections of eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation with all its history, Lord Macartney included, nay for that matter, Anisio and his beautiful story of Anglica and Mcdoio, for Anglica was a Chinese, and then collaterally come in, the Chinese neighbours and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's

—Story of Cambuscan bold,

And the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Golownin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius whom Voltaire (to shew his learning) delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong too too (reminding us of Congo too) and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again and the tea drinkings of old times, and then we have the Rape of the Lock before us with Belinda at breakfast, and lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eulogium, and the domestic pictures in the Tatler and Spectator, with the passions existing in those times for china ware, and Horace Walpole who was an old woman in that respect, and, in short, a thousand other memories grave and gay, poetical and prosaical, all ready to wait upon any body who chooses to read books like spirits at the command of the book readers of old, who for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little tea-cup (large though at breakfast) round, smooth, and coloured,—composed of delicate earth,—like the earth producing flowers, and birds, and men, and containing within thee thy Lilliputian

ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf,—

But hold—there's a fly in

Now why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James, the first to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good natured speech and a natural. It shews that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again, at least we hope so, and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch who has struggled hard with his unavailing punions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking.

He is on the dry clean cloth. Is he dead? No!—the tea was not so hot as we supposed it—see, he gives a heave of himself forward then endeavours to drag a leg up then another then stops and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wetness, and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh,—which we think they must do sometime, after attempting in vain for half an hour to get through a pane of glass). However his sigh is as much mixed into joy, as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be, and the heat has not been too much for him, a similar case would have been worse for one of us, with our fleshy bodies,—for see, after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs, he smooths himself, like a cat first on side then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue then rubs the legs together partly to disengage them of their brittleness, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape. And now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege, for all wings except the bat's seem beautiful and a privilege and fit for envy) he is off again into the air as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly, but it is to us he is remembered by our conscience, that he owes all which he is here after to enjoy. His suction of sugar, his flight, his dances on the window, his children, yea the whole flow of life as far as it depends on him then our sister will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt thou laugh or look placid and content—humble and yet a little self-proud withal, and not consider it is an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers,—if we begin from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that in the midst of the struggling endeavours of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves, and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

(To be concluded in our next)

FABRICIUS SCABLIOWE a disgrace to the military profession, was patronized and employed against the Protestants of Avignon in Orange by Pope Pius the Fourth, and that unfeeling Emperor Charles the Fifth. This infamous satellite of the Vatican blots the present page only for the purpose of recording an execrable refinement of cruelty united with religious rancour, worthy the monster who employed him, and highly gratifying to his own brutality of manners and thirst for blood. Having, as he imagined, exhausted his invention in search of new mode of torture, by suspending in chimneys, impaling, and roasting by slow fires the unfortunate wretches who fell into his hands, and by other means too shocking and too indecent to recite, at the instigation of Satan or his prime ministers, at St. Peter's and Vienna, he procured a number of Geneva bibles, and folding the leaves into long and narrow slips, he larded with them the bodies and limbs of his miserable victims, previous to his committing them to the flames. Adding insult to injury, he told them, in the agonies of death, "that he knew it was an edition of the bible they were attached to, and he was determined a publisher should have enough of it." Such have been the opinions of those who fancied they were doing God service in fulfilling their duty, under a gospel which purport of their and good will towards men.—Lounge's Cant which was Book.

NEWS FOR THE UTILITARIANS.

MR. BENTHAM'S TESTIMONY TO THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, AND THE DUTY OF CULTIVATING AGRAND-AMIE THOUGHTS.

We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. Bentham's posthumous and unpublished work on *Deontology*, which has been excellently well put together by Dr. Bowring from the manuscripts of his illustrious friend. In a popular point of view it will be by far the most interesting of the great jurist's productions being his guide to the virtues and imitabilities of private life, and freed by his pupil from that *cold compounding, every-thing stating, and all possible objection antiputing* style, which though highly desirable for the deeper student as omitting no thing which passed through his mind, was not so well calculated to recommend his book to the general reader. It does not appear to us that Mr. Bentham always makes out his case when stating the grounds of some part of his philosophy, and the extreme easiness of their practice. He makes too little allowance, we think for natural impulses, assumes too much necessity for individual reasoning, while the improvement ought to result from the progress of government and is too apt to be for granted that the reasoning would be conducted in a disproportionate manner. This is the more striking, inasmuch as he himself in this very book just and amiable as it is, is strongly and strangely moved against a philosopher so remote as Plato, who even makes him regret that there is no *Inferi Exurgitarius* no list of forbidden books prohibiting the perusal of certain philosophies. The world however, will not love the Prince of Utilitarians the less for exhibiting these sallies of emotion and they will love very much indeed and be exceedingly surprised at the delightful amiable doctrines laid down for their conduct in private life and the advantage of general intercourse. From the work we shall extract some excellent passages next week. Meanwhile we present our readers with something which will still more surprise most of the philosopher's enemies and not a few pupils of his friends, namely an enthusiastic testimony borne to the utility of *imagination* and to the desirableness of cultivating what we have been writing about in our first paper.

"In the pursuit of pleasurable thoughts (exclaims Mr. Bentham) what infinite regions are open to the explorer! The world is all before him, and not this world only but all the worlds which roll in the unmeasured tracts of space, or the measureless heights and depths of imagination. The past, the present, the future all that has been, all that is or ever will be of beautiful and harmonious—aid all that may be. Why should not the high intellects of days that are gone be summoned into the presence of the inquirer, and dialogues between or with the illustrious dead be fancied, on all the points on which they would have enjoyed to discourse had their mortal existence stretched into the days that are? Take any part of the field of knowledge in its present state of cultivation, and summon into it the sages of former times, place Milton with his high tones and sublime philanthropy amidst the events which are bringing about the emancipation of nations, imagine Galileo holding intercourse with Hubble, bring Bacc—either the Friar or the Chancellor, or both into the laboratory of any eminent modern chemist listening to the wonderful development the pregnant results of the great philosophical and poetic experiments. Every man pursuing his own private tendencies, has thus a plastic gift of happiness, which will become stronger by use, and which exercise will make less and less exorbitant all the combinations of sense with matter, the far stretching theories of genius, the flight of thought through eternity—what should prevent such exercises of the mind's creative will? How interesting are those speculations which convey man beyond the region of earth into more intellectual and exalted spheres. What creatures endowed with capacities far more expansive, with senses far more exquisite than observation had ever afforded to human knowledge, are brought into the regions of thought. How attractive and instructive are even some of the Utopian fancies of imaginative and benevolent philosophy! regulated and controlled by the utilitarian principle, imagination becomes a source of boundless blessings."

"In all cases where the power of the will can be exercised over the thoughts, let those thoughts be directed towards happiness. Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep your face constantly turned to it. If exceptions there are, those exceptions are but few, and sanctioned only by the consideration that a less favourable view may, in its results, produce a larger sum of enjoyment on the whole as when, for example, an increased estimate of difficulty, or danger, might be needful to call up a greater exertion for the getting rid of a present annoyance. When the mind, however, reposes upon its own complacencies, and looks around itself for search of food for thought—when it seeks rest from laborious occupation, or is forced upon inaction by the pressure of adjacent circumstances, let all its ideas be made to spring up in the feelings of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production."

A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousand in constant recurrence) when in attendance on others, and time is lost by being kept waiting, by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids, the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in retiring at home, the mind cannot be vacant, its thoughts may be as useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness direct them in the habit of happy thought all spring up like any other habit.

Let the mind seek to occupy itself with the solution of questions upon which a large sum of happiness or misery depends. The machine for example that bridges labour will by the very improvement and economy it introduces produce a quantity of suffering. How shall that suffering be minimized? Here is a topic for benevolent thought to engage in. Under the pressure of the immediate demands of the poor Sully is surely a very engaged than in raising his intellects to the high and airy Others have been found to propose the dig in holes and filling them again as a means of employment for industry when ordinarily labour fails. But what a sink hole for general consideration is that, which seeks to provide relief at accession to the national stock of riches and happiness which all real improvements bring with them, at the least possible cost of pain, to secure the permanent good at the smallest and least embarrassing inconvenience, to make the blessings that are to be diffused among the many, fall as lightly as possible in the shape of evil on the few! Perhaps when the inevitable misery is really reduced to the smallest amount by the attentions of the intelligent and benevolent the transition will become, in most instances, neither perilous, as it has often been made by notorious violence towards those who introduce it, nor alarming to those whose labour may be temporarily shifted by its introduction.

"It frequently happens, when our own mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impressions of pain, these ideas may be found in the writings of others and those writings will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is given to them. To a mind rich in the stores of literature and philosophy some thought appropriate to the calming of sorrow or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favourite writer and when emphatic expression is given to it its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose, and where sound and sense, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied happy indeed are their influences."

THE BRIDAL OF CAMIOLA TURINGA.

The following story is from the pages of the "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples," an interesting work published some years ago, which deserves to be better known, particularly by all who feel anxious to think as well of their fellow creatures as possible. It struck us, when we read it, both the first and second time (for we have given it two thorough perusals) as furnishing an ample vindication of the character of an excellent woman, who, by one of those freaks of fortune that sometimes occur in history has been hitherto set down as a proverbial instance of cruel and inordinate passions.

The magnanimity of a lady of Messina, called Camiola Turinga, who flourished in the childhood of Joanna (says our author) has procured her a place among the illustrious

women of Boraccio, and though he has recorded no daring deed of heroism, her history would have furnished an affecting tale to his Deacon, had he contrasted her lofty spirit not less feminine, though more noble, with the passive weakness of Griselda.

Lower is the close of the reign of King Robert. Orlando of Arragon rashly encountering the Neapolitan Fleet, was made captive and imprisoned in one of the castles of Naples. His brother, Peter King of Sicily, refused to ransom him, as he had occasioned the loss of the Sicilian armament by his temerity in engaging the Neapolitans contrary to his express command.

The young and handsome prince, unfriended, and almost forgotten, remained long in prison, and would have been doomed for life to pine away in hopeless captivity, had not his wretched fate excited the pity of Camiola, a wealthy lady of Messina, distinguished for every feminine grace and virtue. Desirous of procuring his liberty without compromising his fair fame and perhaps actuated by sentiments still more powerful than compassion, she sent a trusty messenger to his dungeon at Naples to offer to pay his ransom, on condition of his marrying her on his return to Messina. Orlando overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, willingly sent her a contract of marriage, but she had no sooner purchased his liberty, than he denied all knowledge of her and treated her with scorn.

The slighted maid carried her cause before the royal tribunal, and Peter of Arragon, convinced of the necessity of governing the Sicilians with justice, as his empire depended solely on the affection of the people, adjudged Orlando to Camiola, as he was in fact according to the custom of the times, and the laws of war a slave whom she had purchased with her treasure. In consequence of this decree a day was appointed for their marriage, and Orlando to accompany his splendid ruin, returned to the house of Camiola, whom he found locked out in the customary magnificence of silks and jewels. But Camiola refused to proffer him the vows of love and obedience which the high priest expected to hear, told him she scorned to deign herself by a union with one who had debased his royal birth and his knighthood by so foul a breach of faith, and that she could now only be true to him, not her hand, but her soul, and she would herself unworthy but the ransom she had paid which she esteemed a gift worth a man's merit and a soldier's soul, herself and her remaining resolutely vowed to live true to heaven.

No efforts were made to change her resolution, and Orlando, humbled by his peers as a dishonoured man too late to regret the battle he had lost and falling into a profound melancholy bed in obscurity and neglect. *High Hunt's London Journal*

NEW BOOKS

The best things going forward in the poetical world are the play of the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green* (not one of the author's best but Knowles, as Ben Jonson said of Curlew, "writs all like a man") and the edit of the thirty volumes of the works of Burns and Crabbe. Our living poets just now with the exception of Mr. Knowles are silent as birds in August. One of them, whistling partaking of the mocking tribe may be heard at intervals in the *Times* imitating grave speeches with which we have nothing to do in these columns. Intimations, however, are given of something new from Mr. Landon, who (to keep up our metaphor) is the very dove of the modern Chastity giving out such a perpetual note of luxurious melancholy that we know not whether to call it sorrow or love. And Elliot in the margins occasionally beats a just the iron bars of restriction, and utters his indignant cry. The best poetry we have seen a long time is the prose of Professor Wilson's commentaries on Homer and the Greek Anthology, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. And this reminds us that there is a new poet who writes in that magazine, and whom, in our ignorance perhaps of many of its former numbers, we never heard of till lately—Miss Hamilton. We know not who she is, except that she is one whom every body ought to know. Her Muse is a kind of younger and less stately sister of Mrs. Hemans, with less command of images and yet, we should guess, with a more universal sympathy.

It has been well observed by somebody, that Burns was not so uneducated a man as is supposed. He had books, and some good teaching, and was acquainted, at an early period, with some of the best writers. We notice the cir-

cumstance chiefly in order to observe, that the intelligent part of what are called the uneducated are apt to be better instructed than is supposed, and that many a workman and peasant would surprise people, if they talked with him with the amount of his acquired knowledge, and his habits of reflection. Many years ago a celebrated public speaker, now living, told us that he made a point of talking his best, to whatever multitude were assembled, finding by experience that the emotion and interest of the hearers always found in understanding in themselves equal to the highest things he could say. And since the lapse of that period, how have not the means of knowledge increased with the cheapness of literature! About mid-way betwixt this time and that, we heard a common working man as he walked along a country road, say more sensible, superior and charitable things concerning a hare-hunt that was going on before him, than would have entered into the heads of the best educated men in his village fifty years ago. Perhaps entering into the novel, not of course for want of equal natural faculties, but because his class have discovered that it is their interest to know as much as they can, while, on the other hand, the richest people are not always equally alive to the necessity of being in advance of that knowledge.

In consequence of the universal reading of cheap literature, Burns, perhaps does not require a glossary for his finest English words with any of those among the working classes in this country, who are respected among each other for their intelligence, and when the Scottish poet wrote English only he sometimes affected words fine enough. It was the only evidence of a defective education betrayed by his style.

The reader will see in another place our opinion of Mr. Mudie's *Leatherstocking* of *London*, and Mrs. Leiman Grimstone's novel of *Chloe*. The new Review for the many entitled the *Printing Machine*, full of sterling sense and acuteness, and admirably adapted to its purpose, requires no recommendation of ours. Mr. D'Israeli's second volume of his ninth edition of the *Curiosities of Literature* was published yesterday, and is still more interesting than the first. Every body that can get it, should read the *Bubble from the Binnings of Nassau* by an *Old Man* for its sense, spirit, and humanity. But they say it is by Sir Francis Head, who scampered across the Pampas and how can he be an old man? We cannot conceive of him in any such light. He must be riding and scampering still somewhere, and if he is not, must surely remain as young in his age as Lord Peterborough, who was the greatest power of his time in Europe, and famous for his vivacity at seventy. Besides, they say that Sir Francis is not old, why then, should he call himself so? Is it his only affliction and does he do it like other middle-aged seniors, only to make people protest against the epithet, and exclaim, "You old!"

The friends of the gentleman so long and so agreeably known to the circles of taste and literature by the title of "Conversation Sharp," (we believe the name is to be, and can be, no secret with the public) will be glad to find that a collection of his *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse* has appeared. It has this moment been put into our hands. At the second page we meet with the following pleasant foretaste of the rest—

"L'innocent verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timer
censur."

"If that would write well," says Roger Ascham, must follow the advice of Aristotle, speak as the common people speak, and think as the wise think."

In support of this opinion many of the examples cited by you are amusing as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added—

"Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in none to trust to?"

"What becomes of the force and simplicity of this short sentence, when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indite, and which little boys can construe? 'Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?'"

The whole of the volume is very sensible and elegant, and bears out the author's colloquial reputation. Some of the letters, we should think, will get into the collections.

The First Book of a "Revolutionary Epick," or as he designates it, "*The Revolutionary Epick*," has been published by Mr. D'Israeli, Junr. He says he conceived the idea of it on the "plans of Troy," and that the old opinion of a connexion between Epic poems and the spirit of their age flashed across his mind "like the lightning which was

then playing over *Ida*." There is more of the same magnificence of announcement, but it is suddenly checked by suggestions of modesty, and the author concludes his preface with humbly asking the public whether he shall proceed or not. It appears to us, from what we have seen of his poem, and of another work of his which we have lately read through, "*The Psychological Romance*," that Mr DIsraeli has feeling, fiction, and imagination, the first in abundance but not of the subtlest or most poetical order, and that he too often takes splendid common-places, and the conclusions of other men's philosophy, for inventions of his own. His talents have gold in them, but mixed with alloy too obvious for currency, and are coarse in their "image and superscription." There is a sort of Oriental flare about him, which, with a little less thinking of his own glorification, and more of the inner man, would probably subside into a steady and shining light.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Island of Egina.—The "*Maid of Athens*" in the very teeth of poetry, has become Mrs Black of *Egina*. The beautiful Ieremi Makri, of whom Byron asked back his heart, of whom Moore and Hobhouse, and the poet himself have written so much and so passionately, has forgotten the sweet burthen of the sweetest of love songs, and taken the unromantic name, and followed the unromantic fortunes of a Scotchman!

The commodore proposed that we should call upon her on our way to the temple of Jupiter, this morning. We pulled up to the town in the barge, and landed on the handsome pier built by Dr Howe (who expended thus most judiciously, a part of the provisions sent from our country in his charge) and, finding a Greek in the crowd, who understood a little Italian, we went soon on our way to Mrs Black's. Our guide was a fine, grave-looking man of forty, with a small cockade on his red cap, which indicated that he was some way in the service of government. He laid his hand on his heart, when I asked him if he had known any Americans in *Egina*. "They built this," said he, pointing to the pier, the handsome granite piers of which we were passing at the moment. "They gave us bread and meat and clothing when we should otherwise have perished." It was said with a look and tone that thrilled me. I felt as if the whole debt of sympathy, which Greece owes our country, were repaid by this one energetic expression of gratitude.

We stopped opposite a small gate, and the Greek went in with our cards. It was a small stone house of a story and a half, with a rickety flight of wooden steps at the side, and not a blade of grass or sign of a flower in court or window. If there had been but a geranium in the porch, or a rose-tree by the gate, for description's sake!

Mr. Black was out—Mrs Black was in. We walked up the creaking steps, with a Scotch terrier barking and snapping at our heels, and were met at the door by, really a very pretty woman. She smiled as I apologized for our intrusion, and a sadder or a sweeter smile I never saw. She said her welcome in a few, simple words of Italian, and I thought there were few sweeter voices in the world. I asked her, if she had not learned English yet. "She coloured," and said "No, signore!" and the deepened spot in her cheek faded gradually down, in tints a painter would remember. Her husband, she said, had wished to learn her language, and would never let her speak English. I began to feel a prejudice against him. Presently, a boy, or, perhaps, three years, came into the room an ugly, white-headed, Scotch-looking little ruffian, thin-lipped and freckled, and my aversion for Mr. Black became quite decided. "Did you not regret leaving Athens?" I asked. "Very much, signore," she answered with half a sigh; "but my husband dislikes Athens." Horrid Mr. Black! thought I.

I wished to ask her of Lord Byron, but I had heard that the poet's admiration had occasioned the usual scandal attendant on every kind of pre-eminence, and her modest and timid manners, while they assured me of her purity of heart, made me afraid to venture where there was even a possibility of wounding her. She sat in a drooping attitude on the coarsely-covered divan, which occupied three sides of the little room, and it was difficult to believe, that any eyes but her husband's had ever looked upon her, or that the "wells of her heart" had ever been drawn upon for

anything deeper than the simple duties of a wife and mother.

She offered us some sweetmeats, the usual Greek compliment to visitors, as we rose to go, and laying her hand upon her heart, in the beautiful custom of the country, requested me to express her thanks to the commodore for the honour he had done her in calling, and to wish him and his family every happiness. A servant girl, very shabbily dressed, stood at the side door, and I we offered her some money, which she might have taken unnoticed. She drew herself up very coldly, and refused it, as if she thought we had quite mistaken her. In a country where gifts of the kind are so universal, it spoke well for the pride of the family, at least.

I turned after we had taken leave, and made an apology to speak to her again, for, in the interest of the general impression she had made upon me, I had forgotten to notice her dress and I was not sure that I could remember a single feature of her face. We had called unexpectedly, of course, and her dress was very plain. A red cloth cap bound about the temples, with a coloured shawl, whose folds were mingled with large brads of dark brown hair, and decked with a tassel of blue silk, which fell to her left shoulder, formed her head-dress. In other respects she was dressed like a European. She is a little above the middle height, slightly and well formed, in walks weakly, like most Greek women, as if her feet were too small for her weight. Her hair is dark and clear, and she has a colour in her cheeks which gave her a look to me consumptive. Her teeth are fine and regular, her face oval and her forehead and nose in the straight line of the Grecian model—one of the few instances I have ever seen of it. Her eyes are large and of a soft liquid hazel and this is her chief beauty. There is that "looking out of the soul" through them, which Byron always described as constituting the beauty that most moved him. I made up my mind to walk away, that she would be a lovely woman in my recollection, and the unimproving circumstances in which we found her had not blunted the general principle of dispassion that would naturally surround her in the "*Maid of Athens*." We met her as simple Mrs. Black, whose Scotch husband's tailor had worked us at her elbow, and we left her feeling that the poetry which she had called forth from the heart of Byron was her due by every law of loveliness.

STANZA.—It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding Dr Johnson's objections to the Spenserian stanza, and his presumption of its unfitness for popularity, the best poems of the best poets since that diction was delivered have been written in that same despised stanza. I need only mention "*Cicilia Hæroli*," "*Gertrude of Wyoming*," and "*The Revolt of Islam*." Others might be enumerated, such as Burns' "*Cottar's Saturday Night*," Shakspeare's exquisite "*Schoolmistress*," which will keep his name alive, and Beattie's "*Minstrel*," which, as long as there are young and romantic minds, will find admirers for it is beautifully descriptive of the yearnings and struggles of young intellect. Added to these again are Keats' "*Eve of St. Agnes*," written in the very spirit and warmth of Shakspeare's "*Romeo and Juliet*," Wordsworth's noble "*Laodamia*," and John Chare's "*Village Minstrel*." C U

DEATH FROM A FRIGHTENED IMAGINATION.—We have all heard of the Italian jester who perished with the mere fear of being executed, and of the criminal, who died in the same manner under the belief that he was being led to death. The following singular instance of mortal sensibility is believed to be new to the reading public. About thirty years ago, a man named Whittier was employed in a coal-yard at Linton, who had been, during the greater part of his life, a soldier in the 33rd regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Woodcock, and was very actively engaged throughout the American war. He had been wounded in almost every part of his body, and ended the pension which he received from Government by working as above stated. One day, having been out delivering coals at a house in the town, he is supposed while taking some refreshment, to have held his handkerchief to the fire, for, on returning to the coal-yard, in taking it out of his hat, it suddenly burst into a flame. He looked upon it as an omen, cried out, "I am a dead man," went home, took to his bed, and in a few days expired.

FASHIONABLE PHRASEOLOGY.

An inmalous form of speech has, within a few years, crept into our language, which, though it sets at defiance all rules of syntax, and all sound principles of criticism, has still spread itself by a sort of epidemic power, through a great part of our country, and has even found advocates among those who would be thought the literati of the land.

I allude to a strange confusion of singular and plural, in mentioning several persons of the same name—as “the Messrs Brown,”—“the Mr. Browns,”—“the Misses Brown,” &c.

The fashionable world, though they are not usually quoted as authority on questions of philology, are, however, supreme lawgivers as to the mode of addressing a card, and their decree is that in addressing two ladies of the same name you must not speak grammatically. They kindly give you leave to choose which of the words you will write incorrectly, but the rule is absolute that there must be a violation of syntax somewhere. Thus you may say “the Misses Brown,” or “the Miss Browns,” but by no means be so vulgar as to make the address correct throughout.

The writer in the public prints who attempt to vindicate this barbarism, tell us that if one of the words in the plural number *that* is sufficient to show that more than one person is intended, and that putting the *other* in the same number is, at least, altogether useless. And perhaps some of them fear that two plurals, like two negatives, may neutralize each other.

The concord which it is thought necessary in all other cases to preserve between the different members of a sentence is here unceremoniously rejected without leave asked or reason given. I did not suppose that this blunder was made though mere madmen would when I saw it printed out in a newspaper paragraph. I supposed that it would be at once corrected, and that by the who might, the attention be attracted to that time when so steadily followed by similar new publications that it seems necessary to debate the point.

There is an unobscured class of cases, precisely analogous to this one, under consideration in which no mortal is directed of being (unhappily) in the plural. “double plural.” We vividly recollect to be communists, gentlemen, commoners, gentlemen, soldiers, gentlemen, farmers, and all other “gentlemen” down to “gentlemen” &c. In this class the practice of giving two plurals is universal and its propriety is undoubted.

As the correctness of the disputed phrases depends upon a principle common to all languages it may be well tried by example from the Latin why these in English and perhaps the absurdity of the error will be more apparent from its being presented in a new form. As a school boy who should write “Domini Cito” or “Dominus Citones” would probably be flogged for a blockhead.

It has been claimed by some that the phrase “the Miss Browns” is a compound noun, and that there is no error of propriety in saying, “the Misses Browns” thin in saying, “the gold watch,” “the elbows chairs” or “the rail fences.” How this plan of melting down several nouns, by a kind of philological chemistry into one noun substantive, would please the ladies themselves, I shall not now inquire. But I would appeal to the common sense of every reader of English and beg him, in mercurial charity, to expound to me what possible analogy there is between the two examples. In the legitimate compound nouns, the first member of the word is a mere adjective qualifying or describing the substantive which follows. Thus a gold-watch is a watch of gold, an elbow chair is a chair with elbows, a rail fence is a fence of rails. Now, what is a Miss Brown? Is she a Brown of Miss? or can some other definition be given of her? I trust it needs no argument to show that the two cases are wholly dissimilar. Miss Brown may be assured that she is not a compound noun, and if she is not, it will be vain to attempt to make one of herself and sisters jointly.

But there is another class of critics who reject this doctrine of the compound noun as wholly absurd, and come round us by a most ingenious theory, to demonstrate that the most natural periphrasis in the world will reconcile all the rules of syntax, and avoid the “double plural,” (of which they have a great horror,) in the peculiarly graceful phrase, “the Misses Brown.” Just “complete the square,” as a mathematician might say, and you have “the Misses, each of whose names is Brown”—as cor-

rect, simple and beautiful a form of address as one would wish to see. This theory is the more to be admired, as it will redeem from the charge of illegitimacy many an unlucky form of speech, whose paternity would otherwise be matter of great doubt.

Take, for example, “the two Brown.” Now many a rash critic might pronounce that an outrageous violation of all rules and all propriety of speech. But mark how all shadow of suspicion shall vanish before the illuminating influence of this admirable theory.—“the two, each of whose names is Brown.” Here you have it as plain as the nose on your face. Thus, you see, any enormity in the abuse of the king’s English may be explained away as easily as by the flourish of a conjurer’s wand. But after all, as I am not ambitious of much literary display, I shall content myself with paying my respects to “the Misses Brown” in plain, old-fashioned English—*New-York Mirror*.

CONTRIVANCES TO SIMPLIFY LABOUR.

[From “Results of Machinery Working Man’s Company.”]

We formerly exhibited to you a few examples, such as the sheath of the needle and the micks in the types of the compositor of contrivance to economize labour. Such contrivances are not machinery, but they answer one of the great purposes of machinery, that of saving time, and not only so, but they diminish the cost of production. The contrivances which some of you make to much very many that it diminishes the quantity of labour required, and therefore the number of labourers, applies also to the contrivances, and it applies, also to the greater experts of one workman as compared with the less expertness of another workman. There are too, of course, skilful that they have reduced their time to the production of a machine. They can begin to do a job with a third of the time and in much hand the work is done in one time to the full extent of the third without making a second pull and it every successive pull contract the time so as to allow for the diminished length of the time of each time that it passes through the machine. There are many working who are to this, but those who are not of to such to indicate much are not blamed by their fellow workmen for doing that by one movement of the arm which other men do by two movements.

Every one of us who thinks that all is constantly endeavouring to diminish his individual labour, by the use of some little contrivance which experience has suggested. Men who carry water in buckets, in places where water is scarce put a circular piece of wood to float on the water, which prevents its spilling, and consequently lessens the labour. A boy who makes paper bags in a grocer’s shop, or a man, as they call it, he pastes the edges of twenty at a time, to diminish the labour. The porters of Amsterdam, who draw heavy goods upon a sort of sledge, every now and then throw a round rope under the sledge, to diminish its friction, and therefore to lessen the labour of dragging it. Dippers of candles have made several improvements in their art within the last twenty years, for diminishing labour. They used to hold the rods between their fingers dipping them at a time, they next contrived six or eight rods together by a piece of wool at each end having holes to receive the rods, and they now surround the rods so arranged upon a sort of balance ring and filling with a pilley and with a rod so as to relieve the arms of the workman almost entirely while the work is done more quickly and with more precision. Are there fewer candle makers, I think you, employed now, than when they dipped only three rods with considerable fatigue, and no little pain is the candles given heavy? The Excise returns show that seventy eight millions of pounds of candles were used in 1818, and one hundred and ten millions of pounds in 1829. There can be no doubt that we have more candle makers, but more candles are cheaper.

In the domestic arrangements of a well-regulated household, whether of a poor man or of a rich man, one of the chief cares is, to save labour. Every contrivance to save labour that ingenuity can suggest is eagerly adopted when a country becomes highly civilized. In former times, in our own country, when such contrivances were little known, materials as well as time were consequently wasted in every direction, a great baron was surrounded with a hundred menial servants, but he had certainly less real and useful labour performed for him, than a tradesman of the

present day obtains from three servants. Are there fewer servants now employed than in those times of barbarous state? Certainly not. The middle classes amongst us can get a great deal done for them in the way of domestic service, at a small expense; because servants are assisted by an infinite number of contrivances which do much of the work for them. The contrivances render the article of service cheaper; and therefore there are more servants. The work being done by fewer servants, in consequence of the contrivances, the servants themselves are better paid than if there was no cost saved by the contrivances.

The common jack by which meat is roasted is described by Mr. Babbage as "a contrivance to enable the cook in a few minutes to exert a force (in winding up the jack) which the machine retails out during the succeeding hour in turning the loaded spit, thus enabling her to bestow her undivided attention on her other duties." We have seen, twenty years ago, in farmhouses, a man employed to turn a spit with a handle; dogs have been used to run in a wheel for the same purpose. When some ingenious servant girl discovered that if she put a skewer through the meat, and hung it before the fire by a skein of worsted, it would turn with very little attention, she made an approach to the principle of the bottle-jack. All these contrivances diminish labour, and insure regularity of movement; and, therefore, they are valuable contrivances.

A bell which is pulled in one room and rings in another, and which therefore establishes a ready communication between the most distant parts of a house, is a contrivance to save labour. In a large family, the total want of bells would add a fourth at least to the labour of servants. Where three servants are kept now, four servants would be required to be kept then. Would the destruction of all the bells therefore add one-fourth to the demand for servants? Certainly not. The funds employed in paying for service would not be increased a single farthing; and therefore, by the destruction of bells, all the families of the kingdom would have some work left undone, to make up for the additional labour required through the want of this useful contrivance: or all the servants in the kingdom would be more hardly worked—would have to work sixteen hours a-day instead of twelve.

In some parts of India, the natives have a very rude contrivance to mark the progress of time. A thin metal cup, with a small hole in its bottom, is put to float in a vessel of water; and as the water rises through the hole, the cup sinks in a given time—in 24 minutes. A servant is set to watch the sinking of the cup; and when this happens, he strikes upon a bell. Half a century ago, almost every cottage in England had its hour-glass—an imperfect instrument for registering the progress of time, because it only indicated its course between hour and hour; and an instrument which required a very watchful attention, and some labour, to be of any use at all. The universal use of watches or clocks in India would wholly displace the labour of the servants, who note the progress of time by the filling of the cup; and the same cause has displaced, amongst us, the equally unprofitable labour employed in turning the hour-glass, and watching its movement. Almost every house in England has now a clock or watch of some sort; and every house in India would have the same, if the natives were more enlightened, and were not engaged in so many modes of unprofitable labour to keep them poor. His profitable labour has given the English mechanic the means of getting a watch. Machinery, used in every possible way, has made this watch cheap. The labour formerly employed in turning the hour-glass, or in running to look at the church clock, is transferred to the making of watches. The user of the watch obtains an accurate register of time, which teaches him to know the value of that most precious possession, and to economise it; and the producers of the watch have abundant employment in the universal demand for this valuable machine.

A watch or clock is an instrument for assisting an operation of the mind. Without some instrument for registering time, the mind could very imperfectly attain the end which the watch attains, not requiring any mental labour. The observation of the progress of time, by the situation of the sun in the day, or of particular stars at night, is a labour requiring great attention, and various sorts of accurate knowledge. It is therefore never attempted, except when men have no machines for registering time. In the same manner, the labours of the mind have been saved, in a thousand ways, by other contrivances of science.

The foot-rule of the carpenter not only gives him the standard of a foot measure, which he could not exactly ascertain by any experience, or any mental process, but it is also a scale of the proportion of an inch, or several inches, to a foot, and of the parts of an inch to an inch. What a quantity of calculations, and of dividing by compasses, does this little instrument save the carpenter, besides ensuring a much greater degree of accuracy in all his operations! The common rules of arithmetic, which almost every boy in England now learns, are parts of a great invention for saving mental labour. The higher branches of mathematics, of which science arithmetic is a portion, are also inventions for saving labour, and for doing what could never be done without these inventions. There are instruments, and very curious ones, for lessening the labour of all arithmetical calculations; and tables, that is, the results of certain calculations, which are of practical use, are constructed for the same purpose. When you buy a joint of meat, you often see the butcher turn to a little book, before he tells you how much a certain number of pounds and ounces amounts to, at a certain price per pound. This book is his "Ready Reckoner," and a very useful book it is to him; for it enables him to dispatch his customers in half the time that he would otherwise require, and thus to save himself a great deal of labour, and a great deal of inaccuracy.

If any of you follow up the false reasoning which has led you to think that whatever diminishes labour diminishes the number of labourers, you might conclude, that, as there is less mental work to be done, because science has diminished the labour of that work, there would, therefore, be fewer mental workmen. Thank God, the greater facilities that have been given to the cultivation of the mind, the greater is the number of those who exert themselves in that cultivation. The effects of saving unprofitable labour are the same in all cases. The use of machinery in aid of bodily labour has set that bodily labour to a thousand new employments, and has raised the character of the employments, by transferring the lowest of the drudgery to wheels and pistons. The use of science in the assistance of mental labour has conducted that labour to infinitely more numerous fields of exertion, and has elevated all intellectual pursuits, by making their commoner processes the play of childhood, instead of the toil of manhood.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

The following account of an aerial voyage, in the month of September 1817, is given by the voyager himself, Prince Pückler Muskau, in a work which he has recently published, entitled "Tutti Frutti," and which contains some amusing sketches of continental scenery and manners.

"I had scarcely recovered from a severe illness, when Mr. Reichard, the aeronaut, came to Berlin, and paid me a visit, for the purpose of receiving introductory letters. He is a sensible, well informed man, and his interesting narrative awakened in me an irresistible desire to soar once in my life to the empire of the eagle. He interposed no obstacle to the gratification of my wishes, and we decided that he should construct a balloon at my expense. Truly the sum was no bagatelle, as the different items amounted to 600 rix-dollars. But even at this rate the pleasure I enjoyed was cheaply purchased. The day which we selected was one of the most heavenly that could be imagined; scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the firmament; half the population of Berlin were assembled in the streets, squares, and on the roofs of the houses. We entered the car, and out of the centre of this motley multitude, ascended majestically towards the heavens. Our frail aerial bark, not much larger than a child's cradle, was surrounded by a network, as a protection against any giddiness that might ensue; but notwithstanding the weakness which remained after my indisposition, I did not experience the slightest disagreeable sensation. As we gently and slowly ascended, I had sufficient time to salute and receive in turn the farewell salutations of my friends below. No imagination can paint any thing more beautiful than the magnificent scene now disclosed to our enraptured senses. The multitudes of human beings, the houses, the squares, and streets, the highest towers gradually diminishing; while the deafening tumult became a gentle murmur, and finally melted into a death-like silence. The earth which we had recently left lay

extended in miniature relief beneath us, the majestic linden trees appeared like green furrows, the river Spree like a silver thread, and the gigantic poplars of the Potsdam Allée, which is several leagues in length, threw their shade over the immense plain. We had probably ascended by this time some thousand feet, and lay softly floating in the air, when a new and more superb spectacle burst upon our delighted view. As far as the eye could compass the horizon, masses of threatening clouds were chasing each other to the immeasurable heights above, and, unlike the level appearance which they wear when seen from the earth, their entire altitude was visible in profile, expanded into the most monstrous dimensions—chains of snow-white mountains wrought into fantastic forms seemed as if they were tumbling headlong upon us. One colossal mass pressed upon another, encompassing us on every side, till we began to ascend more rapidly, and soared high above them, where they now lay beneath us, rolling over each other like the billows of the sea when agitated by the violence of the storm, obscuring the earth entirely from our view. At intervals the fathomless abyss was occasionally illumined by the beams of the sun, and resplended for a moment the burning crater of a volcano, then new volumes rushed forward and closed up the chasm; all was strife and tumult. Here we beheld them piled on each other white as the drifted snow there in fearful heaps of a dark watery black, at one instant rearing towers upon towers in the next cringing in a gulf, at the sight of which the brain became giddily dashing eternally onward in wild confusion. I never before witnessed any thing comparable to this scene even from the summit of the highest mountains, beside from them the continuing chain is generally a great obstruction to the view, which, after all is only partial, but here there was nothing to prevent the eye from ranging over the boundless expanse.

The feeling of absolute solitude is rarely experienced upon the earth, but in these regions separated from all human associations, the soul might almost fancy it had passed the confines of the grave. Nature was noiseless—even the wind was silent, therefore receiving no opposition we gently floated along, and the lonely stillness was only interrupted by the progress of the car and its colossal bill which self-propelled seemed like the rock bird flitting in the blue ether. Triumphant with the novel scene I stood up in order to enjoy more completely the superb prospect when Mr Reichardt with great sang froid told me I must be seated, for that owing to the great haste with which it had been constructed, the car was merely *glued* and therefore might easily come to under unless we were careful. It may readily be supposed that after receiving this intimation I renounced perfectly quiet. We now commenced listening and were several times obliged to throw out some of the ballast in order to rise again. In the meantime we dipped insensibly into the sea of clouds which enveloped us like a thick veil, and through which the sun appeared like the moon in Ossian. This illumination produced a singular effect, and continued for some time till the clouds separated and we remained swimming about beneath the once more clear azure heavens. Shortly after we beheld to our great astonishment, a species of *fatr inorgana* seated upon an immense mountain of clouds the colossal picture of the balloon and ourselves surrounded by myriads of variegated rainbow tints. A full half hour the spectral reflected picture hovered constantly by our side. Each slender thread of the network appeared distended to the size of a ship's cable, and we ourselves like two tremendous giants enthroned on the clouds. Towards evening it again became hazy, our ballast was exhausted, and we fell with alarming rapidity, which my companion was sustained by his barometer, although it was not apparent to the senses. We were now surrounded for some time by a thick fog, and as we rapidly sunk through it, we beheld in a few minutes the earth beneath glowing in the most brilliant sunshine, and the towers of Potsdam, which we distinctly beheld, saluted us with a joyful carillon. Our situation, however, was not so full of festivity as our reception. We had already thrown out our mantles, a roasted pheasant, and a couple of bottles of champagne, which we had taken with us for the purpose of supping in the clouds, laughing heartily at the idea of the consternation which this proceeding would cause in any of the inhabitants of the earth who happened to be sleeping upon the turf, in case the pheasant should

fall into his mouth and the wine at his feet, but we could not forbear hoping that it would not descend upon his head, as instead of an agreeable excitement to his brain it would act the part of a destroying thunderbolt. We were ourselves, like the other articles, tumbling, but to our great consternation we saw nothing beneath us but water (the various arms and lakes of the river Havel), only here and there intermixed with wood, to which we directed our course as much as possible. We approached the latter with great velocity, which appeared to me from the height like an insignificant thicket. In a few seconds we were actually hanging on one of the branches of the shrubs, for such I really believed them to be, in consequence of which, I commenced making the necessary arrangements to descend, when Reichardt, with great animation, called out, 'In God's name, stir not, we are entangled on the top of an immense pine!' I could hardly believe my eyes, and it required the lapse of several seconds to convince me that what he asserted was really true having entirely lost in a few hours, the capacity of measuring distance. We were most certainly perched on the highest branches of an enormous tree, and the means to descend set out in my mind powers at defiance, we called or rather shouted for help—first in *chœur*, then in duetto—till we began to fear that we should be obliged to support our character of birds by roosting in the tree, for night was fast approaching. At length we saw another ladder along the high road, which caused us to review our cries with redoubled vigour. We paused, but thinking it might be robbers who were endeavouring to inveigle him into the wood galloped off with the rapidity of lightning, but as we continued vociferating, he gave a heaven-directed glance discovered us, raised himself in the saddle, reined in his horse, and with outstretched neck and distended eyes, endeavoured to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the singular nest he beheld in the gigantic pine. At length having satisfied himself that we were really not of the winged creation he procured men ladders, and a carriage from the neighbouring town. But as all this consumed an inconsiderable space of time we remained perched in mid air, and it was quite dark when we arrived at Potsdam without balloon which by the way, was very little injured. We took up our abode at the Hermit Hotel, at that time badly conducted where we, alas! had ample reason to regret the loss of our upper. —*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*

PARADISE REGAINED, AND OTHER POEMS BY MARK BLOXHAM, A M. LONDON, 1834

It may appear extraordinary to the uninitiated reader that Mr Bloxham should have chosen for the subject of his poem adopting the self-same title—an argument that has been put into immortal verse by Milton. But let our author explain why he has been induced to do so—

My reasons for selecting the subject were these— as a poet I desired to be all or none—Milton stood at the head of English poetry—he was said to have failed in the *PARADISE REGAINED*—I had never read his work, nor have to this day—the subject suited my taste, was of the kind which alone by its magnitude and dignity filled the cravings of my mind—in consequence of having been already treated by Milton, met my views of emulation, as a poet—having been unsuccessfully treated by him, (I result in my opinion the necessary consequence of its requiring a sameness of machinery, more or less, with that in which he had been previously triumphant) the field was open for the erection of a building to harmonize with his, and perfect the general effect, without detracting from the *PARADISE LOST*—I also considered and do consider the subject as affording the simplest materials for poetry of the highest order.

Now, we think it might have occurred to Mr Bloxham, even admitting for a moment that Milton had failed in his *Paradise Regained*, that the consequence of such failure on his part being to be attributed, on our author's shewing, to the necessary sameness of machinery, is a result to which Mr Bloxham himself was equally liable. But the feeling which prompts a man to undertake a subject to which he conceives Milton to have been incompetent, is not to be reasoned with. We remember something like it described by a poet of the latter end of the last century. He says,—

"So might an ill-conditioned flea,
Upon its lusty limbs descent,
And cry with salutory glee,
'Lord bless us! I'm an elephant.'"

We would not say any very little of our author's "Paradise Regained." We are withheld from casting ridicule upon it, by the sacredness of the subject. It may pass well, however, to give one specimen. It is rather gritty, and awkward for recitation, but it must serve for want of a better.

"Before him stretched, a wild and dismal view,
Lay Hell outspread—her darkly burning lake
Of fluid brimstone—on whose lurid heave
Of mountain cylinders, with unbroken crest,
In sweltering ridge succeeding other, lay—
My fiercest lightnings darting, vengeful, round,
And hoarsest thunders harsh, astounding roar,
Like mighty hulks dismantled, tempest-lost,
That once Armada formed, the length of some
Who glorious erst he'll heaven—but now their turn,
That peroxide comes, to feel their crime."

We would propose a subject to Mr. Bloxham and indeed, to many of our modern poets, and we do not know that it would not be well to institute a prize for the successful competitor. Let the poem be called "The Murder of Time" and they might then not only write the poem, but also (the name of the poem constantly recurring to the mind) be pretty certain of doing the deed as they went on.

But what are we to say of Mr. Bloxham's "Minor Poems"? Why we shall say that they are worthy of the author of "Paradise Regained." Here is an exquisite little gem—all tenderness and feeling!

IO ANNA

ON BEING HER UNEXPECTEDLY AT A PUBLIC ASSEMBLY

"Ah why my heart, that bursting throb,

Why this fever in my veins—

Ah, wherefore is that maddened sob,

Tell me what this tumult means!"

"Ah, wherefore is that thrilling shock,

Why my brain is all on fire—

Ah, why my knees convulsive rock,

What—emotion such inspire!"

"Ah, why my trembling limbs refuse

Their tottering lord to bear—

Why mists and clouds my sight suffuse

Objects, all, confusion wear!"

"'Tis she herself!—ah see that face—

Once it fondly beamed on me

'Tis she herself her every grace,

Oh, help! I faint—"

Oh! the last line! There is undoubted genius in the conception of that last line. We can imagine the author vainly scratching his head for the concluding rhyme and so, in a glorious burst of poetic phrenzy, immortalizing the scratch upon paper.

But if, in the elegant-sentimental Mr. Bloxham has thus shown himself beyond compare not less remarkably successful has he proved himself in the playful funny. Here is a specimen—

EPIGRAM

On the Correspondence which took place between the Earl of Mount Cashel and the Bishop of Ferns

"The loss of Ferns as his Suffragan

May Dublin's Bishop weep,

For Arch Cashel in his diocese

Doth visitation keep.

"Nor thus be all the change to mourn,

What further do we see—

The temporal Lord becomes the spiritual,

The spiritual temporal be."

AFFECTING ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS—Poggio has commemorated in his Facetiae, (best book) a mortifying explanation which a noisy declaimer provoked by his overbearing vanity. A monk preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors, was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her

state of conscience, excited within her by his sermon for her and asked her why she was so affected by his discourse. "Holy father," answered the mourner, "I am a poor widow, and was accused by my late husband, of the labor of an ass, which was done by my late husband. But alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief."

ITALY.

(From the Second Part (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli's Junior's "Reclutinary Pick")

Set the red sun, the silver moon upspring,
And morn again its rosy radiance shed
Upon the purple mountains, o'er the plain
The sunbeam steals, and o'er the gloomy woods,
And into light the dusky river glides
In a rose the song of birds from sunny trees,
Their leaves all quivering in the gentle air,
The primal breathing of the waking world,
Fair is the dawn, bright fair, and full of hope,
I though crimson eyes memory's gorgeous dower,
Fair is the dawn and poets love its breath
But can its sunbeam on a fainter scene
I than thine Italia, rest when on the hill
The ho ded convent crowns, it brightly falls,
Flanked by a single tree the sea-horn pine,
Or purling village with its tall thin tower
Mid orchards bowered, and fields of Indran grain,
With vines enclosed and ploughed by milk white steers,
Calls into lucid life!

PHILOLOGICAL CRITICISM

In the Editors of the New York Mirror

We often see and hear such phrases as the following — "A good many," or "A good deal," for a great many or great deal the two first and two last verse" for the first two and last two verses, "on account of his ill health" for on account of his illness, "I do not think he will recover," for I think he will not recover "a fine piece of cloth, for a piece of fine cloth," "he is ill qualified," for he is ill qualified, "there are a good many exceeding well-written articles among them" for a great many exceedingly well written articles, "you are very much mistaken in your supposition" for you very much mistake in your supposition, "this house is let" for this house to be let, "this office is open from ten to four, for ten till four," "he jeopardised every thing, for he jeopardised every thing.

PHILOLOGIA.

COMPLIMENT TO MR. AND MRS. WOOD IN AMERICA — The gallantry of the Bostonian is a love affair, and all the world know that they are a good set of fellows besides. They have lately approved themselves worthy to be held in honour by a handsome display of both the commendable qualities, and the form in which it came to our knowledge was that of an elegant silver vase presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wood by a committee of gentlemen, charged with that pleasing office by the subscribers whose money procured the elegant gift. This handsome and merited compliment was suggested at a social meeting, determined upon at once, and carried into effect with a liberality and a promptitude characteristic of Boston. The vase is nearly fifteen inches in height, and twelve wide and with the silver, weighs nearly seven pounds. The design of the chased work is simple and elegant and the workmanship very fine. We are especially pleased with the simple brevity of the inscription, which is inscribed within a wreath, sustained by a lyre and a music-book, open, on one of the pages of which are the first notes of the air composed by Mr. Maeder of Boston, for the lines written by Mr. Power, in reference to the present the inscription is nothing more than—"Presented to Joseph and Mary Wood, by their Boston friends, as a remembrance of their visit to Boston, Mass., U. S. A., May 8, 1834. The committee charged with the presentation consisted of Commodore Elliott, I. F. S. Sullivan, Thomas Power, Nathaniel Green, and John Preston, Esquires. The vase was presented on Monday, the twenty sixth of May.

QUEEN ELIZABETH — In her evasive answers to the Commons in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word "Were I to tell you that I did not mean to marry, I might say less that I did intend, and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know, therefore I give you an answer, Answerless!"—D'Israeli.

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Original Articles.

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

It may be worth our while to enquire, especially as enquiry will do no good, into the cause and nature of the fact that Editors of Literary Periodicals lift up their voices, and cry aloud, for prose contributions; and care less for poetical ones, in the long run, or taking one with another:—that is to say, A's piece of poetry may be better than B's piece of prose; but out of a dozen articles of each staple, there will be a far greater number of prose than of verse ones acceptable to the graciousness and acumen of the propitiated reader. Now a man may be a much less expert diver than what the writer of those good articles on Swimming evidently is; and yet dive deeply enough into this matter to discover the cause of the asserted preference. It is this: not only is the greatest proportion of periodical poetry (so to use the word) of "low degree" in the scale of genius; but mediocrity in poetry, unlike mediocrity in prose, is abhorred of the Gods, and is utterly unpardonable by mortal perusers. Further more, even as to good poetry:—it cannot be appreciated, as good prose can, by any but poetically souled readers; and besides, it can be neither so succinct, nor so uninterrupted, as a medium for narrative, as prose can; and for all these, and more, reasons combined there ever will be, as there ever have been, twenty pleased, or at least contented, readers of prose, to one devoted peruser of the gentler composition. Prose too, is, in master hands, flexible enough for any purpose; but poetry is not; and prose is on the whole, more easy to write than poetry, though Don Pope said not, in his reasons for versifying the Essay on Man. It is not, then, to be marvelled at, that the kings, whom I have referred to, under their other name of Editors, place a higher value upon unmetrical contributions, than upon those which are endued with the qualities of rhythm and rhyme; nor yet is it to be wondered at, that the latter should be poured upon them in greater quantities than the former; for all writers being, by constitution, ambitious, it follows that most of them endeavour to achieve the more difficult enterprise, in which, because it is the more difficult, it is also not to be wondered at that they generally fail—and hence are logically accounted for the multifarious rejections on the part of English Editors, of "A. B." "Tyro," "A young muse," "Anna," and a number more—not like swans of any color—and the many entreaties of D. L. R. for prose contributions to the *Bengal Annual*. Being a poet himself, he does not pretend not to value the genuine article; but being, unfortunately, a good-natured sort of Editor, he often gives a nook to certain specimens of the tuneful craft, which nothing short of their being the compositions of the Right Honourable the Governor General of India in Council ought for a moment to induce him in dressing up in type.

Even in this latter case, there should be limits to the insertion of such high emanations, whether in prose or verse. Thus:—if I were Editor of the *Bengal Annual*, the *Orient Pearl*, the *Oriental Observer*, or the *Literary Gazette*, or of all of them together; I should make it a Mede-and-Persian law to insert every thing with which I might be favored by the time-being Governor General in Council, provided it were not more than one year old, and had never appeared, within that time, in any great British or Irish Periodical: but I do solemnly declare I should put forth my Annual, or Gazette, ornamented with blank spaces, rather than fill up with the kind of poetry which one sometimes sees embellishing every one of our Indian Literaries. Any reader of this who happens to be blandly disposed, is welcome to class my own effusions high among the foregoing vituperated lots; and if he be in a mood, or temperament, exceedingly bland indeed, he may avail himself of it to class also his own (if any) even higher than mine in the same immortalising roll, but let that turn out as it may, I do hereby most nobly and overtly protest against any more of Mr. T. B. Macauley's compositions being raked out of by-gone home publications, and laudatively criticised, or republished, here. I shall explain why I make this protest, and then it will be found to be in no spirit of depreciation; but upon a sound and wholesome principle, to prevent what would at last prove the catastrophe of prostitution of criticism, and a lowering of the literary character; which ought to leave all direct and indirect flummery towards people in power, to political admirers, or assiduous place hunters. In a late *Literary Gazette* there was republished, from a two year-old *Friendship's Offering*, a ballad called the Armada, and stated to be the work of Mr. T. B. Macauley.

Now I do allege (deny it all who choose) that whether that Ballad were the production of a Member of the Supreme Council of India, or of the youngest Cadet at a half batta Station, I should praise it, as I hereby do, as one of the most spirited, and truly poetic fragments of the same nature, that I have any where seen. I equal it to the best of Lockhart's Ballads (though it would not be the worse for one or two verbal improvements of epithets; such as *fair*, or some like phrase, instead of "*gay lilies*"—the word *gaily*, besides, occurring a little higher up—and one or two more of the same nature†) and I am only surprised how the man who could have so nobly

* Late, that is, to me, at this present time; but it will be old before these remarks can be laid before the reader. However, we unfortunate, and exuberant, up country people must be allowed reasonable time to utter our objections to whatever is done in the metropolis, with which we are in any wise concerned. Should any more such catenae immediately appear, the principle of my opposition will apply equally to them; so that some sort of general protest (of which the repetition cannot there appear invidious) must be entered before we get out Earl Munster or Malgrava.

† But especially one bad, bad, bad, and totally unwarranted epithet, which the author is hereby implored to alter, or else to forfeit a heavy quantity of character as a pure poet and a true historian. He says:—

"From all the batteries of the Tower's goal'd land the voices of fear;"

sung "our glorious SEMPER PARTEM,*—the banner of our pride;" could ever have politically countenanced the set who exalted, in their processions, the tri-color to a nearer equality with it than the result of battle ever sanctioned—but this is no place for controversial politics, which at any rate, I have almost wholly discarded. Praise enough I have given to that ballad, and on the justice thereof I strike, such as it is, my critical repute, and it cannot, therefore, be in impeachment of the Editor's judgment, that I find fault with its republication now. Moreover I declare I have no design, and no feeling of desire, to attribute the act to unbecoming flattery,—but how came it to be overlooked when the *Friendship's Offering* for 1833 first arrived in India, and when Mr Macauley was not our legislative member of Council?† Upon this principle, what deal of republication there would have been, if George Canning had come to reign over us—and well it is for Lord William himself that he never committed rhyme in his boyish days, to have it cast up to him now, in his maturity, by bad foe,

whereas I boldly allege that fear entered not the stout hearts of England on that memorable occasion. It was a far different feeling that swelled the breast of our noble Queen, as she rode down the ranks of her army, and declared to them that she thought it a foul scorn that Parma should presume to profane the realm she governed and the resplendent acclamations of that gallant multitude, echoing the proud sentiment, were not the dictates of a craven spirit. Nay, the whole tone of the Ballad itself contradicts the assertion and the very next line does not the existence of an opposite sensation, so that I think the dictum is modelled on Hudibras's dictum—

"One for sense and one for rhyme,
I think is sufficient at a time."

It may not be easy to make the required emendation without altering the whole couplet, but better to trust it altogether (it being partly surplusage, at any rate, as the Canon is too far in advance previously in rhymed) than to have it stand as it is. By my halcyon if a poet of Bess's own time had indited such a phrase, he would have stood a fair chance of a box on the ear from the Royal Hall a hearty at least is the one its maintenance bestowed on Essex.

* I do not know upon what authority a banner is made feminine. Mrs. especially here, where the Lion is so prominently, and properly put forth as the national device. All our writers, whether in verse or prose, have agreed to make it neuter. Sailors alone seem to intrude the rule in favor of the male gender, by calling on of our English a *Jack*. The standard that waved over the expiring Wolfe, Abercromby, Nelson, and Moore, has been described as *it*, and the flag that "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze—the meteor flag of England—has not been converted by the Poet into a feminine title. The officer who carries the colours is called an *Ensign*, from the colours, which could hardly be, if they were considered feminine—an *ensign* being, with us, at least (though it is too hot for him to be *Signiforous*) the opening blossom of the male bud called a *Cadet*—and even the French *hagles* were never described as *she*, when their frequent captures were noted in the Peninsular despatches, and in the *Gazette* of Waterloo. An eagle, in the Roman tongue, no doubt was feminine but *quarry*, for I have no immediate means of reference were the Roman Eagles usually considered not *Dip* into *Cæsar*, or *Tacitus*, and see

† Had he, now, on turning over some former Calcutta Theatricals of literature, beheld a hint to our critique on his flagrant, he might have justly considered it a genuine tribute to his poetical merit—just feeling he cannot possibly be imbued with such, though the abstract merit is as great as before. It is, or D L R or R C O or any other initial of a small, influential, Parmesan, were to see one of our pieces thus chosen from among many, out of a London work, we might safely attribute the selection to the critic's sincere opinion that we had served the need for what other possible motive could be. But in this case I defy it to be equally gratifying, for I repeat my conviction that it was the effect of sincere admiration of the piece and that the notice is merited even at the eleventh hour, provided there was no former opportunity of bestowing the same. It is for the independence of criticism that I am thus anxious and independent which the malign influence of politics, wealth, and other circumstances have almost lost to England. For all that I have said, I hope Mr M will become a regular contributor, and send, with "as apples" on the stream of Indian literature

or worse friend Good gracious me!—when I become the military Member of Council!—but it be vilders me to think of it—especially as it is not, by any means, impossible. Well, then, it may be seen at once, and no offence to any one, why I protest against this kind of resuscitation. It will take both a deal of time and a deal of room before all Mr Macauley's Edinburgh Review Articles, and Parliamentary speeches, can be republished (pity it was not thought of when he was merely Secretary to the Board of Control) and as few of them evince so much genius as the ballad, and as all of them have rather more of smartness than of depth, it may not be very agreeable to us to have them thus inflicted,—wherefore I again protest against the principle of the thing, while I justify and applaud D L R's selection, as a matter of pure literary taste. If he can get any MSS from the same quarter, and of equal poetic merit, let him be happy and thankful, for it will do honor and grace to his pages, even without the virtue of the writer's name. Nor need Mr M be loath to relax from official labours, for some dalliance with the muse, for a toidness for poetry never yet did a man's mind any injury. A greater lawyer than ever he will be, if he legislate for even fifty years, and that is, or was, BLACKSTONE, not only loved the muse, but confessed his fond, reluctant delay in finally parting with her, for a matrimonial alliance with the black Grace of law, and truly does Walter Savage Landor (therein a civilized, rather than a savage, Landor) say that "poetry opens many sources of tenderness, that he for ever in the rock without it." And it does so, not only in the rock of the writer's heart, but in that of the reader's likewise, for many a chord is struck by a line of verse which till that moment had never vibrated at all, or only in discordance. The misfortune, for readers and Editors, is that authors, especially young authors, especially mediocre young authors, especially album-entered mediocre young authors, love better to behold themselves in printed poetry than in printed prose, and, besides, the human heart is, when in the freshness of youth, at least, almost naturally poetical, and it has a thousand thoughts and aspirations which it feels are inexpressible in ordinary

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We noticed the *Friendship's Offering* for 1833 in the Literary Gazette for January 27th of the same year, but we apologized for making our extracts at random as we had not had time to peruse the work with care. In our hurried glance at the contents Mr Macauley's poem escaped us. A friend brought it to our notice after that gentleman's arrival in this country. We then transferred it to our column for two reasons: in the first place because we appreciated its intrinsic beauty, and in the second place because the arrival of Mr Macauley gave a peculiar interest to his productions in the eyes of the Indian Community.

We are not at all ashamed of our motives. If we could put a window to our breast on this occasion our readers should be very welcome to a peep into the interior. At the time the late Bishop H.ber came to India specimens of his poetry were also republished in the Calcutta Fortnights from a similar cause. When a famous personage comes amongst us and takes a prominent place in our society we become especially interested in his sayings and doings. But it is not only high place connected with high reputation that occasions this feeling. If a hair dresser or a plough boy or a tailor with a great European reputation for literary genius were to visit India we should undoubtedly give a fresh and particular attention to his writings and be eager to revive his claims to general admiration by laying specimens of his talent before our readers.

This appears to us so natural and so much in the common course of things that we never dreamed for a moment that we should have been suspected of a want of independence from the simple fact of our quoting without comment a few verses of a man of genius who had just reached our shores.

prose; and which yet it is incapable of clothing in the *language* of poetry, though not wanting in the *conception*:—like the minds of children, which think much that the tongue cannot adequately utter, and so much of which gushes forth at the sparkling and speaking eyes. It is these lame and impotent attempts which have most tended to bring minor poetry, at all events, into disrepute; and if their appearance cannot be avoided in the majority of even English Periodicals, where an Editor's choice is so independent and extensive; how, alas! can they be suppressed in India, where "take and be thankful" is the accompanying exhortation!

There is yet another reason why poetry for periodicals is more abundantly supplied than prose. A piece of poetry may be written without the labor of inventing a plot; a single thought, a solitary incident, will suffice for a piece, either good, bad, or indifferent, according to the powers of him, her, or it, into whose head the thought may come, or to whom the incident may occur. But a prose contribution *must* be, almost always, an essay or a tale; for sentiment alone will not do for it; and neither an essay *nor* a story, to be good for any thing, is so easy a matter to perpetrate, as the dunce of a reader to whom it appears to be run off so glibly, is very apt to conceive. But how many happy and beautiful ideas are there occasionally gliding into, and through, every contemplative mind—being at the same time poetical—which could *never* be expressed in pure or sober prose so as to convey half the delight to the reader that he otherwise experiences from their perusal. Burns's address to the little mouse, or to the wounded hare, could not even by itself, have been so sweetly conveyed to us through the agency of prose; and Hume and Sir James Mackintosh might have laid their historic heads together for a twelve-month, and not then, nor in any other given period, have presented us with so vivid, and eloquent, a picture of the effect of the Armada's reported advent, as Mr. Macaulay has done in the splendid ballad herein before adduced. Well, then; when such conceptions are engendered in the said contemplative mind, its most natural effort is to cast it forth to the swinish multitude in the pleasant form of a pearl-poetic-negligée; which the said multitude are only too prone to receive in but a grunting kind of manner, on discovering (herein differing from both the domestic and the jungle hogs) that the pearls have not emanated from the genuine oyster; but are only imitations of that animal's secretion, pretty enough to look at, but of no use to any body but the owner, and not of any remarkable degree of utility even to him. Yet the original idea may have been as lofty, or as beautifully simple, as any that arose in the breast of Milton, or of Burns, while thinking of melancholy, or of the "timorous beastie" whose rural domicile the ploughshare had destroyed; only it had injustice done to its beauty by the unskilfulness of the artist who transmitted it into language; and, like many a good story, got marred in the relation. On perceiving this mishap, the writhing, agonised, Editor to whom the effusion is sent, either exclaims with the voice of a Stentor, or breathes in a murmur so gentle that it requires the aid of the whispering gallery of St. Paul's to enable the contributor to hear him, that it is unworthy of a place in his fastidious columns; or, that it is very pretty, indeed, but that he is at present over-

loaded with accepted poetry, and would prefer a prose article from the same gifted pen: or, worst of all, he inserts the composition in a relenting hour, and insures to himself the anathema of the maltreated subscriber. It is true, there may be such a thing (present company always politely excepted) as a lame article even in prose; but still prose never limps as poetry often does; and until the march of intellect shall have advanced so many mental leagues as to alter "existing circumstances" so completely that the immense majority of readers shall be Athenian-like judges of classical composition, and turn away from an ill-written article with as great a sense of disgust as that with which the face, and indeed the whole person, of Monsieur Ude would be averted from a Calcutta Supper;—until then, I say, the mass of people for whom a literary Editor unweariedly caters, will think as highly of very indifferent prose as of very *different* poetry; and the demand for prose will continue to be proportionately great on the part of monarchs who reign over the Press. Yet shall poetry flow in upon them, for their sins, as constantly as Horace (if it *was* Horace) told the clown that the river would continue to roll on to all eternity; and I hereby proclaim my entire willingness to wager the extremely long odds of this identical article, in its intellectual value, against all the General Orders issued since the time of the Marquis of Hastings, that both D. L. Richardson, and W. Kirkpatrick, the Editors of the two *Calcutta Annals*, will declare that in spite of all their most zealous endeavours to procure plenty of good prose articles for their respective books, they have each received as much rhyme as would overflow their tomes though prosaic contributions were indignantly rejected. Happy are they who can commune with their readers equally well in either form of speech; and who can give to every thought the garb most appropriate to its particular nature: Look at William and Mary Howitt (I only wish I could heartily forgive the latter, even for her beauty's sake, for having once left out a whole line of my own, in correcting a proof sheet of a Heliconian gem) how delightfully they write, in either guise, of fields, and flowers, and all nature's loveliness; and look also at Elia; and, in prose particularly, look at Leigh Hunt when "babbling of green fields;" and at the delightful introductory stanzas of Scott, in several of his glorious Poems, addressed to his dearest friends, and expressing a thousand tenderesses and sympathies for which the best prose would have been "all too rude;" and look how beautifully Moir (the *Della* of Blackwood) pours out the thoughts which, in minds so attuned, the sight, or the memory, of the delicious wall-flower faileth not to give birth; and look at L. E. L. in her homage to violets, and her happy utterance of fine and delicate thoughts in her very original prose stories in the first Book of Beauty; and look at the many more similarly gifted people who are living, and who have lived, and again let us exclaim happy are they who can clothe their sentiments in either verse or prose, agreeable to read; and whose brains are not tormented by excellent ideas struggling in vain for promulgation as Addison's were when as Secretary of state, he had to indite a Latin epistle of an official cast, and was superseded in the employment, not for want of knowing what to say, but for not being able to say it with equal fluency and elegance! Thus it cometh to pass that even clever and inspired men are aware

of conceptions which they cannot describe in such manner as to satisfy themselves; but the latter peculiarity is not in operation with the small poet whom Editors abhor; for he always satisfies himself, even if his success should extend no further: and if he happen to lucubrate upon a rose, and commit his pensive meditations to ink, he will be singularly delighted with the power of his effusion. Now an article in prose has not this virtue, where-with to be its own exceeding great reward to the ready writer; for we do not pore over our prosy emanations with that pelting sort of loath-to-part affection with which we read and re-read our poetic ebullitions before we commit them to the tender mercies of a Stepsire Editor, or the yet tenderer handling of some maleficent Printer who cries havoc, and lets loose the dogs of *errata* on our darling composition. Again, therefore, it is no wonder that poetry is more rife than prose in the balaam box attached to every literary periodical; and that the doomed Editors thereof should in England shiver, and in India perspire, with apprehension as they desperately tear open each fast following bundle of pabulum which arrives in their sanctum. Alas, poor poetry! for in addition to the advantages already enumerated on the side of prose, even its own regular professors are easily seduced into abandoning it for the rival sister; so that an admired poet is soon allured to try his powers upon a novel or a tour! Every good poet is a good prose writer;—a rule to which I am not aware of any exception;—but as the reverse holdeth by no means good, and as the majority of readers have not poetry in their souls, it follows, over and over again, that even middling prose will be to them more acceptable than excellent verse. An individual of that majority will sail the ocean, travel the continent, behold the heavens, and yet not be conscious of any overpowering emotion of admiration or delight, arising from the magnificence or the loveliness of the nature which he surveys:—

"A primrose by the fountain's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,—
And it is nothing more!"

and accordingly the most inspired of poets could never succeed in exciting any sympathy in such matter of fact sensoriums. No doubt a great many male readers will prick up their amazing longitude of ears in utter amazement at what I can possibly have to say about a daisy, and yet I have a good deal to say about it; or rather a good deal to say which was once suggested to my mind while thinking of the pleasant places in which that "wee modest, crimson-tipped flower" used to raise its cheerful countenance:—in thinking upon them while I was far, far, away from them all,—boiling, broiling, stewing, and trickling, beneath the fierceness of an Indian sun, "all in a hot and copper sky;" and while three fourths of those who deigned to think about me at all, imagined, in their charity, or their sapience, that I was hatching "precious mischief."

MUSINGS ON DAISIES.*

The daisy! the daisy!—I long to see again,
That sweet and unobtrusive flower, upon my native plain.
With it how often have I wreath'd a coronal, to deck
The brow of some young maiden, or a garland for her neck!

A boyish and a girlish love, but not without its feud,
If a rival braid was chosen, or if I another woo'd!

* Now published, in the full sense of the word, for the first time—but I hope not for the last.

Yet fond and light of heart would we to some wild bow-
er et steal,
Unscath'd by all the bitter grief maturer love must feel.

The daisy! the daisy!—an exile's flower of home,
Which most of all recalls our hearts, though far our foot-
steps roam.

We see the rose and violet beneath an eastern sky,
And the briar and the wall-flow'r sweet will sometimes,
Glad the eye;

And blossoms like the harebell blue, and primrose pale,
There be,

And the perfume of the hawthorn sheds the scented bau-
bool tree;

But the banish'd man would liefer view the daisy white
and small,

The time-mark of his boyish life of pureness, than them all.

The daisy! the daisy!—enameller of the green!

The sword hath nought of magic pow'r where thou art not
its Queen.

A brighter bud, and fragranter, may decorate the ground,
But the heart!—the heart!—no home can own, whe.e thou
art never found.

We've here no meadow's silken grass, where we might love
to lie,

And listen to the cuckoo's note, or streamlet purling by:
Oh! cheerless is the wanderer's lot, in alien lands to
dwell;

He comes, and hears no welcome said: he goes, and no
farewell!*

The daisy! the daisy!—when I was but a boy,

And e'er I knew enough of grief my gladness to alloy;

I little deem'd the hour would come, when I could blithe-
ly yield

The hopes of worldly fortune for one daisy-dotted field.

But bright was life's horizon then, and how my spirit
long'd,

To snap the rein that checked me yet, and throng where
others throng'd!

To run the race which manhood runs, o'er ocean, mount,
and plain,—

Oh! would I had the daisied knoll, and thoughtless life
again!

The daisy! the daisy!—spring's longest-living child!

Thou call'st to mind the hours when yet the heart was
undefil'd;

When bounding o'er the fragrant fields, with feet that
lightly sped,

Thy small, elastic, stem would rise uninjur'd from our
tread;

When flying on the spirit's wings, we knew nor grief nor
care,

But deem'd the world a paradise, and all within it fair:

How many a sear'd and weary man, in crime or sadness
steep'd,

A harvest little thought of in that daisy time, hath reap'd!

The daisy! the daisy!—oh, may my lot be yet,

To see it grace the happy plains my heart doth not forget!

To see it wreath'd by other hands, as sinless and as young,
As mine were when its buds, to deck some Peri form, I
strung!

To hear their burst of ringing glee, as o'er the meads they
stray,

And think my own was loud as their's, my spring-time
mood as gay;

When with the merry lark I rose, the linnet's nest to seek,
And the carmine-tint'd kiss of morn was lavish'd on my
cheek!

From this the reader, who has been already

pourtrayed in the act and attitude of elevating and pointing his elongated ears, in doubtful and anticipating wonderment regarding what there was to say in connection with the lowliest floweret of the field, may learn that, on a like principle as beautiful glass is made out of even unattractive sand, so pleasing ideas may be derived from ordinary and generally neglected weeds, or from buds scarcely a

* This line is formed of too beautiful a thought for me to appropriate it, farther than I have done by rendering it into poetic metre; without an acknowledgment that I am indebted for it to a mournful observation contained in that most agreeable of all journalised tours—the Diary of an Invalid.

degree superior to weeds, in man's prosaic estimation. I do not at all deny the probability of a very modest person's being afraid to write upon any thing which had already received adornment from the fervid pen of Burns; but in the first place, I do not set up as being a person of that description; and, in the next place, Burns was not himself the first Poet, any more than I shall be the last, attracted by the unpretending daisy;—which is, indeed, a piece of poetic property common to all worshippers of the rural muse, who are only forbidden to trespass on their precursor's *thoughts*, as elicited by its virtue, acting on their own peculiar frame of mind and situation at the moment. The daisy was my favorite wild flower before I knew that such a person as Robert Burns had ever existed; and I experienced as young and as vivid a delight in again beholding it, silver-specking the meadows, and the green slopes of the hedge, the other day in England, as I used to have on seeing it, the first thing, on the glowing morn of some sunshiny holiday, unembittered by the ferule or the lily burch of the *task-master*. But, next to the amiable desire of gratifying myself (and, upon occasion, some one beside) which desire, and not that of fame, has ever been the origin of all my rhyming deeds; I write the foregoing kind of sentiment for the solace of only poetic-minded people:

"And if their gentle spirit love the strain,
Enough for me; though midst the louder throng,
Few may be found to prize, or listen to long."

THE NOVICE.

"Get thee to a Nunnery" —*Shakspeare.*

Vespers o'er, yet the convent bell
Utters its solemn sound
"Tis a warning knell, like a mystic spell
Killing the air around;
And slowly tolls the sacristan,
Grey-hair'd and blind, a fearful man:—
Within her gloomy cell
The gentle Novice trembling stands,
And o'er her painted missal sighs;
But her thoughts are from it straying
And traits are in her deep blue eyes.
And clasped are her small white hands
Dejectedly in praying:
All unconfin'd, her golden hair
In ringlets falling on her breast
Which pants with love or canker'd care
I'multuously oppress—
She looks from the casement's giddy height
Upon the scene below
The waving trees in the stat-lit night
And river's rippling flow;
And wistfully she gazes round
Listening to catch the faintest sound
Like sculptur'd image of despair
So beautiful, yet sad her air.

Rosine's young heart is purity
Clear as her crystal rosary,
Yet the abbess has sent
With all speed to the good St. Leu
And the abbot and friars two
Arrive in wonderment.
Within the vast refectory
They sit with elder sisters three
With faces of dole and fearful trouble
And the lady Abbess stern and pale
Covers her figure with her veil
Which age has bent so nearly double.

The sister Maud, with nose so red,
And eyes upturn'd in saintly head,
Thinks their pretty sinful daughter
Should mortify on bread and water.

"'Tis worse than a Turk or a Hindoo
"To sit at a young man smiling
"With her white hand out o' window
"His time and his senses beguiling;
"And then such scented Billet-doux
"Hearts and Darts, so vastly stupid
"Seal'd with a horrid naked Cupid."

Reading a perfum'd billet-doux
A crime so scarlet and quite new,
Says I abitha with neck awry
So shocks me I could almost cry;
Forty beads each morning fasting
Will teach the Novice lesson lasting;
And Ursula, her eye-brows knitting,
Kindly suggests a midnight whipping;
Slowly the Abbess stence broke
As leaning on her crutch she spoke:
Our gentle pious sisters three,
Like Faith and Hope and Charity,
Have counsel'd well and daintily;
We'll therefore call our naughty child
And tell her of the Penance mild.

The Novice was call'd, but did not appear,
And the messenger nun return'd in tear.
The beautiful girl! She is far away
But whither, ah whither! I may not say;
Yet how sh' escap'd, the sister truly told
By a ladder of rope for a Ring of Gold.

ERNEST.

EAST INDIANS.

(Concluded from the Gazette of 21st February.)

What ought the generality of East Indians at present to do in order to improve their condition?

Since my last I have had an opportunity of conversing with Mr. L. B. D——, a young man who has actually put in practice the plan I propose. With a small sum of money, the dividend of one of the Agency houses, he has purchased a property consisting of about 5 biggahs situated at a place called *Gurchu*, a little beyond Balligunge and about three miles from the Government house. He has there a small pukka house, and is trying a variety of farming schemes, many of which, he assures me, have already turned out profitable, so much so that he has been led to engage ground upon *izara* or periodical lease for the purpose of extending his operations. I have not however been fortunate enough to obtain from him the particulars of his plan, the publication of them he thinks would be premature at present. He however assures me that ground about his neighbourhood may be purchased at six or seven rupees the cottah, or hired at four rupees per biggah per annum. Now this is considerably below the estimate I have given of the average price of ground in the suburbs. I mentioned thirty rupees the cottah, and shewed that upon that rate a considerable improvement in one's economy could be made. But here we have ground available four times cheaper than my estimate and within the distance I reckoned upon from the spot where the public offices are now concentrated. In fact, my informer has adopted in regard to conveyance precisely the same plan I have recommended, with this difference, that instead of having Christian neighbours to join him in his jaunt to and from his office, he is obliged to content himself with some Natives who reside in his neighbourhood and daily attend office. If the plan I recommend were to be more generally adopted, Mr. D. might have companions more like himself who would render his short journey perhaps pleasanter.

I have lived both in the country and the town, and have invariably found a peculiar advantage in the former, which I have hitherto omitted to mention. It is the characteristic of rural life that the different members of each neighbourhood are in some measure interested in the welfare of one another. They are generally acquaintances, and ready to assist one another when necessary. This naturally arises from the thinness of population in the country and from the manner of living of the few who form the neighbourhood being similar in many respects. In the town the case is very different. I may be a printer and my next-door neighbour may be a cook: such dissimilarity in the vocations could scarcely generate sympathy, or lead to friendship. Hence we often find that in populous parts of a city, men have lived next door to each other for years without becoming acquainted and without being in a capacity to render that help to each other which poets and moralists consider as essential duties of man in a social state. I confess this state of things cannot be changed; yet I may be permitted to point out the superior advantages of a rural and friendly neighbourhood, and those whom any particular vocation does not oblige to put up in an unsocial neighbourhood may with advantage adopt my recommendation.

I shall now proceed to notice some of the other particulars in which an East Indian of the idling class may make a change for the better in his domestic economy. I have now before me a printed paper subscribed by hundreds of eminent medical men in England, with the celebrated Sir Astley Cooper at their head, deprecating the use of all sorts of spirituous liquors as a common drink, and maintaining that they should be kept in families only as medicines. I would strongly recommend the East Indians to follow their advice. I would have them banish from their tables this worse than useless article of expense. Myself and several others I know did some years ago moderately use wines and liquors at our usual meals, and considered them at that time as necessary for the support of life as food itself. We however did not continue long in that delusion, and habit has now made us so indifferent to this kind of pernicious beverage that we seldom even think of wine whilst sitting at our family meals. Except on particular occasions water is the only beverage we have used, and can confidently say that not the least injury to health or inconvenience of any kind has attended a habit not generally adopted. If the use of spirituous liquors has been considered by the faculty as injurious to health in the cold climate of England, how much more must it be so under the burning sun of Bengal! Indeed the custom of the aborigines in this respect ought to teach us that wines and liquors are not the proper beverages for this country. None but the lowest class among them use it publicly, and the more respectable sort of people never indulge in it but privately as they would in any other forbidden and disgraceful act. The use of liquors was more prevalent in England, when the English first came to this country than it is now. This practice of drinking is fast being banished from that country not only by the silent workings of education and an improved state of morals, but also by the exertions of those praise-worthy institutions, the Temperance Societies. Drinking is one of those vicious customs of our European ancestors, which I observed before has been adopted by us without due

reflection. We ought in this respect most assuredly to adopt the sober habits of the Natives of the country, and give up the mischievous customs we have learnt from our ancestors.

But I may be told that a moderate use of wine is neither injurious to health nor expensive. I cannot really think in the very face of so many declarations of medical men to the contrary that even the moderate use of wines, particularly in this climate, is free from injury to health, and as to its expensiveness that can be determined only by the length of each man's purse. But will any one assure me that every member of his family, nay he himself, is so infallible as never to overstep the bounds of moderation in this respect, having the temptation continually before him. I am ready to allow that there are many who could confidently say so; but I must again remind the reader that I am not talking of particular instances of happy disposition, but of the people in general, and in regard to them I think I am not far from the mark when I say that at least five out of every ten families could point to the ruin of some of its members arising from the inordinate use of wines and liquors. Then why not get rid of this pernicious expensive article from the table? why not confine it to its proper place—the *medicine chest*?

Tea is another expensive article in common use among East Indians of the benefits of which I have no instance except when I am disposed to burn the midnight oil and refuse the invitations of balmy sleep. Having never been to England I cannot speak well as to the nature of its climate and the benefit which this exotic drug may do there: but in this country I know of no good which it does, except what I have mentioned, besides possessing medicinal qualities for the cure of certain indispositions. On the contrary I have heard many medical men declare tea to be a slow poison. Slow it certainly must be, for I have known very old people who have been using it from their youth. But it is certain that in most constitutions it has had the effect of producing a nervous irritability without which the patient would no doubt have been much better in general health. Banish, then I say, this article also, to its proper place—the *medicine chest*, and when you have done so you will find it carry along with it a variety of useless items of expense which but for this native of the celestial empire would never have been thought of.

Besides these there are a great many other items of table delicacies which in this climate are as pernicious to health as they are expensive; but regarding which particular observations cannot, within the limited space to which I must confine myself, be given. The management of all these matters must be left to the good sense of each individual, directed by his peculiar circumstances. A few general remarks, however, may not be out of place. The generality of East Indians, as I have noticed in the beginning of these strictures, are so fond of every thing European or English, and so averse to every thing *Bengally*, that one would suppose there was nothing bad which belonged to the former and nothing good which was indigenous. This predilection in favour of European articles should be checked. Indeed if there is to be any predilection, independently of that which the nature or the quality of the thing may give rise to; it ought to be in favour of the produce of our own country. The contrary disposition ought therefore to be severely checked, and a careful scru-

tiny made in regard to the use of every foreign article on the table. All that are expensive (which of them are not?) and unsuited to the climate ought to be given up as producing mischief to health as well as the purse. There are very few points, I believe, in which the disciples of Morison, and Moat agree with the gentlemen of the faculty. But I have conversed both with Mr. Gardner the Hygeist and several medical men on the subject, and have had the satisfaction to find that both parties agreed in condemning the use of salt and pickled provisions imported from Europe, as highly pernicious to health in this country. I know a friend of mine who is particularly fond of Perigord Pies and all sorts of Europe hermetically sealed dishes. His wealth, it is true, prevents him from feeling the calls which these exotic luxuries make on his exchequer; but he has, notwithstanding a very good natural constitution, often felt the bad effects of these pernicious importations from the kitchens of Paris and Bordeaux. The variety of good fresh and wholesome meat, fish, and fruits available at the different seasons of the year in this country, are, I should think, quite sufficient to supply the wants of our table. The attentive observer of the economy of nature will easily discover that the wisdom of Providence has abundantly supplied the inhabitants of every climate with that food which is most proper for its particular temperature. In our own country this wisdom is every where apparent. Rice and wheat, the two articles of most permanent consumption in India, have each its proper province assigned. The former grows abundantly in Bengal and the south east Provinces, the latter in provinces which lie to the north west of the chain of hills that extend from Rajmahal westward across the Peninsula. The climate of Bengal is very different from that of the country lying beyond this range of hills, the periodical winds which prevail in either are also different, and the physical constitution of the inhabitants accordingly differ. The people of Bengal are a more delicate race than their countrymen of the Upper Provinces. We accordingly find rice agree better with the people of Bengal than the *Chupátee rotty*, or unleavened bread, the usual food of the up-country people. Indeed I have known people of the Upper Provinces, when they have lived for some time in Bengal, cannot without injury to health make *chupátee rotty* their common food: they are forced to use rice like the people of the country, which agrees with them well whilst they continue to sojourn in Bengal. From these general hints each individual may, if he chooses, draw inferences which might afford him some ground for making a judicious reform in his domestic economy.

But I hear some of my readers exclaim:—what! will this stoic leave us nothing to enjoy? No wine, no grog, no tea, no french delicacies? why without these our tables will be barren indeed, and our *desserts* become a perfect *desert*. Condemn me not so soon, gentle reader! If I have deprived thee of luxuries I have pointed out the reasons which have induced me to do so. The alternative is between two evils, the mortification of acquired habits is painful I admit; but reflect well on all that I have said, and make thy choice. Besides my advice may not suit particular individuals: these will of course pass it by unnoticed. What I have recommended is for the generality, and I am sure there are many who may profit by some of the hints I have

taken the liberty to submit for their consideration. Some, I have been told, object to my plan on the ground that few can command the means, the 1070 rupees I spoke of, for the purchase of ground and the commencement of operations. Let me ask these, whether they cannot make a retrenchment in some of the superfluities I have just pointed out? If they can, I am sure it will not take them long to provide the means necessary for the gaining of the desiderated object. A person, resolved upon reform in such particulars as I have animadverted upon, can discover many means for accomplishing his object. The fact is—the chief objection to such frugal and sober changes lies not in the intrinsic difficulties with which they are beset, but in the want of resolution on the part of those who may vouchsafe their assent to some of my propositions. They should rather look to their own unbiassed judgment than to me for the answer of such objections as I am now considering, and I have no doubt they will be satisfied.

I am unfortunately not quite so familiar with the wardrobe and the toilet of the fair sex, as to profane those sanctuaries with any detailed examination, or advise them to adopt reforms in the fashion of their decorations. But I must, before taking leave of this subject, ask their permission to offer one or two general hints regarding it. It is chiefly upon the female branch of a family that the management or the reform of the details of domestic economy depends. It therefore behoves them to look into the management of their domestic concerns with the view to the permanent comfort of their families, and not to make every thing they can avail themselves of, subservient to their fancies and to the improvement of those charms with which nature has so abundantly supplied them. Were they to examine their wardrobes and toilets with an economical eye, I am sure they would easily discover many more superfluous and uselessly expensive exotic articles of dress and ornament than I have been able to find among the luxuries of the table. In the article of jewellery I cannot help bringing one particular to their notice. Their trinkets are for the most part made of such substances as possess little or no intrinsic value. Their price is generally owing to the high polish or the beauty of workmanship. They cannot therefore be considered as properly available for more urgent purposes than decoration. They are composed generally of pinchbeck, of coral, of mother o'pearl, of glass highly polished and curiously carved, and a variety of such things of little or no value except when exposed in the jeweller's shop for the acceptance of the giddy and the thoughtless. The jewellery of the natives, on the contrary, consists chiefly of pure gold, and stones which possess intrinsic and permanent value. They are at any time convertible into money: whilst they answer the purpose of ornament, they might be looked upon as real property. I do not mean to insinuate that our ladies should wear jewels made after the rude and clumsy fashion of the natives; but yet in making their selection from the jeweller's assortment they may choose such as would realize some value at least whenever they might be necessitated or otherwise disposed to make use of them for the purpose of raising money.

In the subject of domestic economy adopted by East Indians, the above are some of the points which have occurred to me as requiring a reform,

and I have submitted my thoughts for public examination under the conviction that some practical good may result from it. Nothing will therefore give me greater pleasure than to have an error that might have escaped me pointed out. There are, besides the points noticed by a number of other particulars in which a change might be effected with advantage, not only in what may be considered as strictly within the range of domestic economy, but also in other departments of life. These I should like to see treated by abler hands than mine, yet I may, on some future occasion and when better prepared for it, enter upon them.

M. C.

Selected Articles.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

By the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Londn., 1834. Bentley.

It was beneath the kindling skies, whose warmth is in the coloured creations—it was amid that buried city, to whose remains such reality has been given, that Mr Bulwer traced the *Last Days of Pompeii*. The past has been conjured out of the present.

The period he has chosen appears to us well adapted for the purposes of romance. Knowledge and ignorance, scepticism and superstition, civilisation and barbarity, were singularly blended; the gods were doubted and the sorcerer believed. This was that magnificence which belongs to the earth's earlier history, and that luxury which appertains to refinement. Then, too, was commencing that enthusiastic struggle, by whose power Christianity finally triumphed over the interests, the passions, and the moral darkness of the pagan faith. The martyr and the epicurean belonged to the same time, and originated in the same circumstances, upon ordinary existence there was moreover flung a tinge of poetry. The fine arts communicated something of their own essence, and the picturesque blended with the sensual in a style that was peculiar to the Greek and to the Roman. The chaplet of roses that bound the brow of the feaster, the flowers that were flung on the purple tide that filled the graceful vase, the music that mingled with perfume in the painted halls, the poetry familiar to every ear, the statues whose perfect mould has never yet been equalled, the pictures that crowded the walls,—all these gave a grace to the day, to which distance has lent only an added enchantment. And here Mr. Bulwer has avoided an error into which a less thoughtful reader would have fallen. He has flung its full illusion over the scene—the ivy is wreathed and the lute is heard, but we never lose sight of the vices of such a social system, when the many were sacrificed to the few, and when higher hopes and generous feelings were all but lost in enervating corruption, and the savage selfishness which especially marks the oppressed and the oppressor, the tyrants and the slave are companions. Another common error of those who ask of research the facts necessary to give character to their conceptions, is overlaying the story with descriptions, and of drawing instead of delineating their dramatic persons. Mr Bulwer—as not taxed his memory instead of his imagination, he has given enough of costume, and, if we may use the phrase, of scene-painting, to make the story characteristic; but he has not forgotten his creations in his classics—there is still human nature, though in another garb and clime. It is a maxim of ours never to analyse a narrative. We hold it to be literary homicide, and that we have no more right to take the life of a story than of an individual. We will therefore content ourselves by saying, that the tale is as interesting in its progress as it is unexpected in its denouement. We will rather dwell upon some of the actors, and among these the foremost is Arbaces, the Egyptian. This man is a fine, bold conception, powerfully worked out. One sentence sums up so much of his nature—"the conscience of Arbaces was solely of the intellect." He feels his own superiority, he desires to use that superiority as power, give him favourable circumstance, and chosen field, and the world is over-mastered by a Mahomet or a Napoleon. But here such a spirit is drawn, caged and confined. With no external unpe-

ting to good, the whole mental machinery is directed to evil. Denied this way, the aim is directed to influence; and pleasure, once despised and desired, is the ultimatum of existence. Worse than an infidel—a profaner of the religion to which he belongs—he has yet his own superstition: he believes in those starry portents to which his own gives interpretation. Herein is shown true knowledge of human nature—a man of great powers needs some belief, were it but to account for himself. The husband never devised a more imaginative or picturesque faith than that which placed its bright belief in the stars. It was a strange and poetical elevation of our destiny, to deem it inscribed in the shining planets of the midnight. Of a totally different order—one of the most delicate and touching creatures that the fancy of the poet ever "gently bodied forth"—is the blind girl Nydia from the first to the last we are filled with the softest pity. She is an orphan, stolen from country whose sunshine she remembers, and a mother for whom she vainly pines. A slave subjected to the most cruel treatment, she is first brought before us surrounded by all that can awaken an almost painful pity from this miserable state she is released by the Athenian hero, but it is to learn a yet keener suffering. She loves her benefactor, with that wild and passionate love known only to the unhappy and the solitary. The unhappy cling with earnestness to any illusion that carries them out of themselves—the imagination is ever most active in sorrow, while solitude exaggerates every feeling which enters its domain of shadows. The good and evil in such a being—all impulse, and a ting solely under such sudden and violent influence—is finely discriminated. The following is one of those remarks which when we meet them make us pause and think "how true this is!"

"The lessons of adversity are not always salutary—sometimes they soften and amend, but as often they indurate and pervert. If we consider ourselves more humbly treated by fate than those around us, and do not acknowledge in our own deeds the equity of the event, we become too apt to deem the world our enemy to raise ourselves in defiance to wrestle against our softer self, and to indulge the darker passions, which are so easily fermented by the sense of injustice."

The character of Arbaces is well contrasted with Olinthus the fiery proselyte and stolid martyr to the cause of infant Christianity. We will give his brief but powerful sketch—

"But the Nazarene was one of those hardy, vigorous, and enthusiastic men, among whom God in all times has worked the revolutions of earth, and above all, whether in the establishment whether in the reformation, of His own religion, who were formed to convert, because formed to endure—men whom nothing dishonoured, nothing dismayed in the fervour of belief they are inspired in their impulse. Their reason first kindles their passion, but the passion is the instrument they use, they force themselves into men's hearts, while they appear only to appeal to their judgment. Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm, it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

We will now proceed to miscellaneous extracts. We may liken it to opening an occasional shutter in some richly furnished house, giving dim glimpses of the treasures heaped in the various chambers—

The First Meeting of the Hero and Heroine.—"Several months ago, I was sojourning at Neapolis, a city utterly to my own heart, for it still retains the manners and stamp of its Grecian origin,—and it yet merits the name of Parthenope, from its delicious air, and its beautiful shores. One day I entered the temple of Minerva, to offer up my prayers, not for myself more than for the city on which Pallas smiles no longer. The temple was empty and deserted. The recollection of Athens crowded fast and meltingly upon me, imagining myself still alone in the temple, and absorbed in the earnestness of my devotion, my prayer gushed from my heart to my lips, and I wept as I prayed. I was startled in the midst of my devotions, however, by a deep sigh; I turned suddenly round and just behind me was a female. She had raised her veil also in prayer, and when our eyes met, methought a celestial ray shot from those dark and shining orbs at once into my soul. Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely moulded; a certain melancholy softened and yet elevated its expression; that unutterable something which springs from the soul, and which our sculptors

have imparted to the aspect of Psyche, gave her beauty I know not what of divine and noble, tears were rolling down her eyes. I guessed at once that she was also of Athenian lineage, and that in my prayer for Athens her heart had responded to mine. I spoke to her, though with a faltering voice—"Art thou not, too, Athenian?" "Oh beautiful virgin!" At the sound of my voice she blushed, and half-drew her veil across her face. "These forefathers' ashes," said she, "repose by the waters of Elysus, my birth is of Neapolis, but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian." "Let us, then," said I, "make our offerings together," and, as the priest now appeared, we stood side by side, while we followed the priest in his ceremonial prayer, together we touched the knees of the goddess—together we laid our olive garlands on the altar. I felt a strange emotion of almost sacred tenderness at this companionship. We, strangers from a far and fallen land, stood together and alone in that temple of our country's deity, was it not natural that my heart should yearn to my countrywoman, for so I might surely call her? I felt as if I had known her for years, and that simple rite seemed as by a miracle, to operate on the sympathies and ties of time. Silently we left the temple, and I was about to ask her where she dwelt, and if I might be permitted to visit her, when a youth, in whose features there was some kindred resemblance to her own and who stood upon the steps of the fane took her by the hand. She turned round and bade me farewell. The crowd separated us, I saw her no more. On the day my home I found letters, which obliged me to return to Athens for my relations threatened me with litigation concerning my inheritance. When that suit was happily over I returned once more to Neapolis, I instituted inquiries throughout the whole city, I could discover no clue of my lost countrywoman, and hoping to lose in gaiety all remembrance of that beautiful apparition I hastened to plunge myself amidst the luxuries of Pompeii. This is all my history. I do not love, but I remember and regret.

Natural Loneliness.—"Is nature ordinarily so unattractive?" asked the Greek. "To the dissipate—yes." An answer reply, but scarcely a wise one. Pleasure delight in contrast, it is from dissipation that we learn to enjoy solitude and from solitude, dissipation. "So think the young philosophers of the garden," replied the Egyptian, "they mistake lassitude for meditation, and imagine that, because they are sated with others, they know the delight of loneliness. But not in such jaded bosoms can nature awaken that enthusiasm which alone draws from her chaste reserve all her unspeakable beauty, she demands from you not the exhaustion of passion, but all that fervour from which you only seek, in doing her a release. When young Athenian, the moon revealed herself in visions of light to Endymion, it was after a day passed, not amongst the feverish haunts of men, but on the still mountains and in the solitary valleys of the hunter."

Dinner Scene.—"At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative mita of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewn with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration. "A splendid mappa that of yours," said Clodius, "why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle." "A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle." They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome, but Glaucus attends to these things more than I." "Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Laræ and the saltsholders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation. This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced. "May this cup be my last," said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—"May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!" Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus, "and read its date and its character." The slave hastened to inform the party that the

scarcely finished to the first intokened in birth from China and was not a native of the country. How deliciously she showed her character! "It is like the smile of a woman who has tasted his pleasures sufficiently to be able to despise them, but not to be able to forget them. It is like a woman's smile, but not a woman's; it is good, but not a woman's."

Love as painted by Poetry.—"It is only before we love that we imagine that our poets have truly described the passion—the instant the sun rises, all the stars that had shone in his absence vanish into air. The poets exist only in the night of the heart, they are nothing to us when we feel the full glory of the god."

We think this assertion might be met by another. It is not till we love that we feel the truth of what poetry embodies, like the moon shining forth upon the purple midnight, a tender light is thrown on beauties we had not noticed before.

Combat in the Circus.—We have only to observe that both the combatants have been victorious in one species of combat, but that Lydon is young and unpractised, and only stimulated by the hope that the prize will buy his father's freedom—"Throughout that mighty assembly, there now ran a universal movement, the people breathed more freely, and re-settled themselves in their seats. A grateful shower was cast over every row, from the concealed conduct. In cool and luxurious pleasure they talked over the late spectacle of blood. Eumolpus removed his helmet, and wiped his brows, his close-curling hair and short beard, his noble Roman features and bright dark eye, attracted the general admiration. He was fresh, unwounded, untrifled. The Editor paused, and proclaimed aloud that as Niger's wound disabled him from again entering the arena, Lydon was to be the successor to the slaughtered Nipinus, and the new combatant of Eumolpus. "Yet Lydon, added he, 'if thou wouldst decline the combat with one so brave and tried, thou mayest have full liberty to do so. Eumolpus is not the antagonist that was originally decreed for thee. Thou knowest best how far thou canst cope with him. If thou failst, thy doom is honourable death, if thou conquerest, out of my own purse I will double the stipulated prize.' The people shouted applause. Lydon stood in the lists—he gazed around, high above, he beheld the pale face, the straining eyes of his father. He turned away irresolute for a moment. No! the conquest of the cestus was not sufficient—he had not yet won the prize of victory—his father was still a slave! "Noble smile!" he replied, in a firm and deep tone. "I shrink not from this combat. For the honour of Pompeii, I demand that one trained by its long celebrated Lanista shall do battle with this Roman!" The people shouted louder than before. "Four to one against Lydon!" said Clodius to Lepidus. "I would not take twenty to one!" Why, Eumolpus is a very Achilles, and this poor fellow is but a tyro!" Eumolpus gazed hard on the face of Lydon, he smiled, yet the smile was followed by a slight and scarce audible sigh—a touch of compassionate emotion, which custom conquered the moment the heart acknowledged it. And now, both clad in complete armour the sword drawn, the visor closed, the two last combatants of the arena (ere man, at least, was matched with beast), stood opposed to each other. It was just at this time that a letter was delivered to the Prætor by one of the attendants of the arena, he removed the cincture—glanced over it for a moment—his countenance betrayed surprise and embarrassment. He re-read the letter, and then muttering,—"I wish it is impossible!—the man must be drunk, even in the morning to dream of such follies!"—threw it carelessly aside, and gravely settled himself once more in the attitude of attention to the sports. The interest of the public was wound up very high. Eumolpus had at first won their favour, but the gallantry of Lydon, and his well-timed allusion to the honour of the Pompeian Lanista, had afterwards given the latter the preference in their eyes. "Holla, old fellow!" said Medon's neighbour to him. "Your son is hardly matched, but, never fear, the Editor will not permit him to be slain,—no, nor the people neither. He has behaved too bravely for that. Ha! that was a home thrust!"—well averted, by Pollux! At him again, Lydon!—they stop to breathe! What art thou muttering, old boy?" Prayers! answered Medon, with a more calm and hopeful mien than he had yet maintained. "Prayers!"—trifles! The time for gods to carry a man away is gone now. Ha, Jupiter!—what a blow!—thy side!—thy side!—take care of thy side, Lydon! There was con-

vulvare tremor throughout the assembly. A fierce blow from Eumolpus, full on the crest, had brought Lydon to his knee. 'Habet J—he has it!' cried a shrill female voice 'he has it!—huzza!' It was the voice of the girl who had so anxiously anticipated the sacrifice of some criminal to the beasts. 'Be silent, child!' said the wife of Pansa, haughtily. 'Non habet J—he is not wounded!' 'I wish he were, it only to spite old rusty Medon,' muttered the girl. Meanwhile Lydon who had hitherto defended himself with great skill and valour, began to give way before the vigorous assaults of the practised Roman, his arm grew tired, his eye dizzy, he breathed hard and painfully. The combatants paused again for breath. 'Young man,' said Eumolpus, in a low voice, 'desist, I will wound thee slightly—then lower thy arms, thou hast provoked the Editor and the mob—thou wilt be honourably saved.' 'And my father still enslaved!' groaned Lydon to himself. 'No! death or his freedom.' At that thought, and seeing that his strength not being equal to the endurance of the Roman, every thing depended on a sudden and desperate effort, he threw himself fiercely on Eumolpus, the Roman warily retreated—Lydon thrust again—Eumolpus drew himself aside—the sword grazed his cuirass—Lydon's breast was exposed—the Roman plunged his sword through the joints of the armour, not meaning, however, to inflict a deep wound, Lydon, weak and exhausted, fell forward—light on the point, it passed through and through, even to the back! Eumolpus drew forth his blade, Lydon still made an effort to regain his balance—his sword left his grasp—he struck him chauntically at the gladiator with his naked hand, and fell prostrate on the arena. With one accord the Editor and assembly made the signal of mercy—the officers of the arena approached—they took off the helmet of the vanquished. He still breathed, his eyes rolled fiercely on his foe, the savage mien he had acquired in his calling glared from his gaze, and lowered upon the brow darkened already with the shades of death, then with a convulsive groan, with a half start he lifted his eyes above. They rested not on the face of the Editor, nor on the pitying brows of his relenting judges. He saw them not they were a life the vast space was desolate and bare, one pale agonising face alone was all he recognised, one cry of a broken heart was all that, amidst the murmurs and the shouts of the populace, reached his ear. The ferocity vanished from his brow, a soft, a tender, expression of solicitude but despairing filial love played over his features—'paled—waned—darkened!' His face suddenly became locked and rigid, resuming its former fierceness. He fell up in the earth. 'Look to him,' said the Edile, 'he has done his duty!'

We have reserved some of the exquisite lyrics for our poetical department, and only regret that our limits will not allow us to give any of the dramatic scenes of the last day itself. Every new attempt must in its success, add to the reputation of an author, that addition has been made by the work which we now heartily commend to the public. And here we cannot but remark in what a different style each production of Mr. Bulwer has been conceived. How unlike *Eugene Iram* was to *Pelham*, and how opposed is *The last Days of Pompeii* to either! It is more picturesque, more richly coloured than its predecessors, indeed only like them in its deep knowledge of, and its profound sympathy with, human nature.—*London Literary Gazette*.

LIVES OF THE POETS—Mr. Allan Cunningham having completed his edition of Burns, has, we hear, turned his attention to the Lives of the British Poets, for which, we know, he has been many years gathering materials. No complete work of the kind exists. The valuable biographies of Johnson, come down but to the days of Gray and Collins, and reach no farther back than Cowley we want Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Jonson among the older chiefs of song, and Goldsmith, Chatterton, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Scott, and Coleridge, among other masters of later times. The Lives by Dr. Johnson, will be included, with notes, and it is proposed, by introducing Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay, to connect the days of Chaucer with those of Spenser, and thus render the History of our Poetic Literature unbroken and complete. It is intended to publish the work periodically, and four or five portraits from the most esteemed pictures, will illustrate each volume.—Mr. Sharon Foster too, we are happy to hear, preparing a second volume of his 'Sacred History of the World,' which will be published about Christmas.—*Athenaeum*.

JOHN GALT.

The Literary Life and Miscellaneous of John Galt. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1834, Blackwood, London, Cadell.

"Othello's occupation's gone!" Our business is fairly taken out of our hands, all we can do is to give Mr. Galt's review of himself, such a review being the material of the present work. We shall only venture to say, that the present pages contain a great deal of quaint, curious matter. And now let Mr. Galt speak for himself—

The King's Letter acknowledging the Dedication—
"Sir,—I have had the honour of submitting your letter of yesterday to the king and I have received his majesty's command to assure you of his ready acquiescence in your wish to dedicate your *Literary Life and Miscellaneous* to him. His majesty, indeed, feels obliged to those who have suggested in application which offers him the opportunity of manifesting the interest he must, in common with his subjects, take in the success of the proposed publication, and his sense of the merits of an individual whose works have so well established his own reputation, while they have raised the literary character of this country. I have the honour to be with great regard, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

H. LAYTON.

Theatricals—"One of them was in the face of *Black Life below Stairs*, when Davy is intrusted how to manage the stable. The manager, a clever person, played Davy, and when he is told to let the mares eat the mangle, he said, aside, to the beggarly mount of empty benches, 'My Jove, you'll soon eat the mangle!'

Alchemy—"I was also a reader of alchemical books to a very great extent, both in rhyme and reason. It must strike the reader, as he opens the first alchemical book, that it is a science most absurdly arranged. Instead of deriving its nomenclature from the qualities of substances it consists of arbitrary names for all the things of which it takes cognizance. In a word the study of the science is, in ascertaining the qualities of things to which the names give no clue. Beyond this, the reader need not be told, however that I made no great progress, certainly, at least, I never learned the art of making gold, but I went so far as to see that gold could be made, at a cost, however, that showed they were not very wise who pursued it. But, for all this, I made some sort of discoveries, or rescussions, odd as it may seem even to those who think they know me best. For example, I found out the mode of making the black imperishable ink used anciently by the most accomplished writers of manuscripts. Gather round, oh! courteous readers, and I will make the discovery to you, for the benefit of all printers and painters.—It is no other than bruising coal into an impalpable powder, this may be done by crushing it either in water or oil. The process costs so little, that I hope my disinterestedness in making the disclosure will not be reckoned with as little gratitude as corporations reckon, but remembered with the story of Columbus' problem of the egg. I have been acquainted with gentlemen who knew that the best black ink or paint was made simply from coal, but they did not know how to make a proper impalpable powder, and made themselves, in consequence, like chimney-sweeps, waste their money in vain attempts, or blew it away by fanners, unphilosophically forgetting that a current of air moves masses in proportion to its strength. My old friend, President West, made a curious discovery, which almost encroached upon my secret, namely, he found that Titian and many of the old painters painted with pure colours, and afterwards employed black paint to tone their pictures. In his latter days he painted in this style, but he employed the common black paint, which is not at all equal to what I call the alchemical black. My ingenious and imaginative friend, Mr. Martin, got from some-body a hint of coal as the best principle of black, but in his attempts he employed too much oil, and in consequence made a brown, which not finding good, he abandoned on the first experiment. Afterwards, I set him right, by telling him, that what made in his case only a brown, carried a little further, would make a black. I have likewise told Mr. Moyes, the printer, how to produce printer's ink, of a permanent and unchangeable black, from coal, and now that the world at large is in my confidence, it owes me something for the disclosure. By the by, the alchemists say that the hue of black made from coal may be deepened by heating the minerals. So simple a process as making blacking of coal may be known to many, though, in the alchemical books, it is

wrapped up in great mystery. Were I, however, a younger man, and able to go about, I would render this knowledge merchantable, for, considering the quantity of the article in use it deserves this attention. I ought to mention that I discovered a painter in the dockyards of Port-mouth, who had stumbled on the secret without being aware of its value. He made a kind of paint from coal, not very good, of which he shewed me stripes as compared with other black paint on a door, little aware that he was speaking to a man who was already acquainted, to a much finer degree, with what he thought a discovery. I do not know if the lighting manner in which I spoke to him of what he thought a wonderful hit, had any effect, but I have never since heard of his discovery.

Criticism on his Tragedies.—"Soon after the publication of my tragedies I went to Gibraltar, and it they were noticed in the monthly periodicals I do not recollect what was said of them. I rather think they were not, for, the impression being small, I could afford few copies for distribution; unless, in fact, I may say they were all for distribution, reminding me of a maternal saying to a writer. On one occasion, when my mother was coming in the mail from Scotland to London, finding herself rather uncomfortable, she ordered tea while the horses were changing; but before it was ready the gaurd blew his horn, and obliged her to leave it untasted. The waiter followed to the coach, and reminded her that she had only paid for the tea and left nothing for the waiter. As I left for the waiter said she sitting in her place, 'and yell in that the door.' Some time after my return from the Rock there was however a critique in the *Quarterly Review* by Mr Croker, intended to be as severely ironical as his 'poor ability,' to use a phrase of Cardinal Wolsey, could find, but instead of afflicting as he had hoped it only killed me exceedingly, owing to an accident little foreseen. At that time there was a foreign nobleman in London who occasionally came to see me. He spoke and wrote English very well for a foreigner but without that perception of the inflections in the meaning of words so seldom attained by outlandish people. The day that the review was published he received a copy and read Croker's article with all the delight and enthusiasm of a friend—not perceiving it was ironical. Perhaps it was, indeed, so clumsily done, that even a native might have been mistaken. Next morning, however, at an uncommonly early hour, he came to congratulate me on being acknowledged by the review as another Shakspeare, a name which he had somewhere read of. Not imagining that he could have been mystified for he possessed great talent, I felt all the ecstasy of an author at the intelligence, and immediately after breakfast sent for the publication which presently, placed all right as to the character of the criticism. But before reading the article half through I was so amused at the consternation of my friend as I explained to him the real meaning, that although the irony seemed to enter his soul, it was to me really diverting, beautifully illustrating that mercifulness with which Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

However, the following observation has its consolation—

"If Mr John Wilson Croker be the author of the article in the *Quarterly*, I am sorry for it, because I hope he lives to repent it, and penitence is not a very pleasant inmate of the bosom."

Flattering Curiosity.—"In some respects I may be justified in being proud of the *Annals of the Parish*, as it has been the means of procuring me many civilities and some amusement. I cannot imagine, however, that it would be agreeable to those by whom I have been obliged, to mention their names, but one incident was curious. In coming through St James's Park I was overtaken by a thunder storm, and obliged to run to a door in Queen's square for shelter. While there, the wind shifted, and blew the shower right against me. In this dilemma I knocked, and giving my card to the servant, requested permission to take shelter in the hall. In a short time the servant took in my card, and a lady, who asked me into the library, inquired if the *Annals of the Parish* had been written by me, as they were just then reading the book up stairs, and presently I could see, with the tail of my eye, that a gentleman, and others of the family, came into the room to look for some thing, but went away without finding what they wanted, eying, however, curiously the intruder. Soon after

this, I had one of my severe attacks, and have not since been often out of my room."

The Mayolo.—"My next publication to the *New British Treatise* was the *Mayolo*. I am not very sure, but I think it was—occasional essays and reviews I reckon of no account. I he cause of my writing that work is utterly forgotten, but at all times addicted to imaginative literature, I conceive that I must have been actuated by a wish to try how far a story could be constructed by a combination of incidents calculated to illustrate the mystical feelings connected with our sympathies and antipathies. I thought it had been quite neglected, and in my *Autobiography* was very dolorous on the subject, for I considered it an original work, containing passages and descriptions not despicable. I mentioned even one incident that I imagine ought to have drawn some attention to the book, stating that, except by one of the monthly reviews it was wholly overlooked. The incident alluded to was the manner in which the Emperor Napoleon is said to have discovered the leader of Pichegru's conspiracy. The *Mayolo* was long published before the event referred to happened. I had made the hero discover a murderer by the same process of thought which in the emperor was considered at the time very absurd, if not an imposition. The case with me was this. I have observed in life that men are sometimes affected by very unaccountable feelings, and that when these antipathies or sympathies make a permanent impression they always terminate in some remarkable event. To illustrate this I made a young man, under the influence of that monomania which is called demoniacism, poison his master, and my hero discovered him by a mental process, to be the murderer. The same reiterated return of the same conjecture arising from some indelible antipathy took place in Bioniprite's case. This is, however, not the place to enter into any explanation on the subject, but it is curious that the book itself gave rise to a very striking coincidence of the same sort. On the 1st of October last (1833) I was advised by my medical friends to make an excursion into the country, so, taking my youngest son with me, as I could not walk, I went into town to take the Windsor stage. When we arrived it was gone. But as any kind of locomotion was troublesome I took the first coach in readiness, not caring which way we went, and it happened to be a Maidenhead stage. When we got to that town in the evening I was much tired and in no humour to hold any conversation, but, as the old cock crows the young cock learns, the boy sent one of the waiters to a circulating library for a book. The book brought, strangely enough, was a Glasgow publication, and, among other things, it contained a biographical sketch of me—wonderfully correct upon the whole—and the title of the "*Physiognomist*," taken from the *Mayolo*, and from the self-same story that I have just alluded to. But this was not all. On returning home next evening I found the *Eclectic Review* on my table, containing a very shrewd critique on my *Autobiography* just published, by which it appeared that it was the periodical that had given what really appeared to be a fair notice of the *Mayolo*. With these incidents I was mightily pleased, because I had supposed the work had been quite neglected, and had said a short time before, 'It would be great presumption in any man to say that his own work deserved more consideration than it had received,' but still I do think that the merits and originality of the sentiments described in the *Mayolo* have not been adequately valued, either for their truth, their simplicity, or the influence which they are shewn to have on action. Thereupon I took occasion to declaim in good set terms on my favourite maxim, namely, if a man can only wait, he never fails to attain the substance of his ends. 'Here is a work,' quoth I, 'that Mr. All-the-world had turned, as I thought, his back on, but in two little days it seems not only deserving of a dressing and combing, but worthy of a new bib and tucker.'"

Pleasant Reminiscences.—"The *Wandering Jew* has never been reviewed, and yet two considerable editions have been sold of it. I myself think it a very curious volume, full of striking incidents, and displaying erudition. Harriarth the Jew is there represented as being present at all the principal events which have happened on the earth since the conquest of Judea by Titus, and some of the passages surprise myself, even yet, at their picturesque eloquence. How the work should have been so long unnoticed, while others which treat of the same subject have attracted considerable attention, I cannot say, but this I know, that many of my own far inferior produc-

tions in originality and beauty, have been much applauded, and yet I doubt if they have sold so well."

The Last of the Lairds.—"The character I held in view was a laird of Smithstown, who was alive in my boyhood. His first ledly was the first corpse that I saw, and the scene, though it must have been contemplated when I could not have been above three or four years old, is still very vivid in my recollection, and so exceedingly ludicrous, that no effort of reason can oblige gossip memory to describe it with becoming seriousness. My grandmother took me to see the spectacle, and as it is one of those old Scottish exhibitions which no longer can any where now be seen, I may be excused for introducing some account of it here, moderating as much as possible with decorum the unaccountable propensity I feel to laugh whenever I think of that death-chamber. It was, of course, a bedroom, and the widows admitted of dim funeral light, the panes being covered with napkins in the most melancholious manner. The looking-glass was also covered; indeed, as I have said in the dirge, one of my excellent songs in the vernacular of my beloved country.

A damask servit cover the glass,
And a' was very decent.

The bottom of every chair was also dressed with white towels. The laird himself sat in a solemn elbow-chair at the bed-head, and some three or four old women opposite to it, all in the most mournful posture. But the bed itself was 'the observed of all observers.' On it lay the mortal remains, at full length, of the ledly in her shroud of white crape, most ingeniously ornamented with bows and scalloping (as I must call it, not knowing the technical name), and on her bosom was a white mystical plate of mingled earth and salt. What was deficient in the funeral paraphernalia cannot now be called to mind, but something so tickled

The wondrous innocence of my young fancy, that I began to laugh and ask questions, which obliged my grandmother, as I stood at her knee, to roughly shake me into silence. I noticed one thing, however, which no intimidation could awe me from inquiring what it meant. The laird was well stricken in years, and not being, of course, the wisest of men, had an unseemly custom of making his lips go as if talking to himself, and I, hearing no sound issuing from the 'country gentleman,' became very importunate to know if he were conversing with the dead ledly, as his words were so like nothing; but the answer vouchsafed to my inquiry at the time has accidentally fallen into the pit of oblivion. The question, however, afterwards gave rise to a very philosophical controversy among the matrons, when we retired, in which one of them stated it as her opinion that he was praying. In that pious notion the others were on the point of concurring. I happened to hear her hypothesis, and inquired, with all the sagacity becoming my years, how he could expect to be heard so far up at the skies, for although I had said my prayers every night with all my bir, I was not sure of having yet been heard? Here I may once for all state, that the cherishing of a preference myself for some of my compositions, which are not well thought of by 'my public,' is owing to no feeling of disrespect towards the opinion of my readers. It is a pardonable egotism to suppose that some of them may not have excited so much attention as they deserve."

Byron.—"I should also mention, that I continue to think that the novel of the *Three Brothers* was a juvenile work written by Lord Byron. Since the publication of my *Autobiography*, I have observed in it numberless allusions of thought and expression which are quite Byronic—youthful, however. At first I thought it highly improbable that so young a lad should have written such an extensive work; but I am no longer of that opinion, for, my youngest son, under the age that Lord Byron must have been at the time the *Three Brothers* was written, writes as well—I think better—than the general complexion of that work; and therefore, instead of thinking the novel to which Byron owes so much, the production of one Pickersgill, I believe it was really written by his lordship.* But though firm in this opinion, I am not now in a condition to renew the controversy on the subject. It is, however, a curious point in the history of English literature, and worthy of being elucidated. Before I finish what I have to say respecting Byron, I should mention a characteristic anecdote, which has often

tickled me. He delighted in mystifications, especially when he thought any one could be taken in. Accordingly, in one of his playful fits, he told me very gravely that his mother had been a pupil of Miss Hannah More's, but left her. 'Why?' said I. 'Because it was reported that Hannah had a child by Wilberforce.'"

Mr. Galt's general Estimate of his own Powers.—"My volumes of *Travels* evince some observation, ingenuity, and enterprise. The *Life of Wolsey*, and my *Historical Sketches*, afford evidence of research. In my biographical works candour is not wanting. My various Essays shew that I was not ignorant of the subjects of which they treated. My Novels and 'clishmaclavers,' of that class of fiction to which they belong, are said to shew knowledge of the human heart, as well as picturesque description. Much of my Poetry is little known as mine, and it is only lately that I have set up any pretensions at all as a versemaker. And my published Dramas, for number and variety, entitle me to be ranked among the most considerable dramatic authors of my native land; and I have several manuscripts of plays, at least half-a-dozen, lying by me."

Surely, after all this, any remarks of ours must be superfluous; we will therefore only bid our old friend a kindly farewell.—*London Literary Gazette.*

COLERIDGE.

About the close of the first revolutionary war it must have been, or in the brief interval of peace, that Coleridge resorted to the English Lakes as a place of residence. Wordsworth had a natural connexion with that region by birth, breeding, and family alliances. Wordsworth attracted Coleridge to the Lakes; and Coleridge, through his affinity to Southey, eventually attracted him. Southey, as is known to all who take an interest in the Lake colony, married a sister of Mrs. Coleridge's; and, as a singular eccentricity in the circumstances of that marriage, I may mention, that, on his wedding day, (at the very portico of the church, I have been told,) Southey left his bride, to embark for Lisbon. His uncle, Dr. Hebert, was chaplain to the English factory in that city; and it was to benefit by the facilities in that way opened to him for seeing Portugal that Southey now went abroad. He extended his tour to Spain; and the result of his notices was communicated to the world in a volume of travels. By such accidents of personal or family connexion as I have mentioned, was the Lake colony gathered; and the critics of the day, unaware of the real facts, supposed them to have assembled under common views in literature—particularly with regard to the true functions of poetry, and the true theory of poetic diction. Under this original blunder, laughable it is to mention, that they went on to find in their writings all the agreements and common characteristics which their blunder had presumed; and they incorporated the whole community under the name of the *Lake School*. Yet Wordsworth and Southey never had one principle in common. Indeed, Southey troubled himself little about abstract principles in any thing; and so far from agreeing with Wordsworth to the extent of setting up a separate school in poetry, he told me himself (August 1812) that he highly disapproved both of Mr. Wordsworth's theories and of his practice. It is very true, that one man may sympathize with another, or even follow his leading, unconscious that he does so; or he may go so far as, in the very act of virtual imitation, to place himself in opposition; but this sort of blind agreement could hardly be supposed of two men as discerning and as self-examining as Wordsworth and Southey. And, in fact, a philosophic investigation of the difficult questions connected with this whole slang about schools, Lake schools, &c., would shew that Southey has not, nor ever had, any peculiarities in common with Wordsworth, beyond that of exchanging the old prescriptive diction of poetry, introduced between the periods of Milton and Cowper, for the simpler and profounder terms of daily life in some instances, and of the Bible in others. The bold and uniform practice of Wordsworth was here adopted timidly by Southey. In this respect, however, Cowper had already begun the reform; and his influence, concurring with the now larger influence of Wordsworth, has operated so extensively, as to make their own original differences at this day less perceptible.

So little were Southey and Wordsworth connected by any personal intercourse in those days, and so little disposed to be connected, that, whilst the latter had a cottage

* It was certainly written by Pickersgill, who was an officer in the Bengal Army. *Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz.*

in Grasmere, Southey pitched his tent at Greta Hall, on a little eminence issuing immediately from the romantic river Greta and the town of Kewick. Grasmere is in Westmoreland, Kewick in Cumberland, and they are thirteen good miles apart. Coleridge and his family were domiciliated in Greta Hall, sharing that house, a tolerably large one, on some principle of amicable division, with Mr. Southey. But Coleridge personally was more often to be found at Grasmere—which presented the threefold attractions of loveliness so complete, as to eclipse even the scenery of Derwentwater, a pastoral state of society, free from the deformities of a little town like Kewick, and, finally the society of Wordsworth. Not before 1815 or 1816, could it be said that Southey and Wordsworth were even upon friendly terms, so entirely is it untrue that they combined to frame a school of poetry. Up to that time, they viewed each other with mutual respect, but also with mutual dislike, almost, I might say, with mutual disgust. Wordsworth disliked in Southey the want of depth, as regards the power of philosophic abstraction of comprehensive views, and of severe principles of thought. Southey disliked in Wordsworth the air of dogmatism, and the unaffable haughtiness of his manner. Other more trivial reasons combined with these.

It was not long after that my own introduction to Coleridge occurred. At that time some negotiation was pending between him and the Royal Institution, which ended in their engaging him to deliver a course of lectures on Poetry and the Fine Arts, during the ensuing winter. For this series (twelve or sixteen I think), he received a sum of 100 guineas. And considering the slightness of the pains which he bestowed upon them, he was well remunerated. I fear that they did not increase his reputation, for never did any man treat his audience with less respect, or his task with less careful attention. I was in London for part of the time, and can report the circumstances, having made a point of attending duly at the appointed hours. Coleridge was at that time living uncomfortably enough at the *Cruiser* office, in the Strand. In such a situation, annoyed by the sound of feet passing his chamber door continually to the printing rooms of this great establishment, and with no gentle ministrations of female hands to soothe his cheerfulness, naturally enough his spirits flagged, and he took more than ordinary doses of opium. I called upon him daily, and pitied his condition. There was no bell in the room, which for many months I viewed as the double purpose of bedroom and sitting room. Consequently, I often saw him, picturesquely enveloped in night caps, surmounted by his ill-contrived curls, and upon him and his chair, shouting from the attic of the *Cruiser* Office down three or four flights of stairs, to a certain Mrs. Brainbridge, his sole attendant whose dwelling was in the subterranean regions of the house. There did I often see the philosopher with a most lugubrious face invoking with all his might this uncouth name of "Brainbridge," each syllable of which he intoned with long drawn emphasis, in order to overpower the hostile hubbub arising downwards from the press, and the roar from the Strand, which entered at all the front windows. Mrs. Brainbridge! I say, Mrs. Brainbridge! was the perpetual cry until I expected to hear the Strand, and distant Fleet Street take up the echo of "Brainbridge." Thus unhappily situated, he sank more than ever under the domination of opium, so that, at two o'clock when he should have been in attendance at the Royal Institution he was too often unable to rise from bed. Then came dismissals of audience after audience with pleas of illness, and on many of his lecture days, I have seen all Albemarle Street closed by a "lock" of carriages filled with women of distinction, until the servants of the Institution or their own footmen advanced to the carriage doors with intelligence that Mr. Coleridge had been suddenly taken ill. This plea, which at first had been received with expressions of concern, repeated too often, began to rouse disgust. Some, in anger, and some in real uncertainty whether it would not be trouble thrown away, ceased to attend. And we, that were more constant, too often found reason to be disappointed with the quality of his lecture. His appearance was generally that of a person struggling with pain and overmastering illness. His lips were baked with feverish heat, and often black in colour, and in spite of the water which he continued drinking through the whole course of his lecture, he often seemed to labour under an almost paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower. In such a state it is clear that nothing could save the lecture itself from reflecting his own feebleness and exhaustion, ex-

cept the advantage of having been precomposed in some happier mood. But that never happened, most unfortunately he relied upon his extempore ability to carry him through. Now, had he been in spirits, or had he gathered animation and kindled by his own motion, no written lecture could have been more effectual than one of his unpremeditated colloquial harangues. But either he was depressed originally below the point from which any resuscitation was possible, or else this resuscitation was intercepted by continual disgust, from looking back upon his own ill success, for assuredly he never once recovered that free and eloquent movement of thought which he could command at any time in a private company. The passages he read moreover in illustrating his doctrines, were generally unhappily chosen because chosen at hap-hazard, from the difficulty of finding at a moment's summons, those passages which he had in his eye. Nor do I remember any that produced much effect, except two or three, which I myself put ready marked into his hands, among the Metrical Romances edited by Ritson.

Generally speaking the selections were as injudicious and as inappropriate, as they were ill delivered, for amongst Coleridge's accomplishments good reading was not one, he had neither voice, nor intonation of voice. This defect is unfortunate in a public lecturer, for it is inconceivable how much weight and effect all phrases can be communicated by sonorous depth and melodious cadences of the human voice to sentiments the most trivial, nor, on the other hand how the grandest are emasculated by a style of reading which fails in distributing the lights and shadows of a musical intonation. However, this defect chiefly concerned the immediate impression, the most afflicting to a friend of Coleridge's was the entire absence of his own peculiar and majestic intellect—no heart, no soul was in anything he said, no strength of feeling in recalling universal truths, no power of originality or compass of moral relations in his novelties—all was a poor faint reflection from jewels once scattered in the highway by himself, in the prodigality of his early opulence—dependent dependence on the alms dropped from his own overflowing treasury of happier times. Such a collapse such a quenching of the early visions never was seen before. And as I returned from one of the most afflictive of these disappointments, I could not but repeat to myself parts of that divine chorus,—

"Oh! dark, dark day!"

And the blaze of noon

Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse, &c. &c.

The next opportunity I had of seeing Coleridge was at the Lakes in the winter of 1807, and up to the autumn of the following year. During this period it was that he carried on the original publication of *The Friend*, and for much the greater part of the time I saw him daily. He lived as a visitor in the house occupied by Mr. Wordsworth, this house was in Grasmere, and in another part of the same vale, at a distance of barely one mile, I myself had a cottage and a considerable library. Many of my books being German, Coleridge borrowed them in great numbers. Having a natural licence from me to use them as he would, he was in the habit of accumulating them so largely at Allan Bank, (the name of Mr. Wordsworth's house) that sometimes as many as five hundred were absent at once, which I mention in order to notice a practice of Coleridge's indicating his very scrupulous honour, in what regarded the rights of ownership. Literary people are not always so strict in respecting property of this description, and I know more than one celebrated man, who professes as a maxim, that he holds it no duty of honour to restore a borrowed book, not to speak of many less celebrated persons who, without openly professing such a principle, do however, in fact, exhibit a lax morality in such cases. The more honourable it was to poor Coleridge, who had means so trifling, of buying books for himself—that, to prevent my stocks from mixing, and being confounded with the stocks already folded at Allan Bank (his own and Wordsworth's,) or rather that they might mix without danger, he duly inscribed my name in the blank leaves of every volume, a fact which became rather painfully made known to me, for, as he had chosen to dub me *Liquor*, many years after this, it cost myself and a female friend some weeks of labour to hunt out these multitudinous memorials, and to erase this heraldic addition—which else had the appearance of a strange r of having been conferred by myself.

The Friend, in its original publication, was, as a pecuniary speculation, the least judicious, both in its objects

was the subject of a story ever known. It was printed at Penrith, a town in Cumberland, on the outer verge of the Lake district, and precisely twenty-eight miles removed from Coleridge's abode. This distance, enough of itself in all conscience, was at least trebled in effect by the interposition of Kirkstone, a mountain which is scaled by a carriage ascent of three miles long, and so steep in parts that, without four horses, no solitary traveller can persuade the neighbouring innkeepers to carry him. Another road, by way of Keswick, is subject to its own separate difficulties. And thus in any practical sense, for ease, for certainty, and for despatch, Liverpool, ninety-five miles distant, was virtually nearer. Dublin even, or Cork, was more eligible. Yet, in this town, so situated as I have stated, by way of purchasing such intolerable difficulties at the highest price, Coleridge was advised, and actually persuaded to set up a printer, by buying types, &c., instead of resorting to some printer already established in Kendal, a large and opulent town, not more than eighteen miles distant, and connected by a daily post, whereas, between himself and Penrith there was no post at all. Building his mechanical arrangements, upon this utter "upside-down" inversion of all common sense, it is not surprising (as "madness ruled the hour") that in all other circumstances of plan or execution, the work moved by principles of downright crazy disregard to all that a judicious council would have suggested. The subjects were generally chosen, obstinately in defiance of the popular taste, they were treated in a style which avowed contempt for the popular models, and the plans adopted for obtaining payment were of a nature to ensure a speedy bankruptcy to the concern. Coleridge had a list, nobody could ever say upon whose authority gathered together, of subscribers. He tells us himself that many of these renounced the work from an early period, and some (as Lord Cork) rebuked him for his presumption in sending it unordered, but (as Coleridge asserts) neither returned the copies, nor remitted the price. And even those who were conscientious enough to do this, could not remit four or five shillings for as many numbers without putting Coleridge to an expense of treble postage at the least. This he complains of bitterly in his *Biographia Literaria*, forgetting evidently that the evil was due exclusively to his own defective arrangements. People necessarily sent their subscriptions through such channels as were open to them, or such as were pointed out by Coleridge himself. It is also utterly unworthy of Coleridge to have taxed, as he does, many (or all, for any thing that appears,) of his subscribers by neglecting to pay at all. Probably nobody neglected. And, on the other hand, some, perhaps, did, as a most conscientious and venerable female relation of my own, who had subscribed merely to oblige me, and out of a general respect for Coleridge's powers, though finding nothing to suit her own taste. She, I happen to know, paid three times over, sending the money through three different channels according to the shifting directions which reached her. Managed as the reader will collect from those indications, the work was going down hill from the first. It never gained any accessions of new subscribers from what source, then, was the continual dropping off of names to be supplied? The printer became a bankrupt. Coleridge was as much in arrears with his articles, as with his lectures at the Royal Institution. That he was from the very first, but now he was disgusted and desponding, and with No. 28, the work came to a final stop. Some years after, it was recast, as the phrase was, and republished. But, in fact, this recast was pretty nearly a new work. The sole contributor to the original work had been Wordsworth, who gave a very valuable paper on the principles concerned in the composition of Epitaphs, and Prose or Wilson, who, in conjunction with Mr. Blair, an early friend, then visiting at his place on Windermere, wrote the letter signed *Mathetes*, the reply to which came from Mr. Wordsworth.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, October 1834.

THE SONNET.

There is not a popular Sonnet in the English language; there are hundreds in the Italian. Whence comes this disparity?—Many of the best sonnets of our greatest authors—Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Gray, Cowper, and Wordsworth—are exceedingly unequal in their texture, obscure in their verbiage, and lumbering up the motion of their verse.* The Italian ones remarkably con-

* We differ entirely from this opinion. Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz.

trast with these; being distinguished, even above other poetic compositions in that most delicate, voluble, and melodious tongue, by exquisite finish in respect to diction, clear development of the one fine thought which they enclose, and the musical succession of cadences carried through to the last syllable of the fourteen lines,—lines so admirably arranged, that the place of each in the time (if we may so speak) can be almost known by the ear, as well as by the correspondence of rhyme, and connection of sentiment. The sonnet, therefore, has been unworthily depreciated in England, because it has been imperfectly exhibited by English writers, partly from the difficulty of furnishing relays of rhyme to meet at the appointed stations, and partly from the Procrustean model, on exact attention to which the perfection of the sonnet depends.

If it be asked, Why should a sonnet be confined to fourteen lines rather than any other number? I know not that the question can be better answered than by asking another,—Why should the height of a Corinthian column be ten diameters? The cestus of Venus must be of some particular length, both to fit and to adorn the person of the goddess: a hand-breadth taken away would have left it scanty, and a hand-breadth superadded would have made it redundant. The quota of lines, and the arrangement of rhymes and pauses, already established in the regular sonnet, have been deemed, after the experience of five centuries, incapable of improvement by extension or reduction, while the form itself has been proved to be the most convenient and graceful that ever was invented, for disclosing, embellishing, and encompassing the noblest or the loveliest, the gayest or the gravest idea, that genius, in its happiest moments, of rapture or of melancholy, could inspire. The employment of this form by the finest Italian poets, for expressing, with pathos and power irresistible, their selectest and purest conceptions, is an argument of fact against all speculative objections, in favour of the intrinsic excellence and unparalleled perfection of the sonnet.—*Montaigne's Lectures on Poetry*.

BREAKFAST.

(Concluded from our last)

We have said nothing of coffee and chocolate: it breakfast, though a good deal was quoted in our last paper from Mr. Montaigne respecting those beverages. We confined ourselves to tea, because it is the staple drink. A cheap office however, or imitation of it, has taken place of tea with many, and the poor have now their "coffee houses," where the rich used to have. We say "used," because coffee-drinking in such places, among the rich, is fast going out in consequence of the later hours of dinner and the attractions of the club houses. Coffee, like tea, used to form refreshment by itself, some hours after dinner. It is now taken as a digestor, right upon that meal, and sometimes does not even close it, for the digester itself is digested by a liqueur of some sort, called a *chaise cafe* (coffee-chaise.) We do not, however, pretend to be learned in these matters. If we had ourselves at a rich table, it is but as a stranger in the land, to all but the lasting humanities of a custom may change next year, and find us as ignorant of it, as the footman is otherwise.*

As we claim the familiar intimacy of the reader, in this our most private-public Journal, and have had it cordially responded to by fair and brown (who will not cry out as critic did against Montaigne, for saying he liked cherry.) Who the devil cares whether he liked cherry or not?" we shall venture to observe, in comment upon the thousand inaudible remarks on this question which we hear all sides of us, that for our parts we like coffee better than tea, once in a way, but tea "for a constancy." And after the other makes a "pretty" variety, (as Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Peppys, would phrase it). To be perfect point of taste (we do not say, of wholesomeness) coffee could be strong, and hot, with little sugar and milk. In the East they drink it without either, which, we should think, must be intolerable to any palates that do not begin

* We advert to the knowledge of this personage, out of no idea feeling either towards himself, or those whom he serves. Both classes comprise nature of all sorts, like others at fashion, in itself, is a poor business, overlandingly shifting its customs because it has nothing but change to go upon, and with all our respect for good people who wear its liveries, neither master or footman, we own we have no sort of veneration for the phases of neckcloths and coats, and the vicissitudes of the modes of dining.

with it in childhood, or are not in want of as severe stimulants as those of sailors (though by the way, we understand that tobacco-chewing is coming into fashion!) It has been drunk after this mode in some parts of Europe, but the people have no where (we believe) adopted it. The favorite way of drinking it as a meal, abroad, is with a great superfluity of milk,—very properly called in France *Café au lait*, Coffee to the milk. One of the pleasures we receive in drinking coffees, that being the universal drink in the East, it reminds of that region of the Arabian Nights, as smoking does for the same reason though neither of these refreshments, which are now identified with Oriental manners, is to be found in that enchanting work. They had not been discovered, when it was written. The drink was sherbet, and its accompaniments cakes and fruit. One can hardly fancy what a Turk or a Persian could have done without coffee and a pipe, any more than the English ladies and gentlemen before the civil wars, without tea for breakfast. As for chocolate, its richness, if made good, renders it rather a food than a drink. Linnæus seems to have been fond of it, for it was he, we believe, who gave it its generic name of theobroma, or food of the gods. It is said to be extremely nourishing,* but heavy for weak stomachs. Cocoa (cacao) is a lighter kind of it, made of the shell instead of the nut. They make German flutes of the wood of the chocolate-tree. An Italian wit, who flourished when tea, coffee, and chocolate had not long been introduced into his country, treats them all three with great contempt, and no less humour —

Talk of Chocolate! Talk of Tea!
Medicines mad, ye Gods, as they are,
Are no medicines made for me!
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Or that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it amongst their cruel works.
Foe of ink and blots, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Lullaby,
Down in Lullaby,
I was the detestable Ditty invented it,
The Furies then took it,
To grind and to cook it,
And to P O p o r a all three presented it
If the Mussulman in Asia
Dots on a beverage so unwhimsy,
I differ with the man extremely

Bacchus in Tuscany

These vituperations, however are put into the mouth of the god of wine, who may justly have resented the introduction of

"the cups

Which cheer but not inebriate."

Chocolate is a common refreshment in Italy, in a solid shape. The pasty looks like sweetmeats of it, wrapped up in little papers with printed mottoes, containing some couplet of humour or gallantry. They have made their appearance of late years in England, owing, we believe, to the patronage of George the Fourth, who is said to have given an order to a Paris manufacturer, to the value of 500*l*.

Off, ye inferior goods, ye comparative sophistications, perhaps fleeting fashions, and let us betink ourselves of the everlasting virtues of beautiful milk and bread!

"Milk," says a venerable text, "is fit for children."

It is too often unfit for men, not because their stomachs are stronger than those of children, but because they are weaker. Causes of various sorts, sorrow, too much thinking, dissipation, shall render a man unable to digest the good wholesome milk-bowl, that delighted him when a child. He must content himself with his experience, and with turning it to the best account, especially for others. A child over a milk-bowl is a pleasant object. He seems to belong to every thing that is young and innocent,—the

* "An acquaintance, on whose veracity we can rely," says Mr Phillips in his History of Fruits, "informed us, that during the retreat of Napoleon's army from the north, he fortunately had a small quantity of little chocolate cakes in his pocket, which preserved the life of himself and a friend for several days, when they could procure no other food whatever, and many of their brother officers perished for want."—*Pomarium Britannicum, or Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain*. Third Edition, p. 67. Colburn

† The daughters of Danaus, who killed their husbands

morning, the fields, the dairies. And no fear of indigestion has he, nor of a spoiled complexion. He does not sit up till twelve at night; nor is a beauty tight laced, herself, nor does he suspend his stomach in breathlessness, with writing "articles," and thinking of good and evil.

Pleasant object also, nevertheless, is the milk-jug to the grown man, whether sick or well, provided he have "an eye." White milk in a white jug, or cream in a cream-coloured, presents one of those sympathies of colour, which are sometimes of higher taste than any contrast, however delicate. Drummond of Hawthornden has hit it with a relishing pencil.—

In petticoat of green
With hair about her eye,*
• Phillis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock,
'Mongst that sweet strained moisture (rare
delight)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was, so
white †

Anacreon beautifully compares a finely tinted cheek, to milk with roses in it. There is a richness of colouring, as well as of substance in the happy scriptural designation of an abundant country,— "A land overflowing with milk and honey." Milk and honey suit admirably on the breakfast table. Their colours, their simplicity, their country associations, all harmonize. We have a dairy and a bee-hive before us,—the breath of cows, and the buzzing over the garden. By the way, there is a very pretty design, in Cooke's edition of Paracelsus's Poems, of a girl milking a cow, by Kirk, a young Scotch artist of great promise, who died prematurely, which has wandered to the tea-cups, and as to found on some of the clearest of them. We happened to meet with it in Italy, and felt all our old fans aches before us,—the meadows, the trees, and the village church, all which the artist has put into the background. The face is not quite so good on the tea-cup as in the engraving. In that, it is eminently beautiful,—at least in the work now before us. We cannot answer for reprints. It is one of those faces of sweetness and natural refinement, which are to be met with in the humblest as well as highest classes, where the parentage has been genial, and the bringing up not discordant. The passage illustrated is the pretty exordium of the poet's Eclogue entitled Health.—

Now early shepherd's o'er the meadow pass,
And print long foot-steps in the glittering grass
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

Is it not better to occupy the fancy with such recollections as these over a common breakfast, than to be lamenting that we have not an uncommon one? which perhaps also would do us a mischief, and for the gain of a little tickling of the palate take health and good temper out of us for the rest of the day. Besides, a palate unspoilt has a relish of milks and teas, and other simple foods, which a Nabob, hot from his mulligatawny and his negrims, would envy.

We look upon it as a blessing, for our parts, that we retain a liking for a very crust. We were educated at a school, where the food was poorer than the learning; but the monks had lived in its cloister, and felt us a spring of delicious water. Hence we have the pleasure of enjoying a crust of bread and a draught of water to this day. Oftentimes have we "spoilt our dinner," when it has not come up in time, with a "hunk" of bread, choosing rather to spoil our dinner than our spirits. And sweet have been those mouthfuls of the pure staff of life, and relishing of the corn. For our apprehensions there is a sort of white taste in bread, analogous to the colour, and reminding us of the white milkiness of the wheat. We have a respect, both of self-love and sympathy, with the poor light-hearted player in Gil Blas, who went singing along the country road, dipping his crust in the stream. Sorrow had no hold on him, with ninety-nine out of her hundred arms. Carelessly along went he, safe from her worst handling, in his freedom from wants. She might have peered out of her old den, and grown softened at his chaunt. But he went alone too—he had none to care for; which was a pleasure also. It would be none to us,—one thing provided. There are pains, when you get heartily acquainted with them, which out-value the reverse pleasures. Besides, we must all get

* *Eine-eyne*—Scotch and old English for eyes.

† See Cunningham's edition of Drummond, lately published, p. 240.

through our tasks, as manfully and cheerfully as we can; losing, if possible, no handsome pleasure by the way, and sustaining ourselves by the thought that all will be for the best, provided we do our best for all. It is not the existence of pain that spoils the relish of the world; but the not knowing how to make the most of pleasures, and thereby reducing the pains to their most reasonable size and their most useful account.

You may make a landscape, if you will, out of your breakfast table, better than Mr. Kirk's picture. Here where the bread stands, is its father, the field of corn, glowing in the sun, cut by the tawny reapers, and presenting a path for lovers. The village church (where they are to be married) is on a lofty slope, on one side; and on the other is a woody hill, with fountains. There, far over the water, (for this basin of water, with island lumps of butter in it, shall be a sea) are our friends the Chinese, picking the leaves of their tea-trees, — a beautiful plant; or the Arabs plucking the berries of the coffee-tree, a still more beautiful one, with a profusion of white blossoms and an odour like jasmine. For the sugar (instead of a bitterer thought, not so harmonious to our purpose, but not to be forgotten at due times) you may think of Waller's *Saccharissa*,* so named from the Latin word for sugar (*sacharum*) a poor compliment to the lady; but the lady shall sweeten the sugar, instead of the sugar doing honour to the lady; and she was a very knowing as well as beautiful woman, and saw further into love and sweetness than the sophisticated court poet; so she would not have him, notwithstanding his sugar verses, but marry a higher nature.

Bread, milk, and butter are of venerable antiquity. They taste of the morning of the world. Jacl, to entertain her guest, "brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Homer speaks of a nation of milk-eaters, whom he calls the "justest of men." To "break bread" was from time immemorial the Eastern signal of hospitality and confidence. We need not add reasons for respecting it, still more reverent. Bread is the "staff of life" throughout the greater part of the civilized world; and so accordant in its taste with the human palate, that nature, in some places, seems to have grown it ready-made on purpose, in the shape of the Bread Fruit Tree. There is also a Milk-tree, but we nowhere find a carnisferous, or flesh bearing tree; nor has the city yet been discovered in which "the pig run through the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their sides." Civilized nations eat meat, but they can also do without it, living upon milk, grain, and vegetables alone, as in India. None but savages live without those. And common breakfasts, without any meat in them, have this advantage over others, that you can look back upon them without any sort of doubt or disgust, nor are their leavings offensive to the eye. It is one of the perplexities of man's present condition, that he is at once carnivorous, and has very good reason for being so, and relishing his chop and his steak, and yet cannot always reconcile it to the rest of his nature. He would fain eat his lamb, and pity it too; which is puzzling. However, there are worse perplexities than these; and the lambs lead pleasant flowery lives while they do live. Nor could they have had this taste of existence, if they were not bread for the table. Let us all do our best to get the world forward, and we shall see. We shall either do away all we think wrong, or see better reasons for thinking it right. Meanwhile, let us dine and breakfast, like good-humoured people; and not "quarrel with our bread and butter."—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*.

A GAMESTER WITH A WIFE TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

This rare, because pleasing passage, in the domestic history of a gamester (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamesters whose wives are good for any thing—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall) is related by Goldsmith in his life of Beau

* *Saccharissa* was Lady Dorothy Sidney, of the great and truly noble family of the Sidneys. She married a sincere, affectionate, and amiable man, Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who was killed four years afterwards, in a cause for which he thought himself bound to quit the arms of the woman he loved. His second husband was of the Sydney family. In her old age, meeting Walter at a card table, Lady Sunderland asked him, in good humoured and not ungrateful recollection of his fine verses, when he would write any more such upon her to which the "polite" poet, either from spite or want of address, had the poverty of spirit to reply, "Oh, madam; when your ladyship is as young again."

Nash. It looks like a page out of one of Fielding's novels. We have only to imagine Booth grown less civil, and Amelia remaining what she was, and the incident would have perfectly suited her.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy on whom they bestowed all that affection, which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heat; he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharps, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined therefore to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables, he understood neither the arts of sharps, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, upon this occasion, was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company, would set him sixty guineas upon it; the company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer. He sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By G—d it shall never go for less," and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But, my dear Jemmy," says his wife, "perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell, my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, "There you lie, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," said she, "I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing: our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*.

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EMIGRATION.

A few days ago, I heard a native ask a young man who had just arrived in the country, why Europeans came in such numbers to India, since their native land, according to their own account, was in every respect preferable. The questioned party seemed at a loss how to reply either for himself or others, but at length answered that he had come out here because his uncle was an East India Director.

There is scarcely a country in the world whose native population has not an opportunity of making a similar enquiry. Great Britain sends out emigrants to almost every habitable region and every accessible shore, and supplies thousands of victims to be immolated by the cholera of Asia, the yellow fever of the West Indies, the plagues of the Mediterranean, and the slow consuming agues of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. That the majority of those who go abroad do so for the purpose of bettering their fortunes, is very evident, though few of them are willing to proclaim to the inhabitants of the foreign land in which they may happen to take up their abode, that they have come among them because they were without the means of living well at home. England is justly said to derive wealth, grandeur, and prosperity, from her extensive colonies, but I do not intend to enquire what the effects of these immense possessions are in a general and national point of view, but to consider how far their existence is favorable to individual happiness and social refinement.

The British colonies are distinguished from those of other nations, by being peopled chiefly by emigrants of the middle rank of life. The East and West Indies annually disencumber England of an immense number of young men who find it difficult or impossible to establish themselves at home in that style of life which they deem essential to their happiness and respectability. The outlet which tropical regions afford to the male sex, is regularly calculated upon in most large families, as a means of providing for those children who are not likely to push their fortunes in their native country. "Charles requires neither Latin nor Greek," says some fond father "for we will get a cadetship for him in the Honorable Company's service." "Yes," replies the mother, "and Henry is such a wild, turbulent, head-strong boy that we had better send him to learn to be a planter with his uncle in Jamaica." Thus are two children effectually provided for, and the parents, while arranging their destination, probably have a prospective eye to the future consignment of a surplus daughter to the care of each of the young men when they have advanced to independence in their respective professions.

This state of things encourages the ambitious propensities of the inferior classes, and makes them

cultivate a degree of refinement which is unsuitable to their natural condition. The opportunities of acquiring wealth and securing a respectable station in society, which the colonies so abundantly afford, are seized upon with avidity by persons whose sphere of life would unavoidably be humble, and whose means of subsistence would be narrow, were they to remain in their native country. The man who has no expectation of being any thing better than a mechanic or shop-keeper at home, is delighted to obtain an appointment abroad, which will elevate him to the rank of gentleman, at least in his own estimation, and ensure to him, though even at a very remote period, a liberal income and an eventual competency. For this reason, persons of inferior condition and limited circumstances, are now in the habit of educating their children for situations abroad, and teaching them to look forward to a degree of advancement in the world which they have no right to expect, and, which, if they do not attain, they consider themselves unfortunate, and perhaps continue discontented during the rest of their lives.

Let us for a moment suppose Great Britain to be suddenly deprived of her colonies, and of the outlet which they afford to the surplus population of the middle ranks. All the young men who now go abroad, would then be obliged to remain at home, and to establish themselves there in whatever line of life they might find most lucrative and desirable. All the learned professions would become immensely overstocked. A host of lawyers, clergymen and medical practitioners, who had studied their respective pursuits in the expectation of exercising them in the colonies, would be thrown upon their native country, in which they would in vain seek for employment even in its most retired and obscure places. They would encounter persons of their own class every where, and find all situations and appointments occupied and monopolized to the total exclusion of adventurers and intruders, however great their pretensions and talents might be. Those who had expected to find a professional sphere abroad, would, under such circumstances, have no alternative but to change their vocations for others which offered a better prospect of yielding a livelihood, or to undertake the subordinate duties of the department in which they had expected to bear the character of principals. The lawyer might find it necessary to become an attorney's clerk or a constable. The clergyman would be obliged to officiate as an usher or schoolmaster, and the physician, descending to the menial duties of an apothecary's apprentice, would be forced to "cramp his genius over a pestle and mortar." The young planter who had looked forward to the possession of a sugar and coffee estate in the West Indies, would perhaps be compelled to accept the situation of a gentleman's gardener at home. The merchant educated for the East Indies would become a clerk in some house of agency in Sweeting's Alley or Mincing Lane; and the cadet, anxious for military distinction and high army rank abroad, would

cease to have any chance of seeing his name gazetted except perhaps as a bankrupt.

The above suppositions may appear very unnatural and extravagant, but were Britain to lose her colonies, they would all be realized, and every man would become dependant upon his own resources in obtaining a subsistence at home, perhaps by the practice of some of those mechanic professions which are now so much despised. Our extensive territories abroad have been the means of occasioning a vast encrease of luxury and refinement among us, alike by the wealth flowing from them, and by the extensive arena for exertion and employment which they afford to the surplus population of the educated classes at home; and were this, by any national misfortune, to be closed, or rendered unavailable to the British people, society would suffer a retrograde movement equally injurious to general prosperity and individual happiness.

About two centuries ago, when there were no colonies to afford an asylum to those members of the middle ranks of society who could not find employment at home, people's ideas of respectability, expenditure, and domestic life, were infinitely more moderate than they now are. The learned professions, and the higher branches of the mercantile one, were almost exclusively engrossed by persons whose condition and circumstances enabled them to compass the means of education, and whose manners and acquirements formed, as it were, passports to public confidence, and guarantees of their fitness to perform the duties of their respective vocations. Men having neither property nor particular pretensions, contentedly became mechanics, petty merchants, and shop-keepers, nor did they expect to find the means of placing their children in a sphere of life higher than their own, or ever trouble themselves with any attempts of the kind. But at present, individuals of this class generally endeavour to send their sons to some of the colonies, not only that the latter may have an opportunity of attaining what is called a respectable rank in society, but that they may also make a fortune, a thing supposed to be a matter of course with a man that goes abroad, though he should continue out of sight of land from the day of his departure till that of his return.

Were it not for the high degree of luxury, refinement and extravagance which prevails in England, even in the middle classes of society, the supplying of the colonies with European residents would be left almost entirely to the inferior ranks. People of cultivated habits universally prefer their native country to any other, and never voluntarily would leave it, if they could obtain the means of enjoying a moderate share of its pleasures and advantages, and of securing to themselves an eligible station in society. But in the present day, these requisites are beyond the reach of many who are not only well qualified to estimate their value, but entitled in a manner to participate in them. In England, if a man is not able to keep up certain external appearances, he must fall into the back ground, and be contented to remain there. But even should the means of pushing himself forward in the world lie within his power, he will often find these to be of an objectionable kind, and such as cannot be put in practice without annoyance and humiliation. Under such circumstances he is led to determine upon going abroad where he will at least be considered on a level with those

around him, and where he will enjoy independence, and command all the essential comforts of life without sacrificing his ease or being subservient to any one.

When one goes abroad it is too often viewed as a tacit confession that he cannot live at home, but this is a great mistake. Many individuals emigrate to avoid the harrassing occupation, the personal restraint, the subordinate duties, or the hopeless obscurity, that would mark the tenor of their existence were they to remain in their native country. A disagreeable or unhealthy climate, a paucity of enjoyments, and even a seclusion from society, are counterbalanced by easy duties, daily leisure, and an exemption from pecuniary cares. In a colony too, a man finds that his personal consequence is not only much greater than it was or ever could be at home, but that it is also more easily encreased and supported; and a conviction of this kind lays a "flattering unction" to almost every human soul, and tends to put it in good humour with its actual condition.

The state of society which produces these incitements to emigration in the middle ranks, cannot be viewed with any degree of complacency. We hear much of the refinements of life in England, of the universal spread of knowledge, taste, and education there, of the social happiness of its people and of the improving manners of all classes, but at what expence are these fine things purchased? None but persons of large fortune or liberal income, can afford to enjoy themselves or to exercise hospitality. A man is considered a mere cipher in society, unless he has a certain kind of house, a certain show of equipage, and gives a certain number of dinners annually. People possessing a few hundreds a year only, must starve themselves at home if they wish to appear respectable abroad. One individual lives at a coffee-house at the rate of five shillings a day, and gives as many guineas a week for his lodgings. A barrister keeps three clerks though he has not the same number of briefs in the course of a month, and a physician, who visits his patients in a hired carriage during the day, will be found traversing the streets on foot on a rainy night, under the shelter of an umbrella. Every thing is sacrificed to external show, and many persons avoid asking their acquaintances to their houses, lest it should be discovered that the style of their domestic life does not correspond with the appearance which they exhibit when abroad. Who would not rather reside in Sierra Leone or Port Jackson, than be fettered by such restraints and humiliated by such disguises?

I believe it has been remarked of late years, that in Britain, fewer marriages in proportion take place in the middle ranks of society than in the higher or lower. Among the former, there generally is wealth enough to support an establishment more or less splendid, and among the latter nothing of the kind is required. A poor mechanic is not ashamed to shew his poverty, and if he possesses a house, a bed, and the means of subsistence for a month or two, he may fearlessly and conscientiously marry any woman who is bold enough to accept of him. But a person moving in what is called a respectable sphere of life, must act with more caution. He must calculate whether his circumstances will admit of his holding a place in a certain circle of society, and whether he can afford to allow his wife to dress in a certain style,

to attend certain public places, and to give a certain number of parties every month or year. Should his means appear inadequate to the fulfilment of any of these particulars, the match (how ever well inclined to it the lady may feel) will be opposed by her friends and relations, as unlikely to be productive of happiness to either party.

On taking a superficial glance at the middle ranks of society in England, it is impossible not to discover hundreds of individuals of both sexes who have been prevented from entering into the married state by considerations of the above nature. The number of bachelors and old maids seems to increase daily. Those of the former who are poor, fear to pay their addresses to any lady, or to solicit her hand, lest they should find themselves unable to support her in that style of life which they suppose she has been taught to regard as essential to happiness and respectability. The female, on the other hand, frequently is prevented from allying herself to a man of narrow fortune, by the representations of her friends, a respect for the opinion of the world in these matters, and the dread of future poverty and destitution. It surely would be better were both parties in such cases, to throw aside the trammels imposed upon them by the usages of a corrupt state of society, and boldly get married at once, either renouncing all attempts at vain shew, and all pretensions to genteel appearances, or setting off for some of the colonies where they might conform their mode of life to the dictates of reason and nature.

These impediments to marriage form an incitement to emigration which operates powerfully among persons in the middle ranks of society. When a man enjoys a prospect of establishing himself in domestic life at home, his roving propensities, should he naturally have any, are repressed, and he looks forward placidly to spending his days in his native country. But should there exist a great improbability of his ever being able to form any ties of the kind, he will feel a restlessness and a want of purpose which may prompt him to become, as it were, an adventurer, and to aspire "to see the wonders of the world abroad."

The remarks which I have made respecting the inducements to colonial emigration that present themselves when one takes a view of the existing state of society in England, of course refer to those persons only who go abroad at a comparatively advanced period of life. The young men who are sent to the East and West Indies before they have completed their minority, merely follow the plan of life laid down for them by their parents or guardians, without exercising their individual judgment upon the subject.

It will easily be perceived that India is differently situated from any other of the British dependencies, its European inhabitants not being allowed to hold landed property or to reside permanently in the country. The colonization of Asia by the British, is a measure which has often been recommended, and much canvassed as respects the political consequences which would be likely to result from its adoption. With these however I have nothing to do, but intend merely to offer a few remarks upon the nature of the society which would acquire an existence here, were the shores of our Indian possessions thrown open to all who chose to resort to them, and become permanent residents.

At first, it may reasonably be supposed, that the emigrants would be of the lower ranks of life.

But when these had got over the difficulties of settling themselves, and, as it were, cleared the way for their superiors in fortune and education, a set of men, similar to the planters of the Southern states of America, would arrive, and purchase landed property, make improvements, and build handsome houses. The European adventurers who have hitherto taken up their abode in tropical countries during the infancy of trade and cultivation, have generally been rude and barbarous in the highest degree; but it ought to be recollected, that the existence of slavery around them could not but exert a very unfavourable influence upon their character. From this evil the emigrants would be exempted here, while the diffusion of civil officers throughout the country would prevent them from committing any excesses with impunity.

J. H.

TO MY NEPHEW, EDMOND, IN HIS
FOURTH YEAR.

BY CAPTAIN M'NIGHTLIN.

"They who address poetry to even infant children, should take care to sprinkle its lightness with wholesome sentiment, so that it may, at once, prove instructive to children of maturer years, and eventually to the young ones, when their minds shall have arrived within easy reach of its meaning." *Alleg.*

In the beauty of childhood, its pureness, and joy
Unblemish'd by care, I behold thee, fair boy!
No thought of the future disturbing thy breast,
No grief for the past, and the present all blest:
Prosperity beaming thy pathway along,
And flowers on thy course, through the world's varied
throng.

Such seemeth the lot which the short-sighted eye,
Of man can alone in thy vista descry;
And that such, in a long train of years, it may be,
Is the prayer of my heart, my young kinsman, for thee.
But there's many a care mid the flowers may be laid;
And thy passions may cause each glad prospect to fade.

I augur not evil to damp thee, but warn,
When thy young mind hath power from my lesson to
learn.

On thyself 'twill depend—apite of all that may now
Thy onward career with bright colors endow,—
On thyself 'twill depend whether over thy lot,
Calm virtue shall shed her pure halo, or not.

Of thy beauty ne'er suffer thy heart to be vain,
Though a gift often transient with thee should remain.
And when wealth shall be thine, let it nurture no guest
Like scorn for the less favor'd crowd, in thy breast;
But be affable, gentle, and easily mov'd
To relieve the afflicted, if thou would'st be lov'd.

When I gaze on thy face, so surpassingly fair,
I sigh while I think the world's blight may come there,
And I feel the vain wish that (could nature depart
From her order, and keep thee the infant thou art)
Thou might'st never know more of a world so defil'd,
Than thou know'st at this moment, thou beautiful child!

But hope comes and gilds these sad thoughts with her
smiles,
And whispers thou'lt conquer its vices and wiles;
Rise high o'er its follies, its meannesses shun,
And the proud race of manhood untaintedly run;—
Still proving, if tried by adversity's test,
As a Christian, resign'd; as a man, undepress'd.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Where the electric bolts are flashing
With their deepest—breastest roar,
And the billows fiercest dashing
On the abruptest marble shore,
Where the crackling bowprit's riven,
And the helmsman's cheek is pale,
And the mastless bark is driven
Like a leaf before the gale,
We are there

Where the desperate seaman's stealing
From drunkenness respite,
And the craven Athenian's kneeling
By the Levin's ghastly light,
Where gleams through black dishevelled tresses
The mother's lustrous glare,
As wild, her new born babe she presses
With a love that mocks despair,
We are there.

Where the helpless hulk is reeling
On the sunken coral chain,
And her loosening planks revealing
The tempest's iron strain,
Where the poop and fore-ship, shattered,
Divide, like sun struck ice,
And the boiling surge is scattered,
With floating barks of price,
We are there

Where the first wild shriek is rising
From those who sink below
The bitterness of years comprising
In one brief gust of woe,
Where the lonely sea boys clinging
To the tossed and slippery oar,
While his half numbed ears are ringing
With tones beloved of yore,
We are there

Where the gasping swimmer's nearing
The bold and lott's strand,
And through gloom and surf appearing,
Hope points her beacon brand,
Where the pinnace wave returning
(That wave, so vainly hailed)
Leaves a mangled writh expiring
On jagged rocks impaled
We are there.

Purneah.

F V I

THE ITALIAN COMPANY—The Lovers of music will hear with pleasure that the Italian Company will stay at least one season more with us. Some of their English friends have exerted themselves in a very generous and spirited way, and have made or are making arrangements by which the public will be secured a continuance of the delightful entertainment which it has received from these talented and meritorious foreigners. Mrs. Atkinson's valuable assistance is to be given to the Italians, and will no doubt add greatly to their general recourses.

THEATRE MECHANIQUE—This exhibition, the advertisement of which we noticed some weeks ago, is to be opened this evening at No 259, Loll Bazar. The performance to commence at half past seven. Tickets (first class 4 Rs and second class 2 Rs) to be had at the *Hukaru Office*.

NEW PERIODICAL—We are very glad to hear that the spirited Proprietor of the *Literary Gazette* published at Madras is about to establish a *Quarterly Magazine*. The *Madras Literary Gazette* is already a successful work, and we hope that the new *Magazine* will also be a profitable speculation.

SHAKESPEARE'S HINDUSTANI AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY—A "Romanized" edition of this work and Yates' *Hindustani Grammar* are in the press. Orders are received by Messrs. Thacker and Co. and Mr. T. Ostell.

Selected Articles.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

Ludicrous description of a "timid gentleman's" journey by coach.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER one of the worthies of German literature, died not long ago. Samples of his genius, and a masterly criticism upon it (which we have read twice over for the mere pleasure received from the force and abundance of the thinking) are given in the third volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Specimens of German Romances*, from which the following passage is taken. We are much mistaken if we are hazarding the usual peril of an overwrening introducer of a jest, when we candidly express our anticipations of the reader's hearty laughter. There is caricature enough, but like all Richter's caricatures it is grounded on the deepest and kindest knowledge of real character, kindness and depth being indeed necessary accompaniments in a man's knowledge of his fellow creatures. But how he can go hiccuping one extravagance upon another, in this successful way, is amazing (for there is a whole seventy pages full of it). We think, every instant that nothing further can be piled upon the joke like children seeing a tower of cards threatening to topple over, when lo! another story and another yet is achieved, to their delighted astonishment, with a clapping burst of laughter. Perhaps, from what little we have been enabled to see of the genius of Jean Paul (for the Germans love to designate him by his Christian name, as the French do Rousseau) a general idea of it may be given by supposing him a sort of pious Shakspeare acting the part of one of his own fools. In the book before us he unites Rabelais with the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The twenty second of July, on Wednesday, about five in the afternoon, (quoth the "magnanimous mouse" Schmelzle—for he relates his own exploit) was now by the way bill of the regular post coach, irrevocably fixed for my departure. I had still half a day to order my house, from which, for two nights and two days, and a half my breast, its busiest work and pillow was now, along with myself, to be withdrawn. Hence, to my good wife Bergelien as I called my little girl, was immediately to travel after me on Friday the twenty fourth, in order to see and make purchases: at the yearly fair, she was ready to have gone along with me, the faithful spouse. I therefore assembled my little knot of domestics, and promulgated to them the household law and valedictory script which after my departure in the first place before the outset of my wife, and in the second place after this outset, they had rigorously to obey, explaining to them, especially, whatever, in case of conflict, attacks, house breakings, thunder storms, or transit of comets, it would behoove them to do. To my wife I delivered an inventory of the best goods in our little reticardship, which goods, she, in case the house took fire hid in the first place to secure. I ordered her on stormy nights (the peculiar thief-weather), to put out a Lohann harp in the window, that so any villainous prowler might imagine I was fantasizing on my instrument, and therefore awake, for like reasons also, to take the house-dog in door by day that he might sleep then and so be livelier by night. I further counselled her to have an eye on the focus of every knot in the panes of the stable window nay, on every glass of water she might set down in the house, as I had already often recounted to her examples of such incidental burning glass having set whole buildings in flames. I then appointed her the hour when she was to set out on Friday morning to follow me, and recapitulated more emphatically the household precepts. Prior to her departure, she must at least instruct her domestics. My dear heart-sound, blooming Bergelien answered her faithful lord, as it seemed, very devoutly, "thy ways, little old one, it shall be done all as thou sayest velvet. Wert thou but away! There is no need of thee!" Her brother, my brother-in-law, the dragoon for whom, out of complaisance, I had paid the coach fare, in order to have in the vehicle along with me a stout swordman and hector, as spiritual relative and bully, rock, so to speak, the dragoon I say, on hearing these regulations, puckered up (which I easily forgave the wild soldier and bachelor) his sun-burnt face considerably into ridicule, and said, "Were I in thy place, sister, I should do what I liked, and then afterwards take a peep into these regulation papers of his."

"Oh" answered I, "misfortune may conceal itself like a scorpion in any corner. I might say that we are like children, who look at their gaily-painted toy-box, soon pull off the lid, and pop out springs a mouse who has young ones."

"Mouse, mouse!" said he, stepping up and down. "But, good brother, it is five o'clock, and you will find when you return that all looks exactly as it does to-day, the dog like the dog, and my sister like a pretty woman, *allons donc!*" It was purely his blame, that I, fearing his misconception, had not previously made a sort of testament.

I now picked in two different sorts of medicines, heating as well as cooling, against two different possibilities, also my old splints for arm or leg breakages, in case the coach over-set, and (out of foresight) two times the money I was likely to need. Only here I could have wished, so unaccustomed was the stowage of such things, that I had been an ape with cheek-pouches, or some sort of opossum with a natural bag, that so I might have deposited these necessaries of existence in pockets which were sensitive. Shaving is a task I always go through before setting out on journeys, having a rational mistrust against stranger blood-thirsty barbers, but on this occasion, I retained my beard, since, however close shaved, it would have grown again by the road to such a length, that I could have fronted no minister and general with it.

With vehement emotion, I threw myself on the pith-heart of my Berga, and with a still more vehement one, to e myself away in her, however, this our first marriage situation, seemed to produce less lamentation than triumph, less consternation than rejoicing, simply because she turned her eye not half so much on the parting as on the meeting, and the journey after me, and the wonder of the Fair. Yet she threw and hung herself on my neck like a long and thin neck, almost punfully, being indeed a too fleshy and weighty load, and said to me, "Whisk the off quick, my charming Attel (Attila), and trouble thy head with no cares by the way, thou singular man! A whiff or two of ill luck we can stand, by God's help, so long as my father is no beggar. And for thee Franz," continued she, turning with some heat to her brother, "I leave my Attel on thy soul, thou well knowest thou wilt fly, what I will do, if thou play the fool, and leave him any where in the lurch. Her meaning here was good, and I could not take it ill to you also, my friends, her wealth and her open heartedness are nothing new."

Melted into sensibility, I said "Now Berga, if there be a reunion appointed for us surely it is either in Heaven or in Elzevir, and I hope, in God, the latter." With these words we whirled stoutly away. I looked round through the dark windows of my coach at my good little village of Neussattel, and it seemed to me in my melting mood, as if steeples were rising aloft like an epitaphium over my life or over my body, perhaps to return a lifeless corpse. "How will it all be," thought I, "when thou at last, after two or three days, comest back?" And now I noticed my Bergelchen looking after us from the garret window. I leaned far out of the coach-door, and her falcon eye instantly distinguished my head, kiss on kiss she threw with both hands after the carriage as it rolled down into the valley. "Thou true hearted wife!" thought I, "how is thy lowly birth by thy spiritual new birth, made forgettable, nay remarkable!"

I must confess the assemblage and conversational picture of the stage-coach was much less to my taste, the whole of them suspicious, unknown riddle, whom (as markets usually do) the Flatz cattle market was alluring by its scent. I dislike becoming acquainted with strangers, but my brother-in-law, the dragoon, who now, as I have said, had in a few minutes elbowed himself into the coach, with the whole ragamuffin posse of them, beside me sat a person, who, in all human probability, was a harlot, on her breast, a Dwarf, intending to show himself at the Fair, on the other side was a Ratcatcher, and a Blind Passenger, in a red cloak, and joined us down in the valley. No one of them, except my brother-in-law, pleased me. That ragamuffin people would not study me and my prospects, but would use accidents, to entangle me in their snares, no doubt, be my surety. In strange places, I even, out of prudence, avoid looking up at any jail-window, because the lovel, sitting behind the bars, may in a moment call me out of mere malice, "How goes it, comrade Schmeller?" or further, because any lurking catchpole may fancy I am planning a rescue for some confederate above.

From another sort of prudence, a little different from this, I also make a point of never turning round when any body calls "Phat!" after me.

As to the Dwarf himself, I had no objection to his travelling with me, whithersoever he pleased, but he thought to raise a particular delectation in our minds, by promising that his Pollux and Brother in Trade, who was also making for the Fair to exhibit himself, would by midnight with his elephantine face, infallibly overtake the coach, and plant himself among us, or behind, on the outside. Both these noodles, it appeared, are in the habit of going in company to fairs, as reciprocal exaggerators of opposite magnitudes. The Dwarf is the convex magnifying glass of the Giant, the Giant the concave diminishing glass of the Dwarf. Nobody expressed much joy at the prospective arrival of this Anti Dwarf, except my brother-in-law, who, (if I may venture on a play of words), seems made, like a clock solely for the purpose of striking, and once actually said to me "That if in the upper world he could not get a soul to curry and toulze by a time, he would rather go to the under, where most probably there would be plenty of cuffing and to spare." The Ratcatcher, besides the circumstance that no man can prepossess much in his favour, who live solely by poisoning like the Destroying Angel of Rats, the Mouse Atropis—and also, which is still worse, that such a fellow bid-fair to become an incruiser of the vermin of the kingdom, the moment he may cease to be a lessener of it—beside all this, I say, the present Ratcatcher had in any baneful features about him, first his stabbing look, piercing you like a sciletto, then the sharp bony visage, conjoined with his enumeration of his considerable stock of poisons, then (for I had him more at hand) his sly stillness, his sly smile, as if in the corner he noted a mouse, as he would notice a man. To me I declare though usually I take not the slightest exception against people's looks, it seemed a last as if his throat were a Dog-grotto, a *Grotto del Cane*, his cheek bones cliffs and breakers, his hot breath the wind of a caldium furnace, and his black hairy breast a skin for parching and roasting.

Not was I in wrong I believe, for soon after this, he began quite coolly to furnish the company, in which were a dwarf and a female, that in his time he had, not without enjoyment, run ten men through the body, had with great convenience hewn off a dozen men's arms, slowly split four hearts torn out two hearts, in the case of the like sort, while none of them other wise persons of spirit, had in the least resisted. But why? adled he, with a poisonous smile, and taking the hat from his shaggy bald pate, "I am invulnerable. Let any of the company that chuses live as much as on my crown as he likes, I shall not mind it."

My brother-in-law, the dragoon, directly kindled his tinder box and put a heap of the burning matter on the ratcatcher's pole, but the fellow stood it as it had been a mere picture of fire, and the two looked expectantly at one another, and the former smiled very foolishly, saying, "It was simply pleasant to him like a cool warming-plaster, for this was always the wintry region of his body."

Here the dragoon groped a little on the naked skull, and cried with amazement, that "it was as cold as a kneecap."

But now the fellow to our horror, after some preparations, actually lifted off the quarter skull, and held it out to us saying, "He had saw it off a mindier, his own having accidentally been broken," and withal explained that the stabbing and aim cutting he had talked of was to be understood as a jest, seeing that he had merely done it in the character of a stimulus at an anatomical lecture. However, the jest seemed to use little in favour with any of us, and for my part, as he put his brain-lid and sham skull on again, I thought to myself, "This dundled bell has changed its place, but not the hemlock it was made to cover."

Further, I could not but reckon if a suspicious circumstance that he as well as all the company, (the blind Passenger too), were making for this very Flatz, to which I myself was bound, much good I could not expect of this; and, in truth, turning home again would have been as pleasant to me as going on, had I not rather felt a pleasure in defying the future.

I come now to the Red-mantled Blind Passenger, most probably an *Emigré* or *Refugé*, for he speaks German, not worse than he does French, and his name, I think was *Jean Pierre* or *Jean Paul*, or some such thing, indeed he had any name. His red cloak, notwithstanding this his

identity of colour with the hangman, would, in itself, have remained heartily indifferent to me, had it not been for this singular circumstance, that he had already five times, century to all expectation, come upon me in different towns (in Great Berlin, in Little Hof, in Coburg, Meiningen, and Bayreuth), and each of these times had looked at me significantly enough and then gone his way. Whether this *Jean Pierre* is dogging me with hostile intent or not I cannot say, but to our fancy, at any rate no object can be gratifying that thus, with corps of observation or out of loop holes, holds and aims at us with muskets, which for year after year it shall move to this side and that, without our knowing on whom it is to fire. Still more offensive did Red-clock become to me, when he began to talk about his soft mildness of soul, a thing which seemed either to be-taken pumping you or undermining you.

I replied, "Sir, I am just come with my brother-in-law here, from the field of battle, (the last affair was at Pimpelstidt), and so perhaps am too much of a humour for fire, pluck, and war-fury, and to many a one, who happens to have a roaring waterspout of a heart, it may be well if his clerical character (which is mine) rather enjoins on him mildness than wildness. However, all mildness has its iron limit. If any thoughtless dog chance to anger me, in the first heat of rage I kick my foot through him, and after me, my good brother here will perhaps drive matters twice as far, for he is the man to do it. Perhaps it may be singular, but I confess, I regret to this day, that once when a boy I received three blows from another, without tightly returning them, and I often feel as if I must still pay them to his descendants. In sooth, if I but chance to see a child running off like a distard from the weak attack of a child like himself, I cannot for my life understand his running, and can scarcely keep from interfering to save him by a decisive knock."

The Passenger in the meanwhile was smiling, not in the best fashion. He gave himself out for a Legations Rath, and seemed fit enough for such a post, but a mad dog will, in the long run bite me as rabidly as a mad wolf will. For the rest, I calmly went on with my eulogy on courage, only that, instead of ludicrous gasconading which directly betrays the coward, I purposely expressed myself in words at once cool, clear, and firm.

"I am altogether for Montaigne's advice," said I, "Fear nothing but fear."

"I again," replied the Legations man, with useless wire-drawing, "I should fear again that I did not sufficiently fear fear, but continued too dastardly."

"To this fear also," replied I coldly, "I set limits. A man, for instance, may not in the least believe in, or be afraid of ghosts, and yet by night may bathe himself in cold sweat, and thus purely out of terror at the dreadful fight he should be in, (especially with what whiff of epileptics, falling-sicknesses, and so forth, he might be visited) in case, simply, his own too vivid fancy should create any wild fever image, and hang up in the air before him."

"One should not, therefore," added my brother-in-law, the dragon, contrary to his custom moralizing a little, "one should not bamboozle the poor sheep, man, with any ghost tricks; the hen heart may die on the spot."

A loud storm of thunder overtaking the stage-coach altered the discourse. You, my friends, knowing me as a man not quite destitute of some tincture of natural philosophy, will easily guess my precautions against thunder. I place myself on a chair in the middle of the room (often, when suspicious clouds are out, I stay whole nights upon it), and by careful removal of all conductor, rings, buckles, and so forth, I here sit thunder-proof, and listen with a cool spirit to this elementary music of the cloud kettle drum. These precautions have never harmed me, for I am still alive at this date, and to the present hour I congratulate myself on once hurrying out of church, though I had confessed but the day previous, and running without more ceremony, and before I had received the sacrament, into the charnel-house, because a heavy thunder-cloud (which did, in fact, strike the church-yard linden tree) was hovering over it. So soon as the cloud had dis-loaded itself, I returned from the charnel-house into the church, and was happy enough to come in after the hangman, (usually the last), and so still participate in the Feast of Love.

Such, for my own part, is my manner of proceeding, but in the full stage-coach I met with men to whom natural philosophy was no philosophy at all. For, when the clouds gathered dreadfully together over our coach canopy, and sparkling, began to play through the air, like so many fire-dances, and I at last could not but request that the sweating

would at

money, and such like, and put them all into one of the carriage-pockets, that none of us might have a conductor on his body, not only would no one of them do it, but my own brother-in-law, the dragon, even sprang out, with naked drawn sword, and swore that he would conduct the thunder all way himself. Nor do I know whether this desperate mortal was not acting prudently, for our position within was frightful and any one of us might every moment be a dead man. At last, to crown all, I got into a half altercation with two of the rude members of our leathern household, the Poisoner and the Harlot, seeing by their questions, they almost gave me to understand, that, in our conversational pic-nic, especially with the Blind Passenger, I had not always come off with the best share. Such an imputation wounds your honour to the quick, and in my breast there was a thunder louder than that above us, however, I was obliged to carry on the needful exchange of sharp words as quietly and slowly as possible, and I quarrelled softly and in a low tone, lest in the end a whole coachful of people, set in arms against each other, might get into heat and perspiration, and so, by vapour steaming through the coach-roof, conduct the too near thunderbolt down into the midst of us. At last I laid before the company the whole theory of electricity, in clear words, but low and slow, (striving to avoid all emission of vapour), and especially endeavoured to frighten them away from fear. For, indeed, though Year, the stroke—any, two strokes, the electric or the apoplectic—might hit any one of us, since in Lxleben an Lx Remarus, it is sufficiently proved, that violent fear, by the transpiration it causes, may attract the lightning. Accordingly, in some fear of my own and other people's fear, represented to the passengers that how in a coach so hot and crowded, with a drawn sword on the coach box piercing the very lightning with the thunder cloud hanging over us, and even with so many transpirations from incipient fear, in short, with such visible danger on every hand, they must absolutely fear nothing, if they would not, all and sundry be mitted to death in a few minutes.

"O heaven!" cried I. "Courage! only courage! No fear, not even fear of fear! Would you have Providence to shoot you here sitting, like so many hares hunted into a pinfall? For if you like when you are out of the coach, fear to your heart's content in other places where there is less to be afraid of, only not here, not here!"

I shall not determine, since among millions scarcely one man dies by thunder-clouds, but millions perhaps by snow clouds, and rain-clouds, and thin mist—whether my coach-sermon would have made any claim to a prize for man-saving however, at last, all uninjured, and driving towards a rainbow, we entered the town of Vierstadt, where dwelt a post master, in the street which the place had.

The Post-master was a churl and a striker, a class of mortals whom I inexpressibly detest, as my fancy always whispers to me in their presence, that by accident or dislike, I might happen to put on a scornful or impertinent look, and wound these mastiffs on my throat. Happily, in this case, (supposing I had even made a wrong face), I could have shielded myself with the dragon, for whose giant force such matters are a tidbit. His brother-in-law of mine, for example cannot pass any tavern where he hears a sound of battle, without entering, and, as he crosses the threshold, shouting, "Peace, dogs!"—and therewith, under show of a peace deputation, he directly snatches up the first chair leg in his hand, as if it were an American peace columet, and cuts to the right and left among the beligerent powers, or he gnashes the hard heads of the parties together (he himself takes no side), catching each by the hind lock, in such cases, the rogue is in heaven.

I, for my part, rather avoid discrepant circles, than seek them, as I likewise avoid all dead or killed people the prudent man easily foresees what is to be got by them, either vexation or injurious witnessing, or often even (when circumstances conspire) painful investigation, and suspicion of your being an accomplice.

In Vierstadt nothing of importance presented itself, except to my horror, a dog without a tail, which came running along the town or street. In the first fire of passion at this sight I pointed it out to the passengers, and then put the question, whether they could reckon a system of Medical Police well arranged, which, like this of Vierstadt, allowed dogs openly to scourabout, when their tails were wanting? "What am I to do," said I, "when this member is cut away, and any such beast

comes running towards me, and I cannot, either by the tail being cocked up or drawn in, since the whole is snipt off, come to any conclusion whether the vermin is mad or not? In this way, the most prudent man may be bit, and become rabid, and so make shipwreck purely for want of a tail compass.*

The blind passenger (he now got himself inscribed as a seeing one, God knows for what objects) had heard my observations; which he now spun out in my presence almost into ridicule, and at last awakened in me the suspicion, that by an overdone flattery in imitating my style of speech, he meant to banter me. "The dog-tail," said he, "is, in truth, an alarm-beacon and finger post for us, that we come not even into the outmost precincts of madness; cut away from comets their tails, from Bashaws their's, from crabs their's (outstretched it denotes that they are burst); and in the most dangerous predicaments of life we are left without clew, without indicator, without hand in *margin*; and we perish not so much as knowing how."

For the rest, this stage passed over without quailing or peril. About ten o'clock, the whole party, including even the postillion, myself excepted, fell asleep. I indeed pretended to be sleeping, that I might observe whether some one, for his own good reasons, might not also be pretending it; but all continued snoring; the moon threw its brightening beams on nothing but down-pressed eyelids.

I had now a glorious opportunity of following Lavater's counsel, to apply the physiognomical ellwand especially to sleepers, since sleep, like death, expresses the genuine form in coarse lines. Other sleepers, not in stage-coaches, I think it less advisable to mete with this ellwand; having always an apprehension lest some fellow, but pretending to be asleep, may, the instant I am near enough, start up as in a dream, and deceitfully plant such a knock on the physiognomical mensurator's own facial structure, as to exclude it for ever from appearing in any Physiognomical Fragments (itself being reduced to one) either in the stippled or line style. Nay, might not the most honest sleeper in the world, just while you are in hand with his physiognomical dissection, lay about him, spurred on by honour, in some cudgelling scene he may be dreaming; and in a few instants of clapperclawing and kicking, and trampling, lull you into a much more lasting sleep than that out of which he was awakened!

In my *Adumbrating Magic Lantern*, as I have named the work, the whole physiognomical content of this same sleeping stage-coach will be given to the world: there I shall explain to you at large how the poisoner with the murder-cupola, appeared to me devil-like; the dwarf old child-like; the harlot languidly shameless; my brother-in-law peacefully satisfied, with revenge or food; and the legation-rath, *Jean Pierre*, heaven only knows why, like a half angel, - though perhaps it might be because only the fair body, not the other half, the soul, which had passed away in sleep, was affecting me.

I had almost forgotten to mention that in a little village while my brother-in-law and the postillion were sitting at their liquor, I happily fronted a small terror, Destiny having twice been on my side. Not far from a hunting-box, beside a pretty clump of trees, I noticed a white tablet, with a black inscription on it. This gave me hopes that perhaps some little monumental piece, some pillar of honour, some battle memento,* might here be awaiting me. Over an untrodden flowery tangle, I reach the black on white; and to my horror and amazement, I decypher in the moonshine; *Beware of Spring guns!* Thus was I standing, perhaps half a nail's breadth from the trigger, with which, if I but stirred my heel, I should shoot myself off like a forgotten ramrod into the other world, beyond the verge of time!

The first thing I did was to clutch down my toe-nails, to bite, and, as it were, eat myself into the ground with them; since I might at least continue in warm life so long as I pegged my body firmly beside the atropo-scissors and hangman's block, which lay beside me; then I endeavoured to recollect by what steps the fiend had led me hither unshot, but in my agony I had perspired the whole of it, and could recollect nothing. In the devil's village close at hand there was no dog to be seen and called to, who might have plucked me from the water; and my brother-in-law and the postillion were both carousing with full can. However, I summoned my courage and determination; wrote down on a leaf of my pocket-book my last will, the accidental manner of my death, and my dying remem-

brance of Berge, and then, with full sail, flew helter-skelter through the midst of it the shortest way; expecting at every step to awaken the murderous engine, and thus to clap over my still long candle of life the *bousoir*, or, extinguisher, with my own hand. However, I got off without shot. In the tavern, indeed, there was more than one foot to laugh at me; because, forsooth, what none but a fool could know, this notice had stood there for the last ten years, without any gun, as guns often do without any notice. But so it is, my friends, with our game police, which warns against all things, only not against warnings.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

VENTRILQUIISM.

Some people (saith our authority, and old magazine) possess the art of speaking inwardly, having the power of forming speech by drawing the air into their lungs, and of modifying the voice in such a manner as to make it seem to proceed from any distance, or in any direction. This art of vocal deception is called Ventriloquism. The public of late years have had their acquaintance with it renewed by means of the admirable Entertainments of Mr. Mathews; but never, we believe, were such triumphant exhibitions of it as are related in the following anecdote, furnished about fifty years since by the Abbé de la Chapelle, of the French Academy.

This gentleman having heard many surprising circumstances related concerning one M. St. Gille, a grocer at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, whose astonishing powers as a ventriloquist had given occasion to many singular and diverting scenes, formed the resolution to see him. Struck by the many marvellous anecdotes related concerning him, the Abbé judged it necessary to ascertain the truth by the testimony of his own senses, and then to inquire into the cause and manner by which the phenomena were produced.

The Abbé having waited upon M. St. Gille and informed him of his design, was very cordially received. He was conducted into a parlour on the ground floor, and M. St. Gille and himself sate on the opposite sides of a small fire, with only a table between them, the author keeping his eyes fixed on M. St. Gille all the time. Half-an-hour had passed, during which that gentleman diverted the Abbé with many comic scenes to which he had given occasion by his talents, when all of a sudden the Abbé heard himself called by his name and title, in a voice that seemed to come from the roof of a house at a distance. He was almost petrified with astonishment; but recollecting himself, and asking M. St. Gille whether he had not given him a specimen of his art, he was answered only by a smile. But while the Abbé was pointing to the house from which the voice had appeared to him to proceed, his surprise was increased on hearing himself answered, 'it was not from that quarter,' apparently in the same kind of voice as before, but which now seemed to issue from the earth, at one of the corners of the room. In short this fictitious voice played, as it were, every where about him, and seemed to proceed from any quarter or distance from which the ventriloquist chose to transmit it to him. The illusion was so very strong, that prepared as the Abbé was for this kind of conversation, his senses were incapable of undeceiving him; though conscious that the voice proceeded from the mouth of M. St. Gille, that gentleman appeared absolutely mute while exercising his talent, nor could the author perceive any change in his countenance. He observed, however, at this first visit, that M. St. Gille contrived, but without any affectation, to present only the profile of his face to him while he was speaking as a ventriloquist.

The next experiment of this ventriloquist was no less curious. M. St. Gille being on his way home from a place to which he had been on business, sought shelter from an approaching thunder storm in a neighbouring convent. Finding the whole community in mourning, he inquired the cause, and was told that one of their body had lately died who was the ornament and delight of the society. To pass away the time, he walked into the church attended by some of the monks, who shewed him the tomb of their deceased brother; and spoke freely of the scanty honours bestowed on his memory. Suddenly a voice is heard apparently proceeding from the roof of the choir, lamenting the situation of the deceased in purgatory, and reproaching the brotherhood with their lukewarmness and want of zeal on his account. The friars, as soon as their astonishment gave them power to speak, consulted to-

* Our hero was an army-chaplain.

gether, and agreed to acquaint the rest of the community with this singular event, so interesting to the whole society.

M. St. Gille, who wished to carry on the joke still further, dissuaded them from taking this step, telling them that they would be treated by their absent brethren as a set of fools or visionaries. He, however, advised them to call the whole community immediately into the church; where the ghost of their departed brother might probably repeat his complaints. Accordingly, all the friars, novices, lay-brothers, and even the domestics of the convent were summoned and collected together. In a short time, the voice from the roof renewed its lamentations and reproaches, and the whole convent fell on their faces and vowed a solemn reparation. As a preliminary step, they chaunted a *de profundis*, in full choir, during the intervals of which the ghost occasionally expressed the comfort he received from their pious exercises and ejaculations in his behalf. When all was over, the prior entered into a serious conversation with M. St. Gille, and on the strength of what had just passed inveighed against the absurd incredulity of modern sceptics and pretended philosophers in regard to ghosts or apparitions. M. St. Gille thought it now time to undeceive the good fathers. This, however, he found it very difficult to effect till he prevailed upon them to return with them into the church, and there be witnesses of the manner in which he had conducted this ludicrous deception.

In consequence of three memoirs presented by the author to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which he communicated to them the observations he had collected upon the subject of ventriloquism in general, and those he had made of M. St. Gille in particular, that learned body deputed two of its members, M. de Fouchy and M. le Roi, to accompany him to St. Germain-en-Laye, in order to verify the facts, and make observation on the nature and causes of this extraordinary faculty. In the course of this inquiry a very singular plan was laid and executed, to put M. St. Gille's powers of deception to the trial, by engaging him to exert them in the presence of a large party, consisting of the commissioners of the Academy, and some persons of the first quality, who were to dine in the open forest near St. Germain-en-Laye, on a particular day. All the members of this party were in the secret, except a certain countess, who was pitched upon as a proper victim to M. St. Gille's delusive powers, as she knew nothing even of M. St. Gille or of ventriloquism; and we may imagine, perhaps, for another reason, which the Abbé through politeness suppresses. She had been told in general that this party had been formed in consequence of a report that an aerial spirit had lately established itself in the forest of St. Germain-en-Laye, and that a grand deputation from the Academy of Sciences were to pass the day there, to enquire into the reality of the fact.

M. St. Gille, it may be readily conceived, was one of this select party. Previously to his joining the company in the forest he completely deceived even one of the commissioners of the Academy who was then walking from them, and whom he accidentally met. Just as he was abreast of him, prepared and guarded as he was against a deception of this kind, he verily believed that he heard his associate, M. de Fouchy, who was then with the company above one hundred yards distance, calling after him to return as expeditiously as possible. His valet too, after repeating to his master the purport of M. de Fouchy's supposed exclamation, turned about towards the company, and with the greatest simplicity imaginable, bawled out as loud as he could in answer to him, "Yes, Sir!"

After this successful beginning the company sat down to dinner, and the aerial spirit, who had been previously furnished with proper anecdotes respecting company, soon began to address the countess, in a voice that seemed to be in the air over their heads; sometimes it spoke to her from the tops of the trees around them, or from the surface of the ground at a pretty large distance; and at other times, seemed to speak from a considerable distance under her feet. During dinner the spirit seemed to be absolutely inexhaustible in the gallantries he addressed to her, though he sometimes said "civil things to another lady. This kind of conversation lasted about two hours, and the countess was firmly persuaded, as the rest of the company affected to be, that this was the voice of an aerial spirit. Nor would she, as the author affirms, have been undeceived, had not the rest of the company, by their unguarded behaviour, at length excited in her some sus-

picious. The little plot against her was then owned, and she acknowledged herself to be mortified only in being waked from a delicious delusion.

Several other instances of M. St. Gille's talents are related. The author, in his course of inquiries on this subject, was informed that the Baron de Mengen, a German nobleman, possessed the same art in a very high degree. The Baron constructed a little puppet or doll, the lower jaw of which he moved by a particular contrivance: with this doll he used to hold a spirited kind of dialogue, in the course of which the little virago became so impertinent, that he was at last obliged to thrust her into his pocket, where she seemed, to those present, to grumble and complain of her hard treatment.

The Baron, being at the court of Bareuth, along with the Prince of Deux Ponts, and other noblemen, amused himself with this scene. An Irish officer, then present, was so firmly persuaded that the Baron's doll was a living animal previously taught by him to repeat these responses, that he watched an opportunity at the close of the dialogue, and suddenly made an attempt to snatch it from his pocket. The little doll, as if in danger of being suffocated during the struggle occasioned by this attempt, called out for help and screamed incessantly from the pocket, till the officer desisted. She then became silent, and the Baron was obliged to take her out, to convince him by handling, that she was a mere piece of wood.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

The rare sight of a Rhinoceros in England,—(a sort of hog-elephant, or mixture of elephant, hog, tapir, and cattle-moose, cased in compartments of armour, and with a bit of horn on his nose,—whence his name,—Rhinoceros signifying Nose-horn,) will give double zest to the following description of a hunt of him in the new novel, *Makanna or the Land of the Savage*,—a book defective in artifice of management, but very interesting upon the whole, both in a general point of view, in incident and in character.

The Rhinoceros, with its strange compound of sensibility and callous skin, acuteness and awkwardness, irritability, bulkiness, mildness, and huge appetite, looks like a sort of lesser Dr. Johnson among animals, as the elephant seems the larger and more respectable prototype. It was, doubtless, from an instinct of this sort, that Davies the bookseller struck out that simile, which every body thought so unaccountable and yet some how so happy. He said that the Doctor *laughed* like a Rhinoceros.

"For a long way the track continued to traverse the lower bed of the hollows, now piercing through fields of dry reeds, which, in the proper season, form a chain of morasses, or threading the broken jungle that fringes the hanging woods above. The hunters were even becoming careless from the dull unvarying sameness of the pursuit, when, in passing a thicket, Laroon observed that the tender branches of a small euphorbia had been so recently cropped, that the corrosive, but, to the eye, milk-like juice of the tree was still trickling from its wounds.

"Zounds," said Cootie, quietly, "the Dwyka is at hand. Not a beast of the forest can stomach that poison, save himself.—Hist!"

The precaution was needless, for not a leaf stirred, and the humming of a bee was audible at twenty yards.

"Now," said Cootie, in a low whisper, as the party passed on into a more open space, where, for the first time, a glimpse of the expected river might be discerned through some scattered "wre-houts" (iron wood-trees), winding sluggishly, like a black serpent, along a rugged chasm, while a reedy swamp stretched out in front, and the jungle to the right, as the ground ascended, thickened into forest.

"Yes, now's the time to put the Dwyka on his mettle;—the hill and trees will sicken him for speed—and if he tries the swamp, we shall puzzle him worse than either."

The justice of this opinion appeared to be generally admitted, and immediate arrangements were made to act upon it. One of the first of these was to send two Hottentots into the wood alone, with the view of rousing the gentleman's attention. Drakenstein and Vernon made slowly for the farther side of the swamp, while Laroon was left to hold the incensed animal in check should he attempt to

retreat by his former path into the jungle. In his present condition little could be expected from Gaspal, to whom was therefore assigned the more easy task of firing the reeds if occasion demanded.

This distribution of force was very judiciously effected, but nothing appeared to follow it. The intense green of the wood above drank in the sunbeams in undisturbed serenity as before; and except the low crooning of a wood pigeon, or the remote chatter of a baboon, that seemed, as he moved on a neighbouring tree, to mock their patience, the hunters found no token of life or motion.

This unsatisfactory stillness had continued for some ten minutes longer, when suddenly a small portion of the wood above became violently agitated;—the higher branches smote together, and some of the tallest trees bowed their leafy heads, as if the axe was at their roots.

The commotion increased,—trees fell, and, with a harsh grunting snort, the ponderous beast burst through the crashing branches.

Not a shot had been fired, and the 'Dwyka,' making for the swamp, finished his gambol by rolling in the mud.

The creature was still splashing about most gloriously, when the Hottentots, following his track, issued from the wood. Hitherto they had acted with exemplary prudence by doing nothing—but now they marred all by firing without any prospect, or chance of success.

Astonished by the report, or rather pricked into attention by a trifling flesh-wound, the swarthy monster sprang to the land. For a few seconds he stood puzzled and irresolute, swinging his grotesque head from side to side, with a strange impatient motion. Whatever might have been the intention of this harlequinade, it was soon over, for with a sudden lunge, the creature threw himself into extreme speed, and charged full in the direction of Laroon.

Long inured to emergencies of danger, the quick-eyed Creole foresaw the attack, and waited coolly for the proper moment to guard against it, by wheeling his horse behind a hammock of rock, most invitingly at hand. This moment had arrived,—the 'Dwyka' within some hundred paces, was rushing snorting forward amid a cloud of dust, when, had the manœuvre been effected, his skull must have been dashed against the projecting rock, for such was his speed, that halt or turn was equally impossible.

The moment had arrived, but when Laroon attempted to give his horse the necessary impulse, he found the conscious animal shivering and motionless, paralyzed by fear.

The time for thought was past: with the icy chill of desperation at his heart, but still not disconcerted, Laroon cast his rifle on the adjacent rock, with convulsive energy withdrew his feet from the stirrups, pressed them on the shoulders of his steed, and vaulted in the same direction.

Scarcely was this desperate spring effected, when the 'Dwyka' came in contact with the horse, and crushing him against the rock, with the blow staved in his ribs, at the same moment as, by a jerk of his head, he disembowelled him. The 'Dwyka's' horn hung rather in the chest of his victim; and in a second effort to withdraw it, the vicious beast fell on the mangled body.

Cootje said, afterwards, that at this juncture Laroon might with ease have dispatched the enemy, and that with even a single shot. Be that as it might, the 'Dwyka' soon arose, and shaking the clotted gore from his head, looked around, as if in search of a second conquest.

Gaspal with Laroon's led horse, were at hand; but the 'Dwyka,' as if disdaining the slaughter of Hottentot or cattle, with a loud wild snort, galloped off in the direction of Cootje.

Now was the time for firing the reeds; and Gaspal managed the matter so adroitly, that as the 'Dwyka' floundered through the morass, the crackling fast-spreading flames gathered fiercely and terrifically around. Defended by his impenetrable hide, the obdurate beast, though bellowing with affright, still dashed impetuously forward, while ever and anon, his huge and dusky bulk, rising with sudden bounds from amid the burning reeds, as the black hull of a storm-tossed boat staggers through the foam of broken waves, was seen by starts, environed with a flashing ocean of glowing fire, or disappearing in whelm-ing eddies of whirling smoke.

On such occasions the damage is not so great as might be imagined; and when the retreating 'Dwyka' made the shore, he was in fact more dazzled by the glare, and inti-

midated by the crackling and smoke, than scorched by the flames. Upon the whole, however, his valour was on the wane, and, totally sick of the adventure, he very prudently prepared for flight, by rushing past Laroon, to retrace his former path through the hollows.

Among the jungles of this level, his tremendous strength as the hunters knew, would most avail him; and they accordingly made every possible exertion to impede his course.

Two of the remounted Hottentots put their horses on full speed, in a parallel direction, with the hope of over-reaching the beast; and Drakenstein, Vernon, and Gaspal followed, péle-mêle, on the 'spoor.'

Hoarse shouts and frequent shots, now rattling in the jungle or booming from the hollows, gave a wild animation to the scene. From time to time, too, a small cloud of white smoke, arising here and there above the distant foliage, gave notice that the expedient of firing the herbage was again had recourse to; but as the tumultuous rout passed off, and its discord, growing remote, died on the ear in a faint hoarse murmur, little idea could be formed as to the ultimate event of the chase.

But who, in so stirring a moment, could reason so coolly? Absorbed in the headlong fury of pursuit, the hunters had passed Laroon unheeded; and no sooner were they gone, than obeying one of those impulses that were as the leading angels of his fate,—the latter mounted the spare horse before mentioned, and venturing on the wild track through which the 'Dwyka' had broken, sought, with an anxious look, took, the deepest shadows of the forest."

A LAST WISH.

When the blood shall quit my heart,
When my spirit shall depart,
And these eyes no longer see;
When the bright thoughts no more come
Like the sun-light in a room;
Lay me gently on the tomb.
Lay me in the open air,
Underneath some grassy mound,
Where the wild-bee's murmurs are,
And the green leaves round.
And as I shall view the spot
From dwelling place afar
Be no ritual forgot,
Nothing left my rest to mar.
And that there may be some shade
Where my mouldering bones are laid,
Let there be
Over me
One green tree,
Circled round with rosemary.

I abhor the close abode,
Where the spider and the rat,
And the spirit-chilling toad,
And the harpy-winged bat,
Disrespect the solemn stones
That imprison dead men's bones.
I believe I could not sleep
Where such things their vigils keep.
And another cause I have
For a heaven-cover'd grave:
From Apollo unto me
Came the gift of poesy;
Therefore when my life is done,
Let him shine upon his son.
I want no funeral show,
Prancing speed, and nodding plume;
Nor of hypocritic woe
The detested gloom;
Nor followers in dark disguise,
With white kerchiefs at their eyes,
Acting scenes of obsequies.

Nor give me what vain glory rears,
Nor aught by money bought;
Nothing I ask, no friend I task
Beyond a few kind tears:
Strew flowers, and give me these,
And I shall rest at ease.

Leigh Hunt's London Journal.]

S. R. J.

SUMMER.

• [The following extract from Mr. Howitt's Book of the Seasons, requires no more introduction than a fine day itself. The luxuriance glows upon you at once, and remains fervid and beautiful to the last, like a proper piece of July.]

Summer! glowing summer! This is the month of heat and sunshine; of clear, fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams; when doors and windows are thrown open:—a cool gale is the most welcome of all visitors, and every drop of rain is worth its weight in gold! such is July commonly; yet it is sometimes, on the contrary, a very showery month, putting the haymaker to the extremity of his patience, and the farmer upon anxious thoughts for his ripening corn. Generally speaking, however, it is the heat of our summer. The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness, and maturity; the eye roves over brown pastures, corn fields already white to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes; and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadow twilight, which adds infinitely to their beauty, a circumstance that has never been sufficiently noticed by either poet or painter. Willows are now beautiful objects in the landscape: they are like rich masses of arborescent silver, especially if stirred by the breeze, their light and fluent forms contrasting finely with the still and sombre aspect of the other trees.

Now is the general season of hay-making. Bands of mowers in their light dresses and broad straw hats, are astir long before the fiery eye of the sun glances along the horizon, that they may toil in the freshness of the morning, and stretch themselves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling waters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then with regular strokes and a sweeping sound, the sweet and flowery grass falls before them, revealing, at almost every step, nests of young birds, mice in their cozy domes, and the mossy cells of the humble bee streaming with liquid honey; anon, troops of hay-makers are abroad, toasting the green swaths to the sun. It is one of Nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand pleasant memories and habits of the olden days, and not a soul can resist it.

There is a sound of tinkling teams and waggons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over, ay, even at midnight, till at length, the fragrant ricks rise in the farm yard, and the pale, smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty.

With the exception of a casual song of the lark in a fresh morning and the blackbird and thrush at sunset, or the monotonous wail of the yellow hammer, the silence of birds is now complete; even the lesser reed-sparrow, which may very properly be called the English mock-bird, and which kept up a perpetual clatter with the notes of the sparrow, the swallow, the white-throat, &c., in every hedge-bottom, day and night, has now ceased its song also.

Spring-flowers have given place to a very different class. Climbing plants mantle and festoon every hedge. The wild hop, the bryony, the clematis or traveller's joy, the large white convolvulus, whose bold but delicate flowers will display themselves to a very late period of the year,—vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bed-straw invest every bush with their varied beauty, and breathe on the passers by their faint summer sweetness. The *Campanula rotundifolia*, the hare-bell of poets, and the blue-bell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, rock, and way-side, with its airy stems, and beautiful cerulean bells. There too we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody night-shade, wood-betony and centaury; the red and white striped convolvulus, also throws its flowers under your feet; corn-fields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, cockle, and the rich azure plumes of the viper's bugloss; even thistles, the curse of Adam, diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places.

But whoever would taste all the sweetness of July, let him go in pleasant company, if possible, into heaths and woods; it is there, in uncultured haunts, that summer now holds her court. The stern castle, the lowly convent, the deer, and the forester, have vanished; thence many ages, yet nature still casts round the forest lodge, the garbled oak, and lonely mere, the same charms as ever. The most hot and sandy tracks, which we might naturally

imagine would now be parched up, are in full glory. The Arica Tetralix, or bell-heath, the most beautiful of our indigenous species, is now in bloom, and has converted the brown bosom of the waste into one wide sea of crimson. The air is charged with its honied odour; the dry elastic turf glows, not only with its flowers, but with those of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds. There wave the cotton-rush, the tall fox-glove, and the latter golden mullein; there grows the classical grass of Parnassus, the elegant favourite of every poet, there creep the various species of heath-berries, carnberries, bilberries, &c. furnishing the poor with a source of profit, and the rich of simple luxury. What a pleasure it is to throw ourselves down beneath the verdant screen of beautiful fern, or in the shade of a venerable oak, in such a scene, and listen to the summer sounds of bees, grasshoppers, and ten thousand other insects mingled with the more remote and solitary cry of the pewit and curlew! Then to think of the coach-horse urged on his sultry stage, and the plough boy and his team plunging in the depths of a burning fallow, or of our ancestors, in time of national famine, plucking up the wild fern roots for bread, and what an enhancement of our own luxurious case!

But woods, the depths of woods, are the most delicious retreats during the fiery noons of July. The great azure campanulas or Canterbury bells are there in bloom; and in chalk and lime-stone districts there are also now to be found those curious plants the *bee* and *fly orchis*. The soul of John Evelyn well might envy us a wood-lounge at this period;

All the cool freshness of the humid air, the walk by the border of the brook chiming over the shadow-chequered pebbles, the green and breezy canopy above us, and luxurious thoughts in our hearts.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

TEA.—It appears from the evidence of the East India Company's officers, from whom we are constrained at present to derive most of our information on these points, that the tea-plant in China has two distinct varieties, if not species, which respectively yield the *black* and the *green* teas. The tree is an evergreen. The pickings of the leaves begin about May, when the plant is in full leaf, but ready to shoot out other leaves. In the black-tea plant, the first shoot, on the bud coming out, then covered with hair, forms the fine *flowery pekoe*. A few days' more growth makes the hair begin to fall off, the leaf then expands, and becomes the *black-leaved pekoe*. Some young shoots have fleshier and finer leaves, which make the *souchong*. The next best leaves make the *campti*, the next *congou*, and the refuse and inferior leaves the *bohea*. These are the states in which the black teas are collected by the tea-farmers. The varieties of green teas appear to originate, not from the stages of picking, like the black, but partly from difference of treatment and manipulation, partly from difference of soil. A large proportion of twankay tea is the growth of a different district from that which produces the hysons. When a tea merchant buys green tea from the farmer, he subjects it to the following process; he sifts it through one sieve, which takes out the dust, the *young hyson* and the *gunpowder*; then through another sieve, which passes the *small leaf hyson* of commerce; two other sieves successively take out the second and largest degree of size, and what does not pass the third sieve forms *hyson-skin*. The teas then undergo the process of firing, in an iron pan, at a great degree of heat, which gives the leaves a tighter twist, and brings them up to their colour. The tea which passes the first sieve is then put into a winnowing-machine, and the fan blows out the light leaf at the further end, the larger broken leaf at a shorter distance. The heavier teas, as the gunpowder and hyson, fall nearer or further from the hopper, according to their gravity, and are then separated by the winnowing-machine. When fairly made, the difference between the gunpowder and the young hyson will be this: the young leaf, which takes the long twist, will form the young hyson, and that which takes the round twist will form the gunpowder. The same mode of manufacture is pursued with respect to twankay tea, the fine leaves of which make hyson.—*The Times.*

PROFOUND AND NOBLE REMARK.—The happiness of the worst man of the species is as much an integrant part of the whole of human happiness, as is that of the best man.—*Bentham.*

WOMEN.

That there are, and have always been, numbers of beautiful women in France as well as in England, and beautiful in figure too, and plump withal, no Antigallican, the most pious that ever existed, could take upon him to deny; though the praise conveyed by their word *embonpoint* (in good case,) which means "fleshy and fatish," (as the poet has it,) would imply, that the beauty is not apt to be of that order. The country of Diana de Poitiers, of Agnes Sorel, and of all the charmers of the reigns of Valois and the Bourbons, is not likely to lose its reputation in a hurry for "bevy of bright dames." Charming they were, that is certain, whether plumps or not; at least in the eyes of the princes and wits that admired them; and French admiration must go for something and have at least a geographical voice in the world, whatever Germany or Goethe himself may think of the matter. On the other hand, far are we from abusing all or any of the dear plump Germans, who have had graceful and loving souls, whether fifteen, like poor Margaret, or "fat, fair, and forty," like Madame Schroeder Devrient. We have been in love with them, time out of mind, in the novels of the good village pastor, the reverend and most amatory Augustus La Fontaine. The Peninsular and South American ladies, albeit beautiful walkers, and well-grounded in shape, are understood not to abound in plump figures; yet who shall doubt the abundance of their fascinations, that has read what Cervantes and Camdens have said of them, and what is said of their eyes and gait by all enamoured travellers? Is not Dorothea for ever sitting by the brook-side, beautiful, and bathing her feet, in the pages of the immortal Spaniard? And was not Inez de Castro taken out of the tomb, in order to have her very coffin crowned with a diadem; so triumphant was the memory of her love and beauty over death itself? Italian beauties are almost another word for Italian paintings, and for the muses of Ariosto and of song. And yet, admiring all these as we do, are we for that reason traitors to the beauties of our own country, or do we not rather the more admire the charmers that are nearest to us, and that perpetuate the train of living images of grace and affection, which runs through the whole existence of any loving observer, like a frieze across the temple of a cheerful religion.

And yet all this does not hinder us from wishing, that the *generality* of our countrywomen walked better and dressed better, and even looked a little less reserved and misgiving. A Frenchman is not bound to wish the generality of his countrywomen plumper, because he admires them for other beauties, or sees plumpness enough in his friends. A Spaniard may reasonably wish his a little more red and white, if it be only for the sake of their health; and if a jovial table-loving Viennese desired, after all, a little less plumpness in his adorable for the same reason (and in himself too), we should not quarrel with his theory, however it might object to his practice.

The *handsomest* female we ever beheld was at Turin; she was a maid-servant crossing a square. The most *lady-like* looking female in *humble life* was a French girl, the daughter of a small innkeeper. We heard one of her humble admirers speak of her as having the air of *une petite duchesse* (of a little duchess). But the most *charming face* that ever furnished us with a vision for life, (and we have seen many) was one that suddenly turned round in a concert-room in England—an English girl's radiant with truth and goodness. All expressions of that kind make us love them, and here was the height of material charmingness added. And we thought the figure equal to the face. We know not whether we could have loved it for ever, as some faces can be loved without being so perfect. Habit, and loving-kindness, and the knowledge of the heart and soul, could alone determine that. But if not, it was the divinest imposition we ever met with.

JAMES PRICE.

JAMES PRICE was an English chymist, who in the course of experiments exhibited in the presence of several men of science and reputation, produced a wonderful powder, which, if it did not actually turn all it touched to gold, like the fabulous philosopher's stone, made very near approaches to that miraculous transmutation. Half a grain of this wonder-working ingredient, which was of a deep red colour, and weighed by an indifferent person, prevented quicksilver from evaporating or boiling, though the crucible which contained it, was surrounded by an intense fire, and was itself become red hot. I will not

puzzle my readers, nor incur the risque of exposing myself, by describing in technical terms every part of the progress. It is sufficient to observe, that Dr. Price directed, but touched nothing, and that at the conclusion of the operation, when the crucible was cooled, and broken, a globule, weighing ten grains, of a yellow metal, was found at the bottom, which a skilful artist, after trying it by the common tests, pronounced it to be pure gold, for which he would give the highest price that was generally asked for that metal. A variety of experiments which it is not necessary to particularize in this place, and of which the principal nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Guildford, the doctor's residence, were witnesses, established beyond a doubt the fact, that by means of his extraordinary powders, for he produced a white as well as a red one, silver and gold, in the proportion of 28 to 1, and in other instances of 40 to 1, and 60 to 1, was repeatedly produced. Notwithstanding such unexceptionable evidence, the world still incredulous and suspecting deception, demanded further experiments; but the sanguine expectations of the friends of Dr. Price were checked by the reply he made; "The whole of my materials have been expended in the experiments I made, and I cannot furnish myself with more but by a process tedious and operose, whose effects I find have already been injurious to my health, and of which I decline the repetition." Whether the operator had impaired his fortune, his intellect, or his spirits, I cannot tell; but I understand that he not long after died by his own hands, and his secret, to the experimental chymist, so highly interesting, perished with him. The philosopher and statesman who may lament the loss of an art, which would apparently have enabled us to pay off the national debt, and to set at defiance the exhausting circumstances of war, will, however, cease to repine, and estimate the doctor's secret at its proper value, when they are told, as he confessed to a friend, a few months before his death, that the materials necessary to produce an ounce of gold cost seventeen pounds.—*Lounger's Common-Place Book.*

TRAGICAL DISAPPEARANCES FROM LIGHT AND LIFE.

The following concentrated heap of tragical circumstances,—much melancholy in a little compass—is from the book mentioned in our last, entitled "Six Weeks on the Loire." It begins with frightful private evidences of public tyranny, and ends with some tragedies of a different sort, unintentional, unmalignant, and relieved by the very youth and gentleness of the parties. We never met with a more complete blossom of tragedy (if we may so term it) than the account of the poor girl who perished in the height of her health and spirits while leaping over an unseen abyss to catch at an almond tree.

Chinon is on the right bank of the Vienne, and is sheltered between craggy hills; on the top of the loftiest of which, are the remains of the once formidable castle, which for a thousand years held the surrounding country in awe. It was the favourite residence of Henry the Second of England, and the scene of his last moments in 1189, when, broken hearted by the undutiful conduct of his children, he left the world with a malediction on them upon his lips. And here, ten years afterwards, his son, the lion-hearted Richard, closed his valiant career, and his giant-like ambition in the narrow precincts of the grave. This castle was the chosen abode of Charles the Seventh. The apartments he inhabited are still in tolerable preservation, as is also the room in which Joan of Arc was introduced into his presence, and selecting him, in his assumed disguise, from the nobles by whom he was surrounded, declared to him her divine mission. Here likewise it was that his unnatural son, Louis the Eleventh, whilst yet Dauphin, dared to propose the assassination of his parent to the Comte de Chabannes, the favourite minister, who had virtue enough to shrink from the horrible crime, and revealed the intention to his royal master. The dismal "*oubliettes*" may still be traced, close behind the fire-place, in the principal sitting-room; so that the haughty prince might be stretching his legs over the fire, with the utmost nonchalance, at the moment that the wretch who had offended him, might be precipitated, at his very side, into this horrid grave. Alas! that history should have recorded this to have actually been the case, with that mirror of chivalrous honour, Francis the First, in company with one of his mistresses; but having seen such incontrovertible proof of the monstrous cruelty of

the ages of despotism, I can now believe almost anything that is told of them; and amongst the rest the account of a French writer, which, before, I thought only adapted for the pages of a romance.

"The chamber which this monarch occupied," says he, speaking of Louis the Eleventh, at the Chateau des Loches, "was exactly over the frightful dungeons in which the unfortunates, cast in by his orders, languished. What reflections could a king make, thus taking up his abode above the horrible vaults from which the last signs of his expiring victims were breathed. What hope of pardon for these despairing wretches, when he alone who had the power of granting it, could thus unfeeling repose over the spot where they were suffering! A considerable time after the death of Louis the Eleventh, a captain of the name of Pontbriant, governor of the chateau, discovered an iron door which he caused to be opened and traced by the light of flambeaus, the subterranean passages, the entrance to which its purport was to close. After advancing a little way, he perceived a second iron door which was opened, as the first; he then penetrated into a vast dungeon, at the extremity of which he beheld, exactly under the apartments of Louis the Eleventh, a man sitting on a stone bench, leaning his head on his hand. No doubt the unhappy wretch had died in this position of famine and despair! There was nothing near him excepting some linen in a small trunk. Pontbriant approached and touched him; but only a hideous skeleton, of large proportion, remained beneath his hand, at the pressure of which, slight as it must have been, the flesh and garments had instantly fallen to the earth a heap of dust!" It is natural enough that tyrants should be cowards: the castle of Chinon, like most of the same period, has several subterranean passages, to favour escape in case of any sudden attack. One, in the corner of the king's dormitory, ran not only to the river, but under the bed of it to a chateau on the other side, within sight of the castle; and thence to another; it is said at twelve miles distance. What a picture might the imagination draw of a blood-stained, conscience-stricken monarch, thus flying by torch-light through the very bowels of the earth; fear leading the way—hate pursuing him! whilst above, in the blessed sunshine and pure breezes of heaven, the shepherd throws himself on the enamelled turf

"With all his little flock at feed before him," ignorant alike of the troubles and crimes of the great. But enough of horrors! It is only the powerful impression objects so new to me, in England happily unseen, unthought of, made upon my fancy, that can excuse me to myself, for having dwelt upon them so long. How different, how peaceful now the scene around! From the *Tour d'Argenton*, once communicating by a secret passage to the *Maison Huberdeau*, where the beautiful Agnes Sorel resided when Charles the Seventh was at the castle, from this tower we overlook the windings of the clear Vienne, the verdant banks of the Loire, the promontory of Landes, and the distant castle of Saurmur, with a vast extent of country, all uniting in abundance and security. The interior of the quadrangle is laid out in garden grounds, watered by a well two hundred and forty-eight feet deep. This well was eight years ago, the scene of a most calamitous accident: the mouth of it was by most unpardonable negligence left open, with only a temporary covering of straw over it; so much worse than nothing, as it hid the appearance of danger. Hanging over the aperture was an almond tree, which, luxuriant in blossom, caught the attention of a young lady, the boast of La Touraine for her beauty, and the only child of wealthy parents, who with their daughter, and a few friends had come from some distance on an excursion of pleasure, to explore, the remains of the castle—her eyes fixed on the fragrant flower above her head, she thought not of the cavity beneath, she sprang forward in youthful hilarity, to catch the branch—her foot touched the straw, in an instant she disappeared, and was no more! Thus, without a moment's warning of her fate, realizing in days of peace and refinement, the barbarous death of the "*oubliettes*" in the darkest ages of cruelty.

This spectacle reminded me of a similar misfortune in England, within the same period, which bereaved a professional gentleman and his wife of their only daughter, in the bloom of youth and full of charms and talents. It was in the romantic precincts of Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, where she went with her affianced lover and a party of young friends, to enjoy the wild beauties of those unspoiled scenes of nature. At the well-known spot called the *Strid*, where the river wharf rushes between a cleft rock not more than

six or eight feet in width, the young lady stopped an instant to look down the abyss, her companions turned round, they saw her not. It was supposed that giddy with the sight, she had fallen forward, and was engulfed by the deep and fearful current; as the youthful heir of Egremont had been, seven hundred years before; drawn into it by the starting back of his greyhound, with whom he had attempted to leap the narrow space which was to sever him as the boundary between himself and eternity.

THE BEGGAR.

Not long since, an old beggar, named James, was in the daily habit of placing himself at the principal gate of a church in Paris. His manners, tone and language showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with a certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow-paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as to the persons attached to the parish. Every morning, for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet, none of his fellow-beggars could relate the least particular of his life. Only one thing was known: James never set his foot in the church, and yet he was a catholic. At the time of the religious services, when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion, when the incense, ascending above the altar, rose with the vows of the faithful towards heaven, when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled christians, the beggar felt himself impelled to mingle his prayers with those of the church: with an eager and contented eye, he contemplated from without, the solemnity which the house of God presented. The sparkling reflection of the light through the gothic windows, the shade of the pillars, which had stood there for ages, like a symbol of the eternity of religion, the profound charm attached to the gloomy aspect of the church: every thing inspired the beggar with involuntary admiration. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune, or some profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the church, he might have been taken for a great criminal, condemned to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful, and to pass, like a silent shade, through the midst of the living.

A clergyman repaired every day to that church to celebrate mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of an immense fortune, he found a joy in bestowing abundant alms. The old beggar had become the object of a sort of affection, and every morning the Abbé Paulin de Saint C—, accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income.

One day James did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbé Paulin, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The eyes of the clergyman were smitten with the luxury and the misery which appeared in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the miserable bolster; two pictures, richly framed, and covered with tape, were placed on a white-washed wall; a crucifix in ivory, of beautiful workmanship, was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with gothic carvings, and among a few worn-out books lay a mass-book, with silver clasps; all the remainder of the furniture announced frightful misery. The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with an accent full of gratitude, the latter cried out—

"M. Abbé, you are then kind enough to remember an unhappy man!"

"My friend," replied M. Paulin, "a priest forgets none but the happy ones. I come to inquire whether you want any assistance."

"I want nothing," answered the beggar, "my death is approaching; my conscience alone is not quiet."

"Your conscience! have you any great fault to expiate?"

"A crime, an enormous crime; a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation; a crime, beyond pardon!"

"A crime beyond pardon! there does not exist any. The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man."

"But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime, what has he to hope for? Pardon? There is none for me."

"Yes, there is," cried out the priest with enthusiasm; to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. Religion stretches out her arms to repentance. James, if your repentance is sincere, implore the divine goodness, it will not abandon you. Make your confession."

Thereupon the priest uncovered himself, and after pronouncing the sublime words, which open to the penitent the gates of heaven, he listened to the beggar.

"The son of a poor farmer, honoured with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from my infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be valet-de-chambre to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition: I was raised to the rank of a secretary. I was just turned of twenty-five years of age, when the revolution first broke out in France; my mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period; my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from a crime! The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in their castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in the obscurity of the dwelling. I followed them, as a child of the house. Terror reigned uncontrolled throughout France, and nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together tranquil and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. This informer is myself. The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy, of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. Their trial commenced. The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent; yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found, who was the coadjutor of their secret, and their most intimate thoughts; he magnified the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness, I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son, an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and to curse his assassin, if he ever knew him. Resigned, and hiding consolation in their virtues, that unfortunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs, passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the ninth of Thermidor. A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified; his zeal was rewarded with a diploma of civism. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful justice of those times had its course. This wicked informer, I am he. At the close of day, by torch-light, the fatal cart transported that noble family to death! The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters; the mother, a heroic and christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. They did not even once utter the name of their assassin. As it was late, the executioner, tired of his task, had entrusted a valet with this late execution. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the valet, on the way, begged the assistance of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man, is myself. The reward of so many crimes, was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles, still deposited here around me, are the witnesses

of my guilt. After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul. No project, no enterprise, no labour of mine, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming; so poignant, that, despairing of divine goodness, I never dared implore the consolation of religion, nor, enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, M. Abbé, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters: here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, this book, these veiled portraits, were all taken from my victims. Oh! how long and profound has my repentance been, but how powerless! M. Abbé, do you believe I can hope pardon from God?"

"My son," replied this Abbé, "your crime, no doubt, is frightful. the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans, who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else, all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims! A whole life passed in tears, is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are immense. Relying on your repentance, and full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God, I think I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by a new life, got out of bed and knelt down. The Abbé Paulin de Saint C. was going to pronounce the powerful words which bind or loosen the sins of man, when the beggar cried out:

"Father, wait! before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruit of my crime. Take these objects, sell them, distribute the price to the poor." In his hasty movements, the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold!" said he—"behold the august images of my masters!"

At this sight, the Abbé Paulin de Saint C. let these words escape:—"My father! my mother!"

Immediately, the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of those objects, seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielding to an unexpected emotion, he fell upon a chair. His head leaning on his hand, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar, overpowered, not daring to lift up his looks on the son of his masters, on the terrible and angry judge, who owed him vengeance rather than pardon, rolled himself at his feet, bowed them with tears, and repeated, in a tone of despair—"My master! my master!"

The priest endeavoured, without looking at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out:

"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! M. Abbé, dispose of my life! What must I do to avenge you!"

"Avenge me!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words—"avenge me, unhappy man!"

"Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well, that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye; there is no forgiveness for me—no more pardon—no forgiveness."

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, reached the soul of the priest, his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of the saddened son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strong accents of emotion:

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"

"Yes."

"Our God, immolated on this cross by men, grants you pardon! Finish your confession."

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family!

With his face against the earth, the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet. The latter stretched out his hand to raise him up—he was no more!—*New-York Mirror.*

DOMESTIC USURPATIONS.

In the most of well-regulated families, the husband, of course, is the person of most consequence. A wife, to be sure, is a wife, especially if she be a lady. But still there is in general so much dependent upon the industry of the husband, and so much influence does he possess, like the House of Commons, by his command of the purse, that, if he gets any thing like fair play, he cannot fail to be regarded with much deference by all the other members of the household. To his convenience, or, as he would represent it, to the convenience of his profession, every domestic matter must be accommodated. He has the unquestioned power of dictating the meal-hours. Servants must rise early or late, as he may choose to ring them up. The children must walk softly past his business-room, if he has one; and Mrs. Balderstone must wait his time, before she can get his company for a walk. If there be any thing better than another at table, it must be devoted to him. Women can live on any thing—in fact, are not dining creatures at all; and whenever Monsieur is from home for a day, it may be observed that Madame contents herself with the simplest trifle in the way of dinner, trusting solely to her evening cup of tea. But a *man-body*, as the Scotch housewives say, is an entirely different thing. He must have something substantial, something nourishing and comforting, not only because he deserves it for his toils for the general interest, but in order that he may be able to continue those toils. In short, the first and best of every thing must be surrendered to him—the arm-chair by the fire in winter, the whole sofa for a loll in summer. If he comes home with any thing like damp feet, the whole house must fly to his rescue, and every thing be kept in a stir till he has “changed” them. If he take any little illness, the alarm and commotion are extreme—for he is comparatively seldom ill, and much depends on his health.

While he lives at home, all goes on well, notwithstanding the great trouble which wife and servants and every body acknowledge he occasions. But if he be absent, the dullness and emptiness, the perfect stand-still of every thing, gives the house so hapless an aspect, that all of them would far rather that he were at home. In short, under ordinary domestic circumstances, Mr. Balderstone is a troublesome, impetuous, monopolising, consequential, dear, delightful, indispensable person.

Masterful, however, as Monsieur may be in general, there is one contingency in married life which seldom fails to deprive him of his domestic sceptre. It is not that his wife rebels against his authority, or that his children rise, a fierce democracy, and attempt to chase him from his throne. The revolution is accomplished in an entirely different manner. Madame, in virtue of a critical species of illness, suddenly becomes invested with all that interest which had previously rested upon himself, together with ten times more, derived from the circumstances in which she is supposed to be placed; and all at once—in one hour, one little hour—he feels himself deposed from his high state, as effectually as ever was Darius, king of the Persians. Yesterday, Monsieur was a man, a sovereign, a dictator: no one disputed his will or disobeyed his command; his every word was law; and there was nothing he wanted that was not sure to be at his elbow even before he had formed the wish. But to-day, what a sad change! The queen-consort has suddenly become the queen-sovereign; and Mr. Balderstone, like another Peter III., is thrown aside, in order that she may reign in his stead. No one attends to him now. The servants, like ungrateful courtiers, have forsaken him to pay homage to the usurper. He gets nothing that he wants; no one will take his order—and he dare not ring. By day he sneaks about the house like a condemned person, and at night he has to steal away with a paltry *dip*, stuck without supporting-paper into an unclean candlestick, to hide his sorrows in some garret room, where a wretched third-rate bed has been prepared for him, as a favour of which he is hardly worthy. All the respect with which he was formerly regarded is now gone; he is not even allowed to be the Prince of Denmark.* All interest, all reverence, all care and feel-

ing, are concentrated upon Madame in the best bed-room, and nothing remains for him but a grudging toleration of existence. Under such deplorable circumstances, he might perhaps find some small consolation in the company of his elder children; but they, from the very commencement of the revolution, have been banished the house—cantoned out among aunts and cousins, at the rate of one to each, except in the case of Aunt Mary, a kind worthy soul, who has been favoured with the two youngest and most troublesome. When he enters (what he has been accustomed to consider) his own house the very errand-girl, hired for a week only, will chide him for the noise he makes, and order him to take off his shoes. If he asks for his dinner, he is hustled into a side-room half filled with lumber, all the better apartments being occupied with the pomp and circumstance of the usurpation; and there he has to wait in grim patience, till some one chooses to remember his wants, and, after remembering, is pleased to think of relieving them. Almost every thing he does, every step he takes, every word he utters, provokes some reproach from the powers that be; till he is at last fairly scolded and gloomed out of all spirit, and could almost wish that the day were blotted out of the calendar when it was said that either a man-child or a woman-child, as the case may be, was born.

The usurpation, it may be well supposed, is more passive than active on the part of Madame. In all probability, however, she has constituted a regent in the shape of a mother, or a skilful neighbour, or some other female hypogriph, who is sure to sway the new authority with even a more uncompromising severity than could, under any circumstances, be expected from the original usurper. Awfully impressed with the importance of the occasion, this vice-queen moves solemnly but noiselessly through the house, taking care that every thing is disposed with a regard to the service and comfort of her constituent, and repressing by the mere weight of her most tremendous countenance the least rebellion of words, deeds, or things, against the one great cause. Monsieur, but yesterday perhaps, saw nothing in this lady but a kind relation or a good neighbour, and he might now be disposed to treat her accordingly. But in the brief space that has since elapsed, she has entirely changed her character. He now feels awed down by her presence, like some little boy before a right awful and deeply pinned grandmother. Submittingly does he see every key surrendered into her hands, sees her assume unquestioned empire over the drawers and cupboards, and become sole dictatress of the bread and butter. It may be that there is occasional reason for blame; but that is of course out of the question. If he only can contrive now and then to get a meal or so, even although it should come to him with the wrong end foremost, he must consider himself well off. To get any thing like a share of one's own goods under such circumstances, is as fair subject of self-gratulation as when the people of a besieged city, by some desperate sally, can manage to take in a few of their own beeves or flour-bags. If, besides the bare necessities that are confusedly and unrespectfully thrust in upon him, he should obtain the least modicum of any favourite indulgence, he may consider himself most peculiarly fortunate—for it is a rigid rule of such provisional governments, that every thing of pleasant or good that the house can afford, is to be reserved for the lady, or, if not enjoyable by her, must at least be enjoyed by no other body, as if the enjoyments of others, while she was in her present condition, were privations to her, or, as it were, marks of a disregard for her distresses. As for getting hot water in the morning, or having his shoes brushed, or any other of those little services which in ordinary times are conceded to him as matters of course, he must take care never to dream of such things; for if he does, it will only be to awake to a painful sense of their utter unattainableness. Quite possibly, the powers below could serve him as usual without difficulty; but, secure from his anger they deliberately refrain from doing so, and enjoy for a couple of days the delicious luxury of neglecting a habitual duty.

One of the most oppressive features in the system is its terrible silence. Talk of quiet revolutions: there can be no revolution conducted with such quietness as this. From the first moment, when the knocker was tied up and the bell gagged with a slip of white paper, there has reigned a silence only comparable to that of chaos. Every living being about the house seems to have suddenly become shod in velvet. In the sick-room itself, all things are conducted by gesture, like an academy of the deaf and dumb. A mysterious quiet woman, whom

* The corporation of some English city was showing all possible attention to Queen Anne, to the utter neglect of her husband, who, though a good-looking man, was at last stung off by their disrespect, and exclaimed, “Why, gentlemen, there collect that I am at least Prince George of Denmark.”

you never saw before, but who has been brought in as nurse, points to one of a distant range of phials, and as the servant who is sent for it makes a near approach or the reverse to the minute object wanted, the directress of the proceeding contorts her body and countenance in a greater or less degree, till at length, the girl having hit the right thing, she sinks down into the tranquillity of approval, and mildly waves it forward. The doors have instinctively ceased to creak, the cat to mew, the flies to buzz.* The utmost noise ever heard is the silken swooff of the vice-regent, as she glides along the passages. Strange communings are sometimes observed to take place at the door, between your own servants and those of your friends, who are now sent with complimentary inquiries; but not a syllable is ever heard. A long recital will be given without even an aspirate. Warm flannel will be telegraphed from bed-room to kitchen by a noiseless toss of the arm. Molly will be chid for letting the fire get low, by a dart of the eye. If you should yourself make a *leetle*, a very *leetle* noise, this whole womankind of the establishment will pour upon you like a cataract of wild-cats—but not a particle of noise all the time. You will be pommelled almost to death by a gesticulated scolding-match, and stabbed all over with daggers spoken thirty degrees below the zero of articulation.

Usurpations such as I have faintly attempted to describe, usually last about a week: great mercy they seldom occur oftener than once in a year, or they would form a truly grievous deduction from the happiness of life. It is curious to see how, gradually, as Mrs. Balderstone gets better, and resigns the interest arising from her critical situation, Mr. B. shakes off the unwonted trammels in which he has been bound—shows a little less chicken-hearted under the authority of the Awful Woman, ventures to call one morning for hot water, and next day says something rather smart about the delay in producing his shoes—how, by slow and imperceptible degrees, he becomes re-invested with the respect to which he is entitled as head of the house, and is once more looked to by all and sundry as the important, money-producing, indispensable person which he really is. At length he one day finds himself set down in his customary dining-room to something like a dinner, with even perhaps a consolatory something over and above his usual fare; and as he sips his first glass after the withdrawal of the cloth, he feels, with an exquisite gust of serene and self-flattering sensation, that—Richard's himself again!—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

A HINT FOR DANCERS.

[From the new-French periodical published in Paris and London, and entitled the "*Caméléon*."]—

The existence of the country-dance if threatened. The galopade has been tried; but the galopade deranges the ladies' head-dresses, tumbles their clothes, and flusters their faces. As the ladies have no right to make themselves ugly, the galopade must be given up. The muzurka comes next, and it has numerous partisans. We shall see! While these revolutions are hanging over us, there is one thing which alone would keep a man from dancing at all; a difficulty that renews itself at every first dance. If you invite a lady to be your partner, she is engaged. What will you do? Ask another. Very good. But then it is as much as to say to the former, "I care no more for dancing with you than with any other;" and to the second, "I dance with you for want of a better, and because another has refused me!" How is this to be avoided? By not dancing at all; because the lady you first made choice of is no longer at liberty. But in that case it may so happen, that you pass the evening without dancing, however eagerly you may desire otherwise.

In many towns to the south they manage after the following fashion. To each man, as he enters, a basket of artificial flowers is offered, that he may choose out of it. When he would obtain a partner, in lieu of the customary formula,—seldom relieved by the slightest variation,—"*Madam, will you do me the honour to dance with me?*" he offers the flower, which the lady fixes in her belt till the dance is completed. By this means, no one exposes himself to the mortification and risk of asking a lady who is already engaged, since whatever fair one is still without a flower, is also without a partner.

FCESULAN IDYL.*

Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound,
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that wait the late to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;
Under a wall, beneath an orange tree
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off,
At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden steps
And gather'd the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
(Such I believed it must be); for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory,
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluckt the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
Most glossy; the fair arm, the faster cheek
Warm'd by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot, that, altho' half-erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gathered her some blossoms, since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro',
And scattering them in fragments under foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unrevolved;
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detached,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first—I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said: *you find the largest.*

This indeed,

Cried she, *is large and sweet.*

She held one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.
I dared not touch it, for it seem'd a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back

The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

(By Leigh Hunt)

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An Angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed: as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

* From "*Gayin, Count Julian, and other Poems*," By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 8vo. pp. 326. *London*.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

We were prevented from attending the performance of the Hunchback until it was nearly over. We entered the Theatre during the last act. With what little we saw of the manner in which this play was got up, we were highly delighted, and we heard from all parts of the house nothing but the warmest expressions of admiration. We are very glad to learn that the same play is to be repeated on Monday evening. As we are unable to offer a critique from our own pen, we extract a notice of the performance from the *Englishman* of Wednesday last.—*Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz.*

Monday night witnessed the greatest histrionic triumph of which the annals of the Chowringhee theatre present a record. *The Hunchback* was played in a style that would almost have satisfied Sheridan Knowles himself. Never,—so say the oldest inhabitants,—never did so much deep and anxious interest pervade a Calcutta audience. From the beginning to the end of the piece there was a death-like stillness,—not the stillness of sullen discontent, but the calm silence of wrapt attention and intense enjoyment,—a silence only broken by rapturous bursts of applause, or vociferous laughter, as the serious and comic portions of the play alternately excited the emotions of the auditors. Mrs. Leach's *Julia*, take it all in all, was an extraordinary performance. The various and conflicting passions of the high-minded girl were portrayed with a truth and vigor, that we have been accustomed to see delineated only by the best London actresses. In this character the actress appears under five different influences. She is the cheerful, careless, peaceful, educated country girl;—then she is the same, a little in love and very much loved;—anon, she becomes the city madam, who adores a furbelow and sighs for a feather;—straightway, she is the creature of remorse and offended pride; and finally presents herself to the public, a charming creation contending between love and filial duty. These are the broad features of the character; but there is an under current of emotions,—a million minor passions,—the depicting which heavily taxes the most brilliant talent,—the stoutest energies,—the most indomitable physique. In each and all, Mrs. Leach was excellent. Her chief fault, for fault she had, and she can well afford that it should be pointed out to her, consisted in her too rapid utterance of many passages of singular beauty. She slurred over some magnificent sentences, which, properly delivered, would tell, as a droll friend of ours says, like '24 pound shots upon the audience.' And then the little lady does not attend to intonation. There was, at times, a wearisome monotony in her voice which, as she has the power, we trust she will kindly have the will to correct by Monday night. These little imperfections set off her head, Mrs. Leach's *Julia* was, in sober truth, a *chef d'œuvre*, and warmly did the audience (a miserable audience for such a feast!) greet her stupendous efforts. Shouts from the men and tears from the women were the tributes to Mr. Leach's admirable delineation.

We have seen Knowles in *Master Walter*, and, of course, as he created *Master Walter*, we are bound to think, that he knew what sort of a person he intended his hero should be; but for this circumstance, we should say, that our Kean's conception of the past was most clever and correct, as his performance of it was certainly an evidence of the possession of great genius. We thought at times, that he might have manifested a gentler bearing towards *Julia*,—his daughter, be it remembered;—but on all other occasions the performance was unexceptionable. *Master Walter* is a bold and arduous character, demanding much delicacy of touch—much sustained gravity—occasional bluntness, and a capacity for the display of deep emotions. To perform it to the satisfaction of a critical audience is an unerring test of the splendor of the actor's talents. Our amateur did succeed in more than satisfying.

Sir Thomas Clifford, is an unamiable person—one who lives and loves by rule, square and compass. He talks of his feelings, but he vainly essays to enlist the sympathies of readers or auditors. He is a sort of nice, correct young gentleman,—certainly not 'framed to make women false,' though he contrives to captivate *Julia*; but very likely to be engaged for fifty pounds a year by a thrifty city kunk, particular as to character and habits. He would not rob the till, nor dishonor the house maid, and

that seems to us the very extremity of his virtue. With such a 'yea-nay, subject,' our Proteus had an uphill task; but nevertheless that task was cleverly performed. Proteus invariably turns all he touches to gold.

Helen is not quite adapted to Mrs. Francis's powers or personage. By dint of study, however, she was well up to the part, and contributed with her cousin *Modus* (*Falsstaff*) to excite the risibility of the audience.

Lord Tinsel, by the gentleman who did Mrs. Fove in *Married Life*, gives us, on each occasion of his appearance, fresh reason for congratulating the amateurs on such an accession to their strength. His exquisite demeanor, and nonchalant heartlessness were vastly amusing. *Fathom* ('our Bob') in a new line of character kept the house, as usual, in a roar. The rest of the characters were comparatively unimportant, but they were all admirably filled; *Wilford* being played by the gentleman who made so successful a debut in *King Henry*, and the others by two old favorites who are always found at their post. On the whole *The Hunchback* transcended, as we hear, all previous amateur efforts. On the falling of the curtain, loud shouts of bravo! testified the unqualified approbation of the audience; and such, yesterday, was the expressed opinion of a very large proportion of the community, that the managers have resolved to present the piece again NEXT MONDAY, at the reduced prices of admission! May such and singular success ever attend the efforts of the Chowringhee corps dramatique to keep alive a taste for the purest dramatic compositions.

SPHYGOMOMETRE.—At one of the last sittings of the Académie des Sciences, Dr. Majendie made a report upon an instrument, invented by Dr. Herisson, called the Sphygmometre, which shows the rate of the pulse, its rhythm, and anomalies. In pursuance of the conclusions of the eminent reporter, the Academy passed a vote of thanks to the author of this most useful and ingenious discovery. Dr. Herisson has published a memoir, showing the results of his several applications of this instrument in studying the diseases of the heart. After 6 years of clinical researches, supported by numerous anatomical proofs, it is found capable of distinguishing organic affections from cases which only assume the appearance of such affections. As the Sphygmometre gives the numerical force of the pulse, it has now become possible, according to the observations of Dr. Herisson, to prevent such attacks of apoplexy as arise from a too great determination of the blood towards the head. By this instrument, also may be calculated the effect of blood-letting upon the strength of a patient. It is therefore a most important invention, and must excite the attention of all persons, whether French or foreigners, who are capable of appreciating its qualities.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

PORTRAIT OF ROUSSEAU, BY MADAME DE STAEL.—Rousseau had little eyes, which had no expression of themselves, but successively received that of the different impulses of the mind. His eyebrows were very prominent and seemed proper to serve his moroseness, and hide him from the sight of man. His head was for the most part hung down, but it was neither battery nor fear that had lowered it; meditation and melancholy had weighed it down like a flower bent by the storm or its own weight. When he was silent, his physiognomy had no expression; neither his thoughts nor affections were apparent in his visage, except when he took part in conversation; but the moment he ceased speaking, they retired to the bottom of his heart. His features were common; but when he spoke they all acquired the greatest animation. He resembled the gods which Ovid describes to us, sometimes quitting by degrees their terrestrial disguise, and at length discovering themselves by the brilliant rays emanating from their countenances.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very much obliged to the Native gentleman who sent us the "*Evening Mail*;" but the article he wishes us to extract from it is not suited to a purely literary paper.

THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

OR

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Original Articles.

THE PRINCE'S GLANCE.

THE FIRST GLANCE.

Prince Ludwig after the death of his uncle took charge of the reins of Government. He was then two and thirty years of age. Few Princes in his time possessed so much knowledge, so much learning, as he did; few had made such extensive tours throughout Europe, not from Court to Court for pleasure and diversion only, but travelling as a private individual to improve his mind. When only an hereditary Prince he was the idol of the people, for few persons were so kind, so complaisant, so ready to assist the needy. He lived in a more simple style than many citizens in comfortable circumstances, yet in no instance could he be reproached with parsimony. His wants were few for himself, but he expended much towards the benefit of science, and the relief of persons worthy of assistance. He had his two sons educated without ostentation; they were brought up to be as unassuming as himself. To preserve the peace of the house, and chiefly to remain sole master at home, he was resolved not to marry again, after losing his wife by death. He kept two tutors for the education of the two young Princes, but only one servant for their personal comfort; a secretary, a gardener, a cook, a groom, and two inferior servants composed his whole household. He lived as secluded in his villa as if he were in banishment. His uncle, the reigning Duke, did not like him; it may perhaps be said that he hated him. Why? It is not known. Rulers seldom bear a sincere love for their successors, probably because they behold in them heirs with impatient hope, and the future destroyers of their present plans.

The old Duke loved pomp and order; he was severe, self-willed, impatient of contradiction. Not only in his own household, but throughout his whole Dukedom, every thing went on as if it were by clock-work. No one dared to perform more or less than was prescribed. The Duke himself looked close into every thing that was laid before him; he busied himself with trifles. Thus he lost, as is always the case, a wide view of the whole. Misery and oppression were reigning throughout the land. Every inferior magistrate had to send to his superiors monthly abstracts of his district, from which these again drew lists; lastly, these materials were condensed into a general table, which was respectfully laid before His Royal Highness. In looking over this the Duke fancied he saw the actual state of the whole Dukedom. Indeed he beheld names, numbers, figures, and the most humble annotations. He was not a little proud to have reduced into a regular machinery the whole administration of the land, nor did he dislike to be told, that it required an unusual greatness of mind like his, to have brought his Government into such a routine, that he could

see every thing at one glance. His people indeed remained in a state of backwardness, whilst all the neighbouring kingdoms advanced.

"Where can the fault lie?" the old Duke asked once in an assembly of his whole Court. The question ran from mouth to mouth like an echo; but not one of his children ventured to give a humble reply to the enquiry of the Father of the land. A disagreeably long and respectful pause ensued. At last a young man of a cultivated mind and promising talents, Baron Von Fehlmann, who only a few days before was nominated to a secretaryship, stood forth. The young but inexperienced Baron, who thought the present moment the best opportunity of shewing his gratitude to the Duke, said, "May it please your Royal Highness, instead of periodical tables, give more liberty to your administration, put less restraint on free discussion, and there will be more life, more activity, throughout the land; every one will breathe more freely, and be happier. The best exercised armies on the parade when but mere machines will easily be cut to pieces, when placed in opposition to one, of which every man is animated by the same great impulse." A pensioned Field Marshal, who in token of disapprobation of the remarks of the young Baron, continued to shake his grey head, now bowed low towards the Duke and said, "The state as well as the army, can and should only be machines, without any free will. The former is animated by the head of the Ruler, the latter by the soul of the Commander. Whilst the former brings all his powers into one focus he becomes almighty; the latter invincible when he can give to his intentions the support of millions of arms. He alone is the soul, the army, the body!"

The Baron modestly replied: "It appears to me that just in that, lies the great fault, which unavoidably brings ruin to the state, and the army; in estimating men as nothing better than dolls, and relying but on the numerical strength of arms and legs. An army animated by one great motive, even if routed and cut to pieces, will like the Lermian snake, live in all its parts; and new heads will rise to re-place the beheaded trunk, and thus continue formidable; an army on the other hand levelled down to a dead machine will"

"Hold your tongue," thundered the old Duke: "and argue not with a Field Marshal, you, that scarcely can mend a pen!"

The Baron blushed deeply; first from shame, then from anger, when the Duke pointed to the door with his outstretched arm. He bowed and retired.

The Duke cast at him a glance of contempt and displeasure, the courtiers perceived it; every one, as if by an involuntary motion, repeated it. The Field Marshal now spoke of the impertinence of certain young men who, not knowing how to govern themselves, presume to give advice to the wisest, and most beloved of all living monarchs (glancing respectfully towards the Duke). Then the Chancellor who should have liked to put his nephew in Fehlmann's place humbly raised his

voice; he said that there were exceptions to the Field Marshal's general observations, and mentioned *en passant* the great modesty of his nephew, after which the Chief Justice, Papa of somewhat a plain-looking daughter, to whose charms the Baron had been rather insensible, addressed himself in respectful terms, not sparing poor Fehlmann; thus every one had something to say against the unlucky Baron.

On the following day he received an official communication that he was to set out on a journey *to learn to mend pens*, and that after his return he might apply again for the Secretaryship.

ACQUAINTANCE.

The Baron struck his forehead at reading this letter, he felt himself in the wrong, not in the thing itself; but the time and place was ill-chosen. One is never in the right to act imprudently: "Fool! wilt thou never learn to hold thy tongue, wilt thou always stand in the way of thine own preferment!" said he to himself, whilst with tears in his eyes he reconciled himself to quit his native land for a long journey.

It might as well be observed, that the fool was but 23 years of age; to be sure there are many older fools, but that is no excuse to the younger ones. "He was now on his journey to learn to mend pens. His parents were gathered to their fathers, leaving him an ample fortune, he was an independent man. He travelled through Germany to Switzerland where the snowy mountains, the shining lakes, the constant variety of scenery delighted him. Then he passed thro' beautiful Italy, groaning under a foreign yoke, to Paris, which at that time had not yet seen a Napoleon; misery and voluptuousness went hand in hand; tyranny and oppression were the order of the day. From France he embarked for England, that free-thinking and yet Priest-ridden country, where religion is considered as a cloak that every one is compelled to cover himself with; pleased with its singular constitution he remained there for a considerable time.

One day passing through the streets of the Metropolis he heard a strong pronunciation proceeding from the shop of a bookseller. Being a stranger he naturally enough turned that way and recognised the face of a countryman whom he had often met before, whose handsome features, whenever he saw him, had attracted his observation. He called himself Count Von Risenstein, and was a young man of elegant manners, benevolent and well informed. The Count perceiving the Baron nodded to him, the Baron stepped in.

"I am in the greatest perplexity" said the Count to him in German, and looking towards the bookseller, he continued "I purchased from this man a most superb collection of prints, maps, and books, I believe at a moderate price. This happened about two months ago, the agreement was made in writing, as I was certain of letters of exchange within one month. Conceive now my embarrassment when this very day I received a letter from my father ordering my immediate return to Germany, and that in Amsterdam I should receive a letter of exchange of 150 pounds to defray my travelling expenses, and that he would not send me a penny more to England. I owe this man 300 pounds, and he refuses to take back the things and cancel the bargain. He threatens me with law. I have no more than 30 pounds in cash to defray my

journey, with my servants, to Amsterdam. What is to be done?"

The Baron seemed to be considering; the Count without waiting for a reply continued: "If it lies in your power to assist me, do oblige me in buying this parcel of me; for indeed I should be sorry to lose it. Keep it until being arrived at home I may send you the sum." "Permit me, Count" said the Baron "to enquire the name of your country?" The Count somewhat embarrassed named the very town from which the Baron was banished to learn to mend pens.

The Baron looked somewhat astonished in the Count's countenance, shook his head incredulously, and said: "It is true that since my return from the University I lived there but six months, yet the town is not so very large that I should never have heard of the noble family of Von Risenstein." The pretended Count blushed deeply. "Will you believe on my word of honor, that immediately after my arrival home I will send you the 300 pounds to any place you may direct?" asked the Count in a faltering voice. "Why not?" replied the Baron: "I have the sum with me, it is at your disposal, but on one condition only." "On any condition!" replied the Count: "I shall give it in writing. You are fully entitled to be somewhat distrustful as I have" "Not at all Count! your open countenance inspires me with the fullest confidence. Indeed I should be glad to know, whether the man, whose face bears the stamp of honesty, is capable of deceiving. I wish for no other security. But to the condition—it is" "No dear Baron, your way of proceeding is too generous. You have strong reasons to be distrustful, as I have already told you what is not true. But I am ready to prove to you that I am actually a native of that town; you are correct, there is no family of the name of Risenstein there; let me tell you who I really am" "By no means Count, leave me my whim, I don't wish to know your name; therefore without any more ado will you receive the sum you require under a *sini qua non* condition?" "Here's my hand, Baron, I pledge my word to any condition." "Well, my condition is, that you shall not mention your name, neither to me, nor in your letter to my steward; not even your place of residence; take the parcel with you and repay the amount to my steward, after you arrive at home; here is his address, handing it to him: you have pledged your word of honor." With these words the Baron drew his Portfolio, presenting the Count the required sum in bank notes. The Count moved by this unusual trait of generosity, paid the bookseller, and with tears in his eyes said to the Baron: "Before I quit England afford me an opportunity to know more of you. Come with me to my Hotel in Bond Street. Let us dine together. A glass of Champagne may melt your obstinacy, and you will give me leave to tell you whom you have relieved from the desperate situation I was in. What say you?" "By all means. But you are on foot, Count?"

"Yes." "I am likewise; permit me to go and call for a coach whilst you are settling with the bookseller."

The Baron Von Fehlmann went off . . . and did not return. The Count waited impatiently for more than two hours; and sent the several boxes to his Hotel. Early on the following morning he received a note from the Baron, apologizing for not having returned to the bookseller, as that in look-

ing for a coach he had lost his way, and not having noticed the name of the street he could not make enquiries; he also bid him farewell being on the point of embarking for Stockholm. The Count was somewhat piqued at being thus deprived of an opportunity to testify his gratitude, especially as he wished to know more of Baron Fehlmann, notwithstanding his singular behaviour which, all things considered, was a proof of his nobility of thinking. He resolved to proceed immediately to his lodging. He found it without much trouble, but the Baron was no longer to be seen.

THE GLANCE.

On the same day Fehlmann wrote to the Count, he went indeed on board a ship, which then sailed for Copenhagen, where he remained until he found an opportunity to embark for the city of Palaces, St. Petersburg. Catherine the Great was at that time the Autocrat of all the Russians. Baron Von Fehlmann, who had letters of introduction to some great man in Petersburg, had an early audience of the empress, and was received with great distinction and favor. The Baron could not see how he came by so much honor. "Good Heavens!" replied his friend laughing who had introduced him, "this can be no riddle, the empress is a woman, and you a man of the most symmetrically beautiful mould; the wonder would have been had your reception been otherwise than it was. You wish to enter into the Russian service. Depend on your success. Your wish is already complied with. With the best princes human nature is invariably the main influence of their decisions, without their suspecting it, still less acknowledging it. Many a meritorious man has been rejected though supported by higher recommendations. The young Baron Von Fehlmann is recommended by nature.

"You believe then that her majesty will give me a company?"

"To be sure I do, nay I have not the least doubt, that you will get more than you have asked for. I saw the glance she cast on you, when turning she looked at you again. Count Kasumowsky saw the glance, so did Prince Daschkowmen Potemkin. Immediately after you had retired every one spoke with the highest enthusiasm of you. You were perfection personified. Potemkin did me the honor to take me aside, he made many enquiries after you and spoke of you in the warmest terms. I can tell you moreover that the empress has named you to Potemkin. Rest assured your fortune is made.

Only a few days after the Baron received a polite invitation to call upon Prince Potemkin. After the most flattering reception the Prince surprised him by handing to him a Brevet as Lieutenant Colonel to a Battalion of one of the newly erected Regiments of Cavalry. The young Lieut. Colonel in his new uniform enjoyed soon after the honor of kissing the hand of his august protectress. After which Potemkin hurried him with the greatest speed to his Regiment with which he followed the standards of Romanzow and Repnin towards Oczakow; he was present at the storming of this fortress, when the excessive scenes of cruelty which the Russians exercised, revolted his feelings to such a degree that he was resolved to send in his resignation. Fate however determined otherwise; her majesty rewarded him for his bravery at the taking of Oczakow, with the rank of Colonel. "Really" wrote the new Colonel to his friend in

Petersburgh, "really my promotion must be the effect of the Princess's glance for I had no opportunity to shew bravery before Oczakow. I stood with a Regiment before the fortress, an idle spectator, with orders to drive the storming army back towards the fortress in case they should turn their backs, but Heaven be praised there was no necessity for it.

Potemkin took care to give the new Colonel a Regiment that was on its march towards Finland against the Swedes, where he served about a year. Peace being concluded in the camp of Wercla the war was terminated.

Though the Colonel met during that time with various adventures, and had occasion to make many experiments, he could never forget his London acquaintance, Count Von Resinstein. In the letters from his steward to whom the Count was to repay the 300 pounds advanced to him in London, no mention was ever made of such a sum received.

It appeared that the Count had forgotten to make use of the address of the steward. It was not the loss of the sum of 300 pounds that grieved the Baron, for he was a rich man; but it pained him that he had made such a mistake in his supposed knowledge of Physiognomy, to be compelled to admit that there are men whose open handsome countenance is a lie, men who can be so dishonorable, so depraved as not to feel themselves bound by the full confidence others have in their honor. Yet as often as the Count's image was pictured to his mind excuses for his behaviour crowded themselves upon him; he might have fallen into poverty, or into any other misfortune, or he might have paid the debt of nature, the only debt ever paid by so many. He would willingly have sacrificed a similar sum to be informed of the Count's fate.

After some time the Colonel received a letter from his steward mentioning a very advantageous offer to buy his estate. He had already made up his mind to adopt Russia as his country and to settle there, having no great desire to return into his father land. "I might receive again the well meant advice from the gracious Duke to go on a new Tour through Europe to improve myself in mending pens." He gave full powers to his steward to sell his estate, retaining only a small farm on which his faithful steward lived; as he did not wish that he should be displaced in his old age.

By chance the Baron became acquainted with a Polish Starost who in want of money offered him a considerable and advantageously situated estate in Poland, at so low a price that after he had obtained leave of absence to inspect it, and having convinced himself of its real value, he struck the bargain. He then resigned his commission and resolved to live on his estate and enjoy a true philosophical repose; indeed, he bought Agricultural implements, Physical instruments, and a large library, he gathered a colony of German artificers and traders, and took possession of his really fine Villa.

Whilst he was occupied with improvements and embellishments, the thought sometimes stole on his mind that the best improvement and embellishment would be a female companion for life; indeed the Colonel was now nearly thirty years of age, and at that age who can help such thoughts? He was besides one of the richest noblemen in the land, and frequented and flattered by the first

families in the country, not less by those in which there were young ladies to be disposed of. Every one wished him joy: days, weeks, months, glided on in continued festivals and mirth.

The wheel of fortune suddenly turned. Bad days came like a thunder storm on him. Poland was at that time in formidable disturbances on account of its Diets and constitution. The Baron had resolved not to enter into disputes and differences that were foreign to him, but when he was asked his opinion and advice by the neighbouring Starosts and Woiwodens he was honest enough to give it to them. Be satisfied, he said, rather with the worst state of your country than suffer any foreign power to obtain influence. You are lost, if for the sake of party-honor you weaken yourselves by division and look for support either to Russia or Prussia.

From this time the Baron was considered a partisan of Koscziusko and an enemy of the Russian cause. Though he declared himself for neither party, still he was reckoned amongst the latter. His name appeared in the long lists of proscription that were sent to Saint Petersburg.

Not long after the Russians invaded Poland, beat the Poles in the Ukraine and at the Dubienka. The Polish army marched through the lands of Fehlmann. To preserve his life he was compelled to join them. The Russians soon followed and laid waste his lands, his magnificent villa became a prey to the flames. The Baron lost his all and had to consider himself happy, that he like so many Poles escaped with his life by a speedy flight into Germany.

The Baron after he had arrived at Dresden was glad to remember that he still possessed the farm occupied by his faithful old steward where he would have leisure to console himself for the loss of his riches.

A COMPANION.

His old steward shed tears of joy on again beholding his master. He had informed him from Dresden of his coming, and enjoined him strictly in the same letter not to mention a word of his arrival to any one under any pretence whatsoever, as he had his reasons for remaining incog. for a considerable time. It may have been pride or shame that prompted him to make the request. For though he pretended not to care about the opinion of the public, yet when that opinion concerned himself, it touched him nearer than he cared to confess.

There was however little need to be so careful to remain unknown. For unless he had the drum beat to apprise the public of his arrival in his country it would have required some extraordinary accidents to make it known. His farm situated at the southernmost corner of the Dukedom was removed far from any public road; no post-waggon, no traveller was to be seen; the inhabitants of the neighbouring obscure village were the only bipeds that passed the now neglected road near his former estate.

Solitude was a novelty to the Baron, so he passed the first fortnight without much ennui, but soon even the warm passed away. He sent for novels, and other works from the nearest town; but he quickly found himself reading his own thoughts entirely abstracted from the book before him; he read indeed with his eyes, but reflections continually obscured themselves on his mind; he now fan-

cied himself a prisoner, then he thought of his Polish villa, his splendid adventures in Russia, then again he beheld himself in banishment for an uncertain period, perhaps for his life.

There were none of his former school friends in the neighbourhood, none who cared for him, nor for whom he cared. He only remembered an old Parson his former tutor. Though he lived at the other end of the Dukedom yet the desire to see him again became strong enough to induce him to visit him. Pleased with this new idea that promised some variety in his monotonous life, he filled his huntsman's bag with the necessary provisions, slung his gun over his shoulder, and took his way by foot. The distance to the Parsonage of his friend Gyger was three days' journey; in a tavern of an insignificant small town he took his first night's lodging, where notwithstanding its insignificant appearance, a most significant adventure happened to him. On his desire that supper might be brought to him without delay, as from economy he had forgotten to dine, the landlady told him that he might sup in company of a young lady, who an hour before had arrived with her father and chamber-maid, who no doubt were one of the first families of the Metropolis. That the old gentleman complained of a violent headache, had only taken a cup of tea, or two, she could not exactly say which, and retired to bed immediately after. The old landlady though no doubt of the female gender, was yet extremely talkative; she communicated a thousand more particulars of that family, which as the Baron only replied to by yawning, it can scarcely be supposed the reader would take a particular interest in knowing.

When however the Baron entered the well-lit room—the table well provided and cleanly laid out, his hungry stomach was agreeably surprised, but his eyes were still more so, when he saw his table companion entering the room. That she was transcendantly handsome cannot be denied, least of all could the Baron deny it; she seemed to be one of the Houris promised in Mahomet's Paradise.

The Baron made her the most respectful and the most graceful bow he could command in the hurry of the moment, which she returned blushing. Why she blushed is difficult to say, though the fact is undeniable. Every reader may put his own construction upon it. The Baron was so much absorbed in his efforts to make himself agreeable to her that he forgot he was hungry, though he minutely examined every dish in his anxiety to choose the most delicate morsels to offer to her. This gave occasion at first to single syllables, then he felt encouraged to address words, then came questions upon questions,—assurances; at last, conversation was actually going on, such as two persons of good breeding may enter into. Yet they sometimes looked strangely at each other as if they had no very good conscience, asking pardon when no offence was given.

The supping pair must have been an extraordinary sight to the good family of the tavern keeper; for landlord and lady, the butler, cook, and servant maids, as well as some citizens of the town that were seated at the other end of the room setting the affairs of Europe to rights, stared at them, the one forgetting the household, the other Political Economy. "They must be bride and bridegroom!" said the one. "They are certainly brother and sister!" said the other. The women

were assured they never saw such a truly handsome man as the Baron; the men on the other hand swore that Catherine, called *par excellence* the *Village Beauty*, was a scarecrow compared to her. Indeed it was worth while looking at the pair, especially as the sight was *gratis*.

- The lady spoke of the residence,—the Baron was never weary of asking new questions. He cared little enough for the residence, but more for her graceful utterance, the naiveté, the fine judgment of her answers. He would have questioned her the whole night had she not risen to take leave to go and see her sick father.

The Baron was drumming the tattoo on his plate with his fork, and he might have continued it the whole night, had not the landlord come to remind him that his bed was ready. He arose, and passing by the seat of the lady perceived her glove lying on the ground. Of course he picked it up as though it were a precious jewel; this glove thought he, will give me an opportunity to begin some obliging talk with her in the morning.

The Baron having however, retired to rest at a late hour and forgetting to calculate upon the fatigue of his journey, the sun shone in his apartment for some time ere he awoke. He suddenly rose, his companion, the glove, the morning salutations, were the first thoughts that crowded themselves on his mind. He made his toilette with all the care that his means permitted, every particle of dust he brushed off with the solicitude of a military man who is preparing for parade.

During this operation an occasional deep drawn sigh escaped him; he associated his thoughts on his Polish estate with those on the glove, though there seemed to be little connection between the two objects; then his present philosophical means obtruded themselves on his mind, and his bosom echoed a long drawn sigh.

His toilette was now nearly ready. After many an abortive effort to draw on his boots, he was struck with the celestial sound of the voice of an angel. With one of his boots sticking at the heel, as if unwilling to admit the entire foot, he hopped towards the window. He had heard for some time the sound of packing and preparing a carriage, but the worst did not strike his mind, for throwing open the window in blind haste, he beheld, O Heavens! the lovely Hebe just in the trying moment when she was placing her cinderellian foot on the steps of the carriage, the corpulent landlord with his white woollen cap under his arm, assisting her with his profane hands. Before the final disappearance of the carriage as she was seating herself she cast a glance towards the open window, where the agitated Colonel was standing; her heavenly eyes seemed to wish him farewell. The landlord shut the carriage door, it sounded in the poor Baron's ear like the hollow sound of the first clods of earth falling on the coffin lowered in the grave. The carriage drove away, passed the gate of the town and vanished. The Colonel stood for some time at the window absorbed in thoughts as if transformed into marble, but when he was finally convinced that nothing more was either to be heard or seen, he had to console himself the best way he could for his *Paradise Lost*.

By way of diversion he now swore all the Russian oaths which he had ever heard in the Ukraine, Moldan, Finland and Wallachia. He didn't exactly know, why he was thus swearing, but it did

his heart as much good as it does a Saint to bestow a benediction. For the same reason, viz., for no reason at all, he now gave a kick to his hunting bag, so that it flew in a bomb-like course towards the door; this happened in the most unlucky moment of the world when my landlord bringing in a tray with hot coffee, sugar, milk, eggs, bread, butter, &c. prepared his face for the most friendly look to wish a good morning. The hunting bag first alighted on the astonished landlord's pug nose, thence it rebounded on the tray betwixt cups and saucers, thus the whole untasted breakfast and service lay scattered on the floor in heterogeneous harmony. The landlord so suddenly relieved of his burden, lost his equilibrium, and naturally fell backwards, besides his being nearly blinded by the boiling coffee streaming over his face:

"Fool of a fellow, go to the devil" cried the Baron. "How dare you thus besmear my hunting bag!"

The fat landlord not doubting in the hurry of the surprize that he had actually committed some blunder, picked up the ruins of the breakfast service, begged pardon and went off: this casual accident had the best effect on the Baron, for from a very bad humour he suddenly fell into a horse-laugh. He now seriously busied himself to arrange his hunting bag. He heaved a deep sigh as he touched the glove. Notwithstanding he proposed to keep it as an inheritance of the beautiful table companion, and as a memento of the adventure.

He now descended into the lower apartments to take his breakfast in the hope that he would there obtain some consolatory information of the name and vocation of the departed gentleman. But he might have been altogether silent, no one knowing the name. In a melancholy mood he paid his reckoning, including the broken breakfast service, and continued his journey on foot.

(To be continued.)

MIDDLETON AND HEBER.

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—On perusing the article lately published by you entitled Poetry and Prose, I remembered having seen in *Le Bas' Life of Bishop Middleton* a train of thought which I conceived very much tended to illustrate part of your contributor's theory; and on searching in the work I found that my memory had not deceived me. It is a beautiful contrast between the above named exalted and excellent characters; and it is so strictly true, that the imagination has obviously not been permitted to have any part in the description. They really appear to have been the existing personifications of poetry and prose, in the finest, and most exalted, and intellectual understanding of the separate terms. So many of your readers must be able to judge, from personal knowledge, of the delineation, that your laying it before them can scarcely fail to excite their interest and afford them gratification.

Yours,

A READER.

"The imagination can scarcely, perhaps, picture a contrast, in some respects, more striking than that which was exhibited in the characters of Bishop Middleton and his successor. It is, nevertheless, such a contrast as may well exist between two great and good men. Many qualities they had in common with each other. Each was distinguished by rich and various mental accomplishments, by a noble and almost saint-like disregard of mere personal

interest, and by an entire dedication of himself to the holy cause which called them forth from their country. But in the general 'form and pressure' of their minds, they were totally dissimilar. 'The soul of Heber was essentially poetical: he surveyed with the eye of a poet all the regions both of art and nature—the achievements of man, and the works and word of God. The power of poetry descended upon his dreams, and visited him in his private meditations and devotions, and often shed a celestial radiance over his ministrations in the sanctuary. In Bishop Middleton the imaginative faculty was far less predominant: his chief endowments were a profound and penetrating sagacity—a vast strength of purpose—a robust frame of mind, less fitted to pursue the bright creations of fancy than to wrestle with severe truth, or to grapple with the stubborn realities of life. The characters of these two men may, perhaps, be said to have borne towards each other a relation somewhat resembling that which painting bears to sculpture—the canvass delights in the glow and richness of vivid colouring, the intricate vicissitudes of light and shadow, and the endless combination of objects and variety of distances. All these the marble rejects. It may be able, indeed, to bear the impress of every passion which can agitate our nature, or of every excellence which can dignify it; but the effect is always, more or less, accompanied by something of a sober and austere simplicity. It is, perhaps, scarcely, too fanciful to surmise that, of those who intimately knew each of these eminent worthies, there might be some who would so far enter into the spirit of this comparison as to desiderate a painting of Heber, while they regarded a statue as the more appropriate representation of his great predecessor. The same contrast which ran through their moral nature prevailed in their intellectual. The souls of both were thoroughly pervaded by a solemn sense of Christian duty; but this principle was displayed according to the different temperaments of the men. In the one, it often took the form of steady and inflexible resolution; in the other, the aspect of facility and mildness. The one seemed incessantly watchful over himself, lest the pleasure of compliance should betray him into the surrender of something which duty commanded him to maintain: the other appeared fearful lest the responsibilities of public life should make him insensible to the feelings and the wishes of men whose worth entitled them to respect. The one was on his guard against the suggestions of easy and mistaken benevolence: the other was fearful lest official integrity and firmness should petrify, at last, into obstinacy and self-will."

TO MY NIECE, AGNES, IN HER THIRD YEAR.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAUGHTEN.

"They who address poetry to even infant children, should take care to sprinkle its lightness with wholesome sentiment: so that it may, at once, prove instructive to children of maturer years; and eventually to the younger ones, when their minds shall have arrived within easy reach of its meaning."

Anon.

Thou pretty, gentle, guiltless thing,
Of thee what can the Muses sing,
Beyond an artless, cradle-lay,
At which thou'lt smile some future day!
When round thee gay admirers throng,
And pour soft praises in thine ear,
Wilt thou despise the early song,
Which fondly mark'd thy young career?
Oh! many a flattering word will then
Be breath'd, and many a selfish pen
Employ'd, to win thy guileless heart,
And many a honied vow be spoken,
Which thou'lt believe devoid of art,
And deem that they can ne'er be broken
If thou be't sway'd by flattery's tongue,
Which lures the lovely, frank, and young.
But not all vain these rhymes will be,
If in that dangerous hour they prove
A guarding spell, sweet child, to thee,
Against the snares and wiles of love;
If urg'd by them, thou'lt try to learn
True worth from specious to disport;
And, as thy suitors scheme or rave,
To scorn the fool, and hate the knave.

Still of thyself mistrustful be,
Nor to thy passions yield the sway,
Lest pride, or pique, or vanity,
Should prove a treach'rous foe to thee,
And draw thy youthful mind astray;
But seek that counsel, in thy need,
Which hath no interest to mislead.
Yet wherefore in a strain so sage,
Accost thee at this infant age!
Time yet hath years in store for thee,
From anxious care and thought-pang free;
And still the day is distant far,
E'er sorrow on thy heart can jar.
Of childhood's pleasures take thy fill,—
The nursery tale, the doll, the toy,
The romp, and gleeful laugh,—which still
Bespeak the mirth without alloy.
For thee the past leaves no regret,
The future hath no bodings yet;
For, free from worldly care and strife,
The present is *thy* all of life:
And I could almost wish I were,—
While gazing on thy happy brow,—
A child, unsear'd by grief and care,
As I was once,—as thou art now!
Vain wish! Vain wish!—Oh, never may
Thy life be darken'd by a day,
When thou shalt sigh, in mortal pain,
For childhood's happy time again!
And could but act or play'r of mine,
An influence round thee cast,
Bright joy should o'er thy life-day shine,
And peace illumine its eve's decline,
Nor quit thee at the last;
And those blue eyes, through all thy years,
Should ne'er know grief's embitter'd tears.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

Sheridan Knowles' play of the *Hunchback* was repeated on Monday last, and commendable as was the first performance, its repetition was still more successful. It is long indeed since we have seen on our Chowringhee Boards any piece so well got up and so strongly cast. The gentleman who personated the *Hunchback* is a very favorite tragic actor, and we have never perhaps seen him to greater advantage than on this occasion. His fine clear voice, his energy of manner, and his excellent judgment were turned to admirable account. But we are "nothing if not critical" and must notice defects, or our praise would be of little value. His delivery in a few instances was somewhat too precise and slow, and his transitions from a solemn stateliness to violent action were rather too abrupt. It was like an incongruous mixture of the opposite styles of Kean and Kemble. He also occasionally went beyond his natural voice in bursts of emotion, and changed its rich deep tone for a harsh and indeed ludicrous falsetto. But passing over these exceptions his performance demanded unqualified commendation and exhibited traits of histrionic genius that would be recognized in any quarter of the globe.

The part of *Sir Thomas Clifford*, by the Proteus of our stage, was chastely and accurately performed, but with the exception of a fine burst of passion in the scene in which he presents himself as Master Walter's secretary; we cannot say that it excited that strong admiration which the same gentleman has called forth in many other characters. We have seen his great and versatile powers to more advantage both in humorous and in serious parts, for like Garrick he may be represented as standing between the two Muses of Comedy and Tragedy. Upon the whole, however, though

he is favored by both, we like him best when he is under the influence of the livelier lady.

Cousin *Modus* was a very capital performance, and his sly sheepishness in the love-scene, in which he was so spiritedly supported by Mrs. Francis, elicited the best applause a comic actor can desire—the hearty merriment of the audience.

But decidedly the most effective piece of comic acting in the play was our Keeley's *Fathom*. His expression of fearful surprise, when after exultantly plotting the escape of Julia he discovers the *Hunchback* behind him, was the finest specimen of his powers of broad humour that this amateur has ever exhibited on our boards. His look and attitude were inimitably good. It would be impossible to praise it too highly. It was a perfect histrionic picture, and ought to be transferred to canvas. Even his brother actor, who performed the part of the *Hunchback*, and who has generally a command of his countenance, was unable to meet him with the stern gravity that the moment called for. Our Indian Keeley may safely rest his fame upon this most felicitous passage in his performance of Monday last. He cannot possibly surpass it.

Lord *Tinsel* by the gentleman who personated Mrs. *Dove* in the Farce of "Married Life" was excellent in dress and manner, but his voice was rather indistinct, and we thereby lost much of the humour. This is a fault we should not have expected to find in one who on a former occasion contrived that not a syllable of his part should escape the audience.

When we first heard the play of the *Hunchback* announced, we anticipated a decided and lamentable failure in the part of *Julia*. We are bound to say that we made a great mistake. Mrs. Leach has far more power than we had given her credit for. There were many defects in her performance of which the most obvious was her proneness to be lachrymose, but upon the whole she displayed much judgment and spirit, and caught the leading points of the character with great felicity and truth. It was an arduous undertaking, but she acquitted herself in a way to satisfy the most anxious friends to her reputation. If she had wept less and if a few of the speeches had been curtailed for her, she would have given us very little opportunity to qualify our praise.

The success that has attended the performance of the *Hunchback* has led the managers to think of getting up another of the plays of the same author, *The Wife*. It is to be preceded, however, by *The Green-eyed Monster* and *The Critic*: which are to be performed on Thursday the 26th, when a new scene is to be introduced shewing (according to the terms of the advertisement) the full extent of the attack and destruction of the Spanish Armada!!—Ed.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A solemn High mass is to be performed to-morrow week at 11 o'clock A. M. in the new Catholic Church at Howrah. The assistance of the Italian company, of Monsieur Planel and several Amateurs will be given to the musical portion of the solemnity. A Sermon is to be preached by the Revd. R. Sumner. The object of this Festival is to raise funds to complete the buildings connected with the new Church. Tickets for the centre aisle and gallery 4 Rupees, and for side places 2 Rupees.

Selected Articles.

MARIA ELEONORA SCHONING.

A TRUE TALE.

By the late, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Maria Eleonora Schoning, was the daughter of a Nuremberg wire-drawer. She received her unhappy existence at the price of her mother's life, and at the age of seventeen she followed, as the sole mourner, the bier of her remaining parent. From her thirteenth years she had passed her life at her father's sick-bed, the gout having deprived him of the use of his limbs: and beheld the arch of heaven only when he went to fetch food or medicines. The discharge of her filial duties occupied the whole of her time and all her thoughts. She was his only nurse, and for the last two years they lived without a servant. She prepared his scanty meal, she bathed his aching limbs, and though weak and delicate from constant confinement and the poison of melancholy thoughts, she had acquired an unusual power in her arms, from the habit of lifting her old and suffering father out of and into his bed of pain. Thus passed away her early youth in sorrow: she grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes and imaginations. She was not, however unhappy: she attributed, indeed, no merit to herself for her virtues, but for that reason were they the more her reward. The peace which passeth all understanding, disclosed itself in all her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady unshadowed moon-light; and her voice, which was naturally at once sweet and subtle, came from her, like the fine flute-tones of a masterly performer which still floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had listened to it in one of those brief sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of the thoughts are suspended, and the mind quietly eddies round, instead of flowing onward—as at late evening in the spring I have seen a bat wheel in silent circles round and round a fruit-tree in full blossom, in the midst of which, as within a close tent of the purest white, an unseen nightingale was piping its sweetest notes)—in such a mood you might have half-fancied, half-felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the ear only: so deep was her resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of her nature, and in all she did or said, so perfectly were both her movements and her utterance without effort and without the appearance of effort! Her dying father's last words, addressed to the clergyman who attended him, were his grateful testimony, that during his long and sore trial his good Maria had behaved to him like an angel: that the most disagreeable offices and the least suited to her age and sex, had never drawn an unwilling look from her, and that whenever his eye had met hers, he had been sure to see in it either the tear of pity or the sudden smile expressive of her affection and wish to cheer him. God (said he) will reward the good girl for all her long dutifulness to me! He departed during the inward prayer, which followed these his last words. His wish will be fulfilled in eternity; but for this world the prayer of the dying man was not heard!

Maria sat and wept by the grave, which now contained her father, her friend, the only bond by which she was linked to life. But while yet the last sound of his death-bell was murmuring away in the air, she was obliged to return with two Revenue Officers, who demanded entrance into the house, in order to take possession of the papers of the deceased, and from them to discover whether he had always given in his income, and paid the yearly income tax according to his oath, and in proportion to his property. After the few documents had been looked through and collated with the registers, the officers found, or pretended to find, sufficient proofs, that the deceased had not paid his tax proportionably, which imposed on them the duty to put all the effects under lock and seal. They therefore desired the maiden to retire to an empty room, till the Ransom Office had decided on the affair. Bred up in suffering, and habituated to immediate compliance, the affrighted and weeping maiden obeyed. She hastened to the empty garret, while the Revenue Officers placed

the lock and seal upon the other doors, and finally took away the papers to the Ransom Office.

* Not before evening did the poor faint Maria, exhausted with weeping, rouse herself with the intention of going to her bed; but she found the door of her chamber sealed up and must pass the night on the floor of the garret. The officers had had the humanity to place at the door the small portion of food that happened to be in the house. Thus passed several days, till the officers returned with an order that MARIA ELLENORA SCHONING should leave the house without delay, the commission Court having confiscated the whole property to the City Treasury. The father before he was bed-ridden had never possessed any considerable property; but yet, by his industry, had been able not only to keep himself free from debt, but to lay up a small sum for the evil day. Three years of evil days, three whole years of sickness, had consumed the greatest part of this; yet still enough remained not only to defend his daughter from immediate want, but likewise to maintain her till she could get into some service or employment, and have recovered her spirits sufficiently to bear up against the hardships of life. With this thought the dying father comforted himself, and this hope too proved vain!

A timid girl, whose past life had been made up of sorrow and privation, she went indeed to solicit the commissioners in her own behalf; but these were, as is mostly the case on the Continent, advocates—the most hateful class, perhaps, of human society, hardened by the frequent sight of misery, and seldom superior in moral character to English pettifoggers or Old Bailey attorneys. She went to them, indeed, but not a word could she say for herself. Her tears and inarticulate sounds—for these her judges had no ears or eyes. Mute and confounded, like an unfledged dove fallen out from its mother's nest, Maria betook herself to her home, and found the house door too now shut upon her. Her whole wealth consisted in the clothes she wore. She had no relations to whom she could apply, for those of her mother had disclaimed all acquaintance with her, and her father was a Nether Saxon by birth. She had no acquaintance, for all the friends of old Schoning had forsaken him in the first year of his sickness. She had no play-fellow, for who was likely to have been the companion of a nurse in the room of a sick man? Surely, since the creation never was a human being more solitary and forsaken, than this innocent poor creature, that now roamed about friendless in a populous city, to the whole of whose inhabitants her filial tenderness, her patient domestic goodness, and all her soft yet difficult virtues, might well have been the model.

"But homeless near a thousand homes she stood,
And near a thousand tables pin'd and wanted food!"

The night came, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. She tottered to the church-yard of the St. James' church in Nuremberg, where the body of her father rested. Upon the yet grassless grave she threw herself down; and could anguish have prevailed over youth, that night she had been in heaven. The day came, and like a guilty thing, this guiltless, this good being, stole away from the crowd that began to pass through the church-yard, and hastening through the streets to the city gate, she hid herself behind a garden hedge just beyond it, and there wept away the second day of her desolation. The evening closed in; the pang of hunger made itself felt amid the dull aching of self-wearied anguish, and drove the sufferer back again into the city. Yet what could she gain there? She had not the courage to beg, and the very thought of stealing never occurred to her innocent mind. Scarce conscious whither she was going, or why she went, she found herself once more by her father's grave, as the last relic of evening faded away in the horizon.*

She was seized by the watchman of the night—a welcome prey, as they receive in Nuremberg half a guilder from the police chest, for every woman that they find in the streets after ten o'clock at night. It was midnight, and she was taken to the next watch-house.

The sitting magistrate, before whom she was carried the next morning, prefaced his first question with the most opprobrious terms that ever belonged to the most hardened

street-walkers, and which man born of woman should not address even to these, were it but for his own sake. The frightful name awakened the poor orphan from her dream of guilt, it brought back the consciousness of her innocence, but with it the sense likewise of her wrongs and of her helplessness. The cold hand of death seemed to grasp her, she fainted dead away at his feet, and was not without difficult recovered. The magistrate was so far softened, and only so far, as to dismiss her for the present: but with a menace of sending her to the House of Correction if she were brought before him a second time. The idea of her own innocence now became uppermost in her mind; but mingling with the thought of her utter forlornness, and the image of her angry father, and doubtless still in a state of bewilderment, she formed the resolution of drowning herself in the river Pegnitz—in order (for this was the shape which her fancy had taken) to throw herself at her father's feet, and to justify her innocence to him in the World of Spirits. She hoped that her father would speak for her to the Saviour, and that she should be forgiven. But as she was passing through the suburb, she was met by a soldier's wife, who during the life-time of her father had been occasionally employed in the house as a chare-woman. This poor woman was startled at the disordered apparel, and more disordered looks of her young mistress, and questioned her with such an anxious and heartfelt tenderness, as at once brought back the poor orphan to her natural feelings and the obligations of religion. As a frightened child throws itself into the arms of its mother, and hiding its head on her breast, half tells amid sobs what has happened to it: so did she throw herself on the neck of the woman who had uttered the first words of kindness to her since her father's death, and with loud weeping she related what she had endured and what she was about to have done, told her all her affliction and misery, the wormwood and the gall! Her kind-hearted friend mingled tears with tears, pressed the poor forsaken one to her heart; comforted her with sentences out of the hymn-book; and with the most affectionate entreaties conjured her to give up her horrid purpose, for that life was short, and heaven was for ever.

Maria had been bred up in the fear of God: she now trembled at the thought of her former purpose, and followed her friend Harlin, for that was the name of her guardian angel, to her home hard by. The moment she entered the door she sank down and lay at her full length, as if only to be motionless in a place of shelter had been the fullness of delight. As when a withered leaf, that has been long whirled about by the gusts of autumn, is blown into a cave or hollow tree, it stops suddenly, and all at once looks the very image of quiet—such might this poor orphan appear to the eye of a meditative imagination.

A place of shelter she had attained, and a friend willing to comfort her, all that she could: but the noble-hearted Harlin was herself a daughter of calamity, one who from year to year must lie down in weariness and rise up to labour; for whom this world provides no other comfort but sleep which enables them to forget it; no other physician but death, which takes them out of it! She was married to one of the city guards, who, like Maria's father, had been long sick and bed-ridden. Him, herself, and two little children, she had to maintain by washing and charring;* and sometime after Maria had been domesticated with them, Harlin told her that she herself had been once driven to a desperate thought by the cry of her hungry children during a want of employment, and that she had been on the point of killing one of the little-ones, and then surrendering herself into the hands of justice. In this manner, she had conceived, all would be well provided for; the surviving child would be admitted, as a matter of course, into the Orphan House, and her husband into the Hospital; while she herself would have atoned for her act by a public execution, and together with the child that she had destroyed, would have passed into a state of bliss. All this she related to Maria, and those tragic ideas left but too deep and lasting impression on her mind. Weeks after, she herself renewed the conversation, by expressing to her benefactress her inability to conceive how it was possible for one human being to take away the life of another, especially that of an innocent little child. For that reason, replied Harlin, because it was so innocent

* We have omitted here a passage of some length respecting the brutal destruction of the poor girl's innocence.—Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz.

* I am ignorant, whether there be any classical authority for this word; but I know no other word that expresses occasional day labor in the houses of others.

and so good, I wished to put it out of this wicked world. I thinkest thou then that I would have my head cut off for the sake of a wicked child! Therefore it was little Nan, that I meant to have taken with me, who, as you see, is always so sweet and patient; little Frank has already his humours and naughty tricks, and suits better for this world. This was the answer. Maria brooded awhile over it in silence, then passionately snatched the children up in her arms, as if she would protect them against their own mother.

For one whole year the orphan lived with the soldier's wife, and by their joint labors barely kept off absolute want. As a little boy (almost a child in size, though in his thirteenth year) once told me of himself, as he was guiding me up the Brocken, in the Hartz Forest, they had but "*little of that, of which a great deal tells but for little*." But now came the second winter, and with it came bad times, a season of trouble for this poor and meritorious household. The wife now fell sick: too constant and too hard labor, too scanty and too unnutritious food, had gradually wasted away her strength. Maria redoubled her efforts in order to provide bread and fuel for their washing which they took in; but the task was above her power. Besides, she was so timid and so agitated at the sight of strangers, that sometimes, with the best good-will she was left without employment. One by one, every article of the least value which they possessed was sold off, except the bed on which the husband lay. He died just before the approach of spring; but about the same time the wife gave signs of convalescence. The physician, though almost as poor as his patients, had been kind to them: silver and gold had he none, but he occasionally brought a little wine, and often assured them that nothing was wanting to her perfect recovery, but better nourishment and a little wine every day. This, however, could not be regularly procured, and Harlin's spirits sank, and as her bodily pain left her she became more melancholy, silent, and self-involved. And now it was that Maria's mind was incessantly racked by the frightful apprehension, that her friend might be again meditating the accomplishment of her former purpose. She had grown as passionately fond of the two children as if she had borne them under her own heart; but the jeopardy in which she conceived her friend's salvation to stand—this was her predominant thought. For all the hopes and fears, which under a happier lot would have been associated with the objects of the senses, were transferred, by Maria, to her notions and images of a future state.

In the beginning of March, one bitter cold evening, Maria started up and suddenly left the house. The last morsel of food had been divided betwixt the two children for their breakfast; and for the last hour or more the little boy had been crying for hunger, while his gentler sister had been hiding her face in Maria's lap, and pressing her little body against her knees, in order by that mechanic pressure to dull the aching from emptiness. The tender-hearted and visionary maiden had watched the mother's eye, and had interpreted several of her sad and steady looks according to her preconceived apprehensions. She had conceived all at once the strange and enthusiastic thought, that she would in some way of other offer her own soul for the salvation of the soul of her friend. The money, which had been left in her hand, flashed upon the eye of her mind, as a single unconnected image: and faint with hunger and shivering with cold, she sallied forth—in search of guilt! Awful are the dispensations of the Supreme, and in his severest judgments the hand of mercy is visible. It was a night so wild with wind and rain, or rather rain and snow mixed together, that a famished wolf would have stayed in his cave, and listened to a howl more fearful than his own. Forlorn Maria! thou wert kneeling in pious simplicity at the grave of thy father, and thou becamest the prey of a monster! Innocent thou wert and without guilt didst thou remain. Now thou goest forth of thy own accord—but God will have pity on thee! Poor bewildered innocent! in thy spotless imagination dwelt no distinct conception of the evil which thou wentest forth to brave! To save the soul of thy friend was the dream of thy feverish brain, and thou wert again apprehended as an outcast of shameless sensuality, at the moment when thy too spiritualized fancy was busied with the glorified forms of thy friend and of her little ones interceding for thee at the throne of the Redeemer!

At this moment her perturbed fancy suddenly suggested to her a new mean for the accomplishment of her purpose: and she replied to the night-watch, who with a

brutal laugh bade her expect on the morrow the unmanly punishment, which to the disgrace of human nature the laws of Protestant states (alas! even those of our own country,) inflict on female vagrants, that she came to deliver herself up as an infanticide. She was instantly taken before the magistrate, through as wild and *priless a storm* as ever pelled on a houseless head! through as black and "*tyrannous a night*," as ever aided the workings of a heated brain! Here she confessed that she had been delivered of an infant by the soldier's wife, Harlin, that she deprived it of life in the presence of Harlin, and according to a plan preconcerted with her, and that Harlin had buried it somewhere in the wood, but where she knew not. During this strange tale she appeared to listen with a mixture of fear and satisfaction, to the howling of the wind; and never sure could a confession of real guilt have been accompanied by a more dreadfully appropriate music! At the moment of her apprehension she had formed the scheme of helping her friend out of the world in a state of innocence. When the soldier's widow was confronted with the orphan, and the latter had repeated her confession to her face, Harlin answered in these words, "For God's sake, Maria! how have I deserved this of thee?" Then turning to the magistrate, said, "I know nothing of this." This was the sole answer which she gave, and not another word could they extort from her. The instruments of torture were brought, and Harlin was warned, that if she did not confess of her own accord, the truth would be immediately forced from her. This menace convulsed Maria Schoning with affright: her intention had been to emancipate herself and her friend from a life of unmixt suffering, without the crime of suicide in either, and with no guilt at all on the part of her friend. The thought of her friend's being put to the torture had not occurred to her. Wildly and eagerly she pressed her friend's hands, already bound in preparation for the torture—she pressed them in agony between her own, and said to her, "Anna! confess it! Anna, dear Anna! it will then be well with all of us! all, all of us! and Frank and little Nan will be put into the Orphan House!" Maria's scheme now passed, like a flash of lightning through the widow's mind, she acceded to it at once, kissed Maria repeatedly, and then serenely turning her face to the judge, acknowledged that she had added to the guilt by so obstinate a denial, that all her friend had said, had been true, save only that she had thrown the dead infant into the river, and not buried it in the wood.

The were both committed to prison, and as they both persevered in their common confession, the process was soon made out and the condemnation followed the trial: and the sentence, by which they were both to be beheaded with the sword, was ordered to be put in force on the next day but one. On the morning of the execution, the delinquents were brought together, in order that they might be reconciled with each other, and join in common prayer for forgiveness of their common guilt.

But now Maria's thoughts took another turn. The idea that her benefactress, that so very good a woman, should be violently put out of life, and this with an infamy on her name which would cling for ever to the little orphans, overpowered her. Her own excessive desire to die scarcely prevented her from discovering the whole plan; and when Harlin was left alone with her, and she saw her friend's calm and affectionate look, her fortitude was dissolved, she burst into a loud and passionate weeping, and throwing herself into her friend's arms; with convulsive sobs she entreated her forgiveness. Harlin pressed the poor agonized girl to her arms; like a tender mother, she kissed and fondled her wet cheeks, and in the most solemn and emphatic tones assured her, that there was nothing to forgive. On the contrary, she was her greatest benefactress and the instrument of God's goodness to remove her at once from a miserable world and from the temptation of committing a heavy crime. In vain! Her repeated promises, that she would answer before God for them both, could not pacify the tortured conscience of Maria, till at length the presence of a clergyman and the preparations for receiving the sacrament occasioning the widow to address her thus—"See, Maria! this is the Body and Blood of Christ, which takes away all sin! Let us partake together of this holy repast with full trust in God and joyful hope of our approaching happiness." These words of comfort, uttered with cheering tones, and accompanied with a look of inexpressible tenderness and serenity, brought back peace for a while to her troubled spirit. They communicated together, and on parting, the magnanimous woman once more

embraced her young friend: then stretching her hand toward Heaven, said, "Be tranquil, Maria! by to-morrow morning we are *there*, and all our sorrows stay here behind us."

I hasten to the scene of execution: for I anticipate my reader's feelings in the exhaustion of my own heart. Serene and with unaltered countenance the lofty-minded Harlin heard the strokes of the death-bell, stood before the scaffold while the staff was broken over her, and at length ascended the steps, all with a steadiness and tranquillity of manner which was not more distant from fear than from defiance and bravado. Altogether different was the state of poor Maria: with shattered nerves and an agonizing conscience that incessantly accused her as the murderess of her friend, she did not walk but staggered towards the scaffold, and stumbled up the steps. While Harlin, who went first, at every step turned her head round and still whispered to her, raising her eyes to heaven,—"but a few minutes, Maria! and we are there!" On the scaffold she again bade her farewell, again repeating "Dear Maria! but one minute now, and we are together with God." But when she knelt down and her neck was bared for the stroke, the unhappy girl lost all self-command, and with a loud and piercing shriek she bade them hold and not murder the innocent. "She is innocent! I have borne false witness! I alone am the murderess!" She rolled herself now at the feet of the executioner, and now at those of the clergyman, and conjured them to stop the execution: that the whole story had been invented by herself; that she had never brought forth, much less destroyed, an infant; that for her friend's sake she had made this discovery; that for herself she wished to die, and would die gladly, if they would take away her friend, and promise to free her soul from the dreadful agony of having murdered her friend by false witness. The executioner asked Harlin, if there were any truth in what Maria Schouing had said. The Heroine answered with manifest reluctance: "most assuredly she has said the truth: I confessed myself guilty, because I wished to die and thought it best for both of us: and now that my hope is on the moment of its accomplishment, I cannot be supposed to declare myself innocent for the sake of saving my life—but any wretchedness is to be endured rather than that poor creature should be hurried out of the world in a state of despair."

The outcry of the attending populace prevailed to suspend the execution: a report was sent to the assembled magistrates, and in the mean time one of the priests reproached the widow in bitter words for her former false confession. "What," she replied sternly but without anger, "what could the truth have availed! Before I perceived my friend's purpose I did deny it: my assurance was pronounced an impudent lie: I was already bound for the torture, and so bound that the sinews of my hands started, and one of their workshops in the large white peruke, threatened that he would have me stretched till the sun shone through me: and that then I should cry out, Yes, when it was too late." The priest was hard-hearted or superstitious enough to continue his reproofs, to which the noble woman condescended no further answer. The other clergyman, however, was both more rational and more humane. He succeeded in silencing his colleague, and the former half of the long hour, which the magistrates took in making speeches on the *improbability* of the tale instead of re-examining the culprits in person, he employed in gaining from the widow a connected account of all the circumstances, and in listening occasionally to Maria's passionate descriptions of all her friend's goodness and magnanimity. For she had gained an influx of life and spirit from the assurance in her mind, both that she had now rescued Harlin from death and was about to expiate the guilt of her purpose by her own execution. For the latter half of the time the clergyman remained in silence, lost in thought, and momentarily expecting the return of the messenger. All which during the deep silence of this interval could be heard, was one exclamation of Harlin to her unhappy friend—"Oh! Maria! Maria! couldst thou but have kept up thy courage but for another minute, we should have been now in heaven!" The messenger came back with an order from the magistrates—to proceed with the execution! With resolute countenance Harlin placed her neck on the block and her head was severed from her body amid a general shriek from the crowd. The executioner fainted after the blow, and the under hangman was ordered to take his place. He was not wanted. Maria was already

gone: her body was found as cold as if she had been dead for some hours. The flower had been snapped in the storm, before the scythe of violence could come near it.

A STORY OF MODERN GREECE.

[From a work we formerly mentioned as exceedingly deserving of perusal, entitled "Sketches of Greece and Turkey." Ridgway, London, 1833.]

About the year 1820, Charilo was residing in his native village of Constantino, among the western mountains of Arcadia, which had been the home of his fathers from generation to generation. His sole wealth consisted in his flocks, which fed upon the mountain pasture, and the produce of a small estate in the north of Italy, which had been left to him by an uncle who had been a Smyrna merchant, and afterwards long resident at Venice. Owing to the remote and mountainous situation of this village, its inhabitants had been less exposed to the insults and exactions of their Turkish masters than those who lived in the towns or the more open country; and the superior happiness of their lot had given them something of a bolder and more independent character. But about this time, for some reason that I could not learn, greater strictness and severity was shown in the collection of the annual tribute than had been usual for a long period; and those who had hitherto been most fortunate in escaping the common lot of their countrymen, were now subjected to the same oppressive exactions. The individuals who had the charge of collecting the Turkish imposts were generally the primates, who, being thus made the common instruments of oppression, had become objects of general dislike and fear among their countrymen. The primate to whose jurisdiction that part of Arcadia at this time belonged, was a man proud, rapacious, and revengeful, and thoroughly detested by all the inhabitants of the province. Charilo was called upon by the emissaries of the primate to pay the tribute that had been demanded, which in his case amounted to more than half his yearly income. He was young and fiery, and indignant at what he considered the atrocity of the demand, refused to pay it; but, aware of the probable consequences of his disobedience, immediately left the neighbourhood where he had resided, drove his flock to the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and for some time succeeded in eluding the pursuit of the soldiers who were sent to seize him. His house, however, was burnt to the ground, and he himself compelled to lead the life of a wanderer and an outlaw. But the primate, enraged at being thus baffled of his prey, meditated a deeper revenge, and one well worthy of a pupil in the school of Turkish despotism.

Charilo was at this time deeply attached to a young girl who resided at a village a few miles distant from his home. He had known her almost from infancy, had been the playmate of her childhood, and the companion of later years, and was now anxiously expecting the day when her mother, her only remaining parent, had consented that she should become his bride. The primate, either by accident or inquiry, heard of his approaching nuptials, and of the beauty of his betrothed bride; and he determined to take a bitter revenge for the insult that had been offered to his authority. He intimated to a rich Turk of Tripolizza, of the name of Ben Hamet, that at the village of Sinano there was a maiden worthy of his possession, a very pearl of beauty, who might grace the harem of the sultan, and who, living only under the protection of an aged mother, would be a prize easily won. In consequence of this intimation, the house was one night entered by a party of Turkish soldiers, who tore the maiden from the arms of her affrighted mother, and in spite of her tears and supplications, which indeed seldom move a Mussulman to mercy, placed her on one of their horses, and wore her away. Her little brother, a boy of about twelve years old, who had escaped the notice of the ruffians, immediately followed on their track, and, keeping at such a distance from them as to avoid their observation, he succeeded in tracing the party to Tripolizza, and learned too the name and residence of the Turk whose property his sister had now become.

When Charilo heard of this disaster, his first impulse was to go directly to Tripolizza, and, not considering the utter hopelessness of such a measure, to tell his simple story to Ben Hamet, and entreat him to restore Zoe to the arms of her betrothed lover. He met with

such a reception as one not blinded by grief and passion must have seen to be inevitable, and turned away from the gate of the Mussulman in an agony of despair. His first thought was of revenge; but a little reflection induced him to lay aside this for the present, in the hopes that by still lingering near the spot, and keeping out of observation, he might by some lucky accident effect the escape of Zoë, and fly with her to the mountains, which had already been his refuge, and which he must now look to as his future home.

With this view he remained for some time in Tripolizza, lingering near the house which contained all he now loved, assuming various disguises to avoid notice, and living upon the hope that he might be able to inform Zoë that he was watching near her, and waiting to rescue her from captivity. At length, however, his intention was discovered; he narrowly escaped assassination, and was compelled to fly from the city, and hide himself again among the mountains. He now turned his thoughts solely towards revenge, and determined to make the primate his first victim, as he more than suspected him to be the author of his wrongs. He hovered for some time about Andrizzena, where his enemy resided, and at length hearing that he was meditating a journey to Soulina, he lay in wait for him in a narrow defile among the mountains, and shot him. In consequence of the hot pursuit made by the friends of the primate and the Turkish authorities, Charilo was obliged to escape to Italy, but had not been there many months before the revolutionary war, which had been raging for some time in the northern provinces, broke out almost simultaneously through the whole of the Morea. Charilo hastened to take his part in the struggle, and joining the troops that were assembled under the command of Colocotroni, and afterwards of Pietro Bey, distinguished himself greatly in the numerous skirmishes and battles that took place, before the Turks, being completely driven from the open country, were compelled to take refuge in their cities and fortresses, and trust for safety to the inexperienced and imperfect equipment of the enemy. These the Greek chiefs next proceeded to attack; and having invested and reduced two or three of minor importance, the eyes of all were soon turned towards Tripolizza, which, as the seat of the provincial government, and the scene of innumerable atrocities, had become an object of peculiar hatred to the people. The patriot leaders, therefore, directed their chief attention to the reduction of this city. Troops were withdrawn from the sieges of Navarino and Malvasia to augment the forces of the besieging army; and several of the principal commanders, Ipsilanti, Mavrocordato, and Colocotroni, repaired to the place to superintend the operations of the siege in person. The city stands in the centre of a flat uninteresting plain, and its only defence consisted in a stone wall nine or ten feet in height, and furnished with loopholes for musketry, but without any bastions, and the whole height of it exposed to the shot of the besiegers. Such a fortification could not long have stood against an army provided with the artillery necessary for conducting a regular siege. But of this the Greek forces were entirely destitute. A few field-pieces, ill mounted and worse served, were all they could procure; and as these were totally unfit for the purpose, their only hope of success was to attempt to reduce the garrison by famine. With this view they established a vigorous blockade, by which the siege was protracted for more than two months, during which the inactivity on both sides was interrupted only by the occasional sallies made by the garrison to procure provisions, in which they were generally defeated by the besiegers, and driven back within their fortifications.

In the meantime, Charilo, who was among the besieging forces, was waiting with impatience the orders for a general assault, which it was expected would probably soon be given, as the garrison, now weakened by famine, and their numbers considerably thinned in the numerous skirmishes with the enemy, could not be expected to offer a successful resistance against a well-directed and general attack. He could not brook this tedious inactivity, and, full of patriotic ardour, longed to be again in the storm of battle. But it was not his bravery alone that prompted this desire, nor the wish to free his country from the Turkish yoke. United with these motives was another more powerful than either. He knew that the man, of all men living who had injured him most deeply, was within these walls, and he thirsted to avenge his wrongs. He had long marked Ben Hâmet for his prey, and he feared lest some

sudden capitulation should disappoint his hopes of vengeance, or that, if the siege were still prolonged, his enemy might have sunk a prey to famine, or possibly have fallen by some other hand. In this state of anxiety and impatience, he assembled about twenty of his companions, among whom was the young Mainote, from whom I had the particulars of this and the scene that followed. He simply related to them the story of his wrongs—the savage revenge of the primate—the cruel insolence of the Mussulman—the loss of his Zoë, and with her, of all his hopes of happiness; and then, pointing to the city, he told them the ravisher was there. They all with one voice swore to assist him in the completion of his just revenge; and it was agreed upon among them, that whenever the signal for assault should be given, they were to follow his steps over the breach, and he would guide them to the residence of his enemy.

In the meantime, famine was doing its deadly work among the inhabitants of Tripolizza. All supplies of provisions were entirely cut off, except such as were occasionally bartered by the Greek soldiers themselves for arms and money. The Turks were compelled to feed on the flesh of horses, and of the dogs that infested the city in great numbers. These resources, however, were soon exhausted, and the saddles, harness, and and slippers, with the hides of the animals they had killed, became their sole sustenance. Pestilence followed in the steps of famine; numbers died daily in the streets; and such of the garrison as had any thing to hope from capitulation, began to show symptoms of mutiny. The Albanians, who formed the principal strength of the Turkish forces, concluded a treaty for themselves, and offered to leave the city on condition of being allowed to return unmolested to their own country. In this state of things there seemed to be no hope of safety in protracted resistance, and the governor of the city opened a negotiation with the leaders of the Greek army. Charilo became alarmed at this proposal of a peaceful capitulation, and determined that whatever might be the issue of these negotiations, his own hopes of vengeance should not be disappointed. Nor was he alone in this resolution. There were numbers in the Greek army who were drawn to Tripolizza by the hope of avenging similar injuries, and whom no agreement entered into by their chiefs could have withheld from availing themselves of this opportunity of retaliation.

While the negotiations were still pending between the Turkish governor and the Greeks, an unexpected occurrence suddenly changed the whole posture of affairs, and brought about the catastrophe that Charilo had so ardently desired.

It had been a frequent practice among the Greek soldiers, notwithstanding the repeated orders of their chiefs, to exchange small quantities of provisions, such as grapes, fruit, and bread, with the besieged, who, pressed by famine, would often give even their arms to purchase these scanty supplies. It happened one morning, that some soldiers, having approached the wall with some large baskets of grapes, for the purpose of exchanging them in this manner, entered into treaty for the sale of them with some Turkish sentinels who were posted on one of the principal gates of the city. The Turks gave their muskets for the fruit, and the Greeks then persuaded them to help them on to the wall with their baskets. No sooner had they done this, than they hurled the incautious sentinels over the parapet, opened the gate to their companions, and planted the cross upon the wall. When this signal was discovered from the Greek camp, it acted like an electric shock. The call to arms resounded on every side, and the whole army rushed tumultuously to the attack. The alarm spread through the city; the Turks hastened to the fortifications, and turned their guns against the confused crowds of the assailants, who, being exposed immediately to their fire, and unable to return it, suffered for some time considerably. But the gate was in the possession of the besiegers, and here the conflict was more equal. The Greeks had thrown away their muskets, and every man fought hand to hand. Resistance was unavailing; the assailants, who were fresh and vigorous, pressed forward; and the Turks, weakened by famine, and discouraged by this untoward accident, yet disputing bravely every yard of ground, retreated slowly towards the citadel. Some took refuge in the houses, and, entrenching themselves there, kept up a vigorous fire for a short time from the roof and windows, and gave a temporary check to the advance of the assailants; but their defences were soon broken into by their pursuing

and death was their only portion. All the horrors that await a city taken by storm were let loose on Tripolizza; and here they were aggravated by the deadly hatred existing between the conquerors and the vanquished, and the remembrance of the thousand cruelties and outrages that had been mutually suffered and inflicted.

Amidst this scene of blood and confusion, the cries of the victors and the fallen, the plundering of the spoil, the smoke of burning houses, and the roar of musketry, Charilo, with his band of companions, fought his way furiously through the press towards the house of his destined victim. It was situated in the centre of the city, and it was long before they were able to reach it. When they at length arrived there, they found the only entrance strongly barricaded, and several of the enemy who had taken refuge here fired upon them as they approached. While some of them returned the fire, others endeavoured to force an entrance through the door, which, however, resisted all their efforts, till they kindled a fire under it, and at the same time threw some burning brands through a window several feet above their heads. At length the door gave way, and the assailants rushed through it to the court within. There, as they paused a moment to look round for the best point of attack by which to force an entrance into the interior of the building, a Turk appeared on the balcony above, his garments torn and bloody, and bearing evident marks of having been engaged in recent conflict. He held his cimeter by the blade in his left hand, and with his right beckoned to the Greeks below, as if desirous of a parley. Charilo instantly recognised Ben Hamet, and his first impulse was to spring up the steps that led to the balcony, and rush upon his foe. But again the desire of once more seeing his beloved Zoë seemed to rise up in his mind, together perhaps with the fear that the Mussulman, if driven to despair, would rather murder his captive than let her fall into the hands of his enemy. He therefore called aloud, in a voice of thunder, "Dog of an infidel, restore the maid of Sinano to him who should possess her, here on this spot, in this moment, or thy hour is come!" As he spoke, a dense cloud of smoke issued from one of the windows that looked into the court, and was immediately followed by a bright column of flame, that rose high into the air, and told the Mussulman that his house was now a prey to the devouring element. He looked upon it for a moment, and then, as if his resolution were formed, he waved his hand, but without making any reply, and retreated into the house. They waited with anxiety for a few minutes, not knowing whether he would return, but allowing him time to do so if such were his intention.

At length the door, on which all eyes were fixed, again opened, and the Turk appeared, leading by the hand a woman dressed in the Greek costume, but closely veiled after the manner of the Turkish ladies. Ben Hamet led her to the top of the flight of steps that descended to the court below, and then pausing, relinquished her hand, and tore away her veil. Her face and figure seemed to be those of a girl, or one but just on the eve of womanhood, and from the short glance that was allowed, my informant described it as being eminently beautiful. She had by this time recognised her lover, and extended her arms towards him. Charilo uttered a cry of joy, clasped his hands, gazed upon her for a moment, as if to assure himself that she was indeed his Zoë, and then sprung forward to meet her. At this moment the Turk stepped back, and drew his cimeter. For one instant it flashed above his head, and in the next severed the neck of the unfortunate Zoë. She fell forward down the steps, with her arms still extended towards her lover, as if rushing to his embrace. A cry of horror burst from the Greeks below. The cimeter dropped from the hand of Charilo, and he stood fixed to the spot, as motionless as if the blow that murdered his Zoë had changed him to a statue of marble. The Turk, profiting by this moment of paralyzing agony, retreated to the door from which he had issued, and disappeared.

To that cry of horror, and that pause of awful silence, now succeeded a yell of vengeance. The Greeks rushed to the balcony, and assailing the door with the butt-ends of their heavy muskets, it soon burst down before them. They rushed into the house, and forced their way through halls, and corridors, and painted chambers, without meeting with any opposition but the barricaded doors, and the flames that had now extended to every part of the building. No living person was to be seen; and it appeared as if the garrison had abandoned the house to the

They made their way, however, directly

towards the apartments of the harem, which they knew would be the last retreat of the Mussulman. At length, at the end of a long corridor, having forced open a door somewhat more strongly defended than the rest, they found themselves in a lofty chamber, at the farther end of which, dimly discernible through the smoke that filled the room, was seen the figure of a Turk, his right arm bare, and brandishing in it a bloody cimeter. It was Ben Hamet. The Greeks uttered a cry of vengeance, but Charilo called out in a voice almost stifled with rage, "Stand back, comrades; he is mine!" and he rushed upon his foe. The conflict was short and desperate. Both were so intent to slay, that they thought little of defence; and, regardless of the crackling floor, and the flames that now burst into the room, it was evident that being once met, death only could separate them. There was the fury of hate against the fury of despair, and it was a mortal struggle. Charilo, having received one or two severe wounds, prostrated his foe, and instantly unsheathing his yataghan, was about to plunge it into his body. At this moment a loud crash was heard in the adjoining room; the floor had fallen in, and the fiery element issuing from below, seemed to have secured and half devoured its prey. A sudden thought appeared to strike the mind of Charilo. He sheathed his yataghan, and seizing upon his victim, dragged him along the corridor to the brink of the burning chasm, and then lifting him from the ground, threw him headlong into the abyss below, exclaiming, in a voice of triumphant passion, "There, fiend! die in thine own element!"

The flames were at length extinguished, avarice and vengeance were alike satiated with their spoil, and the silence of desolation succeeded to the horrors of the siege and the assault. But Charilo was nowhere to be found; he had retired on the completion of his revenge, and it was long before he again appeared upon the stage.

LONDON DIALECTS.

A gentleman whose name was Taplin, or, familiarly, Tom Taplin, from one of the midland counties, while on a visit to a friend in London, derived great amusement from the manners and language of the people. On one of the days he had chosen for a ramble in search of such entertainment, he accidentally met an old school-fellow who had arrived in town the preceding day, and prevailed on him to join in the search after a laugh. "We," said he, "make a small audience for a theatre so vast, and such a multiplicity of actors. There is a melo-drama in every court, a farce in every street, a comedy in every square, and I enjoy them, for tragedy I dislike." "This is a strange propensity of yours," said his friend Deanston. "Is there nothing to dread? London is a most extraordinary place! Often at home have I watched the bees crowding in and out of their hive on a sunny day, busied in their various occupations, all their seeming disorder made regular, all their appearance of confusion rendered systematic; but it falls infinitely short of giving any idea of the arrangement and appropriation in the pursuits of these metropolitans." "Very true," said Tom. "I have always an endless source of amusement on my arrival in this huge town. Here there is a concentration of all kinds of means of pleasurable recreation. If I desire an agreeable promenade, St James's Park is open to receive me. If anxious for a luxuriant saunter, the delightful gardens of Kensington expand their gates at my approach. I could not derive a greater pleasure if they were my own. If I desire to be conveyed in a carriage, the word 'coach' raises a contention as to who shall be my charioteer. If the vehicle were mine, I should not feel more gratified. If I feel inclined to partake of a sumptuous entertainment, I can select from an hundred hotels one suited to my wishes; I can join in the jocularities of the table; in imagination I can heighten my humblest beverage to sparkling champagne, and not be more happy were the whole party regaled at my expense. If I desire to experience the raptures that music can impart, I put on my pumps, trip to the Opera, and am delighted beyond expression. Were I to engage all for a private concert, there would be no better time nor tune. If I desire to read, a thousand libraries are ready with the works of the learned, the scientific, and the imaginative: I could not be more benefited if all the

volumes were my own. If I desire to exercise my taste or judgment on the fine arts, what museums, galleries, and exhibitions are open to my investigation!—I seem to float in a sea of glory. All these are what every one who comes to London on a visit runs after as regularly as to see the lions; but I have an additional pleasure in observing the bears, and, what is rather extraordinary gratis!"

"Come, then," said Deanston, "I'm with you, for I intend to see all the animals before I return." "Good!" exclaimed Taplin. "Now, have you not been informed that the best English is spoken in London?" "Ay," replied Deanston, "from the bar, the pulpit or the theatre. 'That may be,' said Taplin; 'but there is an insufferable dullness attaching to set speeches and studied effects. I do, before all artful arrangements, admire a genuine unsophisticated address or reply. Did you hear that scream? See, a horse has thrown his rider!"

The two friends ran to offer assistance. Up came servants, hackney-coachmen, stable-keepers, and all the ordinary *et cetera* of the streets. The rider was not hurt—covered with mud, he could not speak, but stood as if petrified, while cruel remarks, in vile slang, were vociferated around him. One advised him what to do when he should be so situated again; another instructed him on what he should have done this time; a third was very loquacious on 'what he had done; a fourth, 'seed him as he comed along all no how, and cou'dnt think but as that he would be smashed all to pieces, so that it was well it was no worse; but seeing as how a man mought be shattered, he was coming with a hand-basket for to pick up some of the pieces; howsumdever, as the gemman was only spilt, and not done for, he had better get a sponge and water, and wash his ose's knees, for to tell if he could see the bones or no." "There, do you hear that?" said Taplin. "Yes," replied Deanston; "but I scarcely understand." "Oh, it is a fine specimen of stable eloquence." The gentleman called a coach, and hired a man to lead the horse to some livery-stable just by. The coach drew up, but when the driver saw the deplorable state of the gentleman, he refused to let him enter, saying, "Blow me if I takes such a fare as that ere. Now, I 'peel to any gemman what is present if that ere fare is fit for to get into this ere coach! Only look at them ere seats and linings, and tell me if it wou'dnt be a blowed shame of such a fare for to put his dirt on them ere cushions! I sha'nt; and so you may take my number. I an't afraid of being pulled up 'bout this ere!" "There," continued Taplin, "there is an appeal, and a determination to act in conformity with his own will. Is not that a rare specimen of coach-stand oratory?"

Before the assemblage of persons had separated, two individuals seemed to be quarrelling, because they used violent gestures and loud talking. The two observers approached. "Yes, yes," said one of the disputants, "I knows all that—all that I knows wery vell; and arter all, do you know that flatton vuddent gon and see that ere sister of hisen. So, vot d'ye think I says to him? This is vot I said: I says says I, 'Vy don't you goven she haxes you so?' 'I vont,' says he. 'You hort to go,' says I. 'No, I shuddent,' says he; 'and it's no business of yourn.' 'Yes, but it is,' says I. 'No, but it isn't,' says he; and so we had sich a bargument; but I got the better on him, because this ere is the pint. I knowed as how he hid got some money that was hern. It wasn't hisen, you understand; so him and me set off to his sister's, but she warn't at om."—The orator paused; then, looking Tom in the face, inquired if that was not right. "No doubt," he replied. Deanston had great difficulty in suppressing his laughter at the interest which his friend seemed to take in a business of which he knew nothing, and almost dragged him away, while he was advising that the affair should be followed up properly. "Are these not strange people?" "They are indeed; and they are English people, I suppose." "They speak the vernacular tongue, certainly," said Taplin; "but how unlike the English language! I had been told of this, but doubted the possibility that persons residing in the metropolis, where they have opportunities of hearing their native tongue well pronounced and grammatically correct, could deviate so widely from accuracy."

As the two acquaintances approached Westminster Bridge, they were accosted by at least a dozen men, crying the words, "A bo, sa!"—which, being interpreted, signifies, "A boat, sir!"—and an assent being expressed by the parties addressed, one of the watermen,

the more active of the group, rushed down the steps at the side of the bridge, and commenced to prepare his little vessel for their reception. Being safely embarked in the wherry, Tom, who was always on the scent for peculiarities of character, took an inquisitive look at the boatman. "Why," said he, "do you wear that coat, my good fellow?" "Why," said he, "because I han't got ere another." "That is not what I mean," continued Taplin; "for what reason do you wear a jacket with those full skirts, which is the costume of two hundred years ago?" "For what reason?" said he: "because I am a vaterman." "And why," continued Tom, "have you that mass of metal with the figure of a port-cullis on your arm?" "Vy?" said he; "vy, because I am a fireman." "In my opinion," said Deanston, "a bucket or an extinguisher would be more appropriate." "Ay," retorted the boatman, "if you are out on a lark—whereof, you, see, there's more than what's good—such, without giving no offence, I just run my boat in at the first stairs, and hax you for to walk ashore." Taplin here winked at his companion, and then inquired of the boatman "Why he would do so." "Do so!" said he; "because I don't see any right and tittle whatsumdever for you to be running your rigs on me, whereby I an't obliged to stand it. Come, it's no use giggling. Now, only look here: you two gemmen comes up to me, whereby I haxed you to take a boat. Well, as such, without giving no offence whatsumdever, I goes to my verry; wery vell, you comes aboard, whereby you haxes me about my coat, and all that; as such, I gis you a civil answer, whereof you makes no more on it, but begins a-quizzing." "My good fellow," interrupted the interrogator, "I did not intend to give you any offence. I am too fond of the water to do any thing of the kind." "Now, only look here," answered the boatman; "if so be as how you did—and you mought if you'd a chosed—whereby I must a stood the gom as such, it goes against the grain, gemmen; and a man had better a went any where than to a come here for to be rigged, whereof a man gets quite out o' sorts and gis a roughish answer. So whershall I take you, gemmen?" "To Chelsea," was answered. "Do many accidents happen on the Thames here about?" was inquired. "Vy, yes," replied the boatman, "I can't say but there is. Now, only look here, gemmen. If people will let boats, whereof there is plenty along shore, without taking no care to what people, why, what can come of it but capizing? Nothing else; as such many lose their lives, whereby many never takes a verry now what used often, whereof it comes hard on us; and then there is them bridges, people walks over 'em just as if there vasn't a vaterman 'tween Rediff and Waxhall. That's how it is, gemmen. And then there's the steamers; vy, they may just as well put their hand into our pockets and haul out every farlen we yirn." They quitted the boat in good humour with the waterman, who told them that was the first money he had taken that day, and that he had a wife and four children at home. "There," said Taplin, "you had a fine specimen of Thames oratory. Now as we are seeking adventures, what shall we do next? We must get back to town. There is an omnibus."

The vehicle having stopped, they got in. "Well, I'm sure," said a well-dressed female, next to whom Tom seated himself, "you can't conceive how happy I am at you gentlemen getting in as you have." Deanston stared, and inquired if there was any peculiarity in the manner. "Oh, dear me, no, sir," said the lady; "but now, you see, we shall not stop any more." Taplin inquired how Deanston would like to proceed thus without stopping, for ever and a day. He thought the sooner they came to a period the better. The lady did not seem to heed this, but smelt to a rose she held, and conversed with another of the fair sex who sat beside her. The gentlemen could, not help overhearing what was said. "Well, as I was saying, Miss Jemima, Mr. Thomson could not help this, because Miss Polly had set her cap at him." "Laik!" said the lady so addressed. "Yes, and do you know?—oh, she is an artful puss—he had just had a little bit of money left him in the funds." "Dear me!" said Miss Jemima. "Yes; and do you know?—he did not think small-beer of himself. He wore silk stockings! I'll be bound he was the first of the family that ever put on a silk stocking; and he laughed and danced about just like a pea on a drum-head; held up his nose, and talked loud and strutted like a crow in a gutter." "Laik-a-daisy!" said her companion. "Yes; and of course, you know, Miss Polly seemed

to grow two inches taller; and such dresses! Such for my part, I can't think who could give her credit. Faces!—such silks! Somebody must suffer, I am sure. Well, you know, the stream of love does not always run smooth. Mr. Thomson took it into his head to think young Watkins had a sort of sneaking kindness for Miss Polly, and she, with two strings to her bow, got quite proud. "Only think!" said Miss Polly. "Yes; and do you know?—one afternoon, Mr. Thomson met young Watkins; and," says he, "I understand, sir, that you want to pay your addresses to Miss Polly Bannister; and I must tell you—but there, I don't know all they said or did; but the house was too hot to hold 'em, and we know that Mr. Thomson had a sad black eye; and that, you know, is not a wedding favour." "Lauk-a-daisy me!" again exclaimed Miss Polly, in a tone of increasing surprise. "Yes; and do you know?—the very next day Miss Polly was seen arm in arm with young Watkins." "Good for ever gracious!" here exclaimed Miss Polly, with a very pretty air of extreme astonishment. "Yes; and what is more, she wrote him a letter; and what is more, she said that poor Mr. Thomson was served right; and what is more, she went to the fancy fair with young Watkins; and what is more still, she absolutely went in a glass coach with him to the Beular Spar." "Well, now such a miss! who would have thought it?" exclaimed Miss Polly with a feeling of fashionable horror. "Yes and do you know?"—here there was a pause; the hands were raised, and gently crossed on her lap, as she emphatically continued, "You haven't an idea!"

Deanston now whispered to his friend that he had heard enough, and ridden as far as he wished. Both, therefore, bade the ladies good morning, and quitted the omnibus. On their walk to town, they amused themselves with conjectures respecting the ladies. They had no costume by which their professional pursuits could be ascertained; their exteriors had been well attended to, even tastefully decorated; but their minds—"Pray," said Tom, "forbear; that is a sore point; you know the mind 'ha't got no dressmaker," though such will most likely be some day thought of in the number of embellishers of the human species."

FLAXMAN AND HIS WIFE.

The name of John Flaxman is among the most distinguished of British sculptors; and after reading an account of his life by his eloquent biographer, Allan Cunningham,* one cannot refrain from believing that the world never contained a better man. His mind was earnest, enthusiastic, and highly poetic; his temper serene; his affections warm and benevolent; and his whole character shone with the angelic light of pure disinterestedness and cheerful piety. Religion was not with him a thing set apart for occasional use, regarded only for the sake of the world's opinion, or because the world had lost its attractions; it was the vivifying principle of his existence—it guided every feeling, was blended with every thought, and passed into every action. Much of the simplicity and spirituality of his character is reflected in his marbles and his drawings; they are remarkable for an expression of serene loveliness and quiet devotion. His favourite works were those by which he embodied passages of scripture.

In early life, Flaxman was poor, and his health feeble. He used to support himself by making drawings and designs for the celebrated porcelain manufactory of the Wedgwoods. When he became eminent, he loved to allude to these humble labours of his early life; and since his death the models have been eagerly sought after. But though Flaxman was largely endowed with genius, he found no royal road to fame. He met with mortifications and disappointments, and gained final success only by the most laborious industry. From his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year, he lived, as all young artists must do who have no other fortune than clear heads and clever hands. His labours for the Wedgwoods maintained him; but he was no lover of jovial circles, and was abstemious in all things save a hunkering and thirsting for knowledge.

In the year 1782, when twenty-seven years old, he quitted the paternal roof, hired a small house and studio in Wardour Street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a

wife—Ann Denman—one whom he had long loved, and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilled in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency, regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy, arranged his drawings, managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars, so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intense spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the president one day, as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city. "Ann," said the sculptor, "I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left; and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here, I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me." In this resolution Mrs. Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set meantime a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the academy, nor was any asked; and five years elapsed from the day of the memorable speech of the president, before Flaxman, by incessant study and labour, had accumulated the means of departing for Italy.

The image of Flaxman's household immediately after his marriage is preserved in the description of one who respected his genius and his worth. "I remember him well, so do I his wife, and also his humble little house in Wardour Street. All was neat, nay elegant; the figures from which he studied were the fairest that could be had, and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was that air of devout quiet which reigned every where; the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself, and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man: there was no ostentatious display of piety; nay, he was in some sense a lover of mirth and sociality; but he was a reader of the Scriptures, and a worshipper of sincerity; and if ever purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman."

At Rome, Flaxman, like most other artists, was obliged to do something for his support. He was employed by persons of his own nation to make illustrations of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante. These splendid works procured him extensive reputation. The Illustrations of Homer were made for Mrs. Hare Naylor, at the price of some fifteen shillings a-piece; but the fame which they brought to the name of Flaxman was more than a recompense. Long ere this time of life, he had shown, in numerous instances, that he regarded gold only as a thing to barter for food and raiment, and which enabled him to realise, in benevolent deeds, the generous wishes of his

* *Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, forming several volumes of the Family Library. Murray, London.

heart. As a fountain whence splendour, honour and respect might flow, he never considered it; and in a plain dress, and from a frugal table, he appeared among the rich and the titled, neither seeking their notice nor shunning it. In all these sentiments his wife shared. Those who desire to see Flaxman aright during his seven years' study in Italy, must not forget to admit into the picture the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge, and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage; or with submission on their lips, and rebellion in their hearts, make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No; they loved each other truly—they read the same books—thought the same thoughts—prized the same friends—and, like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated. Their residence was in the Via Felice; and all who wished to be distinguished for taste or genius, were visitors of the sculptor's humble abode.

After a residence of more than seven years in Rome, Flaxman returned to England, hired a modest house in Buckingham Street, erected shops and studios, arranged his models and his marbles, and resolved to try his fortune in poetic sculpture. "For this," says the poet Campbell, "he had an expansion of fancy, elevation of thought, a holy beauty of feeling. His female forms may want finished luxuriance, but they have a charm more expressive and inexpressible, from the vestal purity of his sentiment, than finish could have given them."

Those who had hitherto supposed Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the right, when he said wedlock must spoil Flaxman for an artist, now began to think they could derive some honour from being associated with him; and he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy. His fame was now so well established, that he might have associated with the noble and the wealthy had his meek and placid character allowed him to form such wishes. But he loved his home, and gave himself up to the quiet, tasteful amusements of his own fireside. Sir Thomas Lawrence said, "His solitude was made enjoyment to him by a fancy teeming with images of tenderness, purity, or grandeur." Drawing was at once his business and his recreation. His biographer says, "There is a prodigious affluence of imagination in all his sketches and drawings; and his shops, studio, and sketch-book, exhibit them in hundreds, nay, in thousands. To name all his sketches would occupy many pages, and to describe them, at the rate of five lines to each, would be to compose a volume. Some of his illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress* equal that religious romance in simplicity, and far surpass it in loftiness. Something of the same sort may be said of his designs for Sotheby's translation of *Osborn*—forty in number. But the work on which his fancy most delighted to expatiate was *Hesiod*. He loved the days of innocence and the age of gold, when philosophers went barefooted, kings held the plough, princesses washed their own linen, and poets sung, like the northern minstrel, for food and raiment. There are thirty-six illustrations; and for simplicity, loveliness, and grace, they fairly rival any of his other works."

In dress, Flaxman was as plain as if he belonged to the Society of Friends. Unlike most of his brother artists, he kept no coach or servants in livery. To the men he employed, he was extremely liberal and kind. When they were ill, he continued their wages, and paid their doctor's bill. He made himself acquainted with their wants and with their families, and aided them in the most agreeable and delicate way. If any of them were unavoidably absent, he said, "Providence made six days for work in the week; take your full wages." He was so generally beloved, and so widely known, that if you stopped a tipsy mason in the street, and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would answer, "the best master God ever made." No alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. He has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high.

An eminent artist said of him, "Flaxman is inaccessible either to censure or praise: he is proud, but not shy; diffident, but not retiring; as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown; yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius. He paused a little, and added, "I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly; his civility oppresses."

A distinguished sculptor being asked concerning Flaxman's mode of study and his conversation, replied, "I

cannot tell you. He lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd fashions: he dressed, you know how he dressed; he dined at one, wrought after dinner, which no other artist does; drank tea at six; and then, sir, no one ever found him in the evening parties of the rich or the noble: he was happy at home, and so he kept himself; of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."

He caused a quarto volume to be made, in which he wrote the story and illustrated the adventures of a Christian hero, who goes out into the world to protect the weak, and the suffering, and punish the bad. Temptations in every form surround him—good and evil spirits contend for victory—his own passions are around him in terrific shapes—he follows a guardian angel, and escapes all dangers—becomes a purified spirit, and is commissioned to watch over the good on earth. In this capacity, he spreads spiritual light around, watches over innocence, and protects the oppressed.

The sketches, which are forty in number, are delicate, graceful, full of poetic beauty, and surrounded as it were by a serene and holy atmosphere. On the first page of this book was drawn a dove, with an olive-branch in her mouth; an angel is on each side, and between is written "To Ann Flaxman;" below, two hands are clasped as at the altar, two cherubs bear a garland, and the following inscription to his wife introduces the subject:—"The anniversary of your birth-day calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to the spiritual world, and blest with a celestial union, he is armed with power, for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence; he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy.—John Flaxman, October 2, 1796."

For thirty-eight years Flaxman lived wedded; his health was generally good, his spirits ever equal; and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had been always at his side. She was a most cheerful, intelligent woman, a collector, too, of drawings and sketches, and an admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent; and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, "Ask Mrs. Flaxman; she is my dictionary." She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation approached—she fell ill and died in the year 1820, and from the time of this bereavement something like a lethargy came over his spirit.

He was now in his sixty-sixth year, and surrounded with the applause of the world. His studios were filled with orders and commissions. His sister—a lady of taste and talent like his own—and his wife's sister, were of his household; but she who had shared all his joys and sorrows was gone, and nothing could comfort him.

He continued, however, the same habits of industry, the same kind interest in the situation and wishes of others, the same cheerful intercourse with his impoverished friends. His health was feeble, but he suffered little.

One morning a stranger called upon him, and, presenting a book, said, "This work was sent to you by an Italian artist, and I am requested to apologise for its extraordinary dedication. It was generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead; and my friend, wishing to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, has inscribed his book '*Al ombre di Flaxman*' [to the shade of Flaxman]. No sooner was it published, than the report of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake (which he rejoices to find a mistake), begs you will receive his work as an apology." Flaxman smiled, accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family and some of his friends.

This singular occurrence happened on the 2d of December 1820. The next day he took a cold, from which he never recovered; and he died peacefully, as he had lived.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

DUFIEF.

We desire, in this part of our Journal, to pay all the respect we can to the memory of Mr. Nicholas Goun Dufré, lately deceased in this country,—a gentleman, whom we had not the honour of knowing personally, nor even in the most important of his writings, but whose labours' career of literary public spirit was encouraged by leading men of all parties, and whose exquisite French and English Dictionary (for we do not hesitate to call it so) would alone give him a claim to the regard of all lovers of knowledge. A book altogether so beautifully "got up" for general use, we never beheld, whether we consider the remarkable abundance of its contents, its utility to all kinds of readers, the most technical included, or the perfection of neatness exhibited in its type, arrangement, and very binding. Let any body but look into and handle it, and see if we say too much. But what completed the charm of even a Dictionary in our eyes, was the motto which the liberal and spirited man put into the title-page.—

"Les hommes ne se haïront plus, quand ils s'entendront tons"

"Men will cease to hate one another, when they all understand one another."

Even the elegant singularity of Mr. Dufré, putting his coat of arms in this title page, with its motto of *Semper Fidelis*—Always Faithful (to the Bourbons, to wit) did not disconcert us with its innocent party appearance, for a man, who is really zealous for the good of all his fellow-creatures as he was, has as much right to his political predilections as to the family affection in which he was brought up, and though we may not agree with this person or that in his estimate of the objects of his predilection, (any more than he with ours,) we heartily sympathize with every genuine and honourable feeling about it and with the colourings of fancy and love which it acquires in passing through his mind. Such men take the common light of day and turn it, like cathedral windows into the hues of heaven.

An unknown correspondent, who has our best thanks for the information, tells us that Mr. Dufré was born at Nantes, of a royalist family, who suffered bitterly from the French Revolution, and were driven into exile. His father, a knight of Saint Louis was one of the last defenders of the royal cause among the noblesse in Brittany, his mother was a kinswoman of the famous *Gracil Lettette*, with whom, like the *Du Pins* and *Join of Arts* of old, (while her husband was fighting in Germany) she actually served at the head of troops of her own raising, and was present at more than one hundred engagements! Madame Dufré was ultimately obliged to fly with her children into Jersey. Mr. Nicholas Dufré went to America, and being under the necessity of learning the English language, was led, by the disadvantages he experienced, to turn (like a proper genius in his vocation) those very disadvantages to account and produced in consequence the system of French tuition which has acquired celebrity under the title of "*Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man*," &c. In this work, to the merit of which we regret that we cannot add the testimony of our own experience (as we never saw it) he is understood to have followed and worked out the principles laid down by *Locke*, *Condillac*, *D'Alembert* and other philosophers, and that his work is in no need of the testimony we are unable to give it, is evident from the admirable opinions expressed of it by men of all parties, wherever French and English are studied together, including that of a man who may be said to have been one of the princes of the human race, in talent as well as position, and who was not quick, we believe, to express himself so strongly of people's merit as he did in this. It is the late American President *Jefferson*.

Mr. D. was an anxious, zealous, and useful career on 21th of the present month, aged fifty eight years, having fallen ill on the day his Dictionary was completed, and never having recovered the reaction of a want of excitement. He may be considered, "a martyr" (says our correspondent) "to the cause of Education." He united, we are told, in a rare but most desirable degree, the habits of a punctual and even precise man, with the most genuine liberty, and though a party-man and a moralist, abhorred persecution for opinion; exhibiting from first to last (to conclude in the words of our authority) "cheerful application instead of desponding complaint, strict honour and independence instead of subterfuge and servility; and a whole

life calculated to excite the esteem and grateful recollection of mankind."

We take this opportunity of observing, that it is a very remarkable, a very noble and a very new feature of the age we live in, that the ambition of doing good to mankind is taking place of the more egotistical ambitions of former times, and becoming the ordinary characteristic of active and generous intellects, instead of being confined, as it used to be, to a "martyr" here and there. Sincere public zeal, nay, a zeal for the happiness of all men, is no longer thought unworthy of the most practical understandings: all the real intellects even among the most exclusive parties, are gradually venturing forth, if it be but with a tip end of the hand they write with, to warm themselves at this new sunshine of promise for the world, and it is a wrong to all other parties, nay, to those too (for their ultimate good is concerned in it) to conceal from the struggling classes the honourable and feeling testimony borne to those who adorn them by the generous enthusiasm of some of the aristocracy. The following tribute to the rising empire of knowledge, with the noble couplet at the end of it, is from a poem written by a man of birth as well as genius, who only wants to have given more way to his impulses as a writer to show how real a spirit of poetry as well as generosity belongs to him. He is speaking of the metropolis.

Wisdom is in her halls to none refused

Are Wisdom's precious *oil* as heretofore,
When clerks their knowledge *selv* hly misused

All may the *trials* of science now exlore
Perish the *vain* monopoly of lore!

The gloom dispelling radiance of the morn

Delighteth not the rising traveller more,

Then it doth glad my heart, that lofty *scorn*

Recoils from the repellent strength of wisdom lowly born.

CHANDOS LION.

When the rich and the nobly born write in this manner, what may not be hoped for by all!

CIVIC IMPORTANCE.—A long time ago, when civic honours were honours indeed, a newly elected magistrate of a Scottish provincial town, after shutting up his warehouse for the day, took a stroll in the suburbs to inhale the pure air. Stepping along with the newly adopted cane in hand, and in the evident and entire possession of his recently acquired honours, a countrywoman whose cow had strayed that evening hastily accosted him in these words— "Man, saw ye Hawkey, my cow, as ye cam' along the road?" to which interrogation the magistrate made no reply, but passed on. A second time the anxious gudewife put the same question, "I'm sayin', man, did you see my cow?" on which the baillie turned round, shook his head, and looked things so unutterable, that it may appear strange why the honest woman did not at once comprehend what was intended to be conveyed, but the truth was, she held property in the cow—her whole property—and was incapable at the time of entertaining another idea beside, consequently the same question was again propounded, and with greater earnestness than ever— "I'm sayin', man, are ye deaf?—did you see my cow Hawkey as ye cam' along the road?" The baillie, now finding that looks were entirely thrown away on this stupid person, was forced at length to open his mouth, and declare himself in these words—"Woman, I tell you I'm no a man? I'm a magistrate." Mutable, however, are all earthly things. The term of this official personage came to a close—the golden chain passed to another—the cane, as a matter of course was laid aside—and the baillie once more appeared a plain citizen, in these altered circumstances what could he do, but confess, as he actually did, that now he was a man again!

SENDING TO COVENTRY.—The phrase of "sending to Coventry" is mentioned by Hutton, the Birmingham historian, as having originated in consequence of the Birmingham people apprehending all messengers and suspected persons, and frequently attacking and reducing small parties of the Royalists during the civil war, whom they sent prisoners to Coventry.

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THE PRINCE'S GLANCE.

(Continued from our last)

A HUNTING SCENE.

The more he advanced the more he thought of his old friend Parson Gyger; occasionally too of his amiable companion, when he could not help drawing forth the glove and regarding it with much apparent affection. He pressed it with passionate fondness to his bosom. The glove led him to represent to himself fingers, hands, and arms, to the arm he added the shoulder; from the shoulder, the transition is so natural, he thought of her slender well proportioned waist, and by degrees he conjured up every part, or rather she stood in his fancy before him in all the majesty of innocence and youth. The Colonel had indeed nothing better to do than to make reflections; he had time in abundance, the road presented little variety, there were pine and beech trees thickly growing on each side of it; the road passed on gloomily between a wood. On a sudden he was startled by the firing of a gun, of which the ball whizzed close to his ear. "What can that be?" thought he, when a fox ran across the road, and shortly after a huntsman appeared coming out of the wood blowing his horn. "Missed, Mr. Huntsman" said the Baron, "but I was near enough your mark."

The huntsman turned towards the Baron saying: "How! can it be possible?" and approaching nearer touched his cap and observed in a very gentlemanly way: "I hope I am not mistaken, you are Baron Von Fehlmann?" "And you—oh yes, I now remember. We saw each other—somewhere: Oh I have it! it was in London. You are Count Von Risenstein!" replied the Colonel. "Excellent man!" exclaimed the Count embracing the Baron with enthusiasm.

Questions now followed questions. "Come with me!" exclaimed the Count. "near this place a huntsman's breakfast stands ready, cold roast, and a glass of hock. Come let us partake of it." They went, the breakfast stood under a large oak tree, guarded by a young huntsman. The Count directed the huntsman to return home with the hounds, to order dinner at the usual hour, that the hunt was over and that a stranger should be his guest.

The huntsman departed; the Count embraced the Baron again saying, "Baron, I cannot express my joy to be with you again. I wish you knew how many thousand times I have wished, for you. Let me tell you that you have become extremely dear to me. But whither are you going now? Have you any thing to do? Can you remain with me for a few days only, if not for ever? How delighted I should feel to live with you! Are you married? Have you got a family? Are you happy?"

Baron Fehlmann, affected partly by the friendly enthusiasm shown by the Count, partly warned by the good old wine, assured him to return how frequently he had thought of him. The Count listened to him with delight.

"There is true sympathy between us dear Baron! When I saw you in London I felt the most friendly feeling for you; but when you handed to me the bank note, which saved me from the most bitter dilemma, in which by the cruelty of my uncle I was then placed—truly Baron, never, never in my life has ever a man made such an impression on me; I have no friend—with every wish to find a sympathetic heart, I have hitherto been disappointed. Can you, will you, dear Baron, become my friend?"

The Colonel seized both his hands in his: "Baron I am very unhappy" continued the Count in a melancholy strain, and with his eyes fixed upon him: "I am very unhappy! the question now remains whether you will"

"Will what?" replied the Colonel with enthusiasm, remembering the unpaid bank note: "Unhappy, well so much the more merit to you. I am unhappy too; there is then one motive more for us to agree. In case of need we will divide all we have. I could never be persuaded that a face that carries the stamp of honesty could deceive."

"Count, let us be friends for ever. Let us be brothers, brothers created by the Almighty for each other. Amen!"

"Amen, brother Baron! I have found at last that only one for whom I have wished."

"Then let us swear friendship and brotherhood according to the accepted rules and forms!" exclaimed the Colonel emptying the last contents of the bottle into their overflowing glasses: "I am thine for ever!"

The Count seized with equal enthusiasm said: thou art my friend for ever! thou shalt never have cause to repent of it! thou art my brother. I am no longer unhappy now.

After the usual ceremonies under such circumstances were over they arose on a sudden. "Here under the oak tree," said the Count solemnly, "I will erect a marble monument. Shouldst thou ever prove faithless to me, I'll remind thee of this monument under the venerable oak." "How so!" replied the Baron, "I thought thou wert unhappy on account of embarrassed circumstances, and now thou thinkest of erecting marble monuments!" The Count replied smiling: "My misfortune, dear Fehlmann, was not want of money."

"It was then a misunderstanding."

Thus the conversation continued; arm in arm they passed unconsciously through the wood. At some distance a fine hill seemingly growing in the midst of a luxuriant valley of several miles long, soon made its appearance. As they approached nearer, a magnificent villa erected on it adding to the romantic beauty of the view, could be discerned.

The Colonel relating to the Count his journeys, his adventures, his campaigns, his unlucky fate in Russia and Poland, by what unfortunate circumstances he was deprived of his all, did not perceive the elegant display of the gardens through which they were now walking, but when freed from every bush and tree, every unevenness in the road, when a beautiful extensive Palace lay open before them built in the most noble taste, and adorned with pillars of the composite order, when on proceeding further they were surrounded by artificial water spouts, cascades and other hydraulic exhibitions interspersed with statues of bronze and white marble of most of the heathen gods, then the Baron began to move slower, looked about him with surprise, stood still and asked, "to whom does this beautiful Palace belong?"

"To my uncle," replied the Count, "but I inhabit it. Thou seest I am not pinched for room to lodge thee."

The Baron became more serious and pensive at every step as he approached the Palace. Being now sufficiently near he could discover over the gate the Ducal arms. Some servants making their appearance with respectful silence took charge of the guns of the Count and Baron.

"Is dinner ready?" asked the Count. "Whenever your Royal Highness commands."

The Baron looked at the Count, then again at the Palace. "What does the fellow say?" asked the amazed Baron pointing towards the retiring servant.

"How so?"

"It sounded like..." stammered the Baron.

"I heard as, as..."

"May I tell thee now my name, my dear Baron?" interrupted the Count. "In London thou didst absolutely forbid me to do so." "Well, I think it is high time now," replied the Baron.

"My name is Ludwig."

"Very well, but I suppose thou hast a family name too?"

"Why, my dear Baron, do not be angry—I am the Crown Prince." The Colonel disconcerted was raising his hand to his cap. "How now! shall I already reconduct thee to the oak tree where thou just now vowed eternal friendship to me," replied the Crown Prince.

"The foundation of true friendship is wanting between us," answered the Baron—"equality!"

"Before the world it is, my dear Fchlmann, but not between ourselves. Before the world give me the usual titles, but between us, I am for ever thy brother,—call me Ludwig."

DENOUEMENT

In the society of the Prince the Colonel forgot to visit the Parson Gyger whom, it is true, he merely wanted to see to vary the tedious hours he passed either alone or in the company of his old Steward. Both young men were in the right when they were saying that they were born for each other, both hated, loved, esteemed, and despised the same objects. The one tempered the passion of the other, and raised him when he seemed to sink in his own opinion. Each felt as if he alone were the obliged party, their pleasures, pursuits and studies were now the same. The Baron required little persuasion to be induced to remain the Prince's companion, the Prince on the other hand seemed to revive at the agreeable and in-

structive company of the Baron. Kept at a distance by the reigning Duke, almost hated by him, his life might rather be compared to that of a prisoner, or to a man in banishment than to the Prince of the Dukedom.

A few days after the Baron's residence at Friedensleben (the name of the Palace the Prince inhabited) he had an opportunity of being fully convinced what unnecessary harshness the Duke shewed towards the Prince.

The Prince aware that the Baron had lost nearly all his fortune and that he was rather in needy circumstances was desirous to make him a pecuniary gift. He presented him a sum of money as interest of that which he lent him in London, saying that though he had sent the amount to the steward immediately on his arrival in his country, yet it was for a sum of money for which he felt he ought to pay interest as long as he lived; that it had saved him from the despair in which he was plunged by the severity of the Duke, in leaving him without assistance and ordering him in the most peremptory manner, neither to incur debts nor to unmask his Incog. That moreover he called him a sullen—"And I don't know," continued the Prince, "what might have been the consequences had I been neglectful of performing the minutest part of his absolute orders."

This address of the Prince gave occasion to speak of the pretended repayment of the borrowed sum. The Prince surprised at the Baron's not seeming to know any thing about it looked for and produced the receipt of the Post office for that sum. It was now determined to sift the matter to the bottom and with that view they took a ride to the stewards, on the old man protesting that he had never received such a sum, the Prince had the receipt of the Post office presented to the Postmaster, who immediately handed an order of the Duke in which he was graciously pleased to order that all letters and packets from, and for the Prince, for one whole year after his return from his journey, should without exception be sent immediately to the Private Secretary of His Royal Highness. The enigma was now unriddled, but the puns which were taken to come to that solution brought about some unexpected consequences. By these means the Duke became acquainted with the Baron's residence at Friedensleben. He thought him probably an ill contented personage endeavouring to attach himself to the Crown Prince.

Shortly after an order was handed to the Prince to remove the Baron instantly from his society, and banish him from his neighbourhood.

The best policy was to submit, lest by shewing resistance the Duke might be led to dictate still harsher measures. The Colonel returned to his farm, and he now felt his solitude doubly. His only happy hours were when that solitude was interrupted by some stolen visits from his princely friend, or for want of an opportunity to communicate their thoughts in writing, for they did not wish to hazard letters through the regular Post, they sometimes met at intermediate places. Each had become to the other of absolute necessity, the severities they experienced had only the effect to cement their friendship still closer.

CHANGES

On a stormy winter night—the snow was lying the depth of man,—long before the morning dawned the Colonel was awake by a sudden noise

in his farm yard. He heard repeated knocks at the gate. Light was brought, the gate opened, he heard the hoofs of horses. Shortly after, all the people in the farm were up. The Colonel thought immediately of his friend the Crown Prince, who arrived driven by some new fatality, for on account of the deep snow he had neither seen, nor heard of him for many days.

A short time after the old steward entered the Colonel's Room, and with a light in one hand, and a huge letter in the other, stepped before the bed of the Baron. "Who is arrived at this hour of the night?" he asked. "A Ducal courier from the capital with this letter."

The Baron felt alarmed. "His Royal Highness the Duke" whose glance of the eye never forsook his memory, "intends nothing good towards me, it is probably a most gracious order to show the door to the Prince whenever he should make his appearance in the modest room of my small House. But what—this letter is not for me, it is addressed to the President of our secret council Baron John Von Fehlmann." "How so?" called the Colonel springing up from his bed. "Am I awake!"

He now opened the letter and read his nomination drawn out in the usual form to the first place in the realm, with a gracious request to proceed immediately to the capital. The letter was signed Ludwig. A post-script was added in the Prince's own hand-writing. "My first act on assuming the reigns of Government, is to call thee, my dear Baron to my side. Haste to join me."

The Baron was struck dumb with amazement. When somewhat recovering himself, he asked the steward if the old Duke was dead. The steward being completely ignorant of it went out to make enquires of the Ducal courier. "Of an apopleptic stroke" was the reply. The steward being a corpulent man was always haunted by a singular apprehension of apoplexy, and he felt a benumbing sensation at the bare mention of the word. When he returned to the Baron he said: "His Royal Highness is dead." "Dead, so suddenly!" "His R. H. was always pleased to be quick in his resolutions."

This news not being exactly of a nature to break the Baron's heart, he dressed himself, called for his steward's conveyance, and in the best humour drove towards the residency.

DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE OF PRINCES.

The great alterations and reforms which were made immediately on Duke Ludwig's assuming the government in the administration, as well as in the personale of the first civil and military offices, are known facts. He was no lover of the pomp thought necessary to support the Ducal dignity; on the contrary, he was of opinion that a Prince should be magnificent in his deeds only, and display the greatest dignity in his personal worth. Throughout the Dukedom he constructed lasting roads. Without distributing alms to the poor he erected for their use work houses, and public schools. He looked for talented officers but preferred honest ones. Inexorable against negligent or culpable officers he was more rigid towards the higher than the lower class. One he dismissed with disgrace for not having kept his word pledged to one of his subordinates who was obliged to rely on him. He was compelled to indemnify him for all losses to which the subordinate was subjected in conse-

quence, who was restored to the position of which he was so unjustly deprived. In others he reprimanded with the utmost severity their overbearing and proud behaviour towards the lower classes. Nothing was greater pleasure to him than to find out a meritorious man and to reward him according to his deserts. He only was a man of merit in his eyes who performed not only his duties with assiduity and good faith ("for that you are paid for in money as well as in distinction" he repeated frequently), but he who causes some advantage or glory to accrue to the state.

It is really incredible how much life and activity was thus suddenly thrown into every department of the state. Before the expiration of one single year, a new tone pervaded the whole Dukedom. The higher civilians personally responsible for the work done in their several offices watched their inferiors with unabated care. It was pleasing to see with how much kindness, the lowest of the people were now received in every government office, with what patience they were heard, and with how much promptitude their business was despatched.

"Well!" said the Duke one day to his friend in a happy humour, "well, my dear Fehlmann, our affairs go on well. I can see in the looks of the people that they are pleased with us. I am glad of it, for it gives me really a respect for myself. From the tone which pervades the land the man at the helm of it may be known. True in many things you do more than I; but it is my merit to have placed you at the head of affairs, and should you question my merit in that instance, call it if you please my good fortune. What more can we wish for? We have no lack of business. Much yet remains to be done. But of all of our improvements I am most pleased to have cleared the persone surrounding me, that hypocrisy and shameful intriguing no longer exists, and that I may rest assured that every one will now do his duty, not from a wish to please me, but from a love of the duty itself.

"My good Prince!" replied the president of the secret council, "dost thou really believe all that?" "Certainly I do." I, on the contrary, am of a different opinion," replied the Baron: "in a country like ours in which the Prince has the privilege to do whatever he pleases, where no law binds his will, or rather in which he himself is law, there can be no security either for the lives or the property of individuals, since all is subject to the power of one man. The regard every one has for himself is changed into that kind of prudence which teaches him to appear to do what he fancies will please the powerful man. Every one, as far as he can, will endeavour to turn to his advantage the institutions of the country, as well as the habits and peculiarities of the Prince; and is he to blame for that? it would be surprising indeed, if the most innocent, the most righteous individual, whom not even scandal has touched, might not by a single glance from thee be stamped the vilest criminal. Immediately a thousand faults will be found in his most innocent actions by which he may forfeit his liberty, which may cause the loss of his fortune, honour, yea, even life itself. In a country in which the Prince has the right to do wrong, his bad actions will find as many panegyrists as his best ones. The morality of the Prince is the worst, the most in-

secret constitution; it is the constitution of the Asiatic countries.”—

“Then we are really as badly off as in Turkey.

“Much worse, because the most righteous man may lose here his liberty, he may be utterly ruined, he and his family stripped naked in the best form of laws, there by brutish force only. For with us the law is no protection to the middle and poor classes, it is a lens fitted to the eyes of the judges, as the lens is held near or far from the eye it will enlarge or diminish objects, nay, it may serve as a burning glass if held to a proper focus. Well, what is in our country, Law, right and security?”

“I cannot understand you, Fehlmann”

“Because you think too nobly to understand what is base. But that is the fate of all Princes; they neither can arrive at the true knowledge of those that are near them, nor through others at their own. Princes become generally despots not so much because they wish to be so, but because their subjects want to be slaves. The greater the fault you commit, the more it will be gilded. Be cruel, they will deify, will fall at your feet and adore you; but your noble character being known no one will be guilty of such meanness. You do not know the man, but only what he wishes to appear when he approaches you. Every one masks himself to please, nor does he endeavour to please you for your sake, but for the sake of his own interest or his security. It is said that a magic circle is drawn round Princes, but it is not drawn by any hereditary inclination of the Prince but by the hereditary business, the cowardly selfishness of men who would be slaves. Indeed there are few men who approach the throne regardless of either hope or fear and who possess self-esteem enough to value their own principles, their virtue, higher than the opinion of the Prince; again there are few Princes to whom any deference or respect would be paid were they to descend into private stations and be valued only according to their personal worth. There is much truth in the proverb—‘Princes have no friends.’ ‘Yet I have thee’—

“Therefore thou art an exception to the rule.”

“And I perceive that thou art very obstinate to-day; come let us take a ride towards Friedensleben. You are not in good humour to-day.”

“I am in excellent humour. It would be worth while to make a trial to know which of us both is in the right in this matter”—“But how make the trial?”—

“Chuse for instance, the most righteous man in the whole dukedom. Seem to be only displeased, cast but an angry glance at him, then look how every one will fall on the unfortunate man, how the innocent man shall be criminated in the hope of pleasing you. Be then convinced that the most noble minded man, of the most unspotted character, if you but wish him ill, is neither secure of his good name, his liberty, or his fortune. You know for instance the Registrar of Archives Belmond, that talented, indefatigable, faithful, honest man, whom up to this hour not even malice has dared to touch, a man indeed who seems to be beyond the reach of scandal, who by his very moderate income never was importunate about an increase of pay, and who really performs all the duties of the State Archivar, who has a rich pay, and a large fortune enjoying all the luxuries of life.”

“Truly, the prospect of improving Belmond’s pay, indeed, he is all that you say. He has three or four children, and little property, if any. He edits a fine and a periodical journal, which I fear is not all enough for his trouble. But to cause to this brave man one hour only of uneasiness—no, I could not do it—

“Yet the moral we might draw from it would be worth a great deal. Give him up for a short time to the Pharisees. To this hour no one knows any thing against him. Shortly after the whole town will resound with his crimes. You will thus learn to know the satellites moving in your atmosphere. But rely on it I shall not suffer Belmond to sink entirely. I will come forth as his defender in the eleventh hour. Then let him be rewarded in a princely style, and indemnify him for his having been made a sacrifice to a higher cause.”

I cannot conceive what can be said against this brave man—“Neither can I, but for that very reason let us see the consequences.”

Well Fehlmann, be it so. I wish to see if my people can be such slaves.

THE PRINCE’S GLANCE.

“Is not that person who is passing the square Registrar Belmond?” asked the Duke one day of his courtiers, whilst leaning against the window of his Audience Hall and attentively observing him.

“It is”—replied several at once.

“A most disagreeable, unbearable face,” continued the Duke. “There is certainly in his looks something very conceited, no frankness in his manners.” But I think he is an honest man, replied the Chief Justice Von Storm.

“There is something cold, deceitful, hypocritical, jesuitical, in his features, that cannot be denied,” observed the State Archivar Von Kuhn; “but as much as I know of him, he is an honest man in his way.”

“Honest man!” exclaimed the Duke casting a scornful glance at the same individual who had not yet passed over the square: “you are too good natured, Kuhn to know your people. I think Belmond cannot be trusted, he seems to be full of poison and malice. But do not speak to me any more of that man. I wish he were anywhere but in my service!”

The Archivar turned pale when he saw the passionate glance of the Prince—All were mute.

“Why do you turn pale, Kuhn?” asked the Duke after a pause of dead silence. “Let me hope that you make no common cause with the man!”—God forbid it, I am in no connection whatever with that man, except in so far as business compels me to it. Indeed I always felt the greatest reluctance to have anything to do with that man, for I confess it, as your Royal Highness very justly observes, that man seems to be full of gall and falsehood. I often intended to represent most respectfully to your highness that it would be advisable to discharge him altogether from the service. He is an author, corresponds much with foreigners; papers of the greatest importance to government are under that man’s hand. Really he is not trust-worthy.”

“Without being convicted of a crime I will not, I cannot give him his dismissal; it would not be just.”

I have styled him an honest man, said the Judge Von Storm;—for God knows! that it is al-

ways painful to me to speak against any man, especially a man with wife and children; I should not wish to be the means of causing harm to any one. But since your Royal Highness insists upon knowing more of that individual, duty and respect do not permit me to conceal the truth. For his damnable writings alone, Belmond would have richly deserved to work in the galleys; or at least to be banished for life; neither the throne nor the altar, nor a public nor a private character can be for a moment secure from the malicious, furious attacks of this jesuitically inclined man. In his literary and political journal, he has frequently given vent to the most calumnious invectives and the most diabolical remarks and insinuations not only against our dearest rights, against our Government, generally, but he has even endeavored to bring the sacred person of your Royal Highness into the contempt of the people. No thing is sacred to the man. How is it possible that where such licentiousness remains unpunished, there can be any love for the Prince and respect for the Laws? I am ready to stand his accuser.

Now the Arch-deacon, then some Generals, after which the Director of the Police, and thus one after the other told of so many crimes of poor Belmond, that even in the Baron's eyes he no longer appeared so innocent, so immaculate, is he seemed to him to be at first. For not only proofs were offered to various accusations, anecdotes related in which Belmond played the most shameful, dishonorable part, but the most respectable men were named to be ready to stand witness to the facts that were mentioned.

"If that man is indeed so very bad and dangerous," said the astounded Duke, "then why was he not long ago brought to trial to answer to the charges now brought forward against him and dealt with according to the Laws?"

All on a sudden, and in very bad humour, he left the assembly.

(To be Continued)

THE ITALIAN OPERA

The Opera fixed upon as the first of the new series of Italian Performances (at the Town Hall) is the *Semiramide* of Rossini. Madame Pasta's part of *Semiramus* will be taken by Mrs. Atkinson, and Signora Schueroni will take Signora Brambille's favorite male part of *Arsaces* (a commander in chief). From a note in a copy of the Opera we take the following particulars which may be interesting to our readers.

Rossini having given some offence to the Venetians, endeavoured to make his peace by calling his talents into action in the Opera of *Semiramide*, which was for the first time performed at the Theatre *Della Fenice*, in which a part was sung by Gally.

A passage in the Overture tended much to conciliate the audience, and obliterate the former unfavourable impression, and this feeling was strengthened by an air of *Arsaces*, which is full of beauty and sweetness. The next piece that called forth applause was the Duet between *Semiramide* and *Arsaces*, besides which an air of *Assui*, and a *Terzetto* were received with tumultuous applause. This Opera obtained an enthusiastic success at Vienna, where it is continually performed, and it is a popular piece on the principal stages of Italy, and throughout Europe. Rossini was called for at the end of the second Act, and came forward with a humble obeisance to receive this token of reconciliation. Critics speak highly of the movement, with Chorus that forms the finale of the First Act. This Opera combines most happily the easy, flowing, and expressive melodies of Italy, with the severer beauties, and the grander accompaniments of the German school.

FAREWELL WORDS.—TO CLARA.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

Dearest Clara! when thou shalt be sever'd from me,
By the sternness of fortune's decreeing,
Most fondly I'll keep love's remembrance of thee,
But in thy heart what thoughts will have being?
When thou'lt leave me, in grief and despondence, behind,
Will a sigh for me sometimes steal o'er thy mind?
Will affliction a home in thy pure bosom find?
And wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

Doth Hope falsely speak, when her visions disclose
Thy favour in absence increasing,
When bright mid her dreamings, the sweet future glows,
With the light of thy fondness, unceasing?
When thy small, snowy fingers thy harp shall glide o'er,
Will its soft tones allure thee to warble once more,
To its frequent music my songs as before?
And wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

When thy dear eyes shall dwell on some genius fraught lay,
Which we both lov'd thou'lt think of me then,
And happy thou'lt picture the far distant day,
Which shall bring me beside thee again.
But ah! if another shall sit in my place
Of a mind more enliven'd, and shall gaze on thy face,
With a show of more fondness, and charm with his grace,
Still wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

If at sunset's calm hour or the calm of night,
When the full moon shall cloudlessly shine,
Thou shalt stroll by that other one's side with delight,
Wilt thou think how thou once stroll'd by mine?
And if warmly I tell what affliction he feels,
And I see in the deep-toned passion reveals
And if in that hour to thy heart he appeals
Then wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

And when thou art lonely—it may be in grief—
And hast no one to whom thou art dear
To heal thy torn heart and yield thee relief,
Wilt thy heart softly wish I were near?
But if to some other more lov'd thou shouldst tell
The sorrows which I could have once sooth'd so well,
When with him on thy woes thou shalt trustingly dwell,
Then wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

When the prayer shall be heard which so oft I have pray'd,
(The prayer of the hopeless) to die
If thou canst see the spot where it peace I am laid,
Will my fate draw one tear from thine eye?
Wilt thou then while that tear shall thy beautiful cheek
Live!

Believe in the love which sought rest in the grave
And the heart which from misery death only could save,
And wilt thou then feel that I lov'd thee?

THE THEATRE.—On Monday next will be performed the *Chimney Piece*, and the *Critic Rehears'd*. At least this is the present announcement, but the plays and the times fixed for their performance are so often changed that as we are obliged to send our paragraphs to press on Thursday or Friday, we sometimes find that before our paper is published a change takes place in the arrangements of the Theatre that contradicts all our theatrical intelligence.

HINDOO STUDENTS.—The examination of the Students of the Hindoo College on Saturday last was attended by a great crowd of visitors of both sexes and of all ranks. It is pleasant to see so much interest exhibited in the progress of native education. The Governor General, the Bishop of Calcutta and Sir Edward Ryan were present on this occasion, and seemed much gratified by the propriety and readiness of the replies of the students to their different questions. Some of the younger boys recited short poems and gave passages from plays with great animation and apparently with a true feeling of the character of their parts.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I saw him when he had just arrived in India, young, and full of hope, well educated, generous and independent, and courted by every society.

Ah! cried Gerald, Forrington will be here to-night, we shall not lack gaiety.

He was the great magician of the evening. His presence was the signal for mirth and wit,—and then the song! who could enchant his audience with music like happy Forrington?

I again met him six years afterwards—in debt, deserted—pitied—worn out in constitution, and disgusted with himself—he rallied, took to a course of economy, and had apparently reformed; again he became the life of society; so on he pursued his way, and as his reformation bore the stamp of stability he increased in popularity—in invitations were pressed on him, which he could not refuse, and late nights told on a constitution already grievously shaken.

I went to his house about 10 o'clock one morning; he had been the preceding evening at a large party—he was asleep, pale and emaciated—I awoke him, and he was then any thing but the lively being of the by-gone night.

"It is of no use talking, E—I must be at Mrs. Swin's to-night, she will not listen to any excuse, I must, added he (sighing) get *falsely* well before evening—look at this pale face and these trembling limbs, even my voice is thick, and my breathing laborious, but watch the magical effects of a little stimulus"—he took the glass and drank off the deceitful antidote—he was speedily an altered man—"Did I not tell you so, I well know this cannot last—but to-night *shall be my last debauch*, and then I will reform,"—I shook my head.

After a period of twelve months I again saw him—he was an outcast from society—I had heard he was very ill, and would not see a medical man.

Arrived at his house, I was informed by the servant "his master was asleep, and could not see anybody"—I passed on; it was a dismal and fearful night, the rain descended in torrents, the lightning flashed, and the roar of thunder was incessant—I had now reached a dark room adjoining his bed chamber; he could not see me, and I paused to gaze on the victim of dissipation:—His room was in wretched confusion—here was the table covered with books and papers, and there lay empty bottles, boxes, hats, cheroot boxes, &c. &c. But these were merely sad accessories of the picture. The object of my visit was leaning with his head between his hands on the table; his figure, attitude and appearance completing the touching scene.

Poor Forrington, I inwardly sighed, and has it indeed come to this?

I walked forward, and assumed an air of cheerfulness—"I am come to have a chat and carouse with you."—I did not wish to despair, and I purposed to remain a few days with him and endeavor gradually to wean him from dissipation—Alas! it was too late!

So far he had revived, and was entering with avidity on the plan I broke to him—suddenly however he started up, and exclaimed, "It is too late—"God! how horrible—and yet what is it but the effect of a shattered state of the nerves—of an overstrained imagination"? At this time I was gazing at him intensely, his features were flushed, and his eyes frightfully brilliant and apparently

starting from their sockets. But death was in their expression. He seized my arm with a fierce grasp, and said slowly and calmly, "E—, I know you must fancy me weak, and mad—and indeed my feelings are more than reason can support. At one moment my spirit seems fluttering between Earth and Hell—at another I am totally unconscious of all sensation. Then again I fancy my soul parted from its earthly tenement, and hanging over an unfathomable depth of darkness—Then again this darkness vanishes, and I am tortured by racking pains. My hour I feel is come! That horrible darkness returns! Again it clears off, and I behold all that is enchanting—A fairy land!—what glorious figures! Once more that horrible darkness involves all! Oh! Heaven!" His voice now failed him. He heaved a convulsive sigh and dropped dead in my arms. X.

MILITARY CODE.—Messrs. Thacker and Co. are about to publish a very valuable Code of General Military Regulations for the Bengal Army compiled by Mr. G. Jephson, the Register of the Adjutant General's Office. We have seen a specimen of the first four pages. The form is a royal octavo, and the typography is extremely neat, and indeed handsome. The work is to extend to twelve hundred pages, and as they contain a great mass of matter and are got up in an expensive style we think that the sum of two gold mohurs, which is to be the price to subscribers, is very moderate. A less sum would not cover the expense of this spirited undertaking. The work will be published some time in the course of the present year. The following passage from the prospectus explains the views of the compiler.

"The compiler's intention is to produce a re-print of all orders contained in the Codes of Green, Henley, and Carroll, which have not been formally cancelled nor become obsolete, with the addition of the Standing Orders and Circulars issued from the office of the Adj. Genl. of the army, between July 1817, (up to which date Carroll's Code extends) and the 1st January 1835. The General Orders issued to His Majesty's troops on this establishment, within the same period, will also be included, and the work will be interspersed with notes, in explanation of orders liable to misinterpretation, or official forms and rules not generally known to the junior officers of the army.

The compiler is aware that a Code of Regulations for the Pay and Audit Departments, prepared by order of Government, is now going through the press; he is also aware that a copy of Clothing Regulations has been supplied to each corps. It is believed, nevertheless, that the work now offered will be found useful even on those subjects, and the omission of chapters on Pay and Clothing is therefore not contemplated. The idea, originally entertained, of leaving out the orders relative to the Gunpowder and Gun-carriage Agencies and the College of Fort William, has been abandoned, and every exertion has been made to render the compilation useful to all branches of the service."

THE GRAND MUSICAL PARTY.—We have not yet heard when the Grand Musical Party of the Governor General is to take place. "All the Talents" are to be engaged. We understand that the Governor General with his accustomed munificence has taken a very large number of tickets for the whole proposed new series of Italian Operas to be got up at the Town Hall.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The sacred Musical Festival that was to be performed at the new Catholic Church at Howrah, is now to take place at the Principal Catholic Church in Calcutta on the 7th of April at 7 o'clock in the evening.

PIERRE'S MECHANICAL THEATRE.

We attended this Theatre on Tuesday evening last, and were much better pleased than we had expected to be. Such of our aristocratic readers as would not deem it a degrading condescension to venture for an hour into the Loll Bazaar, the Billingsgate of the metropolis of India, and who would not shudder to sit on the same benches with the more humble, but not less honest classes who would perhaps stand cap in hand in their presence in another place, might find a single visit to this ingenious exhibition, a very pleasing novelty. We recommend them to try the experiment. On their arrival at No. 259 of the Loll Bazaar, (not far from the north end of the Cosmopolis, and on the opposite side of the street,) they will be attracted by the words at the head of this article in an illuminated transparency over the gateway of the house. The room upstairs into which they will be ushered is divided into two compartments; the one which is nearest to the end of the room, at which a little stage is erected, is for 1st class subscribers, at four rupees a ticket, and the other is for the second class who pay but half that sum. The room is of a commodious size and is well-lighted. When the curtain is drawn up, however, shades are dropped over the lamps and the only light that is left proceeds from the miniature stage before mentioned, until the curtain again falls at the close of a scene and the wall-lights reappear.

The first of the six scenes which are exhibited in the course of the evening represents the magnificent building of Greenwich Hospital as viewed from the opposite bank of the Thames. They who have not witnessed similar exhibitions can form but a very faint idea of the lively and pleasing effect of this moving picture bursting upon the darkened room. The light of a cheerful summer day in England, the varied and animated appearances of men and carriages passing along the shore and of boats rowed or sailing in all directions on the royal Thames, and the national associations connected with one of the noblest institutions in the world, transport us in a moment to dear and long remembered scenes. We not only see the carriages move, but even hear the rattle of the wheels. The boats and vessels on the intermediate water and the admirably constructed figures of their active crews display the ingenuity of the mechanist to the utmost advantage. The boats are extremely numerous and varied, and are scattered about the river in a very natural way. The only fault is that the strokes of the oars are somewhat too slow, and even this was not observable in some of the subsequent water scenes.

The second picture is a view of "The Black Forest in Suabia." This is rather too bright and cheerful, and too much enlivened with human figures for the nature of the scene. The sky is hot and glaring, a fault which may be found with most of the scenes in this series of pictures. A stag hunt is introduced. The action of the animal's head is admirably true. The huntsman who is on horseback takes aim at his victim, and actually fires off his lilliputian fowling piece with real powder and a due report.

The third picture represents the rising of the sun in a beautiful situation on the Rhine. We have first a thick darkness. This gradually turns into a morning twilight. Then the sky brightens

in the east. Early risers become more thickly scattered on the bridges and other roads, and boats increase in number upon the water. At last the sun lifts its golden rim above the horizon, and in a few moments a broad and cheerful light is spread upon the scene. The effect is magical.

The fourth picture gives us a view of "The Valley of Montmorency." It is perhaps the least interesting of the whole; but it has yet some pleasant features. We were much amused at a very unsophisticated gardener, who while wheeling a barrow of flowers suddenly stopped in the way to take off his cap and scratch his head.

"The Straits of Dardanelles" is the fifth picture and a very lively and picturesque scene it is. The Ships-of-war salute the Castles, and the compliment is returned. The firing is very ingeniously managed.

The last scene, "A Storm at Sea," is perhaps the best of all, if we except a serious defect in the mechanism of the water. But the rocking of the ship, the alternate pitchy darkness and dim lightning glare, and the solemn thunder seemed to have a very serious effect upon the audience who, as soon as they recovered from their sympathetic interest in the scene, gave expression to their delight in loud and repeated plaudits.

Upon the whole this exhibition deserves to be better known, and we strongly recommend those who are yet new in their associates to make up little parties of their own, and, if parents, to take their children with them, for without deducting any thing from our general praise of this entertainment, we may observe that the variety of little moving figures and other objects and the novel character of the whole scene in itself, are peculiarly calculated to strike the imagination of the young spectator and to give him far more real enjoyment than he is likely to derive from an exhibition of a higher order.—Ed.

A NOVEL STRATAGEM: OR "THE WONDERFUL LAMP."

(From a Native Correspondent.)

An old woman, suspecting that a thief had entered her room, was at a loss how to get rid of him or to notice him without danger to herself. But invention is at the finger's ends of necessity, and she hit upon a curious plan. She was spinning by a lamp, and with a very familiar face, she thus addressed it:—"Oh, my dear lamp! why are you silent to night? Is it because you suppose some stranger to be present? No body is here. Speak to me without apprehension!" The thief hearing these words could not help supposing that the lamp was a magical lamp and had the faculty of speech, and in his fright he inwardly but not quite inaudibly muttered *hem!* The old woman on hearing this, quite sure of her aim, exclaimed, "do you hear, lamp? I went this morning to the bazar to sell my threads, and as I was coming back with money in my hand, and some fish and vegetables, a fierce-looking man attacked me, and I cried out murder! Bâpré! a thief! a cut-throat!"—and suiting her voice to the occasion, she shouted out with all her might till the whole neighbourhood came crowding into her room, where the thief, taken by surprise remained speechless and motionless! He was soon seized, and the old woman had the satisfaction to see her property preserved from his clutches by the success of her stratagem.

7th March, 1835.

G. C. B***K.

Selected Articles.

AMIABLENESS SUPERIOR TO INTELLECT.

In our article, the other day, upon the gossiping old gentleman who appeared to sympathise so excessively with the lady's tooth-ach, we omitted to caution some of our readers against supposing that we were contradicting our usual sympathetic theories, and laughing at any innocent exemplification of them, however trivial. But though the gentleman was harmless, except in his tediousness, and not an ill-natured man, and did far better than if he had set himself to waste an equal portion of time in the manifestation of antipathy, yet sympathy was not the ground of his proceeding: it was pure want of ideas and a sensation,—the necessity of killing time. We should not object even to any innocent mode of doing that, where a human being lives under a necessity so unfortunate, and has not the luck to be a hedger or ditcher; but it is desirable not to let sympathy be mistaken for something different from what it is, especially where it takes a shape that is ridiculous.

On the other hand, with regard to the common-place of the matter apart from an absolute extravagance of insipidity, far are we from wishing to treat common-places with derision, purely as such. They are the common clay of which human intercourse is made, and therefore as respectable in our eyes as any other of the ordinary materials of our planet, however desirous we may be of warming them into flowers. Nay, flowers they have, provided the clay be pure and kindly. The air of health and cheerfulness is over them. They are like the common grass, and the daisies and buttercups. Children have them; and what children have, the most uncommon grown people may envy, unless they have health and cheerfulness too.

It is Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who has observed somewhere, that men of superior endowments, or other advantages, are accustomed to pay too little regard to the intercourse of their less gifted fellow-creatures, and to regret all the time that is passed in their company. He says, they accustom themselves so much to the living upon sweets and spices, that they lose a proper relish for ordinary food, and grow contemptuous of those who live upon it, to the injury of their own enjoyment. They keep their palate in a constant state of thirst and irritation, rather than of healthy satisfaction. And we recollect Mr. Hazlitt making a remark to a similar effect, namely, that the being accustomed to the society of men of genius renders the conversation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained. He lamented this, as an effect unbecoming a reflecting man and a fellow-creature (for though irritable, and sometimes resentful, his heart was large and full of humanity); and the consequence was, that nobody paid greater attention than he to common conversation, or showed greater respect towards any endeavour to interest him, however trite. Youths of his acquaintance are fond of calling to mind the footing of equality on which he treated them, even when children gravely interchanging remarks with them, as he sat side by side, like one grown person with another, and giving them now and then (though without the pomp) a Johnsonian "Sir." The serious earnestness of his "Indeed, m'm!" with lifted eyebrows, and protruded lips, while listening to the surprising things told him by good housewives about their shopping or their preserves, is now sounding in our ears; and makes us long to see again the splenetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death about the good of the nations.

There is but one thing necessary to put any reflecting person at his ease with the common-place; and that is, their own cheerfulness and good-humour. To be able to be displeased, in spite of this, is to be insensible to the best results of wisdom itself. When all the Miss Smiths meet all the Miss Joneses, and there is nothing but a world of smiles, and recognitions, and gay breath, and loud askings after this person and that, and comparisons of bonnets and cloaks, and "So glads!" and "So sorries!" and rosy cheeks, or more lovely good-natured lips, who that has any good humour of his own, or power to extract a pleasing thought from pleasant things, desires wit or genius in this full-blown exhibition of comfortable humanity? He might as well be sullen at not finding wit or genius in a cart full of flowers going along the street, or in the spring cry of "Primroses."

A total want of ideas in a companion, or of the power to receive them, is indeed to be avoided by men who require intellectual excitement; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the most discerning men demand intellect above every thing else in their most habitual associates, much less in general intercourse. Happy would they be to see intellect more universally extended, but as a means, not as an end,—as a help to the knowledge of what is amiable, and not what is merely knowing. Clever men, are sometimes said even to be jealous of clever companions, especially female ones. Men of genius, it is notorious, for a very different reason, and out of their own imagination of what is excellent, and their power to adorn what they love, will be enamoured, in their youth, of women neither intelligent, nor amiable, nor handsome. They make them all three, with their fancy; and are sometimes too apt in after life, to resent what is nobody's fault but their own. However, their faults have their excuses, as well as those of other men; only they who know most, should excuse most. But the reader may take our word for it, from the experience of long intercourse with such men, that what they value above every other consideration, in a companion, female or male, is amiableness; that is to say, evenness of temper, and the willingness (general as well as particular) to please and be pleased, without egotism and without exaction. This is what we have ever felt to be the highest thing in themselves, and what gave us a preference for them, infinite, above others of their own class of power. We know of nothing capable of standing by the side of it, or of supplying its place, but one; and that is, a deep interest in the welfare of mankind. The possession of this will sometimes render the very want of amiableness touching, because it seems to arise from the reverse of what is unamiable and selfish, and to be exasperated, not because itself is unhappy, but because others are so. It was this, far more than his intellectual endowments (great as they were), which made us like Mr. Hazlitt. Many a contest has it saved us with him, many a sharp answer, and interval of alienation; and often, perhaps, did he attribute to an apprehension of his formidable powers (for which, in our animal spirits, we did not care two-pence) what was owing entirely to our love of the sweet drop at the bottom of his heart. But only imagine a man, who should feel this interest too, and be deeply amiable, and have great sufferings, bodily and mental, and know his own errors, and waive the claims of his own virtues, and manifest an unceasing consideration for the comfort of those about him, in the very least as well as greatest things, surviving, in the pure life of his heart, all mistake, all misconception, all exasperation, and ever having a soft word in his extremity, not only for those who consoled, but for those who distressed him; and imagine how we must have loved him! It was Mr. Shelley. His genius, transcendent as it was, would not have bound us to him; his poetry, his tragedy, his philosophy, would not have bound us; no, not even his generosity, had it been less amiable. It was his unbounded heart, and his ever kind speech. Now observe, pray, dear reader, that what was most delightful in such a man as this, is most delightful, in its degree, in all others; and that people are loved, not in proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their love-ability. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world, but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than a guide to a pleasant spot is to be taken for the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet.

It has been truly said, that knowledge is of the head, but wisdom is of the heart; that is, you may know a great many things, but turn them to no good account of life and intercourse, without a certain harmony of nature often possessed by those whose knowledge is little or nothing. Many a man is to be found, who knows what amiableness is, without being amiable; and many an amiable man, who would be put to the blush if you expected of him a knowing definition of amiableness. But there are a great many people held to be very knowing, and entertaining the opinion themselves, who, in fact, are only led by that opinion to think they may dispense with being amiable, and who in so thinking confute their pretension to knowingness. The truth is, that knowledge is by no means so common a thing as people suppose it; while luckily, on the other hand, wisdom is much less uncommon; for it has been

held a proof of one of the greatest instances of knowledge that ever existed, that it knew how little it *did* know! whereas every body is wise in proportion as he is happy or patient; that is to say, in proportion as he makes the best of good or bad fortune.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, 19th Oct.

ANECDOTE OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

(From the "Lounge's Common Place Book.")

A clergyman on his way from London to the parish in which he resided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was closing, overtook a traveller on horseback, and as the road had been long notorious for frequent robberies, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the stranger, half-suppressed sighs, and a rooted melancholy stamped on his countenance, against which he seemed to be ineffectually struggling, interested the old gentleman in his favour. They conversed on various subjects, and soon dissipated that unsocial reserve, which has sometimes been considered the characteristic mark of an Englishman. Politics, the weather, and the danger of travelling near London at night, with other extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance, were successively the subject of their conversation. "I am surprised," said the ecclesiastic, "that any reasonable being, should expose himself to the infamy and destruction which sooner or later always follow the desperate adventures of a highwayman; and my astonishment at the infatuation increases when I recollect several instances of wanderers in this dangerous path, who were men of sound intellect, and, previous to the fatal act, of sober life and conversation; they must have known that in this our Christian country, there were inexhaustible resources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the business of their lives, to seek for, and assist real distress in any form."

"I agree to the truth of your description *generally speaking*," replied the traveller; "the princely revenues and bulky magnificence of our various public hospitals; the vast subscriptions on every occasion of general calamity or individual distress; the thousands, and tens of thousands, fed, clothed, and instructed; the Gallic fugitives, and the shoals of exiles from every part of the continent, confirm the justice of your panegyrics on British benevolence and hospitality; but there is a species of suffering which shrinking from public notice, and brooding in silence over its sorrows, often escapes the benignant, but rapid glance of modern charity. There are spirits, Sir," continued the stranger, in an elevated tone of voice, his eyes flashing at the moment with ferocious pride, and tortured sensibility, "there are spirits which would rather perish by inches than attempt to waken the generosity, or expose themselves to the neglect or contempt of the giddy unthinking part of mankind;—spirits, Sir, which would not hesitate a moment in flying for refuge in instant death, in order to evade the arrows of misfortune, and conclude *their own* miseries, but who cannot see a wife, a child, or a parent, bereft of the necessities of life, without resolving, at any risk, to alleviate their difficulties? There is a species of distress which does not always strike the wealthy, which they cannot often find out, and which prudent men when they do see it often laugh at and revile; they tell the sufferer that he is poor and miserable only because he deserves to be so; that while he has legs to support him and arms able to work, he has no right to expect relief; that it would be injustice and bad policy to bestow on imaginary poverty, refined indolence, and culpable affectation, the meed due only to irretrievable calamity and indigent infirmity. Your appearance, Sir, from the moment you approached me, and your conversation since, have strongly prepossessed me in your favour, and I am resolved, without fear or reserve, to inform you of a secret, which I never meant should have passed my lips; it will account for that anxiety and dejection, which cannot have escaped your observation. I am a wretched being of that class, which, as I have just said, the gay overlook, the prudent censure, and the ignorant despise; I was reduced by a union of folly and misfortune, from ease and affluence, to a total deprivation of the means of existence; I cannot dig; I am ashamed to beg; but

this is the least part of my affliction, as 'one desperate, (I do not say justifiable) step, would at once remove me from the evils I endure; but the pangs of want are aggravated by the bitter reflexion, that a beloved wife, an aged parent, and three lovely children are involved in the same ruin. Too proud to appeal to the humanity, I resolved to work upon the fears of mankind, and I have for some time supported my family by force of arms. I confess without scruple that to procure a purse at all events is the business of my present journey—be not alarmed, Sir, at the avowal," cried the stranger, seeing the clergyman somewhat terrified at his words, "be not alarmed; I would cut off my right hand rather than abuse the confidence you have placed in me. It is on individuals of a very different description that I mean to raise contribution; on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who parting with a little loose cash are deprived of only a minute portion of their superfluity which they would otherwise dissipate in folly or vice."

The divine, somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, now ventured to speak.

"I cannot by any means be prevailed on to agree to your positions, nor can I, as a minister of the gospel, refrain from warning you against the fatal conclusions you draw from them; such is the discriminating sense, such the enlightened philanthropic spirit, and such the persevering benevolence of the times, that I am convinced there is no species of distress, however it may recede from public view, or bury itself in obscurity, that can escape the sharp sighted optics of English humanity. Not content with conferring favours on humble applicants, it is one of the most prominent features of the present day to form societies, for the express purpose of exploring the darkest recesses of human misery; no grievance properly explained and well authenticated, is suffered to go unredressed;—remove all possibility of imposition; and to know calamity in England, is to remove it. But allowing for argument's sake that the case was otherwise; on what principle of religion or right reason, are you authorised, rash and mistaken man, to desert the post at which providence placed you, and at the first appearance of difficulty or disaster, forgetting duty, interest, friendship, and every social tie, insolently to rush into the presence of your Creator, your hands reeking with your own blood; and murder most foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheeks, in defiance of divine precepts, and in direct violation of that principle which he has so wisely and so mercifully implanted in your breast." The good man would have proceeded; but his companion seeing, as the moonlight shone through the parting clouds, a post-chaise ascending the hill, thus interrupted him:—

"To know calamity is to relieve it, if I rightly understood you, is one of your positions?"—"It is."—"An opportunity for putting to the test the truth of your assertion now offers itself," said the stranger; "the carriage which is coming is, in fact, what I have several hours been expecting. The owner of it is a richman, and if my information be correct, has a considerable sum of money with him: I will without exaggeration or reserve, explain my situation to him; according to your honourable, but in my mind, romantic and unfounded doctrine, I will endeavour to prevail on his reason to acknowledge the justness of my claims, and try to interest his feeling to relieve my distress."

The trier of this dangerous and unlawful experiment, immediately turned his horse, and descending the hill, in a few minutes met the gentleman's carriage. Requesting the driver to stop he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and, in a gentle tone of voice, thus addressed the person who was in it: "Sir, the urgency of my wants must be an apology for this abrupt application; myself, my wife, and an infant family, are in want of support, our accustomed resources have vanished; you are plentifully supplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to serve me?"

The gentlemen considering what he said as the commonplace cant of mendicant imposture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London are so naturally, but too indiscriminately hardened, sometimes against the wailings of real misery, yet not able wholly to suppress those feelings which an indiscriminate address had awakened, twisted all his loose silver into a paper, gave it to the petitioner and ordered the post-boy to drive on. "This trifle, I am sorry to say," replied the illicit collector, "is by no means adequate to the pressure I feel: it will not provide for my family a week. A fifty-pound bank note, which will not be mis-

ed in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation who lives in another kingdom. "If you can prevail on yourself to afford me this timely assistance I will give you my name and address, to a place where you will see positive proof that your benevolence has not been imposed on, and I may possibly recover by diligence and good friends, my customary place in society."

"You are troublesome, ungrateful, and impertinent," said the gentleman, somewhat irritated; "Can you suppose I am to be duped by so shallow an artifice, can you expect me to give so serious a sum to a man whose face I never saw before and probably shall never see again; I will do no such thing; you are mistaken in your man: post-boy I insist on it, that you drive on directly. "Let him do it at his peril!" cried the robber raising his voice and presenting a double barrelled pistol: "stir not an inch; before we part I must have your money or your life. There is in your portmanteau that which will relieve all my wants; deliver me instantly the key; your pocket-book which I see you have dropped to the bottom of your chaise, must with its contents be also surrendered. Driver, alight directly, and if you have any regard for your safety, stand steadily at the heads of your horses, throw aside your whip, turn your back to the carriage, and unless you wish for a slug through your head, take not the least notice of anything that is doing." The key of the portmanteau was produced, the cords and straps divided with a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvass bags were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman. Having amply supplied his pecuniary wants, the marauder did not neglect to take the necessary means for insuring his own safety; cutting pieces from the cord which had secured the baggage, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and the post-boy, placed them in the chaise, then taking the harness from the horses, he let them loose on the heath, remounted, and quickly rejoined the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction; declared himself confirmed in his system, spurred his horse, and wishing him a good night, was in a few minutes out of his sight. The old gentleman soon reached his house, reflecting with a heavy heart on the circumstances of the evening; the stranger so obstinately persisting in a theory so opposite to all laws, human and divine, and defending violence by argument, disordered his feelings and kept him awake more than half the night. Rising early, he walked to the seat of his brother, a magistrate, who resided in a neighbouring village, to whom he related the adventure of the preceding night. They resolved, assisted by a gentleman who presided at one of the public offices, to whom the ecclesiastic immediately wrote, to watch the progress of the unhappy man, whose destruction they saw was certain. It was not long before what they dreaded came to pass: in a few posts they received a letter from their friend in London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank-notes in the pocket-book, the robber had been detected, taken into custody, and conveyed to prison. So vigorous, indeed, were the means pursued, and so rapid the march of justice, in consequence of the Judges of the Assize being sitting at the moment of the offender's apprehension, that an indictment was prepared, the bill found, and the culprit actually arraigned at the bar, by the time the clergyman was able to reach town. He hurried into court, anxious to be convinced that the prisoner at the bar was the companion of his nocturnal journey, in whose fate he felt himself so strangely interested. Pressing with some difficulty through the crowd he instantly recognized him; and, to add to the sorrow he felt, a verdict of guilty, in consequence of evidence which it was impossible to resist, was pronounced against him, at the moment of entering. The worthy priest was not able to suppress or conceal his emotions at beholding a young man, of pleasing person and manners, and of a good understanding, who might have been an ornament to his country, the delight and solace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life, by adhering to a system radically preposterous and unwarrantable. Rushing from the afflicting scene, he relieved himself by a shower of tears. The criminal soon after suffered an ignominious death. But the worthy clergyman did not let his feelings mislead him forget his duty. He considered virtue as something more than a well-sounded period, or an harmonious flow of words, and recollecting that the deceased had left a mother, widow, and children, he hastened to them, and became a parent to the fatherless, promoting, and largely contributing to a subscription in their favour. In exercising this kind office, he procured further information

concerning this unhappy man; he found that he was the son of an industrious and successful mechanic, who had realized a small fortune by frugality and perseverance; but instigated by the vanity or folly of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuse for indulging his own, he had yielded in an unlucky moment to the infatuation of the times. He gave his eldest son a genteel and expensive education, that pernicious weakness in large families of small fortune; he taught him to despise that humble, but honest art, which had raised his family from indigence; the fabrication of some one part of the complex machinery of a watch, in the formation of which human industry is divided into so many separate and distinct branches, while the putting the whole together and superintending its movements, constitutes another reputable employment. The young man was thus disqualified for treading in the footsteps of his father, which would have led him by the paths of duty and regularity, to health of body, peace of mind, and competency: he became that wretchedest of all beings, an accomplished gentleman without fortune, without any intellectual or material dexterity, which would enable him to procure one; a class of men to whom the gaming-tables, or the road, afford a common last resource. He had been taught to spend, and a tually had spent thousands, but had not been initiated in the more mercenary art of earning his dinner. But this was not the whole of the evil; in frivolous or vicious pursuits, he had dissipated a large portion of that property, which, at his father's death, ought to have been equally divided among himself, his brothers, and sister. The miserable parent felt, when it was too late, the effects of his mistake, and injudicious partiality. In the decline of life he was deprived of those little indulgences, those sweet reliefs of age and pain to which honest industry is fairly entitled. This fatal error, of which I believe every person who peruses this page can produce numerous instances, embittered the old man's declining days with unavailing repentance, and hurried his son into a disgraceful death.

STOTHARD.—Mr. Stothard had the soul in him of a genuine and entire painter. He was a designer, a colourist, a groupier; and above all, he had expression. All that he wanted, was a more perfect education, for he was never quite sure of his drawing. The want was a great one; but if those who most loudly objected to it, had had a tenth part of his command over the human figure, and even of his knowledge of it, (for the purposes of expression,) they would have ten times the right to venture upon criticising him; and having that, they would have spoken of him with reverence. His class was not of the very highest order, and yet it bordered upon the gentler portion of it, and partook of that portion; for since the days of the greatest Italian painters, no man felt or expressed the graces of innocence and womanhood as he did. And his colouring (which was little known,) had the true relish, such as it was. He loved it, and did not colour for effect only. He had a bit of Rubens in him, and a bit of Raphael—and both of them genuine; not because he purposely imitated them, but because the seeds of gorgeousness and of grace were in his own mind. The glowing and sweet painter was made out of the loving and good-natured man. This is the only process. The painter, let him be of what sort he may, is only the man reflected on canvass. The good qualities and defects of his nature, are there; and there they will be, let him deny or disguise it as he can. In youth, Stothard was probably too full of enjoyment, and had too little energy at the same time, to study properly. In the greater masters, enjoyment and energy, sensibility and strength of purpose, went together. Inferiority was the consequence: but inferiority only to *them*. The genius itself was indestructible.

Mr. Stothard, for many years, was lost sight of by the public, owing to the more conventional elegancies of some clever, but inferior men, and the dulness of public taste; but it was curious to see how he was welcomed back again as the taste grew better, and people began to see with the eyes of his early patrons. The variety as well as grace of his productions soon put him at the head of designers for books, and there he has since remained. What he did of late for the poems of Mr. Rogers is well known, and his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims still better, though we cannot think it one of his best. Many of his early designs for Robinson Crusoe and other works, especially those in the old Novelist's Magazine far surpass it; and so do others in Bell's British Poets. There is a female figure bending towards an angel in one of the volumes of

Chaucer in that edition, which Raphael himself might have put in his portfolio; and the same may be said of larger designs for editions of Milton and Shakespeare. See in particular those for Comus, and for the Two Gentlemen of Verona, where there is a girl in boy's clothes. Nothing can be more true or exquisite than the little doubtful gesture of fear and modesty in the latter figure, blushing at the chance of detection. Stothard excelled in catching these fugitive expressions of feeling—one of the rarest of all beauties. But he has left hundreds, perhaps thousands of designs—rich treasures for the collector and the student. He is one of the few English artists esteemed on the continent, where his productions are bought up like those of his friend Flaxman, who, we believe, may be reckoned among his imitators; for Stothard's genius was richer than his, and included it.

ENGLISH OPERA IN AMERICA.

THE WOODS.

It happened unfortunately for those admirable artists Mrs. and Mr. Wood, that they should have arrived in this country at a time when our playgoers were not only somewhat exhausted by the great interest created for the Kembles, but looking in their particular department of excellence to an experiment in favour of which the world of fashion had just embarked not only their purse, but their prejudices. An Opera-house and the Italians, was the cry; and no sooner did the beautiful and commodious structure for the signors and signoras arise, than even those who only felt the soothing softness of the sofas, fancied, themselves connoisseurs, and "lapped in elysium," not by the seats but by the sounds of this most beautiful of the dramatic temples of America. Those who could not understand a syllable of what they heard, protested that the eloquence of tones was quite enough for the ear of one who truly loved music, and that none but the unconquerably obtuse could require an interpreter when a fiddle from Florence chose to lift its voice.

On the subject of musical expression, we would repeat a story we have somewhere read of a dispute upon the question between a musician, expert at every instrument, and a painter, equally ready with his pencil. The musician agreed to refer the decision to the effect which the respective arts should produce upon the waiters of a foreign restaurateur, to whose house the pair adjourned to order a dinner, preceded by a servant loaded with the implements of their different arts. The bill of fare was demanded, and the musician began passages with his violin now *adagio*, now *allegro*, expressing, in his own imagination, pea-soup and toast for two. The waiter stared in stupid amazement; but neither soup nor toast appeared. The musician ascribed the want of effect to the want of genius in the listener, and thought a more common-place dish might be more readily understood by so common-place a mind: so he settled on having plain beef, and took, first his clarinet and next his bassoon, rumbling away to imitate a bull's roar, but to no purpose. Our disputants began to grow hungry; and the musician tried to express a sheep's bleating, a calf's bellowing, a cock's crowing—but neither mutton-chops, nor veal, nor chickens came for his reward. He now changed his course. With hand and voice he gave a superabundance of Italian shakes, hoping it would bring *macaroni*, but no prospect followed of anything but starvation. The painter could stand the trial no longer. He sketched a chicken upon a scrap of paper, and forthwith the sufferers got their dinner. We advise any one who still doubts that the power of expression in music can have a limit, to try the same experiment, and we think, even in the refectory under the New-York Italian Opera-house itself, they will not fail of becoming converts to our incredulity.

When we in America get among the Woods we may perhaps be excused for wandering rather more largely than is expected elsewhere. But to the shrine of such a goddess as we can now boast of in the Woods, from the wildest roamings we must return and worship. And we regard it as an event of much and serious importance to the taste of our republic, that we are enabled to hear a songstress so admirable. The clearness of Mrs. Wood's intonation, the feeling and distinctness with which she utters the poetry of her music, gives it the double power of at once touching the senses and the heart. Her voice is equally remarkable for vigour and for variety; its transitions are rapid and from its "lowest note to the top of its compass," she can make it glance with at once the swift-

ness of lightning and with its brilliancy. This rare facility is the result of the most laborious and devoted study, and practice, combined with natural qualifications of a very high order. Nothing short of such a union of excellence innate and acquired, could have enabled her to make good her stand upon the boards of the Italian opera in London, where the auditors are accustomed to the finest efforts of the finest talents in the world. But to the unusual genius of a splendid *cantatrice*, Mrs. Wood adds that of an excellent actress, both in tragedy and comedy. This combination is a very rare one in an English artist, and if Pasta excels her in Italian, we can scarcely name a singing actress in our own language who can contend for the palm with Mrs. Wood. We shall be happy, however, if we could say she had educated her mouth as well as she has the sounds which come from it. She certainly is given now and then to making exceedingly awkward faces at her own exploits in music; and in these moments we have only the resource of looking "downward to her feet," when our eyes can readily agree with our ears in deeming her quite angelic, for her feet are very, very beautiful.

Mr. Wood's theatrical rise, if we have heard it rightly reported, is a singular one and rather interesting. He was working on a farm, and his "native wood-note wild," attracted to his plough almost as much attention as was excited to that of Burns by his excellence in the sister art of song. He strolled carelessly from praise to praise in smaller spheres, to the metropolis; and there his unsophisticated and earnest and sincere character of singing and acting, very soon gained him the applause of the London public, and ere long the heart of the London public's favorite. His history may almost be read in his style; and it is one which can nowhere tell with more effect than in a country so eminent as our own for its interest in genius rising thus unaided from obscurity to eminence.

But it is time for us to break off. We must not do so, however, without a parting word to recommend every one, even in these bad times, to go once at least to the theatre and listen to the artists of whom we have spoken so largely. It is not every panegyrist who would venture upon exposing the subject of his praises to such a test. We can, and the couple we applaud will be the gainers. If opera ought to be supported where the mere music is all which can be understood, that opera must be more than doubly entitled to encouragement which combines with the perfection of sound the intellectual treat of the best acting and a play which any auditor can comprehend.—*New York Mirror*, 12th April.

THE PARK THEATRE AT NEW YORK.

THE KEMBLES.

On Monday next the Kembles will commence their last engagement in America. Our delight of once more beholding their transcendent performances, is mingled with deep regret at the thought of their so soon leaving the scenes which have gained them a succession of triumphs, and in which their departure will create a vacancy that can never be supplied. No other actors may, and doubtless will arise hereafter, endued with a delicate perception and forcible expression of the varied emotions which agitate the human breast: future generations may applaud histrionic excellence as great as the present now witness; but never can genius or education, the native or acquired powers of the mind, again exhibit to an admiring public, the unique and soul-enthraling personifications of Miss Kemble. When we have once lost that bright particular star, whose ascent to the zenith was simultaneous with its rise above the horizon, we may in vain look for its peer—for one star differeth from another star in glory, and however brilliant in their several spheres, none may assume the station of that which is set—like the lost Pleiad, we can know it only by its absence from the clustering train of its sisterhood—and, while gazing upon the vacancy once radiant with light, we can say, in the expressive words of the poet, "*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse.*"

The advent of the Kembles was an era in our dramatic history, which can be paralleled by the single instance of the arrival of George Frederick Cooke, in 1812. The new and refined style of acting, which we beheld in Cooke, did much to improve the performers of that time, by presenting a model which may be deemed faultless; and at the present day, the change produced by the Kembles in the popular style of acting, must be perceptible to all. But

* Since the date of the above article the Woods have returned to England.—*Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz.*

what can imitation avail to replace the peerless original? We must gather from such means as imperfect apices of the prototype, as the faint evening twilight gives of the glories of the descended sun. The distinct and strongly marked personifications of the Kembles, though, like the successive images in a turned kaleidoscope, they can never be reproduced, will remain deeply impressed upon the memory of all who claim to be possessors of cultivated taste and refined sentiment. We need hardly advise our readers to avail themselves of this last opportunity to behold them, since public interest is so highly excited, and such appears to be the universal determination among the most wealthy and literary classes to attend during her closing engagement, that any recommendation of ours to that effect would be unnecessary. Still our duty as editors, and our personal admiration impel us to add our voice, however feeble and inadequate, in furtherance of the general design.

Miss Kemble deserves yet greater support and commendation from the public, for the facility which she has accommodated herself to American habits, and become one of us not only in name but in reality. In her varied intercourse with the best society throughout this widely extended country, presenting so many differences of opinion, not only upon political matters but those of taste and judgment, she has contrived, with a singular and felicitous tact, to secure the esteem of all; having often been obliged to combat and conquer predetermined hostility and preconceived prejudices. With an independence worthy of all imitation, she has disdained to use toward her detractors any other than the convincing arguments of character and actions, and they who came to blame, remained to praise.

The contributions of Miss Kemble to American literature which have appeared in this journal, have laid the editors under a deep obligation. Brilliant and sparkling, or replete with mournful sentiment, they have been admired not less on account of their intrinsic merit, than as shadowing forth the tone of feeling and habits of thought of their author. May she continue to enrich the stores of English literature with similar efforts, and find countless subjects in the picturesque scenery and historical traditions of our country.

We are gratified to learn that Miss Kemble, immediately after retiring from the stage, will be united to a gentleman of a sister city, who well deserves to possess so talented and accomplished a bride. We shall then meet with her in a new relation, and we can truly say it will be one in which she will least of all need to consult art—with her noble nature for her guide, she cannot fail of success.—*New York Mirror*, 19th April.

FEATS OF STRENGTH.

Doctor Brewster, in his work on Natural Magic, gives some striking instances of muscular strength, and also of the effects produced by applying the principles of the mechanical powers to the human frame, from which we extract the following:—

Firmus, a native of Seleucia, who was executed by the Emperor Aurelian for espousing the cause of Zenobia, was celebrated for his feats of strength. In his account of the life of Firmus, who lived in the third century, Vopiscus informs us that he could suffer iron to be forged upon an anvil placed upon his breast. In doing this he lay upon his back, and resting his feet and shoulders against some support, his whole body formed an arch, as we shall afterwards more particularly explain.

Until the end of the sixteenth century, the exhibition of such feats does not seem to have been common. About the year 1703, a native of Kent, of the name of Joyce, exhibited such feats of strength in London and other parts of England, that he received the name of the Second Samson. His own personal strength was very great; but he had also discovered, without the aid of theory, various positions of the body, in which men even of common strength could perform very surprising feats. He drew against horses, and raised enormous weights; but as he actually exhibited his power in ways which evinced the enormous strength of his own muscles, all his feats were ascribed to the same cause. In the course of eight or ten years, however, his methods were discovered, and many individuals of ordinary strength exhibited a number of his principal performances, though in a manner greatly inferior to Joyce.

Some time afterwards, John Charles van Ekeberg, a native of Harzgerode, in Anhalt, travelled through Europe, under the appellation of Samson, exhibiting very remarkable examples of his strength. He was a man of the middlesize, and of ordinary strength; and as Doctor Desaguliers was convinced that his feats were exhibitions of skill, and not of strength, he was desirous of discovering his methods; and with this view he went to see him, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Doctor Alexander Stuart, and Do tor Pringle, and his own mechanical operator. They placed themselves round the German, so as to be able to observe accurately all that he did, and their success was so great, that they were able to perform most of the feats the same evening by themselves, and almost all the rest when they had provided the proper apparatus. Doctor Desaguliers exhibited some of the experiments before the Royal Society, and has given such a distinct explanation of the principles on which they depend, that we shall endeavour to give a popular account of them. 1. The performer sat upon an inclined board, with his feet a little higher than his hips. His feet were placed against an upright board well secured. Round his loins was placed a strong girdle with an iron ring in front. To this ring a rope was fastened. The rope passed between his legs through a hole in the upright board, against which his feet were braced, and several men or two horses, pulling on the rope, were unable to draw him out of his place. 2. He also fastened a rope to a high post; and having passed it through an iron eye fixed in the side of the post some feet lower down, secured it to his girdle. He then planted his feet against the post near the iron eye, with his legs contracted, and suddenly stretching out his legs, broke the rope, and fell backwards on a feather bed. 3. In imitation of Firmus, he laid himself down on the ground; and when an anvil was placed upon his breast, a man hammered with all his force a piece of iron with a sledge-hammer, and sometimes two smiths cut in two with chisels a great cold bar of iron laid upon the anvil. At other times, a stone of huge dimensions was laid upon his belly, and broken with a blow of the great hammer. 4. The performer then placed his shoulders upon one chair, and his heels upon another, forming, with his back-bone, thighs, and legs, an arch. One or two men then stood upon his belly, rising up and down while the performer breathed. A stone one and a half feet long, one foot broad, and half a foot thick, was then laid upon his belly, and broken by a sledge-hammer—an operation which was performed with much less danger than when his back touched the ground. 5. His next feat was to lie down on the ground. A man being then placed on his knees, he drew his heels towards his body, and, raising his knees, he lifted up the man gradually, till, having brought his knees perpendicularly under him, he raised his own body up, and placing his arms around the man's legs, rose with him, and set him down on some low table or eminence of the same height as his knees. This feat he sometimes performed with two men in place of one. 6. In his last, and apparently most wonderful performance, he was elevated on a framework, and supported a heavy cannon placed upon a scale at some distance below him, which was fixed to a rope attached to his girdle. Previous to the fixing of the scale to the rope attached to his girdle, the cannon and scale rested upon rollers; but when all was ready, the rollers were knocked away, and the cannon remained supported by the strength of his loins. These feats may be briefly explained thus:—The feats Nos. 1, 2, and 6, depend entirely on the natural strength of the bones of the pelvis, which form a double arch, which it would require an immense force to break, by any external pressure directed to the centre of the arch; and as the legs and thighs are capable of sustaining four or five thousand pounds when they stand quite upright, the performer has no difficulty in resisting the force of two horses, or in sustaining the weight of a cannon weighing two or three thousand pounds. The feat of the anvil is certainly a very surprising one. The difficulty, however, really consists in sustaining the anvil; for when this is done, the effect of the hammering is nothing. If the anvil were a thin piece of iron, or even two or three times heavier than the hammer, the performer would be killed by a few blows; but the blows are scarcely felt when the anvil is very heavy, for the more matter the anvil has, the greater is its inertia, and it is the less liable to be struck out of its place; for when it has received by the blow the whole momentum of the hammer, its velocity will be so much less than that of the hammer as its quantity of matter is greater. When the blow, in-

deed, is struck, the man feels less of the weight of the anvil than he did before, because, in the reaction of the stone all the parts of it round about the hammer rise towards the blow. This property is illustrated by the well-known experiment of laying a stick with its ends upon two drinking glasses full of water, and striking the stick downwards in the middle with an iron bar. The stick will in this case be broken without breaking the glasses or spilling the water. But if the stick is struck upwards, as if to throw it up in the air, the glasses will break if the blow be strong; and if the blow is not very quick, the water will be spilt without breaking the glasses. When the performer supports a man upon his belly he does it by means of the strong arch formed by his back-bone and the bones of his legs and thighs. If there were room for them, he could bear three or four, or, in their stead, a great stone, to be broken with one blow.

A number of feats of real and extraordinary strength were exhibited about a century ago, in London, by Thomas Topham, who was five feet ten inches high, and about thirty-one years of age. He was entirely ignorant of any of the methods for making his strength appear more surprising; and he often performed by his own natural powers what he learned had been done by others by artificial means. A distressing example of this occurred in his attempt to imitate the feat of the German Samson, by pulling against horses. Ignorant of the method which we have already described, he seated himself on the ground, with his feet against two stirrups; and by the weight of his body he succeeded in pulling against a single horse; but in attempting to pull against two horses, he was lifted out of his place, and one of his knees was shattered against the stirrups, so as to deprive him of most of the strength of one of his legs. The following are the feats of real strength which Doctor Desaguliers saw him perform:—1. Having rubbed his fingers with coal ashes to keep them from slipping, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter plate. 2. Having laid seven or eight short and strong pieces of tobacco-pipe on the first and third fingers, he broke them by the force of his middle finger. 3. He broke the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe placed between his first and third fingers, by pressing his fingers together side-ways. 4. Having thrust such another bowl under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hands, without altering the bending of his leg. 5. He lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long, with half a hundredweight hanging at the end of it. The feet of the table rested against his knees. 6. Holding in his right hand an iron kitchen poker three feet long and three inches round, he struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. 7. Taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him; and he then pulled it almost straight again. This last feat was the most difficult, because the muscles which separate the arms horizontally from each other are not so strong as those which bring them together. 8. He broke a rope about two inches in circumference, which was partly wound about a cylinder four inches in diameter, having fastened the other end of it to straps that went over his shoulder. 9. Doctor Desaguliers saw him lift a rolling stone of about eight hundred pounds weight with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a frame fastened to it. Hence, Doctor Desaguliers gives the following relative view of the strengths of individuals:

Strength of the weakest men	125 lbs.
Strength of very strong men	400
Strength of Topham	800
The weight of Topham was about 200 lbs.	

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him; and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he himself and the four lifters

begin to draw a long and full breath; and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. When one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left, as it were, behind.

Among the remarkable exhibitions of mechanical strength and dexterity, we may enumerate that of supporting pyramids of men. This exhibition is a very ancient one. It is described, though not very clearly, by the Roman poet Claudian; and it has derived some importance in modern times, in consequence of its having been performed in various parts of great Britain, by the celebrated traveller Belzoni, before he entered upon the more estimable career of an explorer of Egyptian antiquities. The simplest form of this feat consists in placing a number of men upon each other's shoulders, so that each row consists of a man fewer, till they form a pyramid terminating in a single person, upon whose head a boy is sometimes placed with his feet upwards.

REVOLT IN AN AMERICAN STATE PRISON.

A more impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity, under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen, than that which was witnessed by the officers of the Massachusetts state prison in the rebellion which occurred about five years since. Three convicts had been sentenced, under the rules of the prison, to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at mid-day communicating with the great dining-hall, and through the warden's lodge with the street. The dining-hall is long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground, and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such tools as they could seize in passing through the workshops. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of these ferocious spirits, drawn away from their encroachments on society, forming a congregation of strength, violence, and talent, that can hardly be equalled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crimes, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow upon three of their comrades.

The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison, were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together, and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer of most mild and kind disposition hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equally tempered and the mildest man in the government was in this hour of peril the firmest.

He instantly dispatched a request to Major Wainwright commander of the marines stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter the hall, and try the force of firm demeanour and persuasion upon the enraged multitude. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard; but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said that he had no fear, and, in case of danger, arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall, to hold parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

He demanded their purpose, in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the farther end of the hall, by those who observed from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight cannot be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb

from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away should be forgiven for this offence; but that, if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison. They instantly replied that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone which bespeaks an inflexible purpose, they declared that not a man should leave the hall alive, till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion, their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not avert the danger that threatened him.

Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for succour, flitting by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety, he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before a conflict for life became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world. He stepped slowly backwards, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of fire-arms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through, and was so unexpectedly restored to his friends.

Major Wainwright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage, and formed at the end of the hall opposite to the criminals at the other. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties, and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see who was most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the flogging was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainwright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterwards put in his gun. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blanched or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure to kill as many as possible—their guns were presented—but not a prisoner stirred except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainwright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders. Then turning to the prisoners, he said, "You must leave this hall—I give you three minutes to decide—if at that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead."

No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in correction, waiting for the assault; at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage—and their tall and

imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, giving as the reprieve to the lives of numbers. No poet or painter can conceive of a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity—no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

For two minutes not a person or a muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the laboured breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant, between fear and revenge. At the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear, and nearest to the farther entrance, went slowly out; a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately; and before half of the last minute had gone, every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit; and the hall was cleared as if by magic. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

MOUNTAINS.

The highest mountains known are the Himalaya in Thibet, particularly the Dholagiri or White Mountain, which by one measurement has been ascertained to be 26,872 feet, and by another, 28,015 feet high. Almost every geographical work contains a table showing the heights of the different mountains; therefore, into further details on this subject we need not enter. It may be observed, however, that, in consequence of their very great height, many mountains, when the atmosphere is clear, may be seen at a very considerable distance. The Himalaya mountains were seen by Sir W. Jones at a distance of 244 miles, Bruce saw Mount Ararat 240 miles off; Mount Athos was seen by Dr. Clarke at a distance of 100 miles; the Peak of the Azores by Don M. Cagigal, 126; and Humboldt saw the Peak of Teneriffe 160 miles off. Yet, notwithstanding the prodigious height which these and other mountains appear to us, they are in reality not sufficiently high to alter in any sensible degree the figure of the earth.

In ascending a mountain, we find that the higher we proceed the colder becomes the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, until we at length arrive at what is termed the region of perpetual snow, where snow will be invariably found at certain seasons of the year, or all the year round. The boundary which marks the commencement of this region is called the snow-line, and estimated according to its height above the level of the sea. Thus, under the equator, the snow-line is 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; on the Cordilleras 14,000; on the Pyrenees 8,400, &c.; the snow in all which high regions, it may be observed, is particularly white and granular. The position or degree of elevation at which the snow-line is found, varies at different seasons of the year; but at the equator it varies little, owing to the temperature of the climate in that region remaining very uniform; this is not the case, however, in more temperate regions, where the temperature varies considerably according to the different seasons, and where the snow-line therefore is high in winter and low in summer. As we advance into the higher latitudes, where the temperature is uniformly very cold, the snow-line is found still lower; until we come to the arctic regions, where the surface of the earth is covered with snow all the year round. The cause of snow being thus found on mountains at a certain height, is that the sun's rays do not impart any sensible heat until reflected from an opaque body; and the tops of these mountains are above the sphere of the heat so reflected. Hence, aeronauts, or persons who ascend in balloons, find the temperature become extremely cold in proportion as they rise into the higher regions of the atmosphere.

In mountainous regions, it frequently happens that the snow accumulated on a mountain begins to melt at the under surface, and then the whole incumbent mass falls down into the subjacent valley, where it overwhelms the vineyards, cottages, and every object within its reach. A calamity of this description befel the village of Biel in Switzerland, which contained three or four hundred inhabitants. "One morning," says Carne in his Narrative, "most of the men were at work in the field; few, except the aged or the sick, remained within doors; and

the former were busied in their household occupations. The fall of snow had been that year unusually heavy, but it could not be conceived that death was to be hurled from the distance of two leagues—from the summit of a mountain that was not even visible—but so it was. The morning was a clear and beautiful one, when those who were at work in the field suddenly heard a rushing sound, and, looking back, saw an immense body of snow issue forth from the mouth of a ravine. It had travelled six miles through this ravine from the precipice where it fell. The village lay directly underneath, which was immediately overwhelmed—cottages, gardens, trees, all disappeared. It was but the work of a few moments, for the loose mass fell with the rapidity of a cataract; and the wretched villagers looked on the calm and dazzling surface of snow that slept horribly on their hearths and homes beneath. The shouts of the children, the cheerful call of the mother, the guardian cry of the village dog, were now all hushed. They gathered quickly round, and plied every effort of strength and skill to remove the snow. The peasants from the nearest hamlets hastened to assist, but the snow lay on the roof to the death of many hundred feet, and for a long time their efforts were in vain. It was a lingering and miserable work, for no one knew the fate of those who were beneath. The father knew not if he were childless, nor the husband if he should find his wife living or dead. They called aloud, and shouted during their toil, but nothing save some faint groans or cries could be heard. At length, when the canopy of snow was removed—and this was the work of some days—it seemed the dead were more happy than the living who were found. The latter were miserably maimed and crushed, and they had remained long beneath the snow, without food, or light, or motion; for the darkness, they said, was dreadful to bear. Numbers lay dead; some in the chambers that were scattered above them, some without doors in their little gardens, or wherever the destruction found them. They had either lingered or died alone, for none in the sudden darkness and terror could help the other. Sixty or eighty of the wounded were carried to the nearest hospital; and poverty, sorrow, and loneliness, were the fate of every family that survived."

Such vast masses of snow and ice in their descent often detach and carry down with them large fragments of rock, which are often found accumulated at the foot of the mountain. The sides of the mountain, also, from the rushing of torrents, become furrowed, owing to the transportation of the superficial soil which has been thereby loosened. The influence, however, of external physical agents, in modifying the aspect of a mountain, depends very materially on the nature of the rock of which the mountain is composed; which subject cannot be advantageously discussed until we have given some account of the different kinds of rocks which enter into the structure of the earth. The most destructive agent however, in detaching mountain masses, is water, which, by infiltrating into the interstices of the rocks of which they are composed, force their layers mechanically asunder. Thus, on the 24th of September 1713, the summits of the mountains called Diableret, in Switzerland, fell with a tremendous crash, and buried hundreds of cottages in the ruins. The dust that was raised by the fall of the mountain occasioned, we are informed, for some moments, a darkness like that of night, although the event took place at three o'clock in the afternoon, and in fine weather. In 1751, near Sallenche in Savoy, another mountain fell; and in like manner the quantity of dust raised by the fall of this mountain was prodigious, and remained like smoke supporting itself in the air for many days. Saussure informs us that it was even supposed, from the effect it produced, that a new volcano had broken out in the Alps, where the ravages of subterranean fires had never before been known; but the naturalist Donati, having been sent to the spot, soon dissipated these groundless fears.

Mountains act on the climate in several ways: they attract the vapour suspended in the atmosphere, the condensation of which gives rise to fogs, rain, &c.; they by the aspect they present contribute to reflect the sun's rays, which communicate general warmth on the district around them; they also, as we have elsewhere shown, have a very great effect in interrupting or diverting the course of the winds. When, furthermore, mountains are crowned with forests, all those beneficial effects are enhanced, and they afford the adjacent country additional shelter. The majority of mountains, and also of hills, are of igneous origin;

that is to say, appear to have been thrown up by the action of volcanic fires from below the surface of the earth—upon which belief are founded two theories. According to the one, they were, it is presumed, thrown up by a series of violent and rapid movements; according to the other, they were, it is supposed, upraised by the unlimited repetition of local and slow movements. The latter view has been recently ingeniously and ably advocated by Professor Lyell; and although it may be correct when applied to the formation of large continents, it does not, according to the opinion of an eminent geologist, apply to such mountains as the Pyrennees, and the primary chains of Scotland.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

SHORT REMARKS ON MEN AND THINGS.

[From Macnish's "Book of Aphorisms," 1831.]

Those who are most ardently solicitous of obtaining praise, and make the greatest efforts to attain it, are generally less successful than those who give themselves no trouble about the matter. The latter often do unconsciously what procures this kind of incense; while the extreme care and anxiety of the former very often defeat the purpose they have in view—so perversely do people refuse a man what he longs for, and give him what he is indifferent about.

Persons with small, fine, compressed lips, have generally much sensitiveness of character, accompanied with great irritability, and a tendency to be finical and particular.

Never judge of a man's honesty or talents by the certificates he produces. Such documents are just as likely—or rather much more so—to be false as true. The greatest knave can at all times obtain them in proof of his integrity; and any illiterate blockhead may by their mean make himself appear one of the most learned and accomplished men of the age. No degree of knavery or stupidity is the least bar in the way of obtaining the most splendid and unqualified testimonials.

One of the greatest mysteries is the expression of the human eye. It depends upon something beyond mere organisation, for I have seen the eyes of two persons which in their structure and colour were, apparently, quite the same, and yet the ocular expression of each individual was perfectly different. Some owe the expression of their countenance chiefly to the eyes, others to the mouth; nor is it, upon the whole, easy to say which feature is the most expressive. The intellect, I believe, is more especially communicated by the eyes, and the feelings by the mouth. I never knew a man of imaginative genius who had not fine eyes.

It has been the occasion of surprise to many, that Switzerland, the most romantic country in Europe, has never produced a poet. They imagine that the scenery should generate poetry in the minds of the inhabitants; but this is confounding the cause with the effect. It is not the scenery which makes the poet, but the mind of the poet which makes poetry of the scenery. Holland, perhaps the tinnest district in the world, has produced some good poets; and our own immortal Milton was born and brought up amid the smoke of London. Spenser, the most fanciful of poets, was also a Cockney.

In the modern education of children, too much time is devoted to the cultivation of the mind, and too little to that of the body. What is the consequence? The intellect, from such premature and excessive exertion, and the body, from an opposite cause—a want of exertion—are both injured. The mind should never be forced on, but allowed to acquire strength with the growth of the body; and the invigoration of the latter, above all, ought to be encouraged, as upon it depends most materially the future health of the individual. Education should be made a pastime with children, and not a task. The young mind, when forcibly exerted, becomes weakened, and a premature decay of its energies takes place. It is scandalous, as well as absurd, to see the manner in which children are confined several hours together within the walls of a school-house. Some parents declare that they cannot bear to see their offspring idle; but when a child is enjoying itself in the open air, and acquiring health, it cannot be said to be idle. With health comes strength of body, and with strength of body strength of mind.

There are some people upon whom it is impossible to affix a nickname: there is a propriety or force of mind about them, which repels the *soubriquet*, and makes it recoil with shame upon the contriver. There is an essential

want about a man upon whom a nickname is easily fastened; he is either very weak, or has some very absurd point in his character.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people, for depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

COMPLIMENT TO A NEW MARRIED PAIR.

BY THE LATE MR. BRAINARD.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw the summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease
A purer sky, where all is peace.

PENN'S THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

It is worthy of notice that some of the modern ideas respecting education were set before the world more than a century ago, by the venerable Penn. "We are in pain," says he, "to make children scholars; to talk, rather than to know; which is true learning. The first thing obvious to children is what is sensible; and that we make no part of their rudiments. We press their memory too soon, and puzzle, strain, and load them with words and rules to know grammar and rhetoric, and a strange tongue or two, that it is ten to one may never be useful to them; leaving their natural genius to mechanical and physical or natural knowledge uncultivated and neglected; which would be of exceeding use and pleasure to them through the whole course of their lives. To be sure, languages are not to be despised or neglected; but several things are still to be preferred. Children had rather be making tools and instruments of play; shaping, drawing, framing, and building, than getting some rules of propriety of speech by heart; these would follow with more judgment, and less trouble and time. It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things, and acted according to nature; whose rules are few, plain, and most reasonable. Let us begin where she begins, go her pace, and close always where she ends, and we cannot miss of being good naturalists. The creation would be no longer a riddle to us. The heavens, earth, and waters, with their respective, various, and numerous inhabitants, their productions, natures, seasons, sympathies, and antipathies, their use, benefit, and pleasure, would be better understood by us; and an eternal wisdom, power, majesty, and goodness, very conspicuous to us through those sensible and passing forms: the world wearing the mark of its Maker, whose stamp is every where visible, and the characters very legible to the children of wisdom. And it would go a great way to caution and direct people in their use of the world, that they were better studied and knowing in the creation of it. For how could men find the confidence to abuse it, while they saw the great Creator staring them in the face in all and every part thereof? Their ignorance makes them insensible; and to that insensibility may be ascribed their hard usage of several parts of this noble creation; that has the stamp and voice of a Father every where, and in every thing, to the observation. It is pity, therefore, that books have not been composed for youth, by some curious and careful naturalists, and also mechanics, in the Latin tongue, to be used in the schools, that they might learn things with words; things obvious and familiar to them, and which would make the tongue easier to be obtained by them."

TRUE GREAINNESS.

The greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion; the unshinking adherent of despised and deserted truth; who alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove; such a man is as superior to the warrior as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

Great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanic taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes on which the genius of philosophy and legislation has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakespeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names.

Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford—who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?—*Channing.*

GOVERNESSES.—An eminent English physician states, that, of the female inmates of madhouses, the largest proportion consists of women who have been governesses. We should like to have this verified; although we agree with the author of "England and America," when he asks, "What condition of life is more detestable than an English governess? In England (says he), governesses, young, beautiful, well-informed, virtuous, and, from the contradiction between their poverty and their intrinsic merit, peculiarly susceptible, are generally very harshly treated; imprisoned, set to hard labour, cruelly mortified by the parents and visitors, worried by the children, insulted by the servants; and all for what!—butlers' wages." The vast number of this respectable and educated class of females, and their difficulty in procuring comfortable situations, form indeed one of the most remarkable characteristics of English society in the present day.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—When Isaiah Thomas of Massachusetts was printing his Almanack for 1780, one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the 12th of July. Mr. Thomas being engaged, replied, "Any thing, any thing." The boy returned to the office, and set "Rain, hail, and snow." The country was all amazement: the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently. From that time Thomas's Almanack was in great demand.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—A gentleman "unaccustomed to public speaking" becoming embarrassed, whispered to his friend—"Quick, quick! give me a word." "Certainly," replied the other, "what word do you want?"

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Original Articles.

ON THE SENSE OF SIGHT*.

Mr. Gordon has disputed the truth of the Berklean theory of vision, published in 1709, and, on account of its inherent reasonableness and its agreement with facts of subsequent discovery, adopted by all succeeding metaphysicians

Before the above era, the whole world believed with Mr. Gordon, that the sight, untaught by any other sense could enable us to appreciate, not only the colours, and visual ("angular" or "apparent") magnitudes, but also the precise forms, and approximately, the tactual (real) magnitudes, of the objects which surround us; and, on this subject, the only difference between the popular and the then current philosophical creeds, was, that the former regarded our perceptions as obtained directly from the objects themselves, while the latter considered "images" of them, presented to the mind, as the immediate subjects of perception.

In attempting to maintain the truth of the received doctrine, I think it necessary, in the first place, to define the limits which separate the opinions of Mr. Gordon from those of Bishop Berkeley and the common-sense school of Reid, Stewart and Brown, whose exposition of the theory is the subject of Mr. Gordon's attack; and, if I err in my statement, I trust that Mr. Gordon will set me right.

Mr. Gordon is of opinion that a person of mature age and good understanding, but blind from his birth, on whom sight should be suddenly bestowed, without the performance of any painful or disturbing operation,—so that his eyes might, after getting accustomed to the impression of light, be in all respects healthy and fit for their office,—would, on their first application to use, and without the assistance of the sense of touch, perceive, not, as according to the received opinion an unmeaning assemblage of variously outlined, coloured and shaded spots, apparently situated in the eyes themselves, but an orderly and intelligible series of signs, from which he would at once infer the presence, and an approximation to the true magnitudes and distances, of the external objects which they actually represent.

In opposition to this hypothesis, we have the striking and conclusive evidence afforded by the examination of successfully treated cases of congenital cataract, whose subjects have all declared that their sight though giving, with the assistance of cataract glasses, a perfectly distinct picture of the colour and visual outline of the objects before them, afforded them, when unassisted by touch, no information whatever respecting their distances and real magnitudes, and but very imperfect information respecting their (triple-dimensioned) forms;—the most familiar objects, such as a chair or a table, not being with certainty recognized without the assistance of the hands.

I observe that Mr. Gordon endeavours to nullify the appeal to these facts, by assuming that the eye, in all such cases is "diseased." But he gives no grounds for this assumption; and, so far as we know, from the physical facts of the case, the eye which has been successfully treated for cataract, and which is assisted in the office of refraction by a proper artificial lens, affords, after becoming accustomed to the stimulus of light, a defined vision of objects; although its possessor

his utter acquaintance, at first, with the meaning of the mysterious and ever-varying symbols which are presented to his mind by the newly acquired sense, is for some time obliged to trust to his practised and perfect sense of touch. Through this alone, with the aid of his acute hearing, he is enabled to interpret the new language of sight, which, ultimately, from its rapidity and precision, becomes his habitual medium of communication with the external world.

Mr. Gordon may now ask—"if vision, unassisted by touch or by memory, as in the case of a series of novel objects placed, at different distances, before the unpractised eye, without the presence of known standards of comparison, be incapable of communicating to the mind any knowledge of the dimensions and distances of those objects; how comes it that the *practised* eye, in a similar situation, can enable the mind to judge of the dimensions and distances of those *unknown* objects?" My answer is, in the words of Dr. Brown,—and in two words,—the "DIFFERENT FEELINGS" which are perceived in the eyes when directed alternately to *near* and to *distant* objects, and which are truly referred by the possessor of practised sight, to the relative proximity and distance of the objects.

Of these *feelings*, Mr. Gordon wholly denies the existence. He says:—"My first objection to Dr. Brown's explanation of the manner in which the knowledge of distance is acquired is, that no human being is conscious of feeling, or remembers to have ever felt, those 'visual sensations' to which he alludes. And to state as suggesting and combining feelings, a set of sensations of the existence of which we are altogether unconscious, either as originally co-existing with others, or as subsequently suggesting them, is to state what appears to me to be altogether at variance with rational philosophy."

Of their reality, however, any one may convince himself, by looking, alternately, at the distant objects seen through a glass door, distant a foot or two from the eyes, and at the bars of the door itself, or at the streaks and flaws in the glass. If his sight be perfect, he will find, that while his attention is directed to the distant objects, he has not distinct vision of those in the glass, though situated in the same lines of sight; and vice versa:—for the success of this experiment, with a short-sighted person, the use of proper spectacles will be necessary. At the instant of shifting his attention from the one set of objects to the other, he will be conscious of a *distinct sensation* in his eyes; similar, in looking at the near objects to that which attends a muscular exertion in any other part of the body; and analogous to muscular relaxation, in looking at the distant objects. Dr. Brown has injudiciously mixed up this sensation, which is a true measure of distance, with the sensation occasioned by more or less of the retina being occupied by the object of vision, which sensation is simply a measure of the angles subtended, at the eye, by the various diameters of the object, and no measure whatever of the distances and magnitudes of *unknown* objects.

No doubt is entertained by physiologists, that the "strain of the eye," in looking, with *one eye*, at a very near object,—which is part of the feeling in question, is occasioned by a violent and painful effort to increase the refractive power of the eye: but whether the seat of this effort be in the crystalline lens endeavouring to assume a more nearly spherical form, in the strong external

other part being the sensation which is occasioned by the axes of both eyes to converge at a smaller or larger angle, according to the greater or smaller distance of object of vision.

* In answer to Mr. Gordon's interesting essay, see *Lit. Gaz.* 25th February, 1835.

muscles of the eye *pressing*, or the delicate ciliary processes *contracting*, the globe laterally, so as to force the transparent part, or cornea, into the form of the section of a sphere of smaller radius, and to increase its distance from the retina,—has been the subject of doubt;—Kepler maintaining the last of those hypotheses, Leewenhoeck, Descartes and Dr. Young the first, and Sir Everard Home, from the accurate micrometrical observations of Ramsden, the second, which for many reasons is the most probable. It is impossible to quit this part of the subject, without remarking how expressly and admirably, here, as in innumerable other instances, inanimate nature is fitted for the convenience and pleasure of man and of the more perfectly constituted animals. The loss of one eye greatly impairs the power of estimating distances, by depriving the individual of the sensation, just referred to, occasioned by the *convergency of axes*; although, in conformity with the universal and beautiful law of compensation, there can be little doubt that in such cases the sensation occasioned by *adaptation of focus* in the remaining eye becomes, through the greater attention paid to it, heightened and improved to a degree which remedies in some measure, the inconvenience resulting from the loss of its fellow. But were light not subjected to the existing laws of rectilinear radiation (whether of flying atoms or of mere undulations) and refraction, the compensation here adverted to would not happen, and the single eye could interpret the distances of *known objects only*, by the measure of the angles which they subtended.

Of such palpable existence are the visual sensations now disbelieved by Mr. Gordon, that they constitute an obvious and insuperable, though almost the only remaining, difficulty, in perfecting the illusion attempted in such works as the great panorama of London, in Mr. Horner's Colosseum, the pictures of the Diorama, &c. There, the perspective both linear and aerial, the chiar oscuro and colouring, are all that can be desired. Yet the spectator cannot be deceived in thinking that he looks at something more than a painting. The *third dimension* is wanting. The *space-penetrating* power of his eye is not called into action. He finds that, with the *same* focal adjustment and the *same* convergency of his eyes, he sees, with equal distinctness, the nearest foreground and the most distant horizon of the picture;—and the illusion is gone.

It is possible that the common place arguments which I know now advanced may not have the effect of inducing Mr. Gordon to abandon opinions which he appears to have held for at least eight years; and it is very probable that he may discover defects in my statement of those arguments. In this case, I hope that he will favour me with a reply, adhering as closely as possible to the subject immediately under discussion, and, for the sake of clearness, to the terminology of the modern Scottish school, according to which the active immaterial *mind* is the only *sentient* and *perceptient*; the acts of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and touching are *sensations* and *perceptions*, and are also, with the addition of reasoning, willing to, *operations of the mind*; colour, figure, sound, taste, smell, feel and weight are *sensations* of the mind, and also, with the addition of extension (or space) are *qualities* or properties of matter suggested to the mind by the corresponding sensations. Mr. Gordon's enunciation of his argument, "The sensations which the sense of sight seem to me to comprehend are colour space and figure," inclines by far too much to the loose phrasenology of the exploded school of Home; which, by an unintentional vagueness of language, by an unphilosophical disregard of axioms founded on common sense, and by fertile attempts to build the edifice of mental science without the indispensable substructions, has, with the ready help of the indolent, the ignorant and the interested, done infinite harm to its character, and disservice to the universal cause of philosophical knowledge. I trust that Mr. Gordon will take my request in good part, and will not by unnecessarily departing from the established conventional terms, give the "small

wits" occasion to ridicule the supposed inconclusiveness of metaphysical argument*. In the same hope, and not in the spirit of verbal criticism, I shall now take a retrospect of his essay, for the double purpose of answering any arguments that may have escaped my observation, and of indicating, by Italics, his deviations from the received technology.

Page 129, column 2: "Every visual object *expresses* a sensation of colour space and figure."

P. 130, c. 1: "Do we not in looking round a room see directly that it occupies a certain area or space?" Saving the words "directly" and "space," no doubt has ever been expressed that this question may be answered in the affirmative: *area* (angular, apparent, or superficial dimension) is the object of purely visual perception, but so is not *space* or solid dimension.

Loc. Cit. "Can we believe that no difference is directly seen between the small bush and the large tree?" This is not a fair subject for argument. It is true that a difference is visually perceptible; but that difference consists, first in the ramification and foliage; secondly, in the aerial perspective resulting from the blue haze which softens the tints of the more distant trees, and thirdly in the linear perspective, which diminishes the leaves of the tree and the asperities of its bark into indistinguishable points. Abstracting the atmospherical effect, and make the shrub, in all other respects except apparent magnitude, an exact miniature of the tree, and on Mr. Gordon's hypothesis, no difference whatever, direct or inferred, would be perceptible: yet, *in truth*, there would be a great difference; that arising from the different convergency and focal adjustment of the eyes, necessary for distinct vision of the two separate objects.

P. 130, c. 2: Dr. Brown happens to say that "Light which comprehends all the varieties of colour, is the object, and the only object, of the sense which we are considering;" and this is perfectly true, as Mr. Gordon will admit on a review of the general subject of optics. Mr. Gordon takes the popular view of *light*, as an undefined "something without which colour, visible space and figure could not be seen." Dr. Brown takes the scientific view of it, as (on the etherial hypothesis) an undulation propagated on all sides from some source of light, and reflected and refracted in all possible directions by the material bodies on which the undulations impinge. Surely, on this view, there can be no more difficulty in conceiving the variously coloured lights, corresponding to the different velocities of undulation, from 182,000,000,000,000 to 707,000,000,000,000 vibrations in a second, proper to each tint of the visible spectrum, as the only object of the sense of sight) than in conceiving the variously pitched sounds corresponding to the different velocities of vibration, from 12 to 40,000 in a second, proper to each note of the audible scale, as the only objects of the sense of hearing. From want of due attention to the merely physical part of the question, and from his not adhering to any fixed nomenclature, Mr. Gordon's meaning, in this part of his essay, is here and there rather obscure.

P. 131, c. 1: "We have now to examine what the author means by calling *colour* the original *sensation* of sight. It must be remembered, that, as used by Dr. Brown, colour does not include space or figure. It is something perceived by itself. Now I cannot help thinking, that as an actual sensation, colour, without space and figure, is as unintelligible as light." The drift of this passage is not quite obvious: but, for argument's sake, I may ask Mr. Gordon why *light*, like every subject of thought, may not be considered and imagined abstractedly. Suppose a person immersed in a mist of sufficient density, and with sufficient privation of light, to render his own body invisible to him, would he not be

* "When twa men are arguing, and the ta'en diana ken what either himself or the tither is speakin' aboot,—that's joost metaphysics." *Mathews at Home*.—A different authority says of one tribe of the then existing metaphysicians,—"Ils savent ce qu'ils cherchent—ce qu'ils ne savent pas."—*Leibnitz*.

in a situation, not only to imagine, but actually to see a uniform expanse of dark grey light, without figure or space,—not *area* or *superficies*, but the triple-dimensioned *space*, (possessing length, breadth and *thickness*;) which is spoken of in technical language. If he can see this grey light, cannot he conceive the possibility of such an alteration, of the laws of light, as might convert this grey light into red, blue or any other colour? If so, "colour without figure and (real) space is" not "unintelligible." If Mr. Gordon have misunderstood Dr. Brown's "space" to mean *area*, he is so far right in his opinion; for colour cannot be supposed to reside in a mathematical point.

The above remarks are intended as an answer to Mr. Gordon's "first" objection, p. 131, c. 2. His "second" objection, p. 132, c. 1, is based upon too limited an interpretation of the phrase "tactual sensation" employed by Dr. Brown. If, as is supposed by Mr. Gordon, the phrase be restricted in its application "to those cases in which we look at a body held in the hand," the tactual sensation must be a stranger to all classes of animals, except man and his quadrumanous relatives of the forest. Yet the hawk, the bull, the wasp and the tiger will spring and stoop with unerring precision upon their victims, although they may previously have had no opportunity of ascertaining by tactual experiment the real dimensions, and cannot therefore measure their distance by the "apparent" size, of the objects of attack. The bird and beast are undoubtedly guided by the sensations appropriate to the divergency of light, so often referred to above, and by their knowledge of the intervening ground and of the surrounding objects: and it may be conjectured that the insect is similarly enabled to measure the distance of his mark, by the *situation* of the individual pair of lenses, out of all his numerous and immovable eyes, through which he has, *for each successive moment*, distinct vision of the object. But when the real dimensions of the object are known, as in the case of the house imagined by Dr. Brown, "apparent" size, or the area occupied on the retina by the image of the house, comes in as a valuable auxiliary to the other means of estimating its distance; and the knowledge thus acquired assists us again, in correcting the estimate from his "apparent" and supposed real dimensions, which we had formed of our distance from the horseman approaching the house. Contrary, therefore, to Mr. Gordon's belief, "certain rays of light" can "suggest tactual feelings which we formerly had of an object separated perhaps miles from touch;" "the real object of sight is [variously coloured] light;" and the house and the horsemen are "seen by us," because the ethereal undulations propagated from their surfaces affect our retinae, in such a manner, as to cause the sensation of divers colours, in a certain arrangement; which the mind, through constant practice, and with the numerous aids already detailed, almost instantly interprets to signify the existence, at certain distances, of a house and a horseman:—I say *almost*, because although the complex process of attention to the various separate criteria of judgment with which the eye is endowed, may appear, and in common language is called, instantaneous, it must nevertheless occupy a certain portion of time, however short.

At page 132, col. 2. There is a curious misapprehension of Dr. Brown's meaning, when he says that a piece of white paper, looked at through a coloured or converging glass, *seems* to acquire the colour of the glass, or to be increased in size, though it *really continues* precisely of the same colour and dimensions: The plain meaning is, that to the same eye, *without* the interposition of the absorbing or refracting medium, the paper would maintain the same appearance, or continue "precisely the same;" and it is unnecessary to answer the remarks which have arisen out of this misconception. The argument from the structure and powers of the microscope cannot be answered, without a detail unsuitable in this place; but Mr. Gordon will find, on looking into the theory of that instrument, his objections answered by facts which are mere corollaries from those above stated.

Mr. Gordon's arguments from the sight and habits of infants, when fully stated, answer themselves. *Touch* is the first sense of the infant, that is called into action, and the only sense which is essential to the preservation of its existence. Sight gradually comes into play, but is at first quite as deceptive as the sight which has been suddenly given to the adult blind from birth. The principle of curiosity seems to be born with us; and "the desire of handling objects," as is truly said by Mr. Gordon, "is universal among infants." The infant has learned to associate the joint presence of the coloured rays of light, in *his eye*, and of the objects from which they emanate in the hemisphere which is visible to him. He is conscious of the present existence of a variously coloured surface, indicative of the existence of sundry material substances; but of *distance*, or the *third dimension* of that surface, which converts it into *space*, his notions are, at first nil; and, for a time, extremely imperfect. He pushes out his little hands in a wrong direction, and sometimes beyond the object which has attracted his sight; and anon will fancy the moon for a plaything, and cry because he cannot have it. How frequently, also, at mature age, is the size and space-measuring power, which Mr. Gordon considers as direct and accurate in its conclusions as touch itself misled by the state of the interposed medium; a short figure, close at hand, magnified by mist into a distant giant; and a tall man, seen through four miles of the transparent atmosphere of the Andes, dwindled into a dwarf; both, deceptions resulting from an undue reliance on the uniformity of aerial perspective. This valuable, but not infallible or intuitive power, is not an inherent and cognate attribute of sight; but is slowly built up of the various elements enumerated. Through constant practice, we acquire the power, by a successive series of efforts of attention to each of those elements, of estimating size and distance with wonderful accuracy, and with a rapidity which baffles direct observation of their sequence, and which has therefore caused the denial of their existence.

D. BUTTER.

Sultanpūr Awad'h, 9th March, 1835.

MAPS OF THE RIVERS HOOGHLY, BHAGRUTTEE, JELLINGHEE, GANGES AND JUMNA, FROM CALCUTTA TO THE HIMALAYA RANGE, BY J. B. TASSIN.

This is the neatest, the most complete and the most useful work of the kind that has ever been published in this City of Palaces. It is strange that a publication of this nature should not have made its appearance half a century ago. It is sure to have a large sale and to yield a handsome reward to Mr. Tassin for his talent, his enterprize and his labour. We should think, that no person will now prepare for a long voyage up the country without providing himself with a copy, for the work, considering the expence and trouble it must have required in the getting up of it, is published at a moderate price, and its great utility will more than repay the cost to the purchaser. It is to be had of Messrs. Thacker and Co. for 16 Rupees.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—We were unable to attend the Theatre on Monday last, and we are sorry for it, for we have been given to understand by those whose opinion is worthy of all credit that the performance of the *Critic* was very admirable. The part of *Puff* was so good, it is said, that it would be difficult to praise it too much, and *Sir Fretful Plagiary* and *Sneer* and *Dangle* were also very successful. The *Chimney Piece* has been pronounced a pleasant trifle; and the *Sea-fight* and destruction of the Armada were skilfully managed and with a very picturesque effect. The house was crowded.

THE PRINCE'S GLANCE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CONSEQUENCES.

Belmond soon felt the effects of the Prince's Glance. Every one kept aloof from him. It went from ear to ear that matters stood ill with him, and that he was in disgrace. Those high in office treated him with rudeness; his former friends prudently avoided him; and when by chance he fell in with one, he was treated with great reserve and coldness. His enemies, (for who has not enemies?) showed their cruel wit at his misfortunes, or ironically pitied him.

Belmond perceived that things were not as they ought to be. He enquired here and there. People shrugged up their shoulders—No one knew any thing. Belmond remained tranquil. "What can the matter be? every one, I cannot but perceive it, treats me as if I were afflicted with the plague," said he to himself: "yet I have not given offence to any one. I have to my knowledge done nothing wrong. I discharge my duties with my usual punctuality. What can the matter be? Fortunately their friendship is not necessary to my happiness."

He said so aloud, but silently he thought otherwise. It grieved him more deeply than he was inclined to confess to perceive that he was shunned, that he was studiously avoided by the circle of his acquaintances. His reception amongst them was marked with coldness, his visits never returned. Renouncing all company he left his house on business only; he lived for and with his family. Blessed with an excellent wife, a most amiable daughter, and two very promising sons, he felt it the more easy to renounce the world. The charming Emma, the pride and joy of her parents, seemed to be formed by Heaven to bless the noblest man in the world; yet though she had passed her twentieth year no one had applied for her beautiful hand. She was poor. Belmond was known to be in rather needy circumstances; his pay was insufficient to defray the education of his growing children, he was therefore compelled to edit a journal for which he had not great talent and in which he had consequently little luck.

Belmond, not to disturb the serenity reigning in his family, concealed his sorrows, his uneasiness; not a word escaped him of the sinister omens which he saw written on the face of every one he met—they could not see the darkening horizon, the heavy clouds approaching the zenith. The thunder burst all at once on them. One day the state Archivar sent for Belmond. He came. Von Kuhn received him with marked pride, and without noticing him even by a look he pointed to a magazine, asking, "Who has inserted that article about the Budget of the country?" "I did." "Who authorized you to do it?"

"There have frequently been similar statements in this periodical; and you never said a word against them."

"A word against them! how could I, never reading your ~~tramp~~ Magazine." But I know that your instructions are explicit; without my permission you are not to communicate to any one, far less to publish Documents of the Archives."

"Various copies of the financial State of the land are in circulation, there are extracts from it in

the Hamburg Zeitung. I did not take those Documents from the Archives."

"All this did not authorize you as employé of the government to give it publicity. Go; you will have to answer for this."

A few days after Belmond was summoned before the Judicial Court. Ere that day appeared another occurrence took place. The duke reading a foreign newspaper, found some allusions to a correspondence between the late Duke and the minister of one of the great powers, and being curious to see that correspondence he called for the original of it. The state Archivar referred to the Register for the original papers, who could not produce them though they had been entrusted to his care.

The following day some Police Officers entered Belmond's House and apprised him that by order of his Royal Highness the Duke he was under arrest in his house. This said, they proceeded without more ceremony to seal his papers which they took to hand to the director of the Police. What a tremendous blow to his family! Belmond alone remained quiet; conscious of his innocence he endeavoured to console them all.

In the formal examination of Belmond's papers which was made in his presence, the required correspondence was not found, but the examiners fell upon many documents from the Archives. He explained how they came into his house; that being confined at home by a severe sickness he had received permission to take all necessary papers that he might do his duties at home. That they were not returned he confessed was an omission from forgetfulness, to which he pleaded guilty and asked pardon. His private essays, memoranda, and letters were then read to endeavour to find out traces, whether he had made use of the above mentioned secret correspondence. And indeed there were some scattered expressions and allusions in letters addressed to him which looked suspicious. There were also found copies of his private letters in which were some unmeasured expressions about the election of the new President by the new Duke, whom he termed in a humorous style, a favorite; other articles referred to some philanthropic alterations and new institutions made by the new Duke and his Mentor, from which he sarcastically promised immense benefit to the country at large. Belmond represented that these letters whose dates were a sufficient proof, were written within the first month of Duke Ludwig's assuming the reins of Government, since which time he had repeated reasons to change his mind upon those matters, as well as every body else; he further represented that those paragraphs that now gave umbrage were but superficially expressed opinions to confidential friends, which could with no better reason be brought to bear against him than any verbal expressions.

But the letters were written. Various paragraphs were also found that betrayed discontent; these were eagerly caught at—they served the purpose to condemn poor Belmond. Sentence was pronounced against him, as criminal against the State and an unfaithful servant of Government.

When Belmond heard this unjust sentence pronounced against him, he rose, and addressing the Court he said, "You are determined to find crimes against me, and you find them. I confess that from forgetfulness a few documents were left in my house, which ought to have been returned to

the Archives, but did the State receive any harm from it? I say, No. I confess further that in confidential expressions towards friends, I gave the sincere interpretations of my thoughts about the changes and alterations made in the state, in words as well as in letters. Did any damage follow from it. Again I say no! By referring you to more recent letters to my friends, of which copies lie before you; by more public expressions in later numbers of my journals, it would be easy to convince the most incredulous, that I had since totally changed my opinions, that I have spoken in the highest terms of the very same alterations which I too hastily condemned at the beginning. But of what use would it be? I was at the beginning of this mock trial, condemned to be found guilty. Let me ask the question if there is any one amongst you, my judges, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, I never committed a fault from forgetfulness, I never made use of words, spoken in confidence to friends, which could not bear to be brought on record; let my private letters be opened, nothing to criminate me will be found in them."

He continued to speak sometime longer. He spoke with the pride and energy of conscious innocence. His voice, which was scarcely audible in the beginning rose in proportion to the indignation his speech created amongst his conscience-stricken judges and accusers, and was heard in spite of their loud murmurings. Not willing to hear him any longer the President ordered him to be silent and remanded him to prison.

When silence was restored, the old Counsellor Von Erlach rose and said in a loud tone of voice: "Is it justice to stop the man's mouth in the middle of his defence? Jupiter seldom uses his thunders but when he is in the wrong. I say fie upon you to doom a man like foul fiends. I protest against this iniquitous proceeding. I demand that my protest shall be inserted in the Protocol. I wash my hands in innocence!"

They tried in vain to bring the old gentleman to a different way of thinking; they warned, they intreated him in vain; in vain was he threatened with the high displeasure of his Royal Highness the Duke. "I am grown grey in the service of the State. With one foot in the grave, shall I lend my hand in this shameful proceeding? Never. Shall I sink into it with such a blot on my character? No! Go, trouble me no longer with your entreaties; if not in this world, you will have to answer in the next for your iniquitous judgment. His Royal Highness will think of me as he pleases. But should he approve of this trial, then—let me beg leave to think of him as I please."

The Duke suffered the law to have its own course. He as well as the Baron heard of every proceeding, of Belmond's imprisonment, as well as the sentence pronounced against him. But when the disrespectful expressions of old Erlach were reported to him he started with surprise. All the courtiers around him observed attentively the Glance of the Prince. "Are we to ruin Erlach also?" was legible in every countenance.

Belmond's house was now the house of mourning; the father was wanting. He was confined in the state prison, accused of heavy crimes. Not even his wife nor his children were permitted to see him; no one was admitted to visit the poor man; though the prohibition was superfluous, for no one, except his family, cared to see him. Only a few

weeks after the calamity his family were in distress how to carry on the common household expenses. Mrs. B. was under the painful necessity to go about borrowing; trifles were given by a few, formerly intimate friends; many begged to be excused saying that—but why repeat what every one knows? She, and every member of the unfortunate family, were studiously avoided, as if the mark of Cain were stamped on their foreheads. When not observed in time, from a distance, people turned back abruptly for fear of becoming contaminated by breathing in the same atmosphere.

THE JEWELLER.

Duke Ludwig had his likeness taken to be set in some dozen of golden boxes with brilliants and pearls for the purpose of making presents according to Royal usage to ambassadors, messengers of good news, authors who dedicated books to him, &c. One autumn evening as Baron Fehlmann walked through the town wrapped in his mantle, and passing the house of the Court jeweller he had the fancy to enter and see if the ordered boxes were in a state of forwardness.

The jeweller surprised at the unusual appearance of the President received him in his shop and seemed somewhat embarrassed. Though the boxes were in the adjoining room yet he did not conduct him there. Under some pretext however he ran into that room, and soon returned with some boxes. Whilst the Baron was looking at them, the door of the adjoining room opened, and a young lady attempting to conceal the tears trickling from her eyes came out of it; the Baron on looking at the fair maiden, turned alternately cold and warm, his beautiful supper companion stood before him, the same who on a former occasion had made such a deep impression on him, and whom, in spite of state business, he never could forget.

He silently bowed to her. With downcast eyes, yet blushing on recognising a former companion, she hurried through the shop towards the glass door entrance. As the jeweller was about to open the door he remarked to her: "You are not well, madam!" He had scarcely said these words when fainting she sunk in the arms of the jeweller who brought her to the nearest chair, whilst the Baron, with a beating heart, and the jeweller's wife soon after came running with a glass of cold water. The lady on taking a few drops of it recovered, and a few minutes after said, "I am quite well now. I beg pardon for having occasioned so much trouble." She now rose to depart, nor could she be prevailed upon to remain a moment longer. "Permit me to take the privilege of an old acquaintance to accompany you home" said the Baron, who, notwithstanding her declining it, took her arm to conduct her. The various questions which he addressed to her in the way were answered in monosyllables; with cold politeness she replied to his expression of sorrow at renewing their acquaintance, only after such a long time, and in circumstances seemingly so distressing to her. But the poor girl could scarcely speak in her endeavours to suppress her tears. The few words she said were scarcely audible. Her voice was that of a dying person. She trembled on his arm as if walking on her last journey. All on a sudden she courtesied and disappeared.

The President of the Secret Council seemed to have lost his senses, he neither could hear nor see;

he stood still and dreamed aloud: "How very beautiful she is! God, what an angel!" He at last thought of returning to the jeweller to enquire the name of the beautiful lady, and the cause of her tears, and in his anxiety to become acquainted with that, and so many things else he was desirous to know, he ran himself almost out of breath in a quite different direction from the street the jeweller lived in. He had nothing better to do now than to correct his mistake and to turn on his heel. By way of excusing himself for his own folly he thought: "To be sure I am a fool, but then, how beautiful she is, how surpassingly handsome! Angel, why dost thou despise me?" In half an hour he was with his jeweller, who conducted him immediately into the room in which the jewel boxes were placed.

The name of the angel was Emma Belmond. But only after returning several times to the question did he succeed in drawing from the jeweller the cause of her tears. The young lady without the knowledge of her mother, of her whom grief had thrown on a sick bed, had sold to him a string of pearls with diamonds, the sole inheritance of an aunt, that she might be enabled to go on with the necessary household expenses. She had related, under frequent interruptions of sobs and tears, how her poor innocent father reduced by hard and long labour to a very delicate state of health was now incarcerated in the state prison, and that compelled by dire want she came to entreat him to become the purchaser of the only relic of her dear departed aunt. That he, the jeweller, had purchased accordingly the precious pearls yet giving her the promise that he would return them for the same sum any time within a twelve-month, and that

"Send the pearls back to her immediately, I say; within one hour you shall have the sum in your hands. Don't forget, let it be sent immediately!" cried the Baron whilst he left the jeweller's shop throwing the door violently behind him.

It was dark already when the jeweller returned the pearls into the hands of the astonished Emma. She was reluctant to receive them back. "Oh as to that, do take them, you must take them" replied the jeweller with visible anxiety: "I have the most positive orders to return them into your hands; the sum I paid you has already been returned to me." "Do not mock me, I am unfortunate enough" cried Emma Belmond. The tender hearted jeweller of whom it could not be said that silence was one of his cardinal virtues confessed all he knew. Emma turned scarlet. The jeweller laid the pearls on the table and departed.

His departure was quite apropos, as poor Emma much wished to be alone. There she remained for half an hour incensed, dreaming, folding and wringing her hands, and sobbing sometimes aloud.

The President of the Secret Council was not personally known to her, as she lived very retired. When she was at the jeweller's, crying for the loss of her sold pearls, the jeweller had rushed into the room hurriedly saying, "Dry your tears my dear madam, His Excellency the President of the Secret Council will be here this instant, in fact he is here." At which poor Emma felt much alarmed, for since the fall of her poor father she thought she had much reason to be afraid of this great Excellency. She suddenly rose and left the room. But when passing through the Magazine, she be-

held the handsome young man, the same with whom she had supped the year before in a tavern—the same of whom she had so often dreamed, awake or asleep—the same who had been so respectful, so amiable, so singularly obliging in his ways—with whom her heart and imagination were so frequently occupied with so much secret pleasure—though in her solitary meditations she had so often wished, hoped, and prayed to meet him again; yet seeing him so unexpectedly, so suddenly before her under the name of the personal enemy, as she thought, of her unfortunate father, the poor drooping girl totally lost her presence of mind; and had fainted away. Reconducted home by him, she could scarcely believe what had passed. But now seeing the pearls which she had made up her mind never to see again, she could no longer doubt it. She took them out of their elegant box, pressed them sobbing to her heart and silently repeated, "I have them then again, and now twice dear to me!"

THE TUTELARY ANGEL.

Emma in the plenitude of confidence, of the kindness of her powerful secret friend, had resolved to seize the offered opportunity of his intercession to crave the Duke's pardon in favor of her old father. "My father is saved!" exclaimed Emma as she came running with tears of joy in her eyes, and stood before the bed on which her mother lay sick being overpowered by the family calamity: "My father is saved, I'll write to the President,—Oh he is so very, very kind!" In her hurry to explain she had all at once related incoherently the adventure, and her first acquaintance with the Baron: the poor girl's heart was too full, in describing the Baron's character, his figure from head to foot, ——— it was not the picture of a man, it was that of a god.

We believe readily what is ardently wished for, hence this relation had the most beneficial effect on the sick mother; hope swelled her bosom. Mrs. Belmond seized with enthusiastic belief and confidence that Fehlmann would and could give his help to restore the father, was enabled to leave her bed on the following day. Emma was busy the whole day in composing a letter to His Excellency the President of the Secret Council, Baron Von Fehlmann; but not succeeding in pleasing her own mind she tore up the copies as soon as written. The entreaties of mercy for her father were always blended with some tenderness of the heart, which to be sure was quite out of place. Yet something ought to be introduced of thankfulness, should it be on account of the pearls only. But the difficulty to find words expressing her inmost gratitude, without conveying the most distant meaning of tenderness, was by no means an easy task. Maamma too at last began to write letters; but Emma found these too cold and formal. "How can a stranger's heart be warmed to commiserate and assist us in our misfortunes, when our cries for justice and mercy are expressed so coolly, when they convey nothing of the warmth of the heart!" exclaimed Emma.

They composed and wrote till it became dark, and no letter was finished yet. At last mother and daughter agreed that each should try their best, they then should unite both letters into one taking the best part of each, thus the chilliness of the one would be tempered by the glow of the other.

They had scarcely begun this pious labor, when they were interrupted by the servants, a maid entering to announce somebody. This somebody covered with a long mantle stepped in shortly after, and the usual ceremonies being over, he said he came by order of His Royal Highness, to request both mother and daughter, to be no longer alarmed about the fate of Mr. Belmond.

Mrs. B. overpowered by the sudden turn of fortune, was ready to embrace the messenger. Emma speechless from joy nearly fell at his feet, but afraid to breathe for fear of losing one word she stood still with folded hands, her arms extended over her head, her face glowing, whilst from her upturned eyes the tears of gratitude trickled down her cheeks.

"However, the criminal suit against Mr. B. cannot be forcibly interrupted" continued the messenger, "but let it end how it may, His Highness will take Mr. B. and his family under his paternal care. I hope this assurance may serve to tranquillize your minds and banish every kind of fear."

"Oh how good is our Lord Duke! may God reward him for it! I will not attempt to thank you! Permit me to run with this happy news to my unfortunate husband, it will not only console but revive the old man!"

"He is already informed of all and is now in a very cheerful humour. True, that for a short time you must renounce the pleasure of possessing or even of seeing him; but it lies greatly in your power to accelerate his freedom."

"In our power? O say, for God's sake! by what means?" said both at the same time, extending their arms towards him.

"To be silent towards every one, about the intentions of His Highness and not to mention that I have been here to bring you the welcome news."

"We shall mention your name to none but the Almighty God in our fervent prayers to him. But what is your name, if you please?" asked Mrs. B.

"Mother, it is the benefactor to whom we were writing even now....."

The Baron accepted of their invitation to stay, the more readily as he felt that to listen to their sufferings, to hear their assurances of gratitude, would lighten their oppressed hearts; he stopped the more willingly, being made certain that they should remain alone the whole evening.

"For some time past men have avoided us as if we were afflicted with a contagious malady" observed Mrs. B.; "even those whom we had considered as intimate friends, have found out our house no longer."

"Accept of me then as your friend in need," replied the Baron, and permit me until your natural protector is restored to you, to offer myself in his stead, and as such I beg you will consider me."

The Baron did not intend to delay longer than was necessary to deliver the Duke's message, but the few minutes which were to have served that purpose embraced the whole evening. How noble was the mother, how angelic the daughter!

After Fehlmann's departure mother and daughter with a common impulse rushed into each other's arms. "Oh God! he is saved," exclaimed they. Till late at night they occupied themselves about the tutelary angel. It was not taken amiss when the tutelary angel took the trouble to make

his appearance on many subsequent days to enquire about the wants and desires of the family.

THE SENTENCE.

"You were in the right Fehlmann!" exclaimed the indignant Duke casting the judicial acts about Belmond (which he held in his hands) away from him: "Princes are not half so much inclined to be despots as their subjects to be slaves! What shameful officiousness! Then a mere glance of my eye is sufficient to put an end to their sense of justice and right. These wretched men in the hope of pleasing me are ever ready to trample under their feet the laws and rights of the citizen. Neither life, honor, nor freedom are safe. Well, my dear Fehlmann, I understand it now, slaves can never be friends, nor can Princes have any, save perhaps amongst themselves. Do you then remain my faithful friend, never conceal the truth from me, wipe away any delusion from my eyes, else I am lost!" The Duke and the Baron embraced each other and renewed their mutual assurances of eternal friendship.

"My dear friend" continued the Duke: "is it not shameful to discharge poor Belmond from his situation, to banish him out of the Dukedom, and to confiscate the little property the old man may possess, all on account of a trifling fault of forgetfulness, a few words uttered, many years ago, and in confidence to what he thought a friend, for the publication of a few accounts in the hands of the public, the promulgation of which was made criminal only by an ex post facto law — The circumstance that the secret correspondence was found amongst the papers of my predecessor in office who took them into his house without informing the Registrar of it, did not go to justify the much injured Belmond. They made it a crime in him that either he must have known of, and concealed it, or that he had been ignorant of what it was his duty as Registrar to know. He was to be a sinner in either case." After a few strides he stopped again and continued: "the noble behaviour of Von Erlach shall be made known at the public expence. But the case is now coming before the highest tribunal; let us patiently wait the sentence and then only let us act."

The sentence of the highest Tribunal was pronounced in favor of Belmond. The Duke received it with joy. He sent immediately for the President and said: "Well Fehlmann thou seest, innocence has triumphed at last!"

"Because," replied the Baron, "the high tribunal was informed how incensed thou wast, my noble Prince, at the shameful violation of the law by the Court. Hadst thou been able to restrain thy feelings longer, I fear Belmond would have been found guilty by that Tribunal too."

"I cashier the whole court, I form a new one, at the head of which I will place the noble, frank, and just Von Erlach. I cashier the state Archivar Kuhn, and put the honorably acquitted Belmond in his place. To put however this faithful man in his right place is but a duty I owe to the state. But we offer a different remuneration to poor Belmond; we made him the sacrifice of our experiment. I have learned much indeed by this trial; I have learned that we princes, are rather to be pitied than envied; by our peculiar situation we are rendered totally unfit to know either ourselves or those by whom we are surrounded; that we occasion frequently by a forward unintentional

judgment, with the glance of the eye, more mischievous than we can do good with our best intention and ability; that amongst fifty men there is scarcely one great enough to prefer truth and justice to every other consideration. For all this knowledge I am under obligation to Belmond; I have to thank him also that thou, Fehlmann, hast now become to me infinitely more estimable than ever. Let us consider how we can reward him."

CONSEQUENCES.

It was a thunderbolt to many, but especially to the Judges of the Court, and particularly M. Von Kuhn, when they heard of the sentence of the high tribunal together with the resolutions of the Duke, and that the President by order of his Royal Highness went in person to wait on the imprisoned Belmond to declare him free and innocent, informed him of his preferment in office and increase of pay, then that he took Belmond with him into his own carriage to reconduct him in triumph to his own family; they heard subsequently that the state Archivar Von Belmond and his family had dined with his Royal Highness who distinguished him with marked attention, and before rising drank the health of the landlord and host, the state Archivar Von Belmond.

The friends of Belmond's family thronged now again to that house abandoned so short a time before. The one asserted on his honor that just while the trial lasted he was absent from town, another lamented he had been sick, a third assured him in confidence in what pecuniary difficulties he had been involved, that he was even ashamed to show his face to his best friends, a fourth swore that he had been so much overloaded with business, &c. The former admirers of Emma again made their appearance. Invitations to dinner and balls, cards, to club parties, private concerts, déjeuners à la fourchette, &c. &c. poured in a deluge from all sides.

Lady Von Belmond expressed an intention of refusing every invitation. "Not so, my dear," observed her husband. "Do not make yourself a recluse on account of the weakness of man. Love all mankind as before, but trust only a very few. To be happy in this world it is often necessary to deceive ourselves. Let us think better of mankind than they deserve, but let us act as if they were worse. It is a greater misfortune to apprehend an earthquake all your life time, than at once to be swallowed up by one. It is better to be deceived once in our lives than to remain in constant fear of being so. Let us do all for the love of man, but let us expect nothing from their friendship."

HUMAN JUDGMENT.

In the town as well as in the country the Duke's zeal for justice in rewarding Belmond was highly praised, though no one knew the concatenation of events except the Baron; whatever the Duke did can scarcely be called generosity; it was mere obligation to wipe away a deed which bordered on cruelty. For without the Prince's glance and his expressions Belmond would never have so much as been accused of any crime. But this is the way of mankind. They praise, they deify the acts of the great, they condemn them without knowing, or even enquiring into the secret motives that prompt them to act so.

Wanting the ability to write a Romance, we shall draw this matter of fact story to a conclusion.

At the return of spring Baron Von Fehlmann visited Belmond's family in their princely villa. One fine evening as the Baron with Emma on his arm, was walking in the gardens, after some turn of conversation Emma hid her face in the bosom of the Baron confessing her love. 'The happy couple! the benedictions of the parent followed of course. The Duke took the dowry of his friend on himself.

When now the president of the secret council Baron Von Fehlmann drove in his chaise through the town, seated at the side of his charming wife, the people in their way gazing at them said, shaking their heads agreeably to an old custom. "She is handsome, to be sure, very handsome, that cannot be denied! Well, well, the connection is clear! Our Duke loves the Baron, the Baron loves Miss Belmond, thence it was necessary that the Registrar should be found innocent by hook or by crook, therefore the court was cashiered, therefore was the unfortunate state Archivar Von Kuhn dismissed from all employments and thence has Belmond been overhauled with offices, titles, a villa, wealth, &c. It is not necessary to have invented gunpowder to see into all that. May Heaven send us also such a son-in-law! Our Duke is a very good gentleman indeed, but weak, very weak! He does not see what is doing about him. We see it plain enough, God knows! though from a distance only; but the good man is dazzled, he cannot see with his eyes open. Such are the great."

Duke Ludwig was now blamed in town and country, for weakness, short-sightedness and cruelty towards those fallen into disgrace through the trial of Belmond. He was blamed with as much injustice as he was deified before. Baron Fehlmann hearing of all these observations did not fail to inform the Duke of them.

The Duke replied smiling: "then I see it is as difficult for a Prince to know those that surround him as for a nation to judge rightly of their Prince. It is next to impossible. How many misunderstandings, political errors, confusions, and sufferings of the Prince and people originate from this cause alone.

SONNET.

FAIRIES.

O never more to charm our mortal eye
Will fairies gambols play in moonlight mirth,
Unless Imagination gives them birth,
No Elvin sports will e'er again be seen,
Nor faery roundels gladden all the scene;
Nor magic Music e'er be heard on earth,
Nor tricky sprites e'er dance upon the hearth
Clad in their airy mantles of grass-green.
Come balmy Sleep and lock me in thine arms,
Sweeten my slumbers with a fairy dream,
Show me their gambols till my rapt heart warms
To sing the sports of faery land—a theme
Worthy a stronger and a nobler lyre,
Though in their praises mine can never tire.

Selected Articles.

THE DUEL OF THREE,

A REAL INCIDENT.

In crossing over one of those elevated ridges which in Jamaica form a natural boundary to many of the parishes in the interior, I was surprised to observe, lying upon a small level spot at the very summit of the pass, several large beams of wood, heavily clamped with iron, as if intended for some large structure.

"And what would your wisdom guess these were brought here for?" asked my friend, observing my look of curiosity. I protested my inability to form any probable conjecture.

"They are the remains of a gibbet," he said, "on which several unfortunate negroes were executed some years ago (1825, I think, he mentioned), for an attempted insurrection in the island."

"I think I have heard something of that affair," I remarked, "and, like others, wondered at the inconsistency of the statements on the subject."

My friend proceeded to narrate many circumstances connected with the baffled conspiracy, curiously illustrative of the negro character, as taken down from the dying lips of the unfortunate victims. One of their preliminary rites at their secret meetings consisted in placing on the table three bottles, one of brandy, another of rum, and a third of gin or whisky. The two former were then mingled together in a bowl, and solemnly drunk by the assembled conspirators, as indicating the fidelity of the various coloured classes of the island to each other; while the uncoloured liquor was poured out upon the ground, as expressive of their sanguinary purpose towards the white population.

My friend also mentioned a curious incident which he witnessed at the execution of the negroes (where, as a militia officer, he was obliged to attend), which was ordered to take place at the above-mentioned spot, in order to strike terror into the disaffected slaves of the district. One of the conspirators, who had been particularly active in gaining over proselytes to the cause, was sentenced to be decapitated after being hanged, and his head directed to be placed on the top of a long pole or beam, so as to be seen for a great distance around. When the executioner was preparing to fulfil the latter part of the sentence, the brother of the dead man came forward and solicited permission to cut off his relative's head. The old native Africans in the colonies cherish a belief that after death their souls and bodies are transferred to their native climes, where they are again united; and this re-union, it was supposed, would be prevented by the dismemberment of the lifeless corpse by any other hands than those of a near kinsman. The singular and revolting request was judiciously complied with by the authorities, which gave great satisfaction to the countrymen of the deceased, and the bloody head was fixed upon its elevated pedestal. "There it grinned," continued my informant, "for many a long day, to the horror of every one that passed the place; and glad were we all when it was found expedient to remove it. A wild desperado, an Irish overseer, named Lacy, in returning at night from one of his drunken frolics in Kingston, climbed up the pole and placed a tobacco pipe in the mouth of the dead man, where it was discovered next day, to the amusement no doubt of some, but to the deep resentment of the negroes, in order to pacify whom, it was judged prudent to surrender the loathsome object to the friends of its former owner."

It happened several months after the period of the above conversation, that having occasion to travel towards the northern part of the island, I was overtaken by a thunder-storm, late in the afternoon, in passing through the parish of St—. I was much annoyed at the circumstance for several reasons. In those districts where the properties are large, and the owners reside personally upon them with their families, the society is generally respectable, and often highly polished and agreeable. But among the mountains, where the plantations are poor and small, many of them scarce sufficient to defray the expense of management, and are under the charge of overseers with paltry salaries, the company one meets with is certainly not of the most fascinating description. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering that a great proportion of these overseers are (or at least then were) individuals sent out to the colony by their friends, less for the purpose

of securing the former a livelihood, than for ridding the latter of their presence, as being found altogether incorrigible at home. The properties in the parish of St— were almost entirely in the management of five or six individuals of this description, whom I had often heard of as notorious for their reckless and intemperate habits. From one year's end to the other they were never separate, shifting in a body alternately to each other's houses in succession, where they resided for perhaps a week at a time, and thus keeping up a continual round of riot and dissipation. It may seem somewhat strange, but it is a fact, that, with certain constitutions, drinking may be indulged in with impunity in the tropics, to an extent which would soon prove fatal to the inhabitants of cooler climates; and the writer can only account for this by supposing that the continual perspiration carries off the pernicious qualities of the liquor, and preserves the body from being fevered by the large doses of stimulant fluid poured into it. If such a subject, for instance, can prove at all interesting to any but medical men, the following detail of the daily regimen of such individuals as we are now speaking about, may seem not a little curious:—Rising perhaps between six and seven in the morning, a dram (technically called "the doctor"), consisting either of rum and milk or brandy and bitters, is found requisite to correct the nervous effects of the previous night's orgies. About eight, breakfast, by way of form, is served; after which, a period of sickly lounging and loitering ensues. Between ten and eleven (sometimes earlier), a large jar of lime sherbet, with rum and rummer glasses, is placed on the sideboard, and the "business of the day" may then be said to commence, each compounding his tippie of what strength he thinks proper. Half a pint, or so, of rum—fiery, noxious stuff, fresh from the still—will thus probably be swallowed by each before the hour of second breakfast. This meal is served about noon; it consists generally of some tasty stew, fry, or curry, well spiced, and is washed down with a few long drinks of rum and water. The spirits and strength of the bacchanals now begin to revive, and matches at quoits, backgammon, &c. (with occasional applications to the eternal rum and water), serve to kill the time to the dinner hour. This is usually about four o'clock, after which the party set in to "serious drinking" (still nothing but cold rum and water) for the evening. Such a thing as tea or coffee is never thought of, and they stagger off, or are dragged off, probably about ten or eleven o'clock, to their respectable kennels. Such is the sort of life many of these men lead for a quarter of a century perhaps, without ever having a headache (except a rum and water one); while the sober and abstemious, it may be, perish around them in dozens. But I am digressing from my story.

I was very unwilling, as I have said, to seek the hospitality of any of the individuals I have been describing, but necessity is an imperative reasoner, and I thanked my stars when I found myself within a gunshot of what we call in Scotland *biggit land*, just as the storm burst over my head. As I cantered up to the door, I was apprised, by the shouts and laughter that proceeded from within, that I had come at the very hour when they were engaged in their afternoon's meal. I was of course received with that frank hospitality which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the colonists, and was in a trice quite at home among the jovial crew. There were six of the party, besides myself; five of them were of the fraternal band of overseers, consisting of three Scotsmen, an Englishman, and an Irishman; the last being no other, as I soon discovered, than the individual who had struck the tobacco pipe into the jaws of the decapitated negro. The sixth person was a stranger like myself, a refugee from the storm, whom I had met with once or twice previously at Kingston, and who seemed a respectable intelligent man. I was glad to recognise any decent sort of individual under the circumstances, and the satisfaction, I could easily perceive, was mutual. The overseers were tolerably sober, but looked very like men determined to be otherwise as expeditiously as possible. Not a morsel passed down their gullets without its due modicum of grog; and two young negroes, with Kilmarnock cowls and dirty tattered Osnaburgh shirts, did little else, indeed, than replenish the tumblers during dinner—and hard enough work it was. When the meal was over, the table and drinking materials (still rum and water) were removed to the portico, that we might enjoy the coolness which the rain had produced in the atmosphere, and the party settled themselves down with that air of solid satisfaction which men put on when about to commence some infinitely agreeable pastime. It is needless to narrate in detail the progress of

the night's debauchery; suffice it to say, that never either before or since was it my lot to meet with such a set of thorough-paced reprobates. Conversation there was none, their *talk* being a more compound of profanity and ribaldry; and I could not help internally remarking, as I recollected the humane efforts making to Christianise the unfortunate slaves, that a still stronger necessity existed, first of all, to Christianise those who had the temporal charge of them. One circumstance struck me particularly: I had been in many distant quarters of the world before, but I had ever found the *amor patriæ* of Britons burn the warmer the farther they were removed from their native shores, and the presence of a recently emigrated countryman to revive all the enthusiasm and fond reminiscences of bygone years. But these men seemed to have undergone as thorough an expatriation in soul as they had done in person. If they alluded to their native country at all, it was only to abuse it for a pool, starved, beggarly place, from which they were thankful of having escaped; and they seemed to have as little regard for the future as the past. Their whole thoughts were centered in the *present*, and that present had but one subject of thought—rum and water. For myself, seeing the necessity of remaining where I was all night, I determined to keep myself, at least, in a fitting condition for departing from this den of drunkenness by peep of dawn. The other stranger seemed similarly disposed; and in truth, the nauseous drink placed before us would have been of itself a sufficient preventive to excess. But our abstemiousness proved no check to the hilarity of our companions. On the contrary, our presence only furnished excuses for more than usual intemperance. Speeches were attempted in compliment to us, which ended in songs; and songs again were begun, which terminated in speeches. Bets were laid, never to be decided; and challenges given and accepted, never to be more thought of. What surprised me especially was, that, with one exception, the liquor they swilled, instead of stupefying, only served to rouse them to a madder state of frenzy. The exception was the Englishman, appositely named Mr. Bull, who, as the revel proceeded, began to exhibit evident symptoms of *giving way*; and ultimately, notwithstanding all his efforts to stand it out longer, slipped off to bed, consoling himself doubtless with the reflection, that, when a man fights as long as he can, it is no disgrace to retreat. It was some time before his absence was observed by his companions; but when they did become aware of his defection, a shout of drunken execration was raised, as if the fugitive had committed one of the most unfriendly and dishonourable actions in the world, and it was unanimously resolved that he should turn out again. They accordingly proceeded in a body to his room, but Mr. Bull had had recollection enough to bolt and secure himself against all intrusion, and resolutely remained deaf, as well to the thundering applications of feet, hands and sticks at the door as to the contemptuous and derisive epithets with which they tried to shame him back to his "duty." Finding their efforts vain, some of them next proceeded to the window; but here, also, they were foiled, for the casement was filled with *jealousies*, instead of panes of glass, so as to exclude every thing above a couple of inches in calibre. In these proceedings the Irishman was particularly active, and the variety of expedients he suggested for "unearthing the cockney," fully sustained the character of his country for fertility of invention in matters of *fun*. One of his proposals, I recollect, was to rig out our host's fishing-rod with a dozen or so of hooks at the end of it, and, by inserting the apparatus betwixt the *jealousies*, to pull forth the culprit from his lair, like a mullet out of a milldam; but as the owner did not chose to risk his tackle for such a purpose, the Irishman instantly hit upon another method of reducing the Englishman as nearly as possible to the condition of a fish. He instantly procured from our host a large squirt, which he charged from the muddy pool before the door. Then introducing the pipe through the *jealousies* of the Englishman's chamber, he discharged the whole contents upon the person of the recusant. The dose did not require to be repeated. There can scarcely be a more furious animal than a man unexpectedly roused from the balmy regions of Morpheus, by an application of this sort; and, accordingly, in a few seconds Mr. Bull burst into the room where we were sitting, foaming with rage and rum, and uttering imprecations, on all and sundry, his trousers drawn on the wrong side foremost, and his shirt dripping like a dishcloth with the muddy bath he had undergone. His appearance drew forth a shout of laughter from his persecutors; but the John Bull spirit was fairly roused within him, and, advancing upon the Irishman, who stood flourishing his instrument in all the

triumph of success he let fly at him with an energy that laid the latter length-ways on the floor. No way abashed at his prostration, Pat started up and flew at his opponent like a lion, but they were seized and held back by their companions, who seemed to consider the scene as somewhat derogatory before strangers, and insisted that they should settle their dispute "like gentlemen." The proposal was eagerly agreed to by the combatants, who both in a breath, moreover, insisted that it should be decided instantly on the spot. Beginning now to be afraid of seeing murder committed before our eyes, the other stranger and myself attempted to allay the threatened storm, and to dissuade the parties from coming to mortal arbitrament that night at least; feeling the probability that, after a few hours' sleep, not one of them would recollect any thing at all about the matter. But our interference seemed only to hasten the catastrophe, by reminding the party of the presence of strangers, and the duty incumbent on them of showing themselves to be *gentlemen*. The sense of importance, indeed, which they derived from this consideration, seemed to have the effect of reducing them all to a state of drunken sobriety; and they strutted to and fro, and talked as big about "insult," "wounded honour," "satisfaction," and so forth as if they had belonged to the imperial guard of Frederick VII. I was beginning to think of ordering my servant to get out our mules, late as it was, when a chance of *immediate* mischief at least being averted seemed to present itself, by the discovery that our host had no pistols in the house fit for use. But my hopes were soon dissipated by one of the *friends* suggesting that muskets and lanterns, with a fair distance, in Yankee fashion, was an equally honourable mode of settling such matters—and to my horror the proposal was at once adopted unanimously! The muskets were brought and found "fit for service." But a second difficulty occurred. No balls were to be had, nor a mould to cast any in. I again entertained hopes that this want would put a stop to further proceedings that night; but I was never more mistaken in my life. "You have plenty of lead, I'm sure, about the mill-slauce," exclaimed one; "why not take slugs?" "Ay! why not take slugs?"—"not take slugs?"—"slugs!"—was echoed on all hands; and the slugs were ordered to be got ready accordingly. I now seized my hat and hurried out of the door, determined to mount and depart forthwith, before worse came of it, when I was overtaken by the other stranger.

"Pray, sir, do not let us leave these madmen to themselves, or they will to a certainty murder each other!"

"But how can we help it?" I asked, much embarrassed.

"That is more than I know," replied he; "but it is at least our duty to wait till the last moment, and do our utmost to prevent bloodshed."

I was sorely puzzled; but there was too much good sense and good feeling in the gentleman's appeal for me to resist it, and I suffered myself to be led back into the house. But I found we had only got ourselves deeper into the mire. As we had taken no part in the serio-comic incidents of the evening, and therefore, as was supposed, were unbiassed towards one side or other, it had been agreed in our absence that we should perform the part of *seconds* to the principal parties in their approaching encounter. I was about to declare at once explicitly my resolution to have nothing whatever to do with such a transaction, but was interrupted by my fellow-guest agreeing, without hesitation, in both our names, to their request, while he secretly plucked my coat as a hint to offer no objection to the proposal. Imagining that he had devised some lucky expedient to avert a fatal catastrophe, I also signified my consent, though not without much hesitation and reluctance: and we were ushered into a side-room, with the muskets, slugs, and powder, to prepare duly for the combat, while one of the negroes was dispatched for the lanterns. "Hark ye, sir," said my partner to the other negro, "run and fetch some tow or linen rag here directly, to wipe out the muskets with; and do you hear (in a lower tone), roast a couple of handbills of coffee, and bring it here with you—you understand now?" "Yes, massa; what me no 'stand for"—and away ran blackie to report that the two strange gentlemen were going to drink so-so coffee (plain, without any admixture), till Massa Bushers shot one toder—funny dat now!"

* The reader must observe, that every *white* man, whatever may be his moral character, is held to be a *gentleman* in Jamaica, provided he is always ready to support his pretensions with a pair of pistols.

"What," said I to my companion, "what is it you intend to do?"

"Only to let them entertain each other with a dose of coffee instead of lead, till the justice arrives, whom I have dispatched my servants for. We have only to delay proceedings as much as we can."

After the negro's return with the tow and lead, accordingly, we put off as much time as we possibly could, under pretence of cleaning the muskets, &c., until the principal parties would delay no longer. We then issued forth to the destined place of combat, being a paddock, about forty yards square, immediately behind the house, fenced in on three sides with a thick lime fence, in which the overseer's horse and a few sheep and kids were usually kept; but which were now removed to make way for less innocent occupants. At the further end from the house a steep precipitous rock, an excrescence from the adjoining ridge, rose almost perpendicularly from the level spot, while betwixt it and the house the sides shot sheer down into the beds of two little streams. It having fallen to my lot (by drawing cuts) to stand friend to the Irishman, I placed him at the end nearest to the house, while the Englishman was conducted to the other extremity; for we insisted on the full distance being allowed—an arrangement, by the way, at which our principals did not at all demur. All being in readiness, and it being arranged that the parties were to fire when I cried "*thrice*," the signal was given, and the explosions instantly followed.

"There were *three* guns fired!" I instantly shouted.

"There were!" responded the Englishman's second from the other end of the paddock; "some one fired from behind this hedge (next the rock); and—what do I see? Mr. Bull is killed!"

The whole party, including the unscathed Irishman, rushed forward to the fatal spot. At this moment a faint glimmer of moonshine broke forth, and our host almost instantly exclaimed, "I see him—I see the villain! There he is, swinging himself up the rock. Lacy, if you be a man, run in for the dogs; we shall have the villain, though we chase him to the top of Blue Mountain Peak!" In less than a minute, the Irishman rushed forth from the house with a couple of the powerful blood hounds now kept only as watchdogs on most of the plantations and estates, and two or three negro cutlasses in his hand; and only saying as he passed me, "look to poor Bull," he sprung through the fence and the whole, with the exception of the stranger-guest and myself, set out in pursuit of the fugitive. All this passed in less time than I have taken to tell it, during which the wounded man who groaned heavily, was wholly unattended to. We now lifted him up, and carried him into the house as gently as we could; and to our inexpressible relief, the surgeon of the district entered almost at the same moment. He had been storm-stayed, like ourselves, at a neighbouring house, on his return from a distant ride; and after resuming his journey, had accidentally met the servant dispatched for the local magistrate, from whom he learned enough to induce him to deviate from his direct route home. He lost no time in examining the wounded man, and, to our vexation and dismay, immediately reported him in a very dangerous condition. Several large square slugs had penetrated deep into his back and groins, so as to prove beyond doubt that the shot must have been fired from behind. Little blood flowed; but this the surgeon reckoned only a more fatal symptom; and the pulse of the patient was so low that he feared to proceed to the operation of extracting.

In about twenty minutes, the party of pursuers returned with their captive strongly secured; the dogs having pulled him down and almost throttled him ere he could be rescued from their fangs. He was recognised by the planters and surgeon as the *driver* or head negro of a gang upon a neighbouring property, and as a man who had always been remarkable for his good conduct and peaceable temper. But if such was his general character, I have seldom looked on a physiognomy which farther belied its owner? It was of that heavy, lumpish cast which bespoke the predominance of the animal passions, yet, notwithstanding its unintellectuality, it wore a sort of permanent sneer, as if in the anticipation of gratified revenge. His hair was grizzled with grey; and although heavy-limbed, squat, and square-shouldered, he bore altogether the appearance and gait of a man considerably above sixty. To the questions asked of him by the overseers, he was altogether silent; and to the surgeon, who appeared to have greater influence with him, he returned only the most brief and sullen replies.

"What could tempt you to commit such a crime, Cato?" asked the man of sciences.

"No matta," mumbled the down-looking savage.

"But what possible cause of ill-will could you have at Mr. Bull?"

"Me no ill-will at Massa Bull."

"Then what induced you to shoot him?"

"It no Massa Bull me shoot at," said the prisoner, with considerable animation.

"Indeed!" interposed our host; "then who was it you did fire at, you scoundrel?"

But the negro had perceived his error, and after a pause replied, "Me no fire at all; what me shoot any body for?" After this he remained obstinately silent, and was removed into an inner apartment, where two negroes were appointed to watch him till the arrival of a constabulary force. In about an hour, the magistrate, a respectable neighbouring planter, arrived, and entered into an investigation of all the circumstances. The stranger guest and myself were of course the only persons who could give an intelligible account of the first part of the evening's transactions, and our testimony was such as, combined with the surgeon's report, tended altogether to exculpate the Irishman from any share in Mr. Bull's misfortune. Several circumstances, indeed, besides those I have already noticed, tended to confirm the guilt of the negro. The servant first dispatched by the stranger-guest for the magistrate, mentioned his having been stopped upon the road by an armed negro, who, after learning the purpose of his errand, hurried off in the direction of the house; and one of our host's negro boys stated that when he was returning from the "works" with the lanterns, he was met by the prisoner, whom he knew well, who questioned him particularly about the intended duel, where it was to take place, and every other particular; after ascertaining which, he walked away in the direction of the paddock, with the purpose, as the boy imagined, of waiting to see the issue of the fight. All things put together seemed to leave no doubt of the prisoner's guilt; but his motive for the act was quite inexplicable. He was again brought in and questioned, but not a word could be extracted from him, beyond reiterating that "he had no ill-will at Massa Bull."

Daylight surprised us while still engaged in these matters, and I took my departure by one road as the prisoner was led off in the opposite direction towards Kingston. What remains farther to be added about this unhappy night's business, may be told in a few words. The unfortunate Englishman lingered for several weeks in great agony, and then died. The prisoner was tried at the next Kingston assizes; and although there was only presumptive evidence against him, it was so strong that he was condemned to death. When he found all hope of escape cut off, he no longer scrupled to give an explanation of his conduct. He was the brother of the unfortunate man who, as stated in the beginning of the story, had been executed several years previously for treason, and upon whose exposed remains the Irish overseer had committed such a wanton indignity. From that period he had cherished the most deadly hatred towards the latter, and had waited with unwavering resolution for a safe opportunity of wreaking his revenge; but something or other had always occurred to baulk his purpose. It was with this intention he was watching on the above evening, in the hope of his destined victim returning to his own plantation, when the account he received from the negro, whom he had intercepted on his way to the magistrate, suggested to him the possibility of safely satisfying his own vengeance at the expense of another. The result of his plan we have seen: in the confusion and darkness of the night he had mistaken one individual for another; and thus his fatal purpose was executed upon the wrong object.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

THE FAME OF WRITERS COMPARED WITH THAT OF STATESMEN AND WORLDLY GREATNESS.—The fame of men, of whose minds the fruits are spent upon their contemporaries, soon dies; of excellent authors the labours are permanent, and increase in value and reputation with time. Make the comparison in what degree of liveliness exists the memory of Johnson and Burke at this day, when set against that of Pitt and Fox. Compare Lord Chancellor Thurlow, Lord Rosslyn, or even Lord Mansfield, with Gibbon or Robertson! Even Cumberland is still familiar to us; while Lord North, to whose greatness he looked with such humble reverence, is fading fast from our re-

collection;—while Goldsmith, who lost his presence of mind before the pompous splendour of the Duke of Northumberland, lives on every one's lips at the time when the forgotten Duke is entombed in peerage books.

JOHN LEYDEN.

The subject of this brief memoir will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was the son of a person whose vocation was little above that of a day-labourer, and who had been some time settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, in the south of Scotland. He was born at the village of Denholm, on the 8th of September 1775, and bred up, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

About a year after his birth, the parents of Leyden removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Totts, which was then held by Mr. Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructor, his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year (1786,) when a Mr. W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused, and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale, were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory; and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his own mind, and many, if not all, of the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking, may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a borderer of former times.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty, indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike or a Birmingham knife would have been to Alexander Selkirk during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. At a country school he acquired some smattering of the Latin language, principally through his own extraordinary efforts, for he had none to assist him in his juvenile exercises; and to this early dependence on himself he imputed the wonderful facility which he afterwards possessed in the acquisition of languages. As is nearly always the case when an aptitude for learning is shown by a boy in the ranks of the peasantry in Scotland, the parents of young Leyden determined to breed their son up to the Church of Scotland, though without any means whatever of pushing him forward. Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became next his instructor in Latin. It does not appear

that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless, he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the College of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned Professor Andrew Dalzell used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons adapted to their comprehension, and effecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

Leyden was now at the fountain-head of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, particularly some of the medical classes—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church—a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics, under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study; whatever subject interested his mind at the time attracted his principle attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging, the information which he acquired during his winter attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is a place never intruded upon either by casual visitors or for any ecclesiastical purpose.

Books as well as retirement were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies; but these were of difficult attainment, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that could not be borrowed from his friends. The reputation of his prosperous career of learning, however, introduced him to the acquaintance of a number of persons of eminence in letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere, which tended to advance him in life. In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the College of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured him the situation of private tutor

to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield—a situation which he retained for two or three years. He attended the two young gentlemen under his charge to their studies at the College of St. Andrews. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St. Andrews, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr. Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal, and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr. Campbell's, were secure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr. Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction, he became intimate in the family of Mr. Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad romance and border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception; and by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar. He possessed a large share of animal spirits, and he delighted to be accounted a master in out-of-door sports and athletic exertions, to which he was very partial. In company, his manner was animated and unpolished, and he perhaps erred in reckoning at too low a value the forms of a well-bred community, a circumstance which often excited a prejudice against him on his first appearance. This seems to have arisen from a false idea of sustaining his independence of feeling, and of marking the humility of his origin. He bore, however, with great good humour, all decent railery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. His temper was in reality of an exceedingly gentle nature; and to gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches. He also avoided the most fatal errors of men of genius. He was rigidly temperate, and the purity of his morals was attested by the most blameless line of conduct. His temperance even approached to abstinence; and although his pecuniary resources were exceedingly slender, he managed his funds so as to avoid all embarrassment.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher; but his pulpit appearances were more scholarly than evangelical, and it does not appear that he cared about purguing the profession of a clergyman. He now engaged himself in procuring materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," a task congenial to his poetic temperament. In 1802, he was engaged by Mr. Constable to edit the *Scott's Magazine*, which he did for five or six months; and this employment was followed by the writing of his "Scenes of Infancy," a poem exhibiting his own early feelings and recollections, interwoven with the descriptive and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. But all this was but a desultory mode of living. The writing of poetry yields no revenue, and barely furnishes bread to those whose talents are of the loftiest order. The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life, and he seconded their views. In 1802, he made some overtures to the African Society, for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of Africa; but from this rash enterprise he was turned by the prospect of promotion in another quarter. A representation was made to a member of the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. The only appointment that could be given in this quarter was, however, that of surgeon's assistant, which could be held by none but a person having a surgical de-

gree, and who could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession (the late Mr. John Bell of Edinburgh), he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Another Scottish university conferred the degree of M. D. upon him; and he immediately prepared to leave the country. It is not necessary in this sketch to detail the difficulties he encountered before his ultimate departure for India. After some trouble, he procured a passage in the *Hugh Inglis*, in which vessel he sailed in the beginning of April 1803. Having arrived at Madras, he was transferred to the duties of his new profession; but it was speedily demonstrated that his constitution was unfitted for the climate. He was therefore obliged to leave the Presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached with difficulty Prince of Wales Island, situated on the coast of Malacca. In this more salubrious spot he resided some time, busily engaging himself in the pursuit of the languages and literature of the East, and in which he soon acquired an extraordinary degree of knowledge, calculated to be extensively beneficial to his countrymen. He also continued to indulge his poetic fancies, and kept up a constant intercourse by letters with a number of his old friends in Europe, and some of his epistles furnish many amusing details of Oriental life and manners, as well as of his own arduous researches.

The health of Leyden being restored, in 1806 he took leave of Prince of Wales Island, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect he produced upon society, were exceedingly flattering. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto—himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale—was of most essential service to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. He was appointed a professor in the Bengal college, a promotion suited to his studies; and from this function he was subsequently transferred to fill the office of a judge of the twenty four Purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which jumped well with his odd humour, for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr. Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student, which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers, of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and deciphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration was only eager to secure the

fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the sage of having gathered them.

In 1811, an expedition having been formed to proceed to the island of Java, Leyden accompanied the governor-general and the forces, for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death: for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-ommed precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and, either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, precisely at the period when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opening to his penetrating research. His great abilities—his prospects of benefiting his fellow-creatures—his stores of eastern learning, were all in a moment quenched and sunk in death; a catastrophe the more lamentable, from having been produced by a culpable degree of rashness and disregard of personal suffering.

The poetical remains of Leyden were collected and given to the public in 1821, and in some instances exhibit a power of numbers, which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Besides his poetical works, he compiled and translated the "Commentaries of Baber," from the Turki language, a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, and which was published in 1826, for the benefit of his father. Of this old man, who, though in a humble walk of life, was ennobled by the possession of an intelligent mind, the following affecting anecdote may be related, as a happy illustration of that manly pride and independence of feeling which characterises the virtuous and industrious peasantry of Scotland. Sir John Malcolm, who had well known and been attached to Dr. Leyden in India, having visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, requested that old John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished; and, though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realising the little property that had been left, said he was authorised by Mr. Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed) to say, that such as were likely to produce a profit should be published, as soon as possible for the benefit of the family. "Sir," said the old man with animation, and with tears in his eyes, "I was blessed with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! As it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age; but I am thankful that I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore of you and Mr. Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame."

The remains of Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his humble ancestors at Hazeldean, to which he bids an affecting farewell in a solemn passage concluding his "Scenes of Infancy." His language is that of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But little rocks it where our bodies rest and exhale into their primitive elements. The best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge;

the best monument, the regret of the worthy and the

JOSHUA FLEEHART.

(From Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts.)

An interesting border tale was related to me by a gentleman for several years personally acquainted with the actor:—Joshua Fleeheart was born and brought up in the frontier settlement of Western Pennsylvania, in the days of her border warfare. He was as much a child of the forest as any of its copper-coloured tenants: his whole life, from boyhood to thirty years of age, having been spent in hunting bears, deer, buffalo, and occasionally Indians. He was also an experienced trapper; and knew how, with astonishing tact, to counteract and overcome the cautious cunning of the half-reasoning beaver, when once in their neighbourhood, of securing them in his traps. His person had been formed after one of nature's largest and most perfect models, being several inches over six feet in height, with hands of uncommon muscular size and strength. His face was broad, with high cheek-bones, terminating in a projecting chin, indicative of great firmness of purpose and natural bravery. A light hunter's cap covered his head, affording a slight protection to his small keen eyes, which always shone with uncommon lustre at the approach of danger. He could neither read nor write; but as his mental faculties had been uncultivated, his outward senses became doubly acute and active. His usual dress was in the true back woods style, consisting of moccasins, buckskin leggings, reaching above the knees, and fastened to a garment around his loins; a coarse woollen hunting-shirt covered his arms and body, the shirt reaching to the top of his leggings, and fastened round him by a leathern belt, to which was suspended a hunting-knife and tomahawk; while a capacious powder horn and bullet pouch hung by a strap from the opposite shoulder. The rifle he was accustomed to use was of the largest calibre, and of such a thickness and length that few men were able to raise it to the eye with a steady hand.

His four brothers were all of the same gigantic mould, one or two of whom were employed as rangers by the Ohio Company during the Indian war. Two sisters were also more than six feet in height. When the colonists from New England took possession of the country about Marietta, Fleeheart resided with his wife and family of young children on an island on the Ohio river, near Bel-levue, since become classic ground, as the scene of Aaron Burr's conspiracy, and the abode of Blennerhassett, so touchingly described by the pathetic eloquence of William Wirt. After the war broke out (1791), he removed them into "Farmer's Castle," a strong stockaded garrison opposite to the island, and resided there himself; but in the most dangerous times he would hunt fearlessly and alone, in the adjoining forests; and whenever there was an alarm given by the rangers, who constantly scoured the woods, and the other tenants of the castle were seen hurrying from their corn-fields within its protecting walls, Fleeheart would almost invariably shoulder his rifle and take to the adjoining woods, like honest Leather Stocking in the "Pioneers;" giving as a reason that he could do more service there in a case of an actual attack; and also feeling himself more free and courageous when behind a tree and fighting in the Indian manner, depending on his own personal activity, than when cooped up in a garrison. During the Indian war in 1794, being tired of confinement, he determined to have a hunt to himself, and again breathe freely in the forest. Knowing from all experience that the Indians almost invariably confine themselves to the vicinity of their towns during the winter months, he pushed immediately for their best hunting grounds. Taking his canoe, rifle, traps, &c., he, late in November, ascended the Sciota river, to near the spot where Chillicothe now stands, being ten or fifteen miles from the then Indian Chillicothe. Here he built himself a bark hut, and spent the winter with all that peculiar enjoyment which is only known to the breast of a back-woods hunter. He has been very successful in the chase, and had loaded his canoe with the hams of the bear, the elk, and the deer; to which he added numerous packages of their skins, of those of the more valued beaver. With

* The above article is chiefly condensed from a memoir of Leyden, written by Sir Walter Scott for the Edinburgh Annual Register, and recently republished in the cheap and elegant series of his Miscellaneous Prose Works, now in progress.

all the precautions of an experienced warrior in an enemy's country, he had securely fastened his well-laded canoes several miles below, behind the willows which then bordered the shores of the Sciota. The melting of the snow, the swelling buds of the sugar tree, and, above all, the flight of the wild geese on their annual northern tour, reminded him that it was time to depart. He had cooked his last meal in his solitary hut, and was sitting on a fallen tree in front of it, examining the priming and lock of his rifle; the sun had just risen, when, looking up the bottom, he saw a large Indian examining with minute attention the tracks of his moose made as he returned to his camp, while hunting in the direction of the Indian town the day before; his acute and practical ear had distinguished the report of an Indian rifle at a remote distance. Fleechart immediately stepped behind a tree, and waited until the Indian had approached within the sure range of his shot. He then fired, and the Indian, with a yell and a bound, fell to the earth. The scalping knife had commenced its operation; but as he was not quite dead, he desisted, and fell to cutting loose some of the silver bands with which his arms were profusely ornamented, and tucked them under the folds of his hunting-shirt. While thus busily occupied, he looked up and saw four or five Indians close upon him.

This being too numerous a party for him to encounter alone, he seized his rifle and took to his heels. They fired upon him, but without effect; he soon left them all far behind but two, who, being more swift of foot than their companions, continued the chase four or five miles without his being able to leave them; he often stopped and tried, hoping to get a shot and disable one of them, and then kill the other at his leisure; as soon as he took to a tree, the Indians did the same, and by flanking to right and left, soon forced him to uncover, or stand the chance of a shot. In this dilemma he concluded to try the hills, and leave the level ground on which they had so long been struggling. His vast muscular power here gave him the advantage, as he could ascend the steep side of the hill more rapidly than his lighter but less muscular foes. Perceiving him to be leaving them, the Indians stopped and fired; one ball passed so near as to cut away the handle of his hunting-knife as it hung at his side, jerking the blade so violently against it as to make him think for a moment that he was wounded. He immediately returned the shot, when the Indians, with a tremendous yell, abandoned the chase. Fleechart, a little out of wind, made a wide circuit in the hills, and into the river near to where he had fastened his canoe; finding all safe, he lightly jumped on board, and pushed vigorously through the day; at night he lay down in his canoe; and when he awoke in the morning, was just entering the Ohio. Crossing over to the southern shore, he coasted along its calm waters, and reached Farmer's Castle in safety, laden with the spoils of his foes, and gratified with the admiration of his former companions. After the peace, as the tide of emigration rolled westward, Fleechart still kept on the borders, and was finally killed in some petty quarrel with his natural foes, the Red Men of the forest.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN DAWSON.

Shenstone's ballad is commemorative of the melancholy and peculiarly hard fate of a youthful victim, who was sacrificed to the harsh and unrelenting policy of the government, at the period of its triumph in 1746. He was the son of a gentleman of Lancashire of the name of Dawson, and, while pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland, and the progress of the insurgents. At that moment he had committed some youthful excesses which induced him to run away from his college, and either from caprice or enthusiasm, he proceeded to the north, and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and nine were ordered for immediate execution, as having been most actively and conspicuously guilty. Kennington Common was the place appointed for the last scene of their punishment, and, as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarities inflicted by the British law of treason, a vast mob from London and the surrounding country assembled to

witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block, and the fire, into which their hearts were to be thrown without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them formerly to risk their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last, for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff, that they died in a just cause, they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down, in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Colonel Townly was the first that was laid upon the block, but the executioner observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it violently on the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it quite insensible to the remaining part of the punishment. This not having the desired effect, he cut the unfortunate gentleman's throat. The shocking ceremony of taking out the heart and throwing the bowels into the fire, was then gone through, after which the head was separated from the body with a cleaver, and both were put into a coffin. The rest of the bodies were thus treated in succession; and on throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout. Although the rabble had hoisted the unhappy gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials, it was remarked that at the execution their fate excited considerable pity, mingled with admiration of their courage. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was, the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit and under sentence of death for the same crime; but who had been permitted to attend this last scene of his brother's life, in a coach along with a guard. The other, was the fact of a young and beautiful female, to whom Mr. Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad. This singular fact is narrated, as follows, in most of the journals of that period.

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last hour of a person so dear to her; and accordingly, followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, 'My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee. Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

"That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, it is thought, put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once, all the animal spirits."

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline:
For thou can'st weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trode the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife
That led the favoured youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appeared,—
Oh, had he never seen that day.
Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave their keenest wound.
How pale was then his true-love's cheeks,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale or yet so chill appear.
With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
'Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.
'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
Oh, George! without a pray'r for thee,
My orisons would never close.
'The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to hush the giver's name.
'But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share his cruel fate's decree.
O, then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.
She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.
Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;
And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd,
And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.
Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee.'
'My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, Oh Heaven! of woes like our's,
And let us, let us, weep no more.
The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expir'd!
Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

AWFUL OBEDIENCE.

The account of this affecting tragedy is taken from one of the comprehensive and entertaining summaries just published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," entitled "The Hindoos." A daughter thus begotten, by an otherwise affectionate parent, a sort of Eastern Virginus, would make a striking drama; only the homely circumstance which constitutes one of the most affecting points in the anguish—the refusal of the stomach to second the poison,—would have to be modified. The doses given must be changed into small ones—too small to produce any effect, except perhaps an excited and eloquent wakefulness. When actual and dreadful

suffering is before us, such homely manifestations of it become nothing. The pettier is absorbed in the greater idea. But human beings, unless given to sarcasm and degradation, do not like to have physical weaknesses deliberately presented to their imaginations; and even then they are apt to take refuge (such as it is!) from the humiliation, in attempting to make a jest of it. A thorough delicacy, or philosophy, in reducing every thing to its elements, moral or material, becomes superior to such pollution.

Kishna Komari Bae, "the virgin princess Kishna," was in her sixteenth year; her mother was of the Chawura race, the ancient kings of Anbulwara. Sprung from the noblest blood of Hind, she added beauty of face and person to an engaging demeanour, and was justly proclaimed the flower of Rejast'han. The rapacious and blood-thirsty Pat'han, Nawab Ameer Khan, covered with infancy, repaired to Oodipoor, where he was joined by the pliant and subtle Ajit. He was meek in his demeanour, unostentatious in his habits; despising honours, yet covetous of power; religion, which he followed with the zeal of an ascetic, if it did not serve as a cloak, was at least no hindrance to an immeasurable ambition, in the attainment of which he would have sacrificed all but himself. When the Pat'han revealed his design, that either the princess should wed Raja Maun, or by her death seal the peace of Rajwarra, whatever arguments were used to point the alternative, the Rana was made to see no choice between consigning his beloved child to the Rahtore prince, or witnessing the effects of a more extended dishonour from the vengeance of the Pat'han, and the storm of his palace by his licentious adherents:—the fiat passed that Kishna Komari should die.

But the deed was left for a woman to accomplish—the hand of man refused it. The harem of an eastern prince is a world within itself; it is the labyrinth containing the strings that move the puppets which alarm mankind. Here intrigue sits enthroned, and hence its influence radiates to the world, always at a loss to trace effects to their causes. Maharaja Dowlut Sing, descended four generations ago from one common ancestor with the Rana, was first sounded to save the honour of Oodipoor; but, honor-struck, he exclaimed, "Accursed the tongue that commands it! Dost on my allegiance if thus to be preserved!" The Maharaja Jowandas, a natural brother, was then called upon; the dire necessity was explained, and it was urged that no common hand could be armed for the purpose. He accepted the poinard, but when in youthful loveliness Kishna appeared before him, the dagger fell from his hand, and he returned more wretched than the victim. The fatal purpose thus revealed, the shrieks of the frantic mother reverberated through the palace, as she implored mercy or execrated the murderers of her child, who alone was resigned to her fate. But death was arrested, not averted. To use the phrase of the narrator, "she was excused the steel, the cup was prepared," and prepared by female hands! As the messenger presented it in the name of her father, she bowed and drank it, sending up a prayer for his life and prosperity. The raving mother poured imprecations on his head, while the lovely victim, who shed not a tear, thus endeavoured to console her. "Why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life; I fear not to die! Am I not your daughter? Why should I fear death? We are marked out for sacrifice from our birth; we scarcely enter the world but to be sent out again; let me thank my father that I have lived so long." Thus she conversed, till the nauseating draught refused to assimilate with her blood. Again the bitter potion was prepared, she drank it off; and again it was rejected; but, as if to try the extreme of human fortitude, a third was administered, and for a third time nature refused to aid the horrible purpose. It seemed as if the fabled charm which guarded the life of the founder of her race, was inherited by the virgin Kishna. But the bloodhounds, the Pat'han and Ajit, were impatient till their victim was at rest; and cruelty, as if gathering strength from defeat, made another and a fatal attempt. A powerful opiate was presented, the *kasoomba* draught. She received it with a smile, wished the scene over, and drank it. The desires of barbarity were accomplished. "She slept!" a sleep from which she never awoke.

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THE ALCHEMIST.

A better tailor than Imám Bax there was not in all the city of Delhi. So he himself said and a great number of people believed. This belief occasioned his shop to be much frequented, and he drove a fine thriving trade to his own great gratification. His shop was a scene of industry and bustle; workmen in numbers, from the old man with a hoary white beard, who could scarcely thread his needle with his shaking hand although he looked at it as clearly as he could through the spectacles perched on his nose, to the young boy first learning the preliminaries of sartorial art by drawing and twisting the thread for the use of his seniors. Cloths of various kinds, brocades and even shawls were scattered about in profusion; shewing that, Imám Bax had both many and wealthy customers, some of whom by the costly nature of their vestments were perhaps the scions of Royalty itself. The shop was in the Chouk, very near the Fatehporee Masjid, and looked full into the wide street, where was that noble work the canal—the beneficent river as the natives call it—under shady trees down to the Lahore gate of the palace—one long living scene of human life. At the time I am writing of, Delhi had lost its last remains of splendour; the seat of power, of almost supreme power in political matters, had been removed from Delhi; and what was to the natives perhaps a severer blow, all the pomp and circumstance formerly attached to the Residency, were abolished. Sawárs, sepális, camels, elephants, silver sticks and spears were all dispensed with, and the public of Delhi saw with dismay and regret the Residency furniture and articles of worth and value exposed at auction—the Residency at that time had not then been reduced to the low ebb at which it has now arrived—it had not then a dirty and offensive salt and sugar office whence comes an odour of a most overwhelming nature, so that passers by drive their horses by the gateway with all convenient speed and expedition. When the political supremacy over Ráj-pootáná, Gwáliar, &c. was withdrawn from Delhi, it of course ceased to be the resort of the Vakeels of those and the other powers—and no longer did the Rájáhs, Nawábs and Princes think it necessary to pay complimentary visits alone, where nothing could be obtained in return. But though all these deserted the city and caused a great diminution in the splendor of the appearance of the Chándney Chouk, (the usual promenade at 4 o'clock, P. M. of all the princes, nobles, beaux, bucks and blackguards of the town,) yet there is always something in the look of Delhi that cannot but attract attention. Independent of the thousand recollections of transactions of times past, of the successive deeds of plunder, lust, and bloodshed, which the streets have witnessed, the daily manifest decay of all principles of religion and honor, nay decent

respectability even in the houses and palaces of the highest, the number of individuals from all parts and places, the variety and diversity of costume as to shape, size and colour cannot fail in making a strong impression. There is in Delhi and the neighbourhood a partiality for red as a color for turband, which being generally worn always makes a crowd collected look gay. In one place you will see persons sitting on the side of the street selling all sorts of fruits and vegetables, especially sugarcane, oranges or melons as the season may allow. Of these the people of Delhi are immoderately fond, and the quantities sold are enormous. In another place is a cooking establishment where you may purchase most inviting and good looking kabobs which are ready roasting over a fire on all small spit, from which an odour pleasant to a hungry man exhales. If you be thirsty, hark! listen to the clang of the water carrier's brass pans; it is a grateful sound in the hot weather when his cheering cry is heard, and he boasts of the excellency of the water which he has to sell, and the far distance from which he has fetched it. "Water from the well of the Avádance—cool, cool as ice." Here is indeed a temptation to drink; and as the gratification is procurable for a few cowries, it is seldom withstood. Do you want sweetmeats, tobacco, or spices? here they are in profusion; you may buy them of the perambulating hawker or of the staid and steady shop-keeper. Do you feel an inclination to smoke? hark! see the hookah wallas are returning with their pipes from the mid-day prayers at the Jumma Masjid and are preparing for any customer who may choose to take a whiff. Choose which pipe you like; but do not be always sure that the handsomest pipe or the best looking owner gives you the best chillum. No, look to old Peeroo! he is neither handsome nor well dressed; but see, he has a dozen hookahs on his establishment, and not only not one of them vacant, but a crowd of people besides are sitting in patient expectation that some one will finish his chillum and depart. Well is his tobacco spoken of; all people go to him if they can. Do you want fresh looking apples, walnuts or pears, or good tobacco? Look in yonder tent where they are laid up in heaps for sale, and three or four Moghals or Cabulees sit with turbans three quarters of a yard in diameter, under which appear their white and red faces, in striking contrast with the inhabitants of the place. They will sell you a good horse if you wish it, or tell you where you will meet with a splendid Arab, at a still more splendid price if you give what is at first asked. They will sell you furs and skins, which make rich cloaks. Watch that young man with an embroidered cap put rakishly over the right ear, with the long curling hair flowing down his left shoulder. Mark the attenuated waist pulled in to the smallest degree and bound with a red and gold brocade. Ierneath the trowers of red silk at least sinking and blowing out as its master itily parades about. Look at his spangled

shoes, look at the collyrium on his eyes; his henna-tipped finger gently sweeps down his jetty mustachio and insinuates into the mouth a piece of paun. 'This is a beau of Delhi—he looks as he walks right and left, to see if people be admiring him—and ever and anon he raises his eyes to the lattices and windows to see if he has attracted the attention of the frail fair who exhibit themselves in such places. Watch him again eying the surrounding houses; he is looking for a gambling house, but he wishes to get in without being seen by any of the Police.' He need not care—there is no law against private gambling. There, on a sudden he slips into a house; and now he may dice at pleasure; neither Daroga nor Cotwal will interfere except in cases of open gambling;—and not then, if on the steps to the gates of God's own holy place—the Jumma masjid—a place of resort for all the thieves and rascals of the city. "Any playthings for your children—here is the King, Achar Shā, sitting on his throne in great glory—at least worth two gundas. And here is his one-eyed minister Secānā lāl, who can see more for his own interest with one eye than others can with two. Look how he puts his chasme, his quizing glass to his eye. And see here; here is a couple of Feringhees sitting on a chair, curse their souls every one of them; you may have them for one gunda the pair—they are not worth more. See, both have got a bottle of brandy in their hands—the kafirs are drunk. "Playthings O, who'll buy!" "Hāt jāo! hāt jāo!—clear the way" is heard. Who come here? a camel with two drums sounding alternately; a few horsemen—a dozen silver sticks and some Peādās—a tonjohn and in it, a middle aged man showing the remains of beauty; diamonds and pearls profusely disposed over his person. He has the fiery eye of a Rajput and looks proudly were there not a touch of vanity in the glance. "The great and mighty lord, the celebrated and unvanquished lion, the terror of his foes the Rājā Kishen Sing of Bishengurh" is cried out by his suite. "Who is that?" says a stranger to a neighbour. "He must be one of your respectable inhabitants." "Shābāsh!" is the reply: "He is no one here—he is a stipendiary and is stingy to boot: the people here do not like him, for he affects to himself high airs. See he directs a man who came too near him in the crowd to be beaten. We'd shew it him if he dared to beat a citizen indeed! But then there are the Feringhees and the paltans and police—may they be burnt hereafter." "After all", said Jehān Khān a bystander, "what is the use of abusing the Rājā. He is but a madman, and his grand foible is, that he thinks himself the handsomest man in the world. A question on which he asks every one's opinion." At this moment a Hindoo fatueer dressed in a tiger skin and his face smeared with ashes, cried out to the Rājā for a rupee, (by the way this is a customary request in Delhi,) which request was answered by a shove from one of the Peādās or footmen, and a kick from another. "The curse of Alee upon him" muttered the Sunyāssec. At this moment half a small brick fell on the tonjohn from above; it must have come from the top of one of the surrounding houses, the Sunyāssec, could not have thrown it. He, however, seeing the brick fall, cried out "look then at the Rājā, he gives abuse to paupers, and Heaven rains bricks in return." The Rājā himself gave orders to his sāvāre: to turn

round and move as quickly as possible to the Cotwally Cha'io grā, that he might there lay a complaint of conspiracy, against the thrower of the brick. Who is that now coming on a large elephant with two mounted horsemen shabbily clad and a couple of dirty fellows on foot with two thin attenuated silver sticks, the very utmost value of which could not exceed ten rupees. The reply is "how do we know? he is one of the five thousand Sallateens or descendants and relatives of the King. He has, most probably, twenty or twenty-five rupees per month—but whether his elephant is his own or borrowed, I can't say. If it be his, he is perhaps living on his wife's jewels—but it is, ten to one, only borrowed for this occasion." At this time a bullock carriage containing a number of children is coming from the opposite direction and proceeding in advance to the coming paltry procession. The riders on the elephant, seated without any howdah on the guddee or pad, dressed in clothes of the most ordinary description and exceedingly dirty, and looking like the lowest scum of the city, called out to the mahout to go straight; on this, the mahout turned his beast right into the centre of the street, and one of the men with the silver sticks running up to the man who was leading the bullocks gave him a knock on the head and asked if he did not see the progress of Mirzā Sahib. This compelled the bullockmen to back the carriage into the gutter, at which the poor frightened children screamed—but no further injury followed. There was a buggy coming, and in it sat a respectable European resident of the city. He drove on and meeting with the elephant in the middle of the way, his horse started and began to get troublesome, in rearing and kicking. Not a step to the right or left would the elephant move, for the mahout would not turn him. There was but one step to take; the gentleman lashed his horse, which ran on furiously, the shaft took out a piece of flesh from one of the savār's horses, and way was from sheer fright made for his progress. Immediately after came a gentleman on horseback followed by a savār or mounted soldier. "Go on one side" cried the Savār. Those on the elephant consulted together. A Jamādār of Police and some peons standing by the side of the road made a salām to the gentleman and ran on to assist him. "It is the Judge Sahēb" said one of those on the elephant, "give way, mahout!" The elephant was driven on one side and the gentleman suffered to pass. Many persons had viewed this scene, and observations were freely made. One observed "wonderful things surely: these infidels are curious beings truly; they conquer the country and make good laws, and yet they suffer themselves to be treated in this way." "Treated in this way!" said an old man who wore a tattered uniform of the old Provincia. Battalion, "how should they else be treated, I would I had the treating them." "Silence, Meer Sahēb!" said one of his friends in his ear. "Silence!" said he, "why silence? Did I not enter into the Feringhees' service and remain with them for nearly thirty years. Did I not do my best for them, did I not join in defending the injured walls of Delhi against a powerful foe, when the boasted British Battalions were not there to assist. For this and other services our reward in our old age is to be levelled to common barkandāzes, and not only that, but to be reduced also to starvation by the diminution of the Government establishments, and here I am after so many

years a pauper. I wish to the holy Prophet of God, (praise be to God for his having come among us) that Shaikh Ahmed was yet alive, I would join his force and fight well for him; but not as hard as I would against these faithless, lying infidels could I get the opportunity so to do. I am a Pythán and a blood drinker by profession; I would give much to cut the throat of an infidel. Bismalláh! It would be a sure passport to Heaven." "Don't collect together but disperse" cried a chokeedar of the city who approached the crowd gathered in sympathy with the violent speeches of the old sepáhi. "You had better go to your houses; it is getting late: the sun is near setting and true Mussulmáns should go to prayer." This had an effect. The true believers went away to say their prayers, and the Hindoos were quietly walking home in a knot, when they heard the cry of "Mirzá Kuleel! Mirzá Kuleel!" They looked and saw an English built carriage of the most shabby description drawn by four horses, with black postillions in red jackets driving in the direction of the Palace. The people yielded and went to the right and the left, while the carriage wound its way to the Lahóre gate of the Palace. Let us follow it and try to get a glimpse of royalty unmasked. The carriage proceeds through the lofty gateway, the troops salute and the wheels rattle in the arched passage. Lights are brought out to shew the illustrious Prince his way, and he ascends the steps to his house. In his Dewán kháná, which is a tolerably large yet dirty room, ornamented by one French mirror, two daubs of pictures of some past worthies glorying in all the lustre of red and white paint, and by one chandalier with half the drops off, are found five nautch-women of not the most elegant appearance, three players on instruments and two masáchees. These symptoms shew that there is something more than ordinary about to happen; and a long line of chairs placed close to the screens of the Zenáná, shew that a party of gentlemen is expected. The company come in by ones and twos, and take their seats. The Mirzá sits in the centre of the line, and a fine looking gentleman he is; but behold! according to the etiquette of the Delhi court, he returns no man's salute, and seems as if he was wholly unconscious of any one's presence save those on his right and left hand to whom he says a few words occasionally. Who is that man leaning on a stick, paying such assiduous court to all the guests and peering close into their faces? Oh! that is the Rájá whose name was proclaimed in the bazár. He is the head man of business in the Palace, and his faction have it all their own way. He is so busy in complimenting his master's guests, that he seems as if he wished to supply by his attentions the accustomed negligence of the House of Timour. Now the musicians begin to play, and the hideous hag with only three teeth in her mouth, from either side of which flow two red streams of betel, opens the concert with a satanic howl, enough to frighten all the devils out of Dozak; but which appears so delightfully, exquisite to Mirzá Kuleel, that he starts involuntarily and a "shábash!" issues from his almost motionless mouth. The dance and song then proceed. In the midst of this, a rustling of clothes of many persons, a sort of gigling and whispering, and the jingle of female ornaments, are heard; it is the ladies of the Harem with the wife of Mirzá Kuleel, who are proceeding behind the

zenáná screens for the purpose of seeing the dancers, and perhaps the spectacle of so many Europeans of rank at once assembled. The set of singers and dancers is now changed, and the company are amusing themselves with making observations to one another. Some, I see, are amusing themselves by talking with others than the company. Look at that spectacle! There are some of them actually putting their heads to the zenáná screens and talking to the ladies behind—and this too in the face of the Mirza their lord and master. Had the lowest weaver in India seen such a sight as this in his own house, he would have taken off the head of the offender, and that perhaps of his wife besides. Here such things are allowed. I wonder that Mirzá Kuleel is not more cautious as he has lost one wife already by European seduction. But where is all this time Imám Bax the tailor?

Imám Bax was not only a good tailor, but a pleasant man to boot; and after he had finished his daily work he was fond of a chat with any of his friends and neighbours who would often look in upon him in the evenings. When he had received back and carefully examined all the work from his men, he paid them their wages, and bidding them to be prompt and ready betimes in the morning he wished them good evening. As he was putting on his turband and was locking his door previous to going to the Junmá masjid to say his prayers, he beheld one of his workmen Hasnoo coming along supporting his old father, who had for many years been a friend of Imám Bax. "Well" said he to himself "now my walk is all over when Shaikh Bahoran comes, and so I may as well re-open the door and light my pipe." Then turning to Bahoran and his son Hasnoo, he made a salám and said, "Ah! my excellent friend, how is your health. My heart is gladdened by a sight of you. Your place has been long empty, and our eyes are sore with the weepings of impatience. Praise God! be seated my old friend." Bahoran opened his arms and clasped Imám Bax in a fraternal embrace which was three times repeated. Imám Bax led his guest into the house, caused him to be seated on a stool, prepared the tháleyoon with a splendid chillán of tobacco, and did the same for himself; Hasnoo himself was not included in this arrangement, and he accordingly sat himself quietly down by his father's side, while conversation flowed quietly between the elders. As they were talking his attention was engrossed by something which happened, but which, long as had been the period of his bondage to his master, he had never before seen. In the tailor's room there was a door which led to those apartments assigned for the ladies. When his master had opened the door occasionally, he had seen arms and feet of a beautiful size and exquisite fairness, which gave rise to most extravagant notions of the face of the possessor—but his curiosity respecting the fair Zeban was not further gratified. Imám Bax's only daughter was regularly warned not to go near the shop while the workmen were there. Now that they had gone, she made less scruple, and often came into the room for articles required within; but she was so wrapped up in her chadder, that it was impossible that Hasnoo could get a glimpse of her face. At length an opportunity offered; a dish she had in her hand fell on the ground; in her attempt to pick it up, her chadder fell on one side and displayed a most lovely face, which if

once looked on must be loved indeed. Nor was the display the less beautiful, when Zehan looking first discovered a young man in the room, who had hitherto been sitting invisible to her on his father's right hand. This scene passed unnoticed by the two old men who were deeply occupied in their own colloquy; but it fixed itself firmly in the mind of the young man who formed a resolution at that instant to endeavour to make her his wife. As he had no more hope of seeing his charmer for that evening he turned his attention to the conversation, which he found to run on marriage and its ties. "Zehan" said Imám Bax "is a very good girl, and I should like to get a good husband for her." "That" replied Bahoran, "is a very difficult thing in these days." "That may be," returned Imám Bax "but I shall look well about me. I am myself of good descent, and this trade of mine is, praise be to Heaven! productive of no trifling profit. I have a pretty good store-box and well filled too, of which Zehan will be the heir. I think that in such a case I have a right to expect a respectable man as a son-in-law." "Mubárák, may you be happy in your choice" was the answer; "but alas!" added Bahoran "good and respectable husbands in Delhi are very difficult to be found. At a time when the very princes of the Palace are seeking out for husbands for their daughters and sisters, and making advances to every respectable foreigner in the city, how can it be expected that Imám Bax the tailor's daughter can find better luck than her neighbours?" "I never heard of these things, Bahoran;" replied Imám Bax "but it is true, that I seldom move out into the streets to hear the news, while those who come to me seldom touch on princes or kings." "Panch ká Khodá" said Bahoran. "Is it not as clear as the noon-day sun? Is it not talked of every where that Mirzá Bubber Beg the King's uncle's second cousin's wife's brother wrote a letter to the new sheristadar just come up from Oude, telling him how respectably he was, as he had heard, connected, and recommending him to settle himself with a *household*; to which end he, the Mirzá should be happy to see him at any time. Is not the meaning of this as plain as possible? Had it been old Rishant-ool Hak the former sheristadar, he would have jumped at the offer; but the present refused it alleging that he had a wife at home." Máz ulláh! Máz ulláh! cried the tailor "are things come to this pass? Is the house of Timourso degraded?" "Worse even than this" said Bahoran "is the present state of things under the hands of this unclean people the English. We are forgetting our religion, nay our very tongue—our swords are rusting in our sheaths, and our honor is vanishing away like the clouds of night before the sun. Have you heard what has occurred at the house of that bold but eccentric character Fatwá Andáz Beg Khán?" "I? no, not I!" said Imám Bax "whose dog am I that people should talk to me respecting other people's households. Don't you think that a man has enough to do in keeping his own in order, instead of looking after that of others. Oh no! I talk on all other subjects but that. But come tell me what occurred at Fatwá Andáz Beg Khán's. I should like to hear it nevertheless." "Why," said Bahoran "it is a long affair, but the abridgement of the case is this. You know that two days ago one of Fatwá Andáz's sisters was married,

and a feast was given to which were invited several females of the highest rank in the city. In the midst of these and in the heart of freedom of revelling, sat a large well fed lady wrapped up in her chadder, who never opened her mouth or addressed anybody. Those invited to the party were by far too interested to remark the fact, but one of the servants did, and called her mistress' attention. The lady of the house went up to her and spoke civilly, but the strange lady would not uncover her face, and appeared as if she wished to retire. To ascertain the fact, the servant pulled forcibly away the chadder which the lady held close, when lo and behold! the well trimmed whiskers of a man. A cry was raised that a man was in the zenáná. In a moment innumerable shrieks were uttered, and every soul closed her chadder over her head. The pretended lady had now brought himself into a pretty scrape; as there could be no doubt that there was but one exit from the zenáná, and that was through the hall where sat all the male guests who had come to the marriage feast. All was therefore to be hazarded; he drew from under his arm a zaffer-taked or, long dagger acutely sharp at the point and on both sides, and made a push for the door, in hopes that the terror of his weapon might cause his foes to give way. He was mistaken in his expectations, for he was immediately overpowered by numbers and disarmed." "Well!" said the tailor almost breathlessly "what then—they drew their swords and plunged them into the bankrupt rascal's body; say, O brother! I beseech you, did they send his soul to burn in Jehannam?" "Indeed," said Bahoran "they did no such thing. They all agreed that the youth, who was by the way a son of a respectable man, deserved death; but that if it were then effected it might perhaps be called murder, and the operators tried, and that matters were not now-a-days as formerly, when murder was punished with imprisonment only, but that since the erection of a gallows all offenders were hanged. These weighty reasons induced them to release Khodá-dád Khán; nor even would Fatwá Andáz Beg Khán let the case be reported at the Police office, lest the names of the females should be mentioned in the investigation." A tremendously audible groan issued from the bottom of poor Imám Bax's soul, and he trembling with anger said "a curse on the unbelievers, the destroyers of our faith. I have known the time when such conduct as this would have met with different treatment. At such a feast of celebrity as that, our head Molvee must have been there; what did Abter-ud-deen say on this subject? did he counsel the injured to abide by the Holy book, or by the laws promulgated by the Feringhee dogs?" "Does he not hold office under them, and will he not abide near the tree which shelters him. But not all his persuasions would have stopped them, if they had not considered the gallows as an unpleasant manner of death. Ah, ah, sad times when we cannot rule our own households." "Ha!" said Imám Bax, grinding his teeth with rage at the idea "did I find any one in my zenáná, I don't think I should apply to the law or the cánons as they call them. I should make use of my old Is-phahánee," pointing to an elegant looking sword in an embossed black leather sheath "and then after that I would do this" seizing his beard with one hand, and making a sign with the other as if he were cutting his throat "and then they

may do as they please with me." The conversation then turned upon ordinary subjects of no particular interest to the reader; after a short period Bahoran and his son Hasnoo wished the tailor a good night and departed to their own home. Imám Bax went to sleep and dream of the best way of marrying his daughter respectably, and Hasnoo to lie awake, tossing and turning on his bed all night, revolving in his mind how he could possibly gain the heart and hand of the fair Zohán. He had great doubts of his success by any fair means to secure his object; for though his parentage was respectable enough, yet his father was poor, and Imám Bax evidently expected a rich son-in-law, if not one of rank, title, and affluence. It was rather presumptuous; but it was natural. Hasnoo could come to no decision on this subject, but resolved as he had no better course to consult his father on the morning; perhaps after all, Imám Bax might give his consent to the son of an old friend, who was already one of the most promising artificers in the town, and who, if patronised by the first rate tailor in Delhi, would soon be enabled to add to the savings accumulated in the strong box of his anticipated father-in-law.

Next morning before he went to his daily labor Hasnoo opened all his mind to his father and earnestly requested of him to intercede with the tailor for his sanction to the marriage. He represented to his father that his skill in trade enabled him to support a wife, and that he was determined to marry; who was so likely to make him comfortable as the daughter of his father's friend? Shaikh Bahoran pondered on all the various bearings of the question, and then quietly said "my son, I call Heaven to witness how much I feel for your distress, and how willingly I would sacrifice myself for your happiness; but in this affair I can be of no use. I plainly see that Imám Bax has set his heart on having a noble son-in-law. What have I to offer him to induce to give up his intention—nor wealth, influence nor rank. Think not of it my son; I will converse on the subject of marriage with your mother, and we will try to make a match for you. Discard Imám Bax and his daughter from your thoughts, for an union with her will never take place. If you could indeed get a court chuprass or some small situation in the Fonjdary office, you could turn to advantage the education which you have received; then indeed you might perhaps succeed in collecting what Imám Bax would think sufficient to allow of the marriage. But alas! I am a poor man myself, and have no interest to get places and appointments; and so you must ever continue pricking your fingers with needles all your life. I fought my way in life and you must sew yours." These words did not satisfy Hasnoo, but it seemed useless to combat them; for Bahoran, who saw clearly through the matter, positively declined to make any proposals which, as he said, were sure to be refused if not ridiculed. It was in this condition, that the heavy-hearted and spiritless Hasnoo used to go every morning to his daily work, and sigh whenever he saw the door open and say to himself, "when again shall I see that moon-faced beauty, whose breath is as fresh as the dawn of day, and whose form is as graceful as an antelope." His thoughts began to stray from his work; he sat frequently with hands before him for periods of great length, he

changed and disarranged his materials, and otherwise committed so many blunders that he became subject to frequent reprehensions from his master, and what was perhaps worse, his fellow workmen harassed him with jeers and jokes. Shaikh Bahoran saw with much anxiety all that was going on, but it was a hopeless case. At length Hasnoo, who no longer cared about anything in this world, began to neglect his attendance at work; and instead of doing his duty, loitered and associated with light characters and rakes, until he became so discreditable, that Imám Bax thought of refusing him all countenance, and of filling up his place with another person. Nothing but consideration for his old friend Bahoran prevented him from taking this course. Bahoran himself, however, now took the business into his own hands; for finding that his son was going rapidly to destruction, proceeded to take the only step he could to rescue him. Hopeless as was the case, he still went to Imám Bax and related to him the real state of the affair, and requested a decisive answer. Had Imám Bax requested time to consider, hope might have found a resting place in Bahoran's heart; but no! Imám Bax spoke plainly to the point and at once excused himself. He felt rather inclined to laugh at the proposal, but seeing the earnest grief of the poor old man, he desisted; but told him that there was no equality in the offer, and that nothing ever could induce him to let his daughter marry any one of low degree or empty purse. Imám Bax was a man, who, as may have been collected from some parts of his conversation, had rather despotic ideas in respect to rule and governance of his own household; he immediately thought of his inability to take notice, as he would otherwise have done, of any attempt to trespass on the sanctity of his zenáná. He thought too that the access, which the idle and no longer useful lad, had to his house, might perhaps afford him opportunities of carrying on communications with his daughter. All these things he very distinctly explained to Bahoran, and concluded by telling him that he not only could not listen to any such propositions as those tendered by him, but that he should consider it necessary to break off all connection with his son, and could not allow him again to enter his house on any account. Bahoran resented the latter part of Imám Bax's speech; the answer in the first part had been expected and he had been prepared for it. He laid a heavy curse on the venality of the times, shook the dust off his feet against Imám Bax's threshold, and sauntered home in no pleasant humour. The intelligence which he brought completely unsettled the few remains of intellect which Hasnoo still retained. He said the world was no more for him; that he would turn soldier, would become a faqueer, in fact anything else in the world that would give him a livelihood; but remain in Delhi he would not. His father thought these words were but the effects of momentary anger and irritation; but before the next morning Hasnoo had disappeared, and his poor father searched in vain all over the city; he could not find him.

All these various events produced a conviction on Imám Bax's mind, that women were strange cattle to take care of, and that they were more apt to follow after others than their lawful owner. He, however, resolved to get his wealthy daughter off his hands as soon as he possibly might; and to that intent, he called in several daláls

or go-betweens, and stated to them his wants and wishes. He expatiated to them on his daughter's beauty and the ready money and jewels she would receive after his decease, and finally very deliberately told them all, that he was much mistaken if the case was not one, in which some one of Royal blood might well stoop from his nominal eminence and ennoble the house, albeit though that of a mechanic, yet of one, who not only had a beautiful daughter, but who had money also, and who would therewith supply the wants of those who terming themselves Ma bá dowlat, Mirzá and Nawáb, could not, nevertheless, obtain credit for a rupee. Engrossed with this absorbing notion, and seeing plainly that plenty of rupees was most likely to assist him in his ambitious aims, he began to look less after the honest gains of his shop, and sought some means of speedily acquiring the desired fortune. His customers indeed observed this, and some of them began to desert the inconstant tailor; but this did not injure him in public estimation, for the people all said that he had made as much money as gave him independence, and that he was no longer anxious to please as formerly. Now the real state of the case was this. Imám Bax, with all his good sense, was just as credulous as any of his sect. Among many other ways in which he had cogitated the speedy accumulation of a fortune, was the science of Keemyá or Alchemy, which is as firmly believed in by the wisest of the natives of India, as is the conviction of their several existences. There were not wanting dupes to join this speculator in his labors, some of whom had spent their all in this ridiculous search for the Philosopher's stone, and were by no means sorry to assist another in his folly, when not at their own expence; and thus it happened that Imám Bax was uselessly expending that treasure to which he had looked as the source of his glory and renown. In the mean time the daláls or agents had not been wanting in activity and diligence. Many were the negotiations entered into, and many were the suitors who had the confidence to appear expecting that that alone was sufficient to secure their success; but they were mistaken. Many there were of old families, who had scarcely wherewithal to subsist; but Imám Bax with his excited feelings, and being sure that he was soon about to procure that knowledge which would render his means inexhaustible, refused to listen to the best offers. Time thus passed for nearly a year, and no success had attended the proposals of marriage. One event had, however, occurred which was nearly decisive of poor Zeban's fate. Her father, notwithstanding his want of success, had become so infatuated with his pursuit, that he used to absent himself from his house for several days together. In one of these absences, a servant of the house called Beeban Ayá, came and told her, that her father had required her immediate attendance on him in another mohullá, and had sent a covered carriage for her. Strange as was an act of this sort, yet she could not mistrust so old a servant as Beeban. She, therefore, went quietly to her court yard where she found a common looking carriage awaiting her; into this she mounted, the curtains were dropped, and the carriage proceeded. The first thing which alarmed Zeban was the consciousness that several horsemen were attending her carriage, and the meaning of it could not meet her comprehension. "Why should her father

have sent men to escort her through the public town? She had often before been out in her bylee or bullock hackery, but never before had her father in his utmost glory sent horsemen with her. Suspicion was excited in her mind, and she observed every thing that happened with vigilance; and the more she thought, the more she perceived that something was wrong. After some further progress, she came to a spot from whence she heard the challenges of sepoys changing guards; she had heard of the forms and customs of the Europeans, and her suspicions led her to believe that they were taking her to jail, where strict watch was kept to prevent any attempt at escape. Shuddering with fear, yet unconscious of any crime, she hastily looked through a small hole in the kurwa cover of the vehicle, when great was her astonishment at seeing the led walls of the Palace on the frowning Lahore gate, in which a woman once incarcerated can come out but one way, and that is by throwing herself over the lofty wall. Many have done this, and no one has escaped. Horrified as Zeban was at the premeditated villainy intended against her, though by whom she knew not, she did not hesitate for one moment. She tore open the curtains, and leaping out ran as fast as she could to the nearest house for refuge. The sawárs and people belonging to the carriage immediately ran after her. In vain she appealed to two of the Police officers stationed on the spot; they said that she was evidently of His Majesty's household, and they could not interfere. The people were dragging the unfortunate Zeban back to the carriage, and some of these inhuman brutes were gagging her to stop her cries, when the Judge of the city happened to pass by with two armed horsemen. Before they could accomplish their object of forcing Zeban into the hackery, he was by her side; the people appeared as if inclined to offer resistance, but the officer directed one of the horsemen to ride off to the Cutwully for aid: At this the whole of the ruffians perceiving whom they had to encounter, galloped as hard as they could into the Palace grounds. Zeban was again put into her bylee and sent back to her own home attended by some police. Investigation was made by the authorities into this most atrocious act of villainy, and it was plainly proved, that it had been set on foot by one of the inmates of the Palace. He had heard of Zeban's beauty, and he was determined to possess himself of it, without the degradation of going through the marriage ceremony. He had highly bribed poor Zeban's old servant and hoped to obtain his object without much difficulty; but his plans were frustrated. Known as he was, no remedy could be had against him, for he was in the Palace and the civil officers had no jurisdiction over him.

Conviction will sometimes take place in the most stubborn souls, and so it happened to Imám Bax. He had carefully considered that although he had still a good store of cash, yet it was much diminished by the very method which he had adopted to increase it. His avares had a hard struggle with his prudence before he would decide finally as to his foregoing his hopeful pursuit, and there was every chance that he would at once cease to squander his resources in this unavailing manner. It still, however, was written in the book of fate that Imám Bax was to have one more trial before he could arrive at any decided result. When the temptation came, the insincerity of his vows

became evident, and he yielded to the backsliding. Neither his wisdom nor his wealth was sufficient to keep him from his old ways. The trade of his spot not now so much in repute as formerly, had decreased considerably; Imám Bax visited it occasionally, and sometimes through mere tediousness and ennui. In one of these accidental visits, as Imám Bax was sitting on a stool in a deep silence and cogitating profoundly on the state of things, when a young man of very prepossessing appearance entered his shop, and began to make bargains for various species of clothes of some value. Imám Bax warned with the prospect of a better customer than he had for a long time had, entered into conversation with the youth on the nature of the things required. The youth displayed no care about the cost of the things, but simply said that they were wanted, and that the cash would be forthwith paid. "These are gay and fine things you require," said Imám Bax "and they will cost cash!" "Cash!" replied the youth, whose name was Nabbee Bax "well what of that? Did I not say, that you should be paid directly." "Ah, well!" replied Imám Bax, "I have no right to ask you questions. But if it may be allowable, would you be so good as to tell your servant, to whose household your honor may be attached. There are but few of the Ameers and Wazeers of the city, who do not ask many questions and haggle about a pice, before they spend one." "In good sooth" said Nabbee Bax, "my lord and master is no inhabitant of this place, nor has he any care about pecuniary affairs; he has plenty of means at his disposal. Have you never heard of the great Sháh Dáná Sáheb, who has lately come into the city from the town of Bihánagar. He is the possessor of the philosopher's stone and—" "Sobhán Alláh, Sobhán Alláh" cried out Imám Bax "you don't say that in earnest, do you? By your soul, young man, with a prosperous face, tell me truly." "Why" replied Nabbee Bax "shall I tell you a lie. May the father of all lies be cursed. I am no son of his to tell you an untruth." "Do you then really say" exclaimed the astonished tailor "that the Sháh Sáheb can really turn base metals into gold?" "What can I say?" said the young man "you don't suppose that if I knew the secret that I should remain with him as a servant. All I know is that he has as much money as he wishes for, and he dispenses it most liberally. Ah, you ought to have seen how honored he is wherever he goes. Rájás and Nawábs all pay court to him. He is even now going to the English city to try how he can best make arrangements with the Government for his security. Other countries are unsettled, and avarice may cause him to risk his life. In the Company's territories he can at least remain unmolested." "Say once again, does this father of chemists, praise be to him alone! take shágirds or followers? Will he instruct those who are willing to dedicate their lives to his service in his profound knowledge, your servant beseeches you to tell him?" "I cannot well answer you on that point," said Nabbee Bax "some I have known who have profited by his instructions; but few will undergo the austerities and privations necessary to perfection in the art." "Perfection" muttered the tailor to himself; and pausing he considered, and again addressed the youth, and said, "I have myself made some progress in this curious art, and have laid out much money upon it. Rather my sins or my ignorance have stood in my way, and I could

never arrive at the point at which I aimed. Let your servant pray to be admitted to the holy gate of the Sháh Sáheb. Strictly will he conform to those principles and rules which lead to purity and abstinence; and it may be that by the mercy of Heaven, and by good instructions, he may arrive at the summit of his wishes. May your worship be pleased to have patience for but a few seconds." Imám Bax retired to his inner apartment, and speedily returned with a large bundle of very valuable shawls and brocades, which he unfolded and again refolded in thick stout cloth, and over the ends of the cloth placed several impressions of the private and personal seal, which he ever wore on his own finger, and never trusted out of his own hand. "Your servant requests that these few disreputable and useless articles may be favorably received by the Sháh Dáná Sáheb. He himself, will to-morrow appear at the blessed Sháh's threshold." Nabbee Bax rose, and assuming to himself a dignity, which had been thus voluntarily assigned to him by a person whom he apparently knew not, very quietly took up the bundle; and assuring the aspiring tailor, that he was certain of finding a hearty welcome from his superior in the art of alchemy, he departed. None saw the sneer with which he closed the door of poor Imám Bax's house.

Imám Bax did not fail to visit the philosopher the very next day. He was a little astonished to find that the master of the world's wealth assumed not the least appearance of state or grandeur, but preferred a retired and poor habitation. On second thoughts, however, this seemed accounted for by the principles of severity and virtue so essential to one of the initiated; and a thought came into his mind, that if the successful in this art were bound to poverty and abstinence they might just as well be without as with the stone. These thoughts, however, were all driven out of his head on his introduction to the astrologer himself. He was calmly seated on a carpet in the corner of a room; a very large book was lying open before him. On one side were various articles connected with this mysterious art; on the other side were seated two pupils, who seemed so wholly absorbed in their tasks that they barely lifted up their eyes on the entrance of the stranger. Sháh Dáná himself was an elderly and highly venerable person; his head was grey, his beard was so long that it reached to his waist, and he wore a pair of green spectacles to prevent his tender eyes from being hurt either by the sun, or by the exhalations from the noisome compounds which he was in the habit of using. He scarcely deigned to answer his visitor's low salám; but turning to his pupils gave them a sign which seemed to be known to them; on which they rose and left the room leaving Nabbee Bax and their patron Dáná Sháh with Imám Bax. It is needless to relate the conversation which passed. When an ignorant man goes professedly to a master to learn, the latter has it all his own way; he may harangue ad libitum and there will be none to gainsay him. Thus it was that the awed and astonished tailor was overwhelmed with words which he had not ever before heard, and mentally cursed the time which he had lost in his useless journey on the road which he travelled, though he did not know whether it led to his wished-for goal or no. Notwithstanding, however, all these sonorous and high sounding words, a little, a very little spark of doubt remained in the corner of his heart, and he

thought he might as well try to get rid of that also. Seeing is believing said Imám Bax to himself. Surely, he mentally thought there can be no harm in asking for a proof of Sháh Dáná's perfection in the art of commutation; if this is once seen, I can have no hesitation in making over my hoards to him; they will be doubled, tripled, nay Heaven knows to what extent they may reach. I may form a kingly connection for my daughter. Elated with this idea and the wish to satisfy his eye sight, and through that his mind, he turned to the learned Sháh Dáná and made his petition. The Sháh seemed to get angry at his skill being doubted. "Are you" said he "even as the káfirs from over the sea, do you believe our holy religion, that you do not credit what I say to you. I ask you neither for fee nor reward. You search me out and make requests. Do I so to you? If you don't believe in me, quit the house and go. I am none the worse." Imám Bax was dismayed at these words, and endeavoured to pacify the Sháh by all the soft words he could think of, which greatly mollified the incensed philosopher; he indeed appeared so pleased with his penitence, that he said to him "Enough, enough my pupil that is to be. Doubt not but that you shall in time receive all that you require. At present I cannot well oblige you by shewing you a specimen of my art, because certain forms and ceremonies, which occupy some time are absolutely necessary. Nor is it at all times that we can make gold and silver or commute them; and certain quantities can only be made at particular times, the knowing of which is one of the great secrets of our mystery. However, as you wish to see something, give me a rupee. Here, you see, I put it in this box. Lock the box, take the key, and seal the lid with your own seal. It will become gold in a few days. Next Tuesday is on the full of the moon; come here Wednesday morning you will find the box as left by you untouched, but the coin will be gold not silver." The happy tailor now took his leave with all possible deference and respect for Sháh Dáná, who promised to commence giving his lessons on the beginning of the new moon, which was pronounced a propitious period. The Sháh had also given him a bottle of red and brown colour, which, he assured him, would cure all diseases, and which would keep him safe free from death, unless his last day was come; this he put carefully by, and felicitated himself on the possession of such a splendid specific against all the ills of life.

When the full moon appeared, the next day Imám Bax, who had been in a state of excitation beyond all description, proceeded to the house of Sháh Dáná and requested that the box might be opened, that he might have a convincing proof of the truth of alchemy. He marked accurately that the box had not been touched during his absence; it was covered with dust, the seal was sound and whole, and in the same situation. The box was unlocked and the seal broken, when instead of the rupee there was found an ushrufy or gold mohur. Greedily did Imám Bax take out his prize, clap his hand and exultingly toss it in the air; he never thought how excellent mechanics the divinities presiding over alchemy were, and that they could so well stamp at their mint a gold mohur like that of the Company's reign, so as that no one could discern it from those issued by the Government. The Sháh, who felt, probably in consequence of his perfect conviction of his own powers, or at all

events of the presence of gold in the box, perfectly at his ease pronounced a prophesy, that the owner was every way favorable and that Imám Bax would always succeed in such pursuits. Now was Imám Bax more ardent than ever in his search after knowledge and the perfection of the system by which he must obtain every thing he wished for. He was, however, informed that a two years' hard study would barely suffice for the acquirements of the final process in the practice, which put a crown on the whole by the complete production of gold. Imám Bax could scarcely contain his ill temper, at finding out, that when he thought himself at the end of his journey, he found that he only just set out; but though abusing his evil fates, he only doubled his resolutions and energy. With much beseeching and exhortation he begged and prayed to the Sháh to come and live with him in his house, where he said that all should be done to make him comfortable. The Sháh at first strongly resisted his importunities, but at last consented to the measure; on which he and his whole household took up their residences under his roof, from which the master of the house finding himself no longer necessitated to depend on his shop for subsistence ousted all his workmen and closed the shutters. The people of the city heard of this proceeding with some wonder; but when it was found out that he had undertaken the search of the Philosopher's stone they shrugged up their shoulders and said nothing—they anticipated the fate which had befallen many persons who had done the same—beggary and penury. Imám Bax feared no such thing. Had he not seen what might be done? He be a beggar! no, not he indeed, and when he had married his daughter to the King's son or nephew, how they would envy him. Now as Imám Bax was to be two years studying, and had to feed the learned Sháh and his servants, and as neither one nor the other paid a coucy for what they ate and drank, he, whose prospect of wealth had already rendered him stingy, began to think that the least the Sháh could do, would be to exercise his art on the strong box, where a good round sum was still lying; by which means ample provision might be made for supplying all wants, and making every one comfortable; whereas, if he went on spending his cash, there would be the less to double on when it began to be transmuted into gold, instead of cabábs and sharbat, which was daily taking place for the comfort of the Sháh and his people. The request to be made in this case was a great deal more important than that once made to the Sháh by Imám Bax; in that case, namely his taking up his residence at the tailor's, he had shewn great reluctance to comply, and it was expected that when solicited on this subject he would strongly object; but full glad was Imám Bax when, on application, he found the Philosopher express his willingness to oblige one who had been so very hospitable. Rejoiced at the prospect before him, he eagerly consulted with the Sháh, when, where and in what manner this proceeding was to take place. These points were all carefully discussed and settled as follows. That the place should be in Imám Bax's garden on the west side, which pointing to the holy Kaaba at Mecca must bring good luck. As to the manner, it was requisite that the goods and cash to be transmuted should be buried in the ground, and be prayed over as well as subjected to magic forms and tests, to

which adepts alone could be admitted, and a tent was to be pitched in the garden. The time was now fixed, as dictated by the books, at the dusk of the moon; and the hour, on which the whole of the tale turns, remains to be told.

There were three days yet wanting to the time fixed for this ceremony. Imám Bax had given out to his neighbours that he was going to give a great feast; and on that account he took the liberty of borrowing from each small sums, and vessels of silver and gold, which he engaged himself to return after his entertainment. The fact is, that since Imám Bax had betaken himself to these pursuits his name had gone down in the bazár, and few people would have lent him anything considerable; but few however, who had known him in his long and uninterrupted career of honest industry could refuse him a small sum, or the loan of an article, which common probability forbid his disposing of. He had many real friends, and the small sums received from each amounted to a large total. The value of all the articles, both in cash and plate, might have been a lack of rupees, of which sixty thousand was the property of Imám Bax and the rest, his neighbours'. Some beldars or diggers were called on and set to work in the garden close to the western or holy wall; the neighbours heard of it and reported that Imám Bax was not only about to give a feast, but to dig a well; he therefore gained due laud for his praise-worthy liberality. At last the night came on in which the grand experiment was to be tried. No sooner had the sun set and the darkness become so thick that the eye could no longer see, than the whole of the confederates were occupied in carrying the property and cash to the tent, where it was soon very safely deposited. On this transfer having been completed, the Sháh and his servants declared, that before commencing the mysteries it was necessary to drink a certain liquor to purify their understandings; nor, from this preliminary ceremony was the as yet uninitiated candidate excluded. They all, therefore, took their several glasses; and Imám Bax retired that he might be no longer an intruder where he could not stay. Even as he walked into his own house he felt something overcoming his senses; he tried to sally but could not; and laying himself down on a couch, he fell asleep.

About mid-day Imám Bax was awakened; he was first conscious of a curious see-saw movement in his head, accompanied by a severe head-ache, which seemed as if his head was split. By degrees he got to his senses, found himself in his wife's hands and heard her shrill voice: "Awake, awake, oh! thou son of a degraded jackass! Ah thou empty seedless caddoo! Thou unshaved dog! Oh! thou condemned to everlasting fire! Thou ill-omened owl—awake I say!" Imám Bax opened his eyes, and to his utter astonishment observed his wife uncovered, and displaying herself before all the servants. He rose instantly from his bed and asked what all this was. "Ah! you double dotted jackass!" said his wife "you unsainted cur, that by the intervention of the devil has been made my husband, tell where are my pearls, diamonds, hykals of gold and all the rest of my finery?" "Hush! silence woman and hold thy tongue," answered Imám Bax "did not I tell thee I would give thee fifty fold?" "Pooh! you old fool," said she "why could you not keep to your calling, a tailor by trade, instead of dealing with

necromancers and sorcerers. A pretty market you have come to! And where is your daughter Zeban gone too? perhaps she has been converted into—anything but an honest woman. This is your alchemy! is it—puh, puh, I spit upon alchemy, and the father of alchemy, and also the professors of such folly. Puh! Bring back to me your wealth, my jewels and our daughter, and then all will be well. May your sleep be sound and healthy! but until you have done as I tell you, it shall not be on the same bed that I lie on." So saying she left the room contemptuously, and left her husband in unspeakable agony and surprise. With some difficulty he rose up, and proceeding to the place where stood the tent, he saw the western or holy wall completely broken down, and not a vestige of property left. Of his daughter no tidings could be obtained and not the slightest trace of the time and manner of her departure, perceivable. Overwhelmed with sorrow and grief, poor Imám Bax knew not what to do. Had he been deceived and cheated? or had the devil, in retaliation for his dealing with magic and sorcery, thus carried away all his confederates? Yes, it might be that. But then what became of the cash, the plate, and his daughter? The two former and perhaps the latter also could be of little use to his Satanic Majesty. He could now come to no other conclusion than that he was the dupe and victim of very deep duplicity, and that hereafter he must live a life of poverty and penitence. His living he might again secure, by working daily at his occupation; but who could see the celebrated tailor thus fallen from his high estate? the thought was scarcely bearable—but what other resource was there? None but death. The now persecuted tailor at length had not even this wherewithal to comfort himself. This affair had now become bruited abroad, and none could conceive the possibility of the accident which had occurred without the participation of the owner of the house. Those from whom he had borrowed goods and money now flocked upon him to demand them back; he could give no answer, but asserted that his innocence had been deceived. Injured persons can seldom be satisfied with explanations; nothing can convince such persons, but positive redress, and this Imám could not give. Some, more hard-hearted than others, sued Imám Bax in Court, and swearing to their belief that he intended to abscond, moved to have him arrested; but he, pleading poverty, so convinced the judge that he was merely the victim, and not the accomplice in this atrocious case, that the Judge released him and set him at liberty to beg his livelihood from those who were inclined to favor him. And thus was the rich, powerful, and generally esteemed Imám Bax reduced from affluence to poverty from over-weaning vanity and a love of the philosopher's stone.

Some few days after these proceedings, Imám Bax and his wife, who now had no further pretence to respectability so as to conceive herself behind a curtain, were sitting on the steps to the door way of their house, which was advertised to be sold for a decree of Court. In the midst of their distress, they beheld coming towards them Bahoran's son Hasnool, whom Imám Bax had so unceremoniously dismissed from his service. He very humanely sat down by them to solace their despair, but the task was in vain. After long conversations and professions of activity in behalf

of them, Hasnoo discreetly asked what would the old man give should his daughter be restored to him. The tailor's soul revived within him at this question; he conceived hopes of recovering her, and prayed that he might do so. His pride was utterly broken down; his riches, his beloved riches he never hoped to recover; he was all but broken hearted. "Alas" said he "there is now but little left for me in this world; but whoever will restore my daughter to me, may have her hand in marriage—though" said he, beating his breast "I had intended her for royalty. But the great God has punished my heedless ambition, and I how the head to the most merciful." Hasnoo's eyes were full of tears at this sight; he gently lifted up the couple and led them to a house at a short distance off, but so concealed from general inspection, that no one unacquainted with it could have found out the way. He caused the afflicted couple to be seated, and while they were talking of the virtue and kindness of one whom in their better days they had ill treated, Zeban appeared before them and begged their pardon for her filial disobedience. Hasnoo claimed their pardon, and called on Imám Bax to grant him the reward which he had promised to him who should produce his daughter. The father and mother both agreed to fulfil what they had said; they betrothed Zeban and Hasnoo, and sat down to eat in comparative happiness.

But there are other things to be narrated, which the present length of this story will not admit of detailing. Hasnoo at length explained to his father and mother-in-law to be, that it was he himself, who had so suddenly and peremptorily been dismissed the house, knowing Imám Bax's magical propensities had taken this way to promote his ends. He had sent Nabbee Bax to spread his fame at the credulous tailor's, had acted the part of Sháh Dáná, deceived him in the case of the rupee, by retaining another key to the box used, and causing a false seal to be made similar to his own on the bundle of clothes sent as a present, and had taken this way of depriving his old master of his wealth on the decided conviction, that Imám Bax was so infatuated that unless his pride was reduced, he never would allow his daughter to marry himself. The cash taken away by Hasnoo was restored to his father-in-law—he paid back to every one that which had been borrowed by or lent to his father; and to his father restored all his own cash. This singular case having been soon made public by these acts and by the marriage of Zeban and Hasnoo, who had found means during his alchemical stay in her father's house to make love to her, Imám Bax soon regained his good name. This affair caused more laughter than anything else. Imám Bax and his son-in-law Hasnoo no longer aspired to be great. The well known taste of the one, and the skill of the other, as well as sympathy for those who had suffered so severely, brought the old shop again into vogue, and it flourished most wonderfully. Both father-in-law and his son made much money. Hasnoo and Zeban have now a boy, who gives token of his mother's loveliness, and his father's acuteness and good feeling. Indeed they confidently expect, that some of these days he will become a principal Sudder Ameen with the title of esquire; which I hope may be the case; and also, that all friendly readers may assist my hero, should they meet with him, and have the power to do so.

R.

Selected Articles.

A SURPRISE FOR A SULTAN.

The following lively sketch, with its very dramatic termination, is taken from the French, and appeared in one of the numbers of the *Jamaica Herald*, which has been kindly sent us by a correspondent. The Editor of the *Jamaica* paper calls it "A Lesson for Husbands," intending it for the benefit, we suppose, of some of his friends the planters, whose wives may be a little too fond of playing the empress. We hope no Jamaica gentleman is afraid for his head. It is an allegory, perhaps,—meaning that the "head of the house" will be brought low, if it does not take care, and that the pretty lips will reign in its stead.

To call it, however, a "Lesson for Husbands," is too exclusive. It is a lesson for wives also, and for lovers,—for all, in short, who confound the merely beautiful with the loveable, and who in admiring wilfulness in others, at once betray the propensity to it in their own natures, and tempt it to make them its unpitied victims. A handsome tyrannical husband may "snap off his wife's head," as well as a handsome vixen her husband's. "Lessons" for either party are invidious. Bad educations and undisciplined wills are of both sexes, and have a right to demand instruction through the medium of lessons for all.

Semiramis, whose name has become proverbial for an able and despotic female sovereign, has the reputation of having been one of those perplexing personages whose private and public actions appear to be at variance, and who have allowed themselves to do every bad thing they chose, upon the plea of turning it to some great general account. Catherine the Second of Russia was such a woman, and has been called the "Semiramis of the North." Semiramis is said to have really got rid of her husband by means of his own delegated authority; though the French writer has invented the details. After all, she lived as far back as the time of Abraham! so that our certainty as to her proceedings, whether of love or murder, cannot be very precise. But the Frenchman has wisely considered, that a wilful undisciplined nature has nothing to do with chronology; and that foolish clever women, disagreeable beauties, and other ill-regulated phenomena, have talked and acted in the same high style of absurdity, in all ages.

"—Yes, of all my wives, thou art the one I love best (said King Ninus to Semiramis). No one possesses so many graces and attractions as you. For you I willingly renounce all my other wives.

S. How the wisdom of the king watches over his words! suppose I should believe my master?

K. So long as you love me, what care I for the beauty of others?

S. So then, if I desired it, you would shut up your seraglio—you would send away the women who fill it. I should be the only one you would love, and who would share your power; I should be your only wife; I should be the queen of Assyria.

Semiramis spoke with an ardour which made her a thousand times handsomer. However, to shut up his seraglio, and send away his wives, was rather a delicate matter. Ninus, therefore, did not answer her, but renewed his conversation and caresses.

N. Queen of Assyria! and art thou not so, since by thy beauty thou reign'st over the king of Assyria?

S. No, I am only a slave that you love to-day. Who can answer for to-morrow? I do not reign; I happen to please. If I give an order, they consult you before obeying me.

N. Do you think it then so great a pleasure to reign?

S. Yes, for those who have never enjoyed it!

N. Well—would you reign for a few days in my place?

S. Take care that you do not propose to be too generous.

N. Nay, I repeat, if you would for one day be the absolute mistress of Assyria, you shall.

S. Shall I?—and every thing that I command—shall it be obeyed?

N. Yes, I will cede to you, for one day, my power, and my golden sceptre, its emblem.

S. Suppose I should desire them to shut up the seraglio?

Ninus smiled.—I will not retract my word. For one day, one entire day, you shall be queen and mistress—I swear it. It shall no longer be to me, that the palace and

empire pay obedience, but to you, to you alone. Summon up then all your whims and caprices, for you shall have absolute power.

S. And when shall this be?

N. To-morrow, if you wish it.

S. I do.

Semiramis sweetly bent towards Ninus, letting her head fall on the shoulder of the king. She had the air of a pretty woman, begging pardon for a little caprice, after it had been ceded to her. Never had she been so pleasing: never had Ninus been so happy. In the morning the king said to Semiramis,—"Behold thy day to be queen!"

Semiramis called her women and made them dress her magnificently—she placed on her head a crown of precious stones, and appeared with it in the presence of Ninus—Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered that all the officers and servants of the palace should repair to the hall of state, and that they should take from the treasury his sceptre of gold, and bring it to him. When this was done, and every one had assembled before the throne in expectation of some great event, he made them open the doors of the chamber, where he sat with Semiramis, and taking her by the hand, repaired with her to the hall. All the officers and servants prostrated themselves before the king. Ninus conducted Semiramis to the throne placed in the centre of the hall, and made her sit on it; then commanding every one to rise, he announced to them his wish, that during the present day they should obey Semiramis, as if she were himself. He took the golden sceptre from the hands of the chief slave, and putting it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he "behold the sign of sovereign power; take it, use it, and command as queen. You have here only slaves, and I myself, during the whole of this day, am but one among them. Whoever are slow to obey your orders, let them be punished, as if they had disobeyed the king." Having thus spoken, he kneeled before the queen, who smilingly gave him her hand to kiss. The whole court then passed before the throne of Semiramis, who touched each officer with the end of her royal sceptre, and received from each of them an oath to obey implicitly her commands. She received their oaths with a majesty which Ninus admired. When the ceremony was ended, he complimented Semiramis, and asked her how she had obtained her grave and majestic air?

S. Because whilst they were swearing obedience, replied Semiramis, I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have only one day of power, and I would employ it well.

The king laughed heartily at this answer. Semiramis appeared to him more than ever, amiable and lovely. Let us see, thought he, how she will play her part, and with what commands she will begin. "Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, in a loud voice. The secretary drew near—two slaves placed before him a small writing table. "Write! On pain of death it is commanded that the governor of the citadel of Babylon do give up the government of the citadel to him who shall hand him this order. Seal it with the seal of the king, and hand me that order. Write! On pain of death it is commanded to the chief of the slaves of the palace, that he give up the government of the slaves to him who presents this order. Close it—seal it with the signet of the king and give me that order. Write! On pain of death it is commanded to the general of the armies encamped under the walls of Babylon, to give up the command of the armies to him who shall present this order. Close it, seal it, and give it to me!"

She took the three orders she had dictated, and put them in her bosom. The court was thunder-struck—the king himself was astonished. "Let all listen," said Semiramis—"in two hours all the officers of the state shall come to offer me presents, as it is the custom on the elevation of a new princess. Let a feast be prepared for the evening. Wait, I have still another order. On pain of death it is commanded to the chief eunuch that he present this evening, at the feast, twenty of the most beautiful women that they may be added to the seraglio. Go; let every one depart now, except my faithful servant Ninus—I would consult him on state affairs."

All the court went out—Ninus alone remained.

—You see (said Semiramis) I know how to conduct myself as queen. Yesterday you would not sacrifice to me your seraglio—to-day I have augmented it. Is not this generous?

Ninus began to laugh. "My beautiful queen (said he) you play your part admirably; but if your servant might dare to question, what are you going to do with those orders which you have dictated?"

S. I am no longer a queen, if I am to give you an account of my intentions; but (continued she, laughing) I wish to avenge myself of those three officers.

N. To avenge yourself! for what?

S. The first, the Governor of the Citadel, is ugly, and frightens me whenever I see him. The second, the Chief of the Slaves, has twice presented you fresh slaves to wean from me your love; and the third, being General of the Army under the walls, deprives me too often of your presence; you are always at the Camp—I am jealous of the army, and not being able to disband the whole, I will disgrace their chief.

This answer, mingled with folly and flattery, enchanted Ninus.—Well (said he) behold three great officers disgraced for very weighty reasons.

Oh (continued Semiramis) it is my pleasure I tell you; I mean to put your empire in disorder for one day at least.

Ninus and the queen walked in the gardens of the palace—the slaves of the gardens prostrated themselves before Semiramis.

N. These handsome gardens are yours to-day, my queen.

S. Beautiful gardens do you call them!—what is there in them that is royal, or that the meanest of your officers may not have? Oh, how few know how to use the power they possess!

N. But you have this day the power, to make use of it.

S. You shall see. Slave (cried she to the Chief of the Gardens), you see that portico on columns of granite, one hundred feet in height, and the terrace which surmounts them;—take the gardens with its flowers, its trees, and its cascades, and place it on the top of that terrace.

—Queen!! said the chief of the gardens.

—Thou diest, if I am not obeyed. Take a million of slaves, and do as I have ordered—Semiramis will then have gardens worthy of her.

The chief of the gardens stood petrified with surprise—Ninus laughed—an eunuch approached the queen.

—Great queen, (said he) the lords of the court, beg that you will deign to receive their homage.

S. Follow me, servant, (said the queen, smiling to Ninus), and she entered the hall of state.

The grandees of the court passed one by one before the throne, each bringing a present. The majority had considered it judicious to offer jewels and precious stuffs.

Semiramis paying little attention to these useless presents, ordered the treasurer to give to each lord another, three times the value of the one he brought.

—It is thus (said she to Ninus) that a prince ought to receive presents as a homage, not as a charity.

After the officers, came the servants of the palace. These offered flowers, fruits, and roses, or elegant animals.

—Semiramis received their offerings with a gracious air. Then came the slaves, who having nothing, could make no offering.—The first slaves were three young brothers, who had been brought up in the same place with Semiramis. They were young, fierce, and bold; and served as guards to the palace. Semiramis recognized them; for one day, in the place where she had resided, the females were attacked by an enormous tiger, and it was these three brothers who rushed to kill the animal. The females during the scene had remained veiled; therefore the brothers knew not Semiramis. When they passed before the throne, she said to them, "And have you no presents to make to the queen?"

—None (replied the first, whose name was Zopyrus) but my life to defend her.

—None (replied the second, who was Artaban,) but my sword against her enemies.

—None (replied the third, who was Assur,) but the respect and admiration with which her presence inspires me.

—Slaves, said Semiramis, it is ye, who of all the court have made the best presents. I cannot recompense them with the riches of the treasury of the empire, as I have done the rest; but it never shall be said that Semiramis was ungrateful. Thou who hast offered me thy sword, against mine enemies, take this order; carry it to the General of the armies encamped under the wall of Babylon, hand it to him, and wait for that which he will do for thee.—Thou who hast offered me thy life to defend me; take this order, carry it to the governor of the citadel, and wait

for that which he will do for thee.—Thou who hast offered me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, thou seemest to me a courtier; take this order, carry it to the chief of the slaves of the palace, and wait for that which he will do for thee.

The three brothers went out immediately, and the rest of the slaves gazed on. The ceremony of gifts being finished, Semiramis descended from her throne, and desiring every one to quit the hall, remained alone with Ninus. "I told you (said she,) that I would upset your empire. You see I put your gardens upon high terraces, and your slaves at the head of armies; but now to my toilette for the feast. You will help me, will you not? and during that time we will judge of the beauty of the women whom I have added to your seraglio."

There was in Semiramis so much gaiety, folly, and beauty, that Ninus had never been so much in love as now. He assisted at the toilette of the queen. In a short time they introduced, one by one, the women destined for the seraglio. There were some beautiful, some only pretty. Ninus scarcely looked at them—he had eyes only for Semiramis. "You are wrong, (said she) not to pay attention to your new slaves: look at this young girl; what a timid air she has! and how pretty." Fifteen women had appeared: the eunuch announced that he had not been able to get any more. "Very well, (said Ninus with indifference,) very well." The eyes of Semiramis lightened with anger. "Slave, (said she) I told you this morning, on pain of death, twenty women for this evening, and you have only brought fifteen. Where are the others, that your head may not fall?"

The Eunuch did not answer, but kept his eyes fixed on Ninus.

S. It is not to Ninus that you are to answer for your disobedience—it is to me. Where are the five women, wanting to complete my order—I will have them or thy head.

E. My head will not fall unless the king pleases.

S. "That word has condemned thee!" then striking her hands, the slaves entered. "Seize that slave, drag him to the court-yard of the seraglio, and take off his head—let it be presented to me before the feast this evening: begone."

N. "Will this be your last whim," said Ninus laughing.

S. No; I have yet six hours to reign.

N. My lovely queen (said Ninus, laughing,) I willingly give you the head of the slave; but is it worth your while to be angry about it? It is true, your anger gives you new chains; but a few women, more or less, what signifies it?"

Without thinking any further of the slave condemned to death, Ninus conversed with Semiramis. In a short time evening, and the time for the banquet, arrived. When Semiramis entered the hall, a slave presented a plate, from which she turned not away her eyes, but carefully examined it. It contained the head of the Eunuch. "It is well, (said she); place it in the Court of the Palace, through which the slaves must pass to the feast. Stand you by it, and repeat, that three hours since this man lived, but that having disobeyed me, his head was instantly struck off." The banquet was magnificent; there were dances, flowers, and perfumes, and a sumptuous feast prepared in the gardens. Semiramis, receiving the homage paid her, with much majesty and grace, addressed herself constantly to Ninus, as if she would pay him the honours of the feast.

S. You are (said she) a stranger king, who comes to visit me in my Palace. I must conduct myself to please you.

They were soon at table. Semiramis confounded all ranks—Ninus was placed at the foot of the table; he was the first to laugh at this change of the etiquette of the palace; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be seated according to the caprice of the queen. She placed near her the three brothers. "Are my orders obeyed," (she asked them). They answered, "Yes." The banquet was gay. A slave having by chance served the king first, Semiramis caused him to be hung up and flogged with thorns; his cries mingled with the laughter of the company. Every one was disposed to be joyful; it was a comedy, in which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had inflamed the gaiety of the court, Semiramis spoke—"Sire, the treasurer has read me the list of those who have offered me gifts on the joyous event of my sovereignty; the name of one lord only is wanting to complete it.

N. Who is he! (exclaimed Ninus); he must be severely punished.

S. It is yourself (replied Semiramis). Speak what have you given the queen this morning?

Ninus rose, and with a smile, whispered that he had saluted her beautiful lips.

S. The queen is insulted by her slave.

N. I embrace her knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, powerful queen, pardon me.

S. (Abandoning him her hand, which the king was covering with kisses,) "I do not pardon such an insult from a slave; (then added in a lower voice) Slave, prepare to die."

N. What a little fool you are! (replied Ninus, still on his knees) I will, however, give way to your whims; but your reign will soon be over.

S. You will then not be angry with something which I am about to order. Slave, seize this man—yes, even him—Ninus.

Ninus went laughingly up to the slaves, and put himself into their hands.

"Drag him out of the hall, take him in the court-yard of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and took Ninus out. He went willingly, laughing all the way. They led him past the head of the murdered eunuch. Semiramis placed herself in a balcony. Ninus allowed them to chain his hands.

Run to the fortress, Zopyrus—you in the camp, Artaban: Assur, shut all the doors of the palace. The orders were given in a low voice, and were immediately executed. "Well," said Ninus, "great queen, there remains but one word to end this comedy."—"Hear it," cried Semiramis; "slave, remember the eunuch. Strike!" They did strike, and before Ninus could utter a cry, his head fell on the ground, a smile still playing on his lips.

"Now I am queen of Assyria, (cried Semiramis,) and perish, as did the eunuch and Ninus, all those that dare to disobey."

MODERN ANTIQUES.

PAGANINI ANTICIPATED.

(From the Common Place Book of a bookish Comedian.)

"There is nothing new under the sun."

My motto is nearly "as old as the hills," yet in spite of proverbial wisdom, and the march of intellect; John Bull still retains all his inordinate passion for novelties, and eagerly welcomes every supposed rarity with his usual cuckoo cry, "wonderful, wonderful! and most wonderful wonderful!! and yet again wonderful!!! and after that out of all whooping!!!!" In reality, however, most modern marvels, are merely reproduced, or reimported objects of ancient popularity, and the fashionable plaudits of to-day, only echo the acclamations bestowed by the children of Cockney on similar exhibitions some centuries past. Public shows of animal sagacity are to be traced from very remote antiquity. It is asserted by classical authority that the effeminate Sybarites taught their horses to tread a measure "in graceful motion to harmonious sounds," and even elephants were displayed on the tight rope in imperial Rome. Zoological exercises are of early record in Britain. Cæsar bears testimony to the skill of the Aborigines in managing their coursers when he first invaded the island, and Mr. Sutt in his "Sports and Pastimes" has copied from a M. S. of the fourteenth century in the Bodleian collection, several curious sketches of horse dancing, with various others, one representing a cock clapping on stilts to the music of a pipe and tabor, and another, a hare standing on his hind legs whilst beating the latter instrument. At a latter period, Ben Jonson, also, enumerates among the amusements of Bartholomew Fair, "The Hare o' th' Taber" and a company of dogs that danced the morris. From the same minute painter of manners and customs, it appears that the "Industrious Fleas" now "all alive" in Regent Street, are not original in their achievements, for Lovewit, in "The Alchemist" of 1610, mentions among the "curiosities" then to be seen in London "the fleas that run at tilt upon a table." In the present age, the quadrupeds trained by Ducrow, though they may do every thing but speak, will never equal in fame, Bankes's celebrated bay horse, Morocco, so frequently alluded to by Shakspeare and his poetic brethren of the Elizabethan era; nor will the name of Ducrow

himself, though the daring of his unrivalled equestrian feats might lead a spectator to imagine he bore "a charmed life," descend to posterity with the singular honours that closed the career of Bankes and his learned steed at Rome, where the skill of Morocco in arithmetic, dancing, dice playing, and other accomplishments (some not very decorous), aroused the horrors of superstition to such a degree, that both the master and his docile pupil were, as "rare Ben" records in one of his epigrams, "'burned for one witch'" by command from the Pope, who decided that the wonders witnessed must be effected by too familiar an acquaintance with a certain personage unmentionable to ears polite." Of biper prodigies, I presume, the most remarkable now extant, is the musical magician, who when he first drew bow in Britain, was showily suspected of practising, like poor Bankes, "arts inhibited and out of warrant." Indeed, a poet not unknown to fame, openly sang, scarce seven days since, of this "observed of all observers" —

—The utmost seem'd,
To feeble, or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret liv'd forlorn."

With these surmises respecting the unearthly powers of Paganini floating in my memory, I was much interested by accident ally meeting in the course of my desultory studies with some notices of another individual so extraordinary in their coincidence of circumstances as almost "makes me waver in heliel, to hold spinning with Pythagoras," for admitting the possibility of spiritual transmigration, I should at once say that the mortal frame of the Italian *maestro* is but the temporary tenement of a wandering soul; perhaps, in its primeval state, the animating essence of Orpheus, but which in the Seventeenth Century inhabited the body of "Thomas Baltzar, a Lubeckerborne" who in 1638, at Oxford, Anthony a Wood (according to his autobiography), "did then and there, to his very great astonishment, here play on the violin. He then saw him run up his fingers to the end of the finger board of the violin, and run them back insensibly, and all with alacrity, and in very good time, which he nor any in England saw the like before." At a subsequent meeting Baltzar "played to the wonder of all the auditory and exercising his fingers and and instrument several ways to the utmost of his power; Wilson, then upon the public professor (the greatest judge of music that ever was), did after his humane way, stoop down to Baltzar's feet to see whether he had a Huff-on, that is to say, whether he was a Devil or not, because he acted beyond the parts of man." The sensation created here by Paganini's first appearance among "the greatest judges of music that ever was," is so well known, and corresponds so completely with honest Anthony's narrative, that any further comment were a waste of words, but whether the mysterious mercurial melody, in question, brought with him "ais from heaven, or blasts from hell," most assuredly it is very fortunate for the corporeal covering at present worn by him that *Auto da fés* are no longer in fashion.

Our correspondent may be right, to a certain extent, in saying that "there is nothing new under the sun;" but he will allow that it is difficult to say how far old genius may not revive with new variations; and surely it is a fine thing to have it back again at all. One of the very delights we feel in the playing of Paganini, arises from reflecting that the wonderful things one hears about the ancient Greek music are possibly realized in his "magic shell." The sun itself under which there is nothing new, is a fine thing. We are glad of its shining, though our ancestors had it in the times of Orpheus and Solomon.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*.

TO FARINE.

That I do love thee, let not words express,
But rather thine own feelings; for I lie
In the abstraction of my happiness,
Gazing devoutly on thy glorious eye,
And practising the sweet astology
Of construing its beams; nor lighter dwell
On Cupid's every other nectary.
Dumb with intensest passion; for I feel
As though thy presence were a beautiful spell
Which speech would dissipate: then let thy heart
Be like the emerald, whose sympathies tell
What else were lidden, even that thou art
So much the object of my hopes and fears,
That they are merged in thee; thy being, theirs.
G. E. I.

ON A STONE.

Looking about us during a walk to see what subject we could write upon in this our second number, that should be familiar to every body, and afford as striking a specimen as we could give, of the entertainment to be found in the commonest objects, our eyes lighted upon a stone. It was a common pebble, a flint; such as a little boy kicks before him as he goes, by way of making haste with a message, and saving his new shoes.

"A stone! cries a reader, "a flint! the very symbol of a miser! What can be got out of that?"

The question is well put; but a little reflection on the part of our interrogator would soon rescue the poor stone from the comparison. Strike him at any rate, and you will get something out of him:—warn his heart, and out come the genial sparks that shall gladden your hearth, and put hot dishes on your table. This is not miser's work. A French poet has described the process, well known to the maid-servant, when she stoops, with flashing face, over the tinder-box on a cold morning, and rejoices to see the first laugh of the fire. A sexton, in the poem we allude to, is striking a light in a church:—

—Bourde, qui voit qui la peril approche,
Les arrete, et tirant un fusil de sa poche,
Des veues d'un caillon, qu'il frappe au meme instant
Il fait jaillir un feu qui petille en sortant;
Et bientôt un brasier d'une meche enflammee.
Montre, a l'aide du soute, une cre allumee.
Bouteau.

The prudent sexton, studious to reveal
Dark hole, here takes from out his pouch a steel;
Then strikes upon a flint. In many a spark
Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark;
The tinder feels the little lightning hit,
The match provokes it, and a candle's lit.

We shall not stop to pursue this fiery point into all its consequences, to shew what a world of beauty or of formidable power is contained in that single property of our friend flint, what fires, what lights, what conflagration, what myriads of *clicks* of trigger—awful sounds become battle, when instead of letting his flint do its proper good-natured work of cooking his supper, and warming his wife and himself over their cottage-fire, the poor fellow is made to kill and be killed by other poor fellows, whose brains are stewed about the place for want of knowing better.

But to return to the natural, quiet condition of our friend, and what he can do for us in a peaceful way, and so as to please meditation;—what thank you of him as the musician of the brooks? as the unpretending player on those watery pipes and flageolets, during the hot noon, or the silence of the night? Without the pebble the brook would want its prettiest murmur. And then, in reminding you of these murmurs, he reminds you of the poets.

A noise as of a hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,

That to the sleeping woods all night

Sings a quiet tune. —*Coleridge*.

Yes, the brook *sings*; but it would not sing so well, —it would not have that tone and ring in its music, without the stone.

Then 'gan the shepherd gather into one

His straggling goats, and drove them to a ford,

Whose cærule stream, rumbling in pebble-stone,*

Crept under moss as green as any gourd.

Spenser's *Gnat*.

Spenser's *Gnat*, observe; he wrote a whole poem upon a gnat, and a most beautiful one too, founded upon another poem on the same subject written by the great Roman poet Virgil, not because these great poets wanted or were unequal to great subjects, such as all the world think great, but because they thought no care, and no fetching out of beauty and wonder, all bestowed upon the smallest marvellous object of God's workmanship. The gnat, in their poems, is the creature that he really is, full of elegance and vivacity, airy, trumpeted and plumed, and dancing in the sunbeams,—not the contempt of some thoughtless understanding, which sees in it nothing but an insect coming to vex its skin. The eye of the poet, or other informed man, is as once telescope and

* "Rumbling in pebble-stone" is a pretty enlargement of Virgil's "surrantia" (whispering). *Green as any gourd* is also an improvement as well as an addition. The expression is as fresh as the colour.

microscope, able to traverse the great heavens, and to do justice to the least thing they have created.

But to our brook and pebbles. See how one "pleasant thing reminds people of another. A pebble reminded us of the brooks, and the brooks of the poets, and the poets remind us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words, whether belonging to the subject in hand or not. No true poet makes use of a word for nothing. "*Cerule stream*," says Spenser; but why *cerule*, which comes from the Latin, and seems a pedantic word, especially as it signifies *blue* which he might have had in English? The reason is, not only that it means *sky-blue*, and therefore shews us how blue the sky was at the time, and the cause why the brook was of such a colour (for if he had wanted a word to express nothing but that circumstance, he might have said *sky-blue* at once, however quaint it might have sounded to modern ears:—he would have cared nothing for that; it was his business to do justice to nature, and leave modern ears, as they grew poetical, to find it out); but the word *cerule* was also a beautiful word, beautiful for the sound, and expressive of a certain liquid yet neat softness, somewhat resembling the mixture of soft hissing, rumbling, and inward music of the brook.—We beg the reader's indulgence for thus stopping him by the way, to dwell on the beauty of a word; but poet's words are miniature creations, as curious, after their degree, as the insects and the brooks themselves; and when companions find themselves in pleasant spots, it is natural to wander both in feet and talk.

So much for the agreeable sounds of which the sight of a common stone may remind us, (for we have not chosen to go so far back as the poetry of Orpheus, who is said to have made the materials of stone-walls answer to his lyre, and dance themselves into shape without troubling the mason.) We shall come to grander echoes by-and-bye. Let us see, meanwhile, how pleasant the sight itself may be rendered. Mr. Wordsworth shall do it for us in his exquisite little poem on the fair maiden who died by the river Dove. Our volume is not at hand, but we remember the passage we more particularly allude to. It is where he compares his modest, artless, and sequestered beauty with

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden by the eye;
Fair as the star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Is not that beautiful? Can any thing express a lovelier loneliness than the violet half hidden by the mossy stone—the delicate blue-eyed flower against the country green? And then the loving imagination of this fine poet, exalting the object of his earthly worship to her divine birth-place and future abode, suddenly raises his eyes to the firmament, and sees her there, the solitary star of his heaven.

But stone does not want even moss to render him interesting. Here is another stone, and another solitary evening star, as beautifully introduced as the others, but for a different purpose. It is in the opening words of Mr. Keat's poem of Hyperion, where he describes the dethroned monarch of the gods, sitting in his exile:—

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and Eve's one star,
Sate grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone.

Quiet as a stone! Nothing certainly can be more quiet than that. Not a syllable or a sigh will stone utter, though you watch and bear him company for a whole week on the most desolate moor in Cumberland. Thus silent, thus unmoved, thus insensible to whatever circumstances might be taking place, or spectators might think of him, was the soul-stunned old patriarch of the gods. We may picture to ourselves a large, or a small stone, as we please—Stone-henge, or a pebble. The simplicity and grandeur of truth do not care which. The silence is the thing,—its intensity, its unalterableness.

Our friend pebble is here in grand company, and you may think him (though we hope not,) unduly bettered by it. But see what Shakspeare will do for him in his hardest shape, and in no finer company than a peasant's:—

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Sleeping on hard stone would have been words strong enough for a common poet; or perhaps he would have

said resting," or "profoundly reposing;" or that he could have made his "bed of the bare floor;" and the last saying would not have been the worst; but Shakspeare must have the very strongest words and really profoundest expressions, and he finds them in the homeliest and most primitive. He does not mince the matter, but goes to the root of both sleep and stone—can snore upon the flint. We see the fellow hard at it—bent upon it—deeply drinking of the forgetful draught.

To conclude our quotations from the poets, we will give another line or two from Shakspeare, not inapplicable to our proposed speculations in general, and still less so to the one in hand.

Green, a minor poet, author of the "Spleen," an effusion full of wit and good sense, gives pleasant advice to the sick who want exercise, and who are frightened with hypochondria:

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

And this reminds us of a pleasant story connected with the flinging of stones, in one of the Italian novels. Two waggish painters persuade a simple brother of theirs, that there is a plant which renders the finder of it invisible, and they all set out to look for it. They pretend suddenly to miss him, as if he had gone away; and to his great joy, while throwing stones about in his absence, give him great knocks in the ribs, and horrible bruises, he hugging himself all the while at these manifest proofs of his success, and the little suspicion which they have of it. It is amusing to picture him to one's fancy growing happier as the blows grow worse, rubbing his sore knuckles with delight, and hardly able to ejaculate a triumphant *Hah!* at some excessive thump in the back.

But setting aside the wonders of the poets and the novelists, Pebble, in his own person, and by his own family alliances, includes wonders far beyond the most wonderful things they have imagined. Wonder is flint compared with the miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him, but you can melt him; aye, make him absolutely flow into a liquid;—flow too for use and beauty; and become light unto your eyes, goblets to your table, and a mirror to your beloved. Bring two friends of his about him, called Potash and Soda, and flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer flint; he is Glass. You look through him; you drink out of him; he furnishes you beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and cold; you shavo by him; protect pictures with him, and watches, and books; are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies; are helped over the sea by him; and he makes your cathedral windows divine; and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.

But we must hasten to close our article, and bring his most precious riches down in a shower surpassing the rainbow. Stone is the humble relation, nay, the stock and parent of *Precious Stone*! Ruby, Emerald, and Sapphire are of his family!—of the family of the Flints—and flint is more in them than anything else! That the habitations and secret bosoms of the precious metals are stone, is also true; but it is little compared with this. Precious stone, for the most part, is stone itself—is flint—with some wonderful circumstance of addition, nobody knows what; but without the flint, the preciousness would not be. Here is wealth and honour for the poor Pebble! Look at him, and think what splendours issue from his loins:

Fiery Opals, sapphires amethysts,
Jacintins, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And sold—seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
Might serve in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.

MARLOW.

"Sparkling diamonds" are not properly in our list of pebbles; for diamond, the most brilliant mystery of all, is a charcoal!

What now remains for stone, thus filling the coffers of wealth, glorifying the crowns of sultans, and adding beams to beauty itself? One thing greater than all. The oldest and stoniest of stone is granite, and granite (as far as we know,) is the chief material of the earth itself—the bones of the world—the substance of our star.

Honoured therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

FLOWERS ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

If the man of taste is able to chuse his mode of breakfasting in summer time, he will of course invest it with all the natural luxuries within his reach. He will have it in a room, looking upon grass and trees, hung with paintings, and furnished with books. He will sit with a beautiful portrait beside him, the air shall breathe freshly into his room, the sun shall colour the foliage at his window, and shine betwixt their chequering shadows upon the table; and the bee shall come to partake the honey he has made for him.

But suppose that a man capable of relishing all these good things, does not possess one of them,—at least can command none that require riches. Nay, suppose him destitute of every thing but the plainest fare, in the plainest room, and in the least accommodating part of a city. What does he do? Or what, upon reflection, may he be led to do? Why, his taste will have recourse to its own natural and acquired riches, and make the utmost it can out of the materials before it. It will shew itself superior to that of thousands of ignorant rich men, and make its good-will and its knowledge open sources of entertainment to him unknown to treasures which they want the wit to unlock. Be willing to be pleased, and the power will soon come. Be a reader, getting all the information you can; and every fresh information will paint some commonplace article for you with brightness. Such a man as we have described will soon learn not to look upon the commonest table or chair without deriving pleasure from its shape or shape-ability; nor on the cheapest and most ordinary tea-cup, without increasing that gratification with fifty amusing recollections of books and plants and colours and strange birds, and the quaint domesticities of the Chinese.

For instance, if he breakfasts in a room of the kind just mentioned, (which is putting the case as strongly as we can, and implies all the greater comforts that can be drawn from situations of a better kind,) he will select the snuggest or least cheerless part of the room, to sit his table in. If he can catch a glimpse of a tree from any part of a window, (and a great many more such glimpses are to be had in the city than people would suppose) he will plant his chair, if possible, within view of it; or if no tree is to be had, perhaps the morning sun comes into his room, and he will contrive that his table shall have a slice of that. He will not be unamused even with the Jack-o'-lantern which strikes up to the ceiling, and dances, with the stirring of his tea, glancing and twinkling like some chuckling elfin eye, or reminding him of some wit making his brilliant reflections, and casting a light upon commonplace. The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it.

But if we have neither tree nor sun, and nobody with us to make amends, suppose it winter time, and that we have a fire. This is sun and company too, and such an associate as will either talk with us, if we chuse to hear it; or leave us alone, and gives us comfort, un-heard. It is now summer time however, and we had better reserve our talk of fires for colder weather. Our present object is rather to point out some new modes of making the best of imaginary wants, than to dilate upon luxuries recognized by all.

Suppose then, that neither a fire, the great friend in doors, nor sunshine, the great friend out of doors, be found with us in our breakfast room,—that we could neither receive pleasure from the one, if we had it, nor can command a room into which the other makes its way,—what ornament is there,—what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap,—that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers.—Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay, if you can get it,—or but two or three,—or a single flower,—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and butter-cups from your last field-walk, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a branch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table,—morning, we believe, noon, and night

that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please, never changing with silks, and velvets and silver forks, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures for ever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery,—with flowers out of the fields, and golden beams out of the blue ether.

Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy waking of the creation; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us, some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament,—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb market, or some twig, that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay always, beautiful, particularly in spring when their green is tenderest. The first new bougins in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty, and indeed

Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.

(There is a verse for the reader, and not a bad one, considering its truth). We often have vines (such as they are,—better than none) growing upon the walls of our city houses,—or clematis, or jessamine,—perhaps ivy on a bit of an old garden-wall, or a tree in a court. We should pluck a sprig of it, and plant it on our breakfast table. It would show that the cheap elegancies of earth, the universal gifts of the beauty of nature, are not thrown away upon us. They shadow prettily over the clean table-cloth or the pastoral milk, like a piece of nature brought in doors. The tender bodies of the young vernal shoots above mentioned, put into water, might be almost fancied clustering together with a sort of virgin delicacy, like young nymphs, mute-struck, in a fountain. Nay, any leaves, not quite faded, look well, as a supply for the want of flowers,—those of the common elm, or the plane, or the rough oak, especially when it has become gentle with its acorn tassels, or the lime which is tasseled in a more flowery manner, and has a breath as beautiful. Ivy, which is seldom or never brought in doors, greatly deserves to be better treated, especially the young shoots of it, which point in a most elegant manner over the margin of a glass or decanter, seeming to have been newly scissared forth by some fairy hand, or by its own intricate quaint spirit, as if conscious of the tendency within it. Even the green tips of the fir-tree, which seem to have been brushed by the golden pencil of the sun, when he resumes his painting, bring a sort of light and vernal joy into a room, for want of brighter visitors. But it is not necessary to a loving and reflecting spirit to have any thing so good as those. A bit of elm-tree or poplar would do, in the absence of any thing rarer. For our parts, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we would not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to shew us that good-natured Nature was alive.

Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be "trifling?" Oh, let him not so condescend to the ignorance of the proud or envious. If this were trifling, then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Conde a trifler, and the old Republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself, nay, heaven itself; for heaven made these harmless elegancies, and blessed them with the universal good will of the wise and innocent. To trifle, is not to make use of small pleasures for the help and refreshment of our duties, but to be incapable of that real estimation of either; which enables us the better to appreciate and assist both. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heavens with thunderbolts, produces the lilies

of the valley, and the gentle dew-drops that keep them fair.

To return then to our flowers and our breakfast table,—were time and place so cruel as not to grant us even a twig, still there is a last resource, and a rich one too,—not quite so cheap as the other, but obtainable now-a-days by a few pence, and which may be said to grow also on the public walks,—a book. We read, in old stories, of enchanters who drew gardens out of snow, and of tents no bigger than a nut-shell, which opened out over a whole army. Of a like nature is the magic of a book,—a casket, from which you may draw out at will, howers to sit under, and affectionate beauties to sit by, and have trees, flowers, and an exquisite friend, all at one spell. We see it now before us, standing among the cups, edgeways, plain-looking, perhaps poor and battered, perhaps bought of some dull huckster in a lane for a few pence. On its back we read, in old worn-out letters of enchantment, the word "Milton;" and upon opening it, lo! we are breakfasting forthwith

— Betwixt two aged oaks
On herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,

in a place which they call "Allegro." Or the word on the back of the casket is "Pope," and instantly a beauty in a "négligé" makes breakfast for us, and we have twenty sylphs instead of butterflies, tickling the air round about us, and comparing colours with the flowers, or pouncing upon the crumbs that threaten to fall upon her stomacher. Or "Thomson" is the magic name; and a friend still sweeter sits beside us, with her eyes on ours, and tells us with a pressure on the hand and soft low words, that our cup awaits us. Or we cry aloud "Theocritus!" plunging into the sweetest depths of the country, and lo! we breakfast down in a thick valley of leaves and brooks and the brown summer-time, upon cream and honeycombs, the guest of bearded Pan and the Nymphs; while at a distance on his mountain-top, poor overgrown Polyphemus, tamed and made mild with the terrible sweet face of love, which has frightened him with a sense of new thoughts, and of changes which cannot be, sits over-hadowing half of the vineyards below him; and with his brow in tears, blows his harsh reeds over the sea.

Such have been many a breakfast of our own, dear readers, with poverty on one side of us, and these riches on the other. Such must be many of yours; and as far as the riches are concerned, such may be all. But how is this! We have left out the milk, and the bread, and the tea itself! We must have another breakfast with the reader, in order to do them justice.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

A DOUBT AND AN ANSWER.

To the Editor of the *London Journal*, on the Spirit of his Recent Writings.

Oh, H—, thou first refiner
Of the wordy strife,
Making daily life
And the human heart diviner!

Yet, think! a smile for ever
On all things thrown,
Defeats its own
Benevolent endeavour.

Love is enhanced by sparing;—
For praise and blame
Are both the same
When the bad and good are sharing.

Too much does such approving
Seem a studied task,
Or a ready mask,
And not a genuine loving.

Such wholesale satisfaction
With ill and good,
To the full pursued
Would stop all virtuous action

Such doctrine, kind Professor,
Keeping all bent
In meek content
Well suits the strong oppressor.

New blandishments are on thee:—

Let it not be said,
When the storm is fled,
That the sunny beam has won thee.
Canterbury September 1834.

We thank our correspondent for his kind expressions, and for the interest he takes in the consequences of people's writings; but he misconceives us extremely if he supposes that we are bent upon "smiling for ever," and "on all things." Did we do so when we wrote the article entitled 'A Human Being and a Crowd'? Do we really do so at any time? Is there no mixture of gravity, of serious thoughts, of thoughts elevated to pleasures above smiling? Do we not speak of death, of the stars, of tears, of the perplexities and struggles of existing systems? And do we not attempt to persuade people out of artificial troubles and uncharitable mistakes,—things which imply a ground of seriousness, and a very grave one too, even when visited by the sun-shine of loving endeavour, instead of the doubtful light of fire and sword!—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

DR. BUTTER AND MR. GORDON,

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette.*

SIR,—It was my intention to reply to the observations made by Dr. Butter, on my Essay on Vision. Having however, been appointed to act as a Commissioner of Revenue, an appointment the duties of which are exceedingly laborious, it is impossible for me to find leisure at present to discuss so difficult a subject. In the mean time, I beg to assure my opponent, that I take entirely in good part, the strictures he has been pleased to pass, both on my opinions and on the character of my style.

I have the honor to be Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

9th April, 1835.

EVELYN M. GORDON.

CONCERT.—The Concert at the Government House on Thursday week last, was a very brilliant one. Mrs. Atkinson, Schieroni, Linton, and Pizzoni and Bettini did their very best to render the entertainment worthy of the Host. The Bartolini made their first appearance and were greeted with much kindness; but their performances disappointed the audience as far as mere vocal power was concerned. They sang with spirit, but the want of voice was a painful drawback. Signora Bartolini made some amends for this by the admirable skill and dexterity with which she handled the guitar.

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL at the principal Roman Catholic Church in Calcutta, so often postponed is to be held, it is said, this evening at 7 o'clock. The Church is in Moorgheetha.

SIGNORA BARTOLINI'S Performances at the Town-Hall, on Thursday evening, were very thinly attended. There were not a hundred persons present. She exerted herself to the utmost but she is not equal to the entertainment of an assembly for a whole evening, unaided by the talents of others. She played the guitar with great skill but her voice is not good.

* The above letter and these three little notices were accidentally omitted in the first part of the *Gazette*.—*Ed.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The tale of "Rupert and Anne," will not answer our purpose, though it is not wholly without merit.

The "Officer's Relic" and the "Stanzas" on the same sheet, are rather too inaccurate for publication.

There is considerable cleverness in the lines entitled "A Fragment," signed with a hand and a star; but there are passages in them that do not quite suit us.

Physophilist's communication is accepted.

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THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

OR

JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

[Vol. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1835.

[Vol. III. NEW SERIES. No. 1]

Original Articles.*

• LETTER OF A TRAVELLER.

Terni, 20th Sept., 1835.

DEAR — It is just two months since I left England with not the remotest idea of coming on hither, but I have been insensibly drawn on and on, until I now find myself within a few hours' journey of the Eternal City! I need not say that my course has been one glorious scene of excitement after another—and being *in for it*, I have given up my whole soul most freely and enthusiastically to all the influences of nature and of art around me. My preparations of last year have been of immense service to me, of course, and though travelling no doubt is more expensive than staying at home, I am able to economize both time and money more than most travellers. I came by Calais through Lille and Namur to Cologne, thence along the Rhine to Mayence, and then by Heidelberg and Carlsruhe to Fribourg and Schaffhausen the first town in Switzerland. I made a glorious tour through the best part of Switzerland, i. e. I saw not one-third of ~~the~~ *whole* country, but I saw the very finest *specimens* of every sort of scenery. If you have a good map of Switzerland, look at it now, and I'll tell you what I did. I went from Schaffhausen by the high-road through Zurich to Zug; there sailed down the lake to its southern point and ascended to the very summit of Mount Righi which stands *just between* lakes Zug and Lucerne; descended the mountain on the western side and arrived at Lucerne. From there took boat again to the extremity of its S. W. bay and walked with my guide through the valley of Sarren and over the lofty ridge called the Brünig to the town of Brienz situated on the lake which bears its name. Thence up the valley of Oberhasli to the town of Meyringen, and over the mighty Schwartzhorn to the Glaciers of the Watterhorn and the *lofty valley* of Grindelwald. Thence down, by a circuitous route which brought me to the foot of the Jungfrau, to Interlaken and the lake of Thun, vineyards on one hand and eternal snows on the other; till I arrived at Thun. From Thun to Berne, where I again joined the high post road. This mountain tour, from Zug to Berne, occupied me only four days; but they were days of such fatigue as nothing but the unspeakable glories revealed in its course could have strung me to the endurance of. The whole work was 47 leagues, or 141 miles; of which I positively walked 54, the rest being performed on horseback, in little country-cars and by water. What I saw and felt cannot be recorded here or now. I have kept notes of all my wanderings, and *perhaps* I may digest them one day for your amusement. From Berne I travelled via Morat and Moudon to Lausanne on the lake of Geneva—thence round its eastern shore by the Castle of Chillon to Martigong, Sion and Brigg, over the Simplon into Italy. Down into the plains of Lombardy, coasting the glorious

Lago Maggiore, till I reached Milan. Thence to Turin, and stopped several days at both these towns, very busily employed. I fell in at the latter by a most romantic accident with poor—— and renewed an old friendship. I was indebted to his acquaintance for some delightful days with the British Minister at the Court of Turin—Mr. Fox, Lord Holland's eldest son, with whom he was living. Also, by a letter which——had given me last year; became acquainted with Plana the illustrious Astronomer; and during a few days' illness I had (the consequence of mental much more than of bodily excitement) was nursed by my old friend and my new with a kindness that reminded me of my nursing-comforts in *India*! When I left Turin I was loaded by these friends with letters of introduction to all parts of Italy—many more than I shall make use of, for Cheney's are not a few to nobility, among whom my fortunes do not warrant my making acquaintance now, and whom I have no earthly need of. The Savans and Artists of Italy however, attract me much; and these are precious introductions. From Turin I at last came away; and by a road not often travelled, Saringhana and Mondovi, arrived in three days at Genoa. The novel road is by Acti and Alexandria, is three posts shorter, and passes within sight of the plain of Marengo. To be sure this last is a glorious recollection, though not a *single* thing can the *sight* of the spot give you which you do not already possess in your knowledge of the event. And except this, the road is, I believe, one dead uninteresting level; whereas the other route abounds with scenery and with old towns and villages of the most romantic and picturesque beauty. It comes upon the Gulf of Genoa at Savona—a town itself worth a thousand Marengos—for the glorious scenery immediately around it, for the house (if *fancy* is to be the source of delight) in which Columbus was born, (may not this excite the soul quite as much as the battle-field where Depaix fell?) and for the extraordinary beauty of the scenery along the shores of the bay all the way to Genoa. At Genoa I passed several delightful days, visiting its architectural and pictorial treasures, which are great to one who is as yet but on his way to Florence. And at Genoa, I met Professor Viviani, an able Botanist, who asked me many questions relative to Wallich and the Company's Garden at Calcutta. I was delighted to tell of the latter, and proud of the former as my personal friend. From Genoa I coasted the Bay as far as Lucca and Pisa, by a *mountain-road*, of the magnificence of which I shall not pretend to give you any description. I have seen not a little of marine-mountain-scenery in my day; but any thing like this I have never beheld. Yet in saying so, I must explain that the chief glory of it lies in its amazing cultivation for one thing; nothing but vines, and olives and figs, terraced where you would think human foot could never reach—and, above all, in its romantic towns, and villas, and fortresses, and convents, and ruined towers; clustering down in nooks where the opening cliffs that

beetle to the shore leave scanty room for the dwellings of man, or perched like eagles' nests on their boldest promontories, or dotting the amphitheatres, like slopes in all directions. And ever and anon the road shoots out to the furthest verge of the huge cliffs, and the sunny bay with its remotest headlands and its white feluccas and galleys, bursts on the sight—and the urge of your foot so far below that you can see (if you have nerve to look down) but may not hear it. As a monument of engineering skill I think this road quite as miraculous as the Simplon. It winds up and down, and seems to baffle Nature with such ease! and when there is nothing else for it—its smooth and beautiful course glides through and through the marble-rocks that would have defied it—as if man had put forth his hand and said to the eternal hills “make way!” and “the rough places were made smooth and the crooked made straight.” I did not stop long at Lucca or Pisa. The falling tower in the latter fell in my estimation when I saw it—wonderful as it is. But a “*lusus Artis*” is disagreeable as a “*lusus Nature*” however curious. Then from Pisa to Florence, where I stopped many days and where I could live for ever. One thing however would forbid this last attempt—its climate; which is very injurious to consumptive invalids, and gave me an infernal cold and sore-throat—not a common cold, a most paradoxical and tantalizing one which I can only describe in Milton's words, as “a melancholy damp of cold and dry”—a line which I always thought most excellent nonsense till I caught cold in Florence. I'll be bound it was the source of its inspiration, as well as of the description of Paradise which he is alleged to have borrowed from the scenery of Valloimbrosa! But Florence, however cold in her streets, has a warm heart, one holy recess (call it the Tribune) where stands the Venus de Medicis beaming life and love enough to ten thousand Saint Anthonies, though every one of them stood in his shirt on the Lung' Arno! But this is sorry profanity—writing of such a divinity. Verily, the serious mood is so unequal to the expression of rapture inspired by this matchless and immortal work, that one almost takes refuge from the overwhelming feeling awakened, in idle mirth. I know some people laugh at the rhapsodies which have been penned on this theme; but they are fools or worse, to do so. The rhapsodies in themselves are often no doubt prodigious nonsense—what then? Does this prove that the admiration is ill-founded? Does this prove that the “great mistress of yon princely shrine” is less a goddess? Quite the reverse—it only proves that her divinity speaks for itself to the very heart even of the most unlettered boor, that no tongue (although “it thank the Gods amiss”) can keep silence in her praise. In fact, the best things that the best poets have written of her, are but sublime nonsense; which most satisfactorily, though not in the way they intended, proves the intoxication of their faculties. There are many other altars, however, in this glorious city where the heart may not irreverently bow. I am afraid to begin even naming them lest I should not be able to stop.

I have come thus far on my way from Florence to Rome. And my future course is as uncertain as was my past. I have this morning visited the celebrated Cascata della Marmore which Byron has led rushing with such “hideous ruin” through his glorious verse; and I am now taking a whole

afternoon of blank repose in preparation of the scenes before me. This retrospect of my course has whiled the time a little. And here, in this humble village-inn, I have met with one precious little memorial foreign to the scene. The book in which travellers put down their names, has among others, under date the 12th May 1832, those of “Sir Walter Scott, Miss Scott, Mr. Charles Scott; Rome to Florence” written in a lady's hand; and under Florence is written in poor Sir Walter's own hand “to Scotland.” Is not this touching? Scotland was the land he was bound to—and none other; there and there only could the weary heart and the old grey head find rest! And on the leaf beside this record, are various scribbles which I think I may just copy for your amusement. The first is as follows: “This great and good man has gone to his long rest. Some unfeeling fool had endeavoured to defile his memory: the pious hand of a humble votary has erased what could only disgrace the writer, and in no way injure the memory of such great excellence, talent, and virtue.” And then follow these lines marked 1; after which in another hand are the verses marked 2.

1.
“Let yon poor page a frail memorial keep
How fools could scribble where the good would weep:
Hallow'd be every relic of the mind
Whose magic charm'd, improved, adorned mankind—
Though closed the evening of his life in gloom,
Eternal sunshine settle on his tomb.”

2.
“Needless the tribute, tho' it be sincere—
Virtue and Genius, read your triumph here!
Here, in this short liv'd page, where those who roam
Trace the Last Minstrel bound to his last home,
And not an eye that simple name may view
But pays, or longs to pay, its homage due
The homage which no worldly pomp may move
Of tearful gratitude, heart-worship, love,
Two mighty streams of honor met in one—
All reverenc'd the Bard, all loved the man;
For the Great Wizard drew his potent art
From the deep fountains of his own good heart.
Thus thought of all that time could not destroy
Our grief when keenest dash'd with holy joy,
And Death seem'd half defrauded of its prey
Though the world darken'd when he pass'd away!”
I have seen worse lines than either of these in more enduring tablets than a Tavern Register; and so have copied them, for

“This, although
Idle seem, hath its morality.”

And now I have scribbled and poetized myself into too sleepy a mood to write more, and shall bid you good night. I may add a few lines from Rome.

Monterosi, 21st September. My foot is now on the very threshold of the Eternal City. Oh, for a grace to be said or sung before Rome! but who is Archbishop of the heart, and high-steward of its mysteries? Of a truth I am half-frightened—and have some indistinct notion that I ought to turn back, and go to school again, beginning at Corderius and Cornelius Nepos until I can get the length of Nardini and learn to see as far into a mill-stone as his editor. Then perhaps I may make a little better way than I can grope for myself at present through the weeds and the dust and the mist of centuries. Roman History has one or two great leading facts to be sure that keep dates in remembrance—such as that Cataline lived and died before Sallust wrote his history, and that Romulus preceded Constantine, and the like. So with the help of these and a few other recollections,

the Spanish and Italian paintings, and with the Greek statues. The merry African girls shriek with horror when they first look upon a white traveller. Their notion of a beautiful complexion is a skin shining like Warren's blacking.

It is proper to understand, in any question, great or small, the premises from which we set out, the point which is required. In the dress and walk of females, as in all other matters in which they are concerned, the point of perfection, we conceive, is that which shall give us the best possible idea of perfect womanhood. We are not to consider the dress by itself, nor the walk by itself, but as the dress and the walk of the best and pleasantest woman, and how far therefore it does her justice. *This produces the consideration of what we look upon as a perfect female; people will vary in their opinions on this head; and hence even so easy a looking question as the one before us, becomes invested into difficulties. The opinion will depend greatly on the temperament as well as the understanding of the judge. Our correspondent for instance, is evidently a lively fellow, old or young; and given a good deal rather to the maternal than to the spiritual; and hence his notion of perfection tends towards a union of the trim and the lively, the impulsive, and yet with it to the self-possessed. He is one, we conceive, who would "have no non-sense," as the phrase is, in his opinion of the possible or desirable; and who is in no danger of the perils, either of sentimentality or sentiment; either of an affected refinement of feeling, or any very serious perception of any sort. He is not for bringing into the walks of publicity, male or female, the notions of sequestered imagination, nor to have women glancing and bashful like fawns. He is for having all things tight and convenient as a dressing-case; "neat as imported;" polished, piquant, well-packed, and with no more flowers upon it than serve to give hint of the smart pungency within, like a bottle of attar of roses, of fleur d'épine. We do not quarrel with him. *Chacun a son gout*. Every man to his taste. Nay, his taste in our own, as far as concerns the improvement of female manners in ordinary. We do think that the general style of female English dressing and walking would be benefited by an inoculation of that which we conceive him to recommend. We have no predilection in favour of shuffling, and shuffling, and lounging, of a mere moving onwards of the feet, and an absence of all grace and self-possession. We can easily believe, that the French women surpass the English in this respect, because their climate is livelier, and themselves better taught and respected. People may start at that last word, but there is no doubt that the general run of French females are better taught, and therefore more respected than the same number of English. They read more, they converse more, they are on more equal terms with the other sex (as they ought to be), and hence the other sex have more value for their opinions, *aye*, and for their persons; for the more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is, in her proportionate power to entertain. But whether it is that we are English, or fonder of poetry, in its higher sense, than of *vers de société*, or the poetry of polite life, we cannot help feeling a prejudice in favour of Mrs. Gore's notion about the "hundredth" Englishwoman; though perhaps the "hundredth" Frenchwoman, if we could see her, or the hundredth Italian or Spanish woman, would surpass all others, by dint of combining the sort of private manner which we have in our eye, with some exquisite implication of a fitness for general intercourse, which we have never yet met with.

Meantime, we repeat, that we give up to our correspondent's vituperations the gait of English females in general, and their dress also; though it is a little hard in him to praise the smallness of the French bonnet at the expense of the largeness of the English, when it is recollected that the latter are copied from France, and that our fair countrywomen were ridiculed on their first visit there after the war, for the very reverse appearance. But it is to the spirit of our mode of dressing and walking, that we object; and both are unfit either for the private or public "walk" of life, because both are alike untaught and unpleasant,—alike indicative of minds not properly cultivated, and of habitual feelings that do not care to be agreeable. The walk is a saunter or shuffle, and the dress a lump. Or if not a lump throughout, it is a lump at both ends, with a horrible pinch in the middle. A tight-laced Englishwoman is almost invariably a most painful sight; because her notion of being charming is confined to three inches of ill-used ribs and liver; while her head is either grossly igno-

rant of the harm she is doing herself, or her heart more deplorably careless of the consequences to her offspring.

Are we of opinion then, that the dress and walk of Englishwomen would be bettered, generally speaking, by taking the advice of our correspondent? Most certainly we are: and for this reason; that there is some sense of grace, at all events, in the attire and bearing of the females of the continent; some evidence of mind, and some testimony to the proper claims of the person; whereas, the only idea in the heads of the majority with us is that of being in fashion merely because it is the fashion, or of dressing in a manner to shew how much they can afford. This is partly owing, no doubt, to our being a commercial people, and also to the struggles which every body has been making for the last forty years to seem richer than they are, some for the sake of concealing how they have decreased in means, and others to shew how they have risen; but a nation may be commercial, and yet have a true taste. The Florentines had it, when they were at once the leaders of trade and of the fine arts, in the time of Lorenzo de Medicis. It is to our fine arts and our increasing knowledge that we ourselves must look to improvement even in dress, in default of being impelled to it by greater liveliness of spirit, or a more convenient climate. We shall then learn to oppose even the climate better, and to furnish it with the grace and colour which it wants. In France, the better temperature of the atmosphere, as well as intellectual and moral causes, impels people to a livelier and happier way of walking. They have no reason to look as if they were uncomfortable. In the South of Europe, where every thing respires animal sensibility, and love and music divide the time with business, the most unaffected people acquire an apparent consciousness and spring in the gait, which in England would be thought ostentatious. It gave no such idea to the severe and simple Pante, when (in the poetical spirit of the image, and not, of course in the letter), he praised his mistress for moving along like "a peacock," and "a crane."

Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,
Dritta sopra se come una gru.

Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; strait
Above herself, like to the lady crane.

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, does not venture upon these primeval images; but still he shews how much he thought of the beauty of a woman's steps! Laura too was a Frenchwoman, not an Italian, and probably had a different kind of walk. Petrarch, expresses the moral graces of it.

Non era l'audar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma.

Her walk was like no mortal thing, but shap'd
After an angel's.

In English poetry the lover speaks with the usual enthusiasm of his mistress's eyes and lips, &c., but he scarcely ever mentions her walk. The fact is remarkable, and the reason too obvious. The walk is not worth mention. Italian and (we believe) Spanish poetry abound with the reverse. Milton, deeply imbued with the Italian, as well as with his own perceptions of beauty as a great poet, did not forget, in his description of Eve, to say, that

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

This moving and gesticulating beauty was not English; at least she is not the English woman of our days. Mrs. Hutchinson perhaps might have been such a woman; or the ladies of the Bridgewater family, for whom he wrote his *Comus*. In Virgil, *Aeneas* is not aware that his mother *Venus* has been speaking with him in the guise of a wood-nymph, till she begins to move away: the "divinity" then became apparent.

Et vera incessat patuit dea.

And by her walk the Queen of Love is known.

Dryden.

The women of Spain, and Spanish America, are celebrated throughout the world for the elegance of their walking, and for the way in which they carry their veil or *mantilla*, as alluded to by our correspondent. Knowing it only from books, we cannot say precisely in what the beauty of their walk consists; but we take it to be something between stateliness and vivacity,—between a consciousness of their being admired, and that grace which is natural to any human being who is well made, till art or diffidence spoils it. It is the perfection, we doubt not, of animal elegance. We have an English doubt, whether we should not require an addition or modification of something, not indeed diffident, but perhaps not quite so confident,—something which to the perfection of animal

elegance, should add that of intellectual and moral refinement, and a security from the chances of coarseness and violence. But *all* these are matters of breeding and bringing up,—aye, of “birth, parentage, and education,” and we should be grateful when we can get any one of them. Better have even a good walk than nothing, for there is some refinement in it, and moral refinement too, though we may not always think the epithet very applicable to the possessor. Good walking and good dressing, truly so called, are alike valuable, only inasmuch as they afford some external evidence, however slight, of a disposition to orderliness and harmony in the mind within,—of shapeliness and grace in the habitual movements of the soul.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

Mr. Planché justly cautions one generation against laughing at the fashions of another. He advises such ladies as would “scream” at the dresses of the fourteenth or even eighteenth century, to look into a fashionable pocket-book or magazine for the year 1815 or 20, and then candidly compare notes. Appendages or enclosures are one thing; positive clinging disfigurements another. The ugliest female dress, in our opinion, without exception, was that which we conceive Mr. Planché to allude to, and which confounded all ages and shapes by girdling the gown under the arm-pits! and sticking a little pad at the back almost between the shoulders! It reduced all figures to lumps of absurdity. No well-shaped woman, we may be sure, invented it. A history of the real origin of many fashions would be a curious document. We should find infirmity and unsightliness cheating youth and beauty into an imitation of them, and beaux and belles piquing themselves on resembling the worst points about their cunning elders.

As long as a man wears the modern coat, he has no right to despise any dress. What a thing it is, though so often taken for something “exquisite!” What a horse-collar for a collar! What snips at the collar and lapels! What a mechanical and ridiculous cut about the flaps! What buttons in front that are never meant to button, and yet are no ornament! And what an exquisitely absurd pair of buttons at the back! gravely regarded, nevertheless, and thought as indispensably necessary to every well-conditioned coat, as other bits of metal or bone are to the bodies of savages, whom we laugh at. There is absolutely not one iota of sense, grace, or even economy in the modern coat. It is an article as costly as it is ugly, and as ugly as it is useless. In winter it is not enough, and in hot weather it is too much. It is the tailors’ remnant and cabbaging of the coats formerly in use, and deserves only to be chucked back to them as an imposition in the bill. It is the old or frock coat cut away in front and at the sides, mounted with a horse-collar, and left with a ridiculous tail. The waistcoat or vest, elongated, and with the addition of sleeves, might supersede it at once, and be quite sufficient in warm weather. A vest reaching to the mid-thigh is a graceful and reasonable habit, and with the addition of a scarf or sash, would make as handsome or even brilliant a one, as any body could desire. In winter-time, the same cloaks would do for it, as are used now; and there might be lighter cloaks for summer. But the coat, as it now exists, is a mere nuisance and expence, and disgraces every other part of the dress, except the neck-cloth. Even the hat is too good for it; for a hat is good for something, though there is more chimney-top than beauty in it. It furnishes shade to the eyes, and has not always an ill look, if well-proportioned. The coat is a sheer piece of mechanical ugliness. The frock-coat is another matter, except as to the collar, which, in its present rolled or holstered shape, is always ugly. As to the great coat, it makes a man look either like a man in a sack, or a shorn bear. It is cloth, upon cloth clumsiness made clumsier, sometimes thrice over,—cloth waistcoat, cloth coat, cloth great coat,—a “three piled hyperbole.” It is only proper for travellers, coachmen, and others who require to have no drapery in the way. A cloak is the only handsome over-all.

The neck-cloth is worthy of the coat. What a heaping of monstrosity on monstrosity! The woollen horse-collar is bad enough; yet, as if this were not sufficient, a linen one must be superadded. Men must look as if they were twice seized with symbols of apoplexy,—the horse-collar to shorten the neck, and the linen-collar to squeeze it. Some man with a desperately bad throat must have invented the neck-cloth especially as it had a *padding* or *padding* in it, when it first came up. His neck could not have been fit to be

seen. It must have been like a pole, or a withered stalk; or else he was some faded fat dandy, ashamed of his double chin. There can be no objection to people looking as well as they can contrive, young or old; but it is a little too much to set a fashion, which besides being deformed, is injurious. The man was excusable, because he knew no better; but it is no wonder if painters, and poets, and young Germans, and other romantic personages, have attempted to throw off the nuisance, especially such as have lived in the south. The neck-cloth is ugly; is useless, is dangerous to some, and begets effeminate fear of colds with all. The English, in consequence of their living more in doors than used, fancy they have too many reasons for muffling themselves up,—not aware that the more they do so, the more they subject themselves to what they dread; and that it is by a general sense of warmth in the person they are to be made comfortable and secure, and not by filling up every creek and cranny of their dress to the very chin.

But some may tell us they cannot feel that general warmth, without thus muffling themselves up. True, if they accustom themselves to it; but it is the custom itself which is in fault. They can have the warmth without it, if they please; just as well as they can without muffling up their eyes. “How can you go with your body naked?” said a not very wise person to an Indian. “How can you go with your face naked?” said the Indian. “I am used to it,” replied the man. “Well, and I am used to the other,” rejoined the Indian, “I am *all face*.” Now it will not exactly do to be “all face,” in a civilized country;—the police would object;—Piercedly is not Paradise. But then it is not necessary to be all muffle.

The ladies in the reign of Edward I. once took to wearing a cloth round their throats and ears, in a way which made a poet exclaim, “*Par Dieu!* I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was *naited to her chin*.” There is a figure of her in Mr. Planché’s book, p. 115. Now this was the precise appearance of a neck-cloth some years back, when it was worn with a pad or stiffener, and the point of the chin reposed in it; nay, it is so at present, with many. The stock looks even more stiff and apoplectic, especially if there is a red face above it. When dandies faint, the neck-cloth is always the first thing loosed, as the stays are with a lady.

By the way, the dandies wear stays too! We have some regard for these gentlemen, because they have reckoned great names among them in times of old, and have some very clever and amiable ones now, and manly withal too. They may err, we grant, from an excess of sympathy with what is adorned, as well as from mere folly or effeminacy. But whatever approximates a man’s shape to a woman’s is a deformity. We have seen some of them with lips, upon which they should have gone carrying pails, and cried “milk!” And who was it that clapped those monstrous protuberances upon the bosoms of our brave life-guards? No masculine dandy we may be sure. A man’s breast should look as if it would take a hundred blows upon it, like a glorious anvil; and not to be deformed with a frightened wadding; still less resemble the bosom that tenderness peculiarly encircles, and that is so beautiful because it is so different from his own. —*Leigh Hunt’s London Journal*.

CAUTION TO DOGMATIC DENIERS. PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.—Previous to the establishment of the rotundity of the earth, and during the centuries of discussion which took place upon this point, the existence of the antipodes was the theme of constant ridicule in the mouths of the opposers of the globular figure. The sentiments of Lactantius, *De Falsa Sapientia*, cap. 23, may be taken as a fair specimen of the common objections. He asks, is there any one foolish enough to think that there are men whose feet are higher than their heads? with whom those things that we place upon the earth, hang downwards from the earth? who have trees and vegetables turned upside down? and rain and snow falling the wrong way? Will any one henceforward place the hanging gardens among the seven wonders of the world, when the philosophers make hanging seas, and fields, and mountains! The confusion that here takes place between the words upwards and downwards will be now universally apparent, but was not so in the time of Lactantius, who lived A. D. 311; who, had he simply confined himself to the assertion, that the existence of antipodes could not be demonstrated, and

treated it as a philosophical speculation, possibly true, but probably false, would have been justified by the general state of knowledge then existing. But not so when he asserts that he can prove the thing to be impossible, and professes that he sees no alternative, but supposing its professors to be joking, or intentionally lying. The French *Encyclopædia* is incorrect in stating that he appeals to the sacred writers as deciding the point.—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

STORIES OF MADONNA PIA, AND OF A LADY OF PIEDMONT.

"The following story," says Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, "is related by M. Beyle in his charming little work entitled *De l'Amour*, as a companion to the famous one in Dante; and I shall give the whole passage in his words, as placing the Italian character (in former as well as latter times) in a striking point of view.

I allude (he says) to those touching lines of Dante:

Deh! quando tu sarai tornato al mondo

Ricordati di me, che son la Pia;

Sienna mi fe: distecemi Maremma:

Sulsi colui, che innanellata pria,

Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma.

Purgatorio, Canto v.

[Dante, the great Italian poet, in his imaginary progress through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, meets with a variety of his countrymen and countrywomen who accost him, or speak to others; and in brief but intense words, relate, or refer to their story. In Purgatory he sees a female spirit, who says, "I pray thee, when thou returnest to earth, that thou wilt remember me—wilt remember Pia. Sienna was the place of my birth, the Marshes of my death. He knows it who had put upon my hand the spousal ring."]

The woman who speaks with so much reserve (continues M. Beyle) had in secret undergone the fate of Desdemona, and had it in her power, by a single word, to have revealed her husband's crime to the friends whom she had left upon earth.

Nello della Pietra obtained in marriage the hand of Madonna Pia, sole heiress of the Ptolomei, the richest and most noble family of Sienna. Her beauty which was the admiration of all Tuscany, gave rise to a jealousy in the breast of her husband, that, envenomed by wrong reports and suspicions continually reviving, led to a frightful catastrophe. It is not easy to determine at this day if his wife was altogether innocent; but Dante has represented her as such. Her husband carried her with him into the marshes of Volterra, celebrated then, as now, for the pestiferous effects of the air. Never would he tell his unhappy wife the reason of her banishment into so dangerous a place. His pride did not deign to pronounce either complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in a deserted tower, of which I have been to see the ruins on the sea shore; here he never broke his disdainful silence, never replied to the questions of his youthful bride, never listened to her entreaties. He waited, unmoved by her, for the air to produce its fatal effects. The vapours of this unwholesome swamp were not long in tarnishing features, the most beautiful, they say, that in that age had appeared upon earth. In a few months she died. Some chroniclers of these remote times report, that Nello employed the dagger to hasten her end: she died in the marshes in some horrible manner; but the mode of her death remained a mystery, even to her contemporaries. Nello della Pietra survived to pass the rest of his days in a silence which was never broken.

Nothing can be conceived more noble or more delicate than the manner in which the ill-fated Pia addresses herself to Dante. She desires to be recalled to the memory of the friends whom she had quitted so young: at the same time, in telling her name, and alluding to her husband, she does not allow herself the smallest complaint against a cruelty unexampled, but thenceforth irreparable; and merely intimates that he knows the history of her death.

This constancy in vengeance and in suffering is to be met with, I believe, only among the people of the South. In Piedmont I found myself the involuntary witness of a fact almost similar; but I was at the time ignorant of the details. I was ordered, with five-and-

twenty dragoons into the woods that border the Sesia, to prevent the contraband traffic. On my arrival in the evening at this wild and solitary place, I distinguished among the trees the ruins of an old castle: I went to it; to my great surprise it was inhabited. I there found a nobleman of the country of a very unpromising aspect; a man six feet in height and forty years of age; he allowed me a couple of apartments with a very ill grace. Here I entertained myself by getting up some pieces of music with my quarter-master; after the expiration of a week we observed that our host kept guard over a woman whom we called Camilla in jest: we were far from suspecting the dreadful truth. She died at the end of six weeks. I had the melancholy curiosity to see her in her coffin; I bribed a monk who had charge of it, and, towards midnight, under pretext of sprinkling the holy water, he conducted me into the chapel. I there saw one of those fine faces which are beautiful even in the bosom of death: she had a large aquiline nose, of which I shall never forget the beautiful and expressive outline. I quitted this mournful spot; but, five years after, a detachment of my regiment accompanying the Emperor on his coronation as King of Italy, I had the whole story recounted to me. I learned that the jealous husband, the Count of —, had one morning found, hanging to his wife's bed-side, an English watch belonging to a young man in the little town where they lived. The same day he took her to the ruined castle in the midst of the forests of the Sesia. Like Nello della Pietra, he uttered not a single word. If she made him any request, he presented to her, sternly, and in silence, the English watch, which he had always about him. In this man ner he passed nearly three years with her. She at length fell a victim to despair in the flower of her age. Her husband attempted to dispatch the owner of the watch with a stiletto, failed, fled to Genoa, embarked there, and no tidings have been heard of him since. His property was confiscated.

"This story," observes Mr. Hazlitt, "is interesting and well told. One such incident, or one page in Dante or in Spenser, is worth all the route between this and Paris: and all the sights in all the post-roads in Europe. Oh, Sienna! If I felt charmed with this narrow, tenantless streets, or looked delighted through the arched gateway over the subjected plain, it was that some recollections of Madonna Pia hung upon the beatings of my spirit, and converted a barren waste into the regions of romance.

ST. ANDRE THE SURGEON.

Nathaniel St. André was a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and secured the friendship of a wealthy patron, who furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education. He afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy and a surgeon of eminence in London, a favourite of King George the First, the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, and was employed by Bolingbroke and Pope. But the fairness of such professional prospects were suddenly clouded, and his character stamped with an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt, by his listening to, and encouraging the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, a woman who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, that she had been actually delivered of rabbits;—a delusion in which Whiston, probably seduced by the credit of St. André, was also involved.

This eccentric divine, on other occasions sufficiently scrupulous, wrote a pamphlet to prove, that the monstrous conception literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the prophet Esdras.

To laugh were want of sentiment or grace.

But to be grave exceeds all power of face.

It is not so easy to account for the conduct of St. André, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment. Of three opinions which prevailed at the time:—that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that he was a man whose ruling passions were excitement and the love of making a sensation, no matter at what expense, the author of this notice strongly inclines to the last.

Professional dexterity, of his skill as a performer on the *viol di gamba*, introduced St. André to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her husband in his last illness; and a marriage indelicately hasty between the widow and the surgeon, with other circumstances never satisfactorily

explained, involved them both in the odium of being instrumental in hastening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiss (a base villain, if the charge was true) had received many favours. Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period strongly agitated the public mind, must now be determined by a more useful and interesting tribunal. Combined with other suspicious circumstances, this shocking imputation drove St. André

married couple, was not sufficient to restore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverseness, necessity or guilt, conspired to keep St. André in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debased by credulity, or shunned, as being suspected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was roused from his bed at midnight by a stranger thundering at his door, who urgently desired him to visit, without delay, a person who was described as desperately wounded. In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken sleep, St. André neglected that necessary precaution for every medical practitioner, on such occasions, the taking, on all midnight calls from persons he does not know, his own servant with him. After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote street, and obscure alley, after being conducted, and re-conducted through passages, galleries, and stair-cases, heated, hurried, and confused, he at last found himself in a retired chamber, the door of which being instantly bolted, the affrighted surgeon was threatened with immediate death, if he did not directly swallow the contents of a bowl (of course poisonous) presented to him by two ruffians, with instruments of death in their hands. Having paused for a short time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dose, and with considerable precautions to prevent discovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door. The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he considered as poison, need not to be described. Without supposing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was sufficient to communicate arsenic, hellebore, and sublimate to his disturbed imagination. Of this extraordinary transaction, an account sufficiently expressive of the terror of St. André, was published in the London Gazette, and a reward of 200*l.* offered by government to any person who would give information that might lead to discovery and conviction; but no discovery was made.

One is sometimes tempted to consider this singular narrative as the fabrication of a restless mind, fertile in invention; the tale of a man, determined at every risk, to present himself as frequently as possible to the public eye, and become the subject of general notice and common conversation; such characters occur in every age. A companion of St. André, who, (in the hope of a legacy which never was bequeathed) endured much of his sarcastic brunt, and satirical sallies, was heard to declare that he had good reason for believing, that the circumstances related by his friend were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poison in the mixture, though made sufficiently nauseous; that the whole was a cruel but harmless effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the surgeon, who had supplanted a friend in the affections of a favourite mistress.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he survived its effects, as well as the exhausting consequences of the anxiety he suffered, and the antidotes he swallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts, unpleasant, he retired from public obloquy or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leisure hours, and dissipated his superfluous cash in building and planting; but discovered more of whim and caprice than goodness of taste, or correctness of design. Life however was strong in him somehow or other, for he lived to be upwards of ninety.

A THUNDER STORM.

We extract for our country enjoyments this week, an excellent description of a Rain-storm from *Adam the Gardener*, the pleasant children's-book lately written by Mr. Clarke, author of *Prose Tales from Chaucer*. A

children's-book it is; but like all works of that sort, which are well done, is worth a man's perusal. The description before us is full of truth and relish. We begin at the beginning, because there is also a good description of cattle in hot weather, and some worthy hints about bathing and cleanliness.

Adam said his father, "I think it will not be many minutes before we have a thunder-storm; the weather is so close, and what little air there is, comes to one's face as if it passed through a bake-house. Adam said he had been lying on his back under the mulberry-tree, without a coat and waist-coat, and with a wet towel on his face, but that it did not make him any cooler. His father said they would go down the river and bathe. As they walked along, they remarked how very troublesome the flies were, stinging their hands and faces angrily, and as if spitefully. They also noticed how bitterly they tormented some cows, standing half up to their legs in a pond under the shade of some ash-trees. They kept lashing their sides with their long tails to no purpose; the little persecutors returned to the same spot the moment the tail passed to the other side. Sometimes they remarked that the animals made all the skin of their bodies to shiver, and this action might rouse up for an instant one or two timid flies, but the remainder of the swarm stuck fast to the hides of the beasts. Now and then a cow would lift up one fore-leg and stamp it down again; then, with a hind leg she would kick her belly. Then she would shake one ear, then the other; toss up her head, wink with her eyes, in the corner, of which a dozen tormentors were collected. All was to little purpose. "In the hot country of India," said Mr. Stock, "the buffaloes get into the pools in shady spots, and leave no part above the surface of the water but the nose, to allow them to breathe." "If I were one of these cows I would do so too," said Adam. As they were close by the place that was convenient for their bathing, they undressed; the father plunging in first, and shaking his streaming face and hair, as soon as he arose to the surface.

Adam had been a courageous bather in the sea when an infant; he therefore jumped in very freely, but began to be frightened at first, because the water took away his breath, and he could not speak without sobbing; all this, however, went off in less than a minute, and he played about as happy as a duck, and tried to swim. When they came out, and while they were dressing, his father told him to bear in mind as long he lived, that if he wished to be a healthy man, it was necessary that he should be a cleanly one. Next to kind and endearing manners," said he, "nothing is more pleasing in man or woman than a delicate cleanliness of person. And one of the surest means of being so, is to bathe regularly during the summer months, and in the winter ones as regularly to use the warm bath. There are few people who do not spend in wine and other luxuries ten times the sum of money, that it would cost to have a warm bath every day, all the year round." As Mr. Stock finished speaking, they heard a very low rumbling, like the noise of a heavy cart on an iron road. Presently they observed from a dark lead-coloured cloud a bright flash, like a fiery snake dart down upon a distant hill; after waiting for some time, the thunder followed as if it had been the same heavy cart, that had fallen, and was afterwards dragged rattling along; then had stopped, then had fallen again, and ended by rumbling till it was out of hearing. The dark cloud all this time was changing its appearance and shape; sometimes it was very ragged at the edges, like wool, pulled or snatched off. Every thing around was quite silent; not even a little bird was heard to whistle. The sheep in the fields huddled their heads together, and bent them down towards the ground. Presently the wind rose all at once with a great roaring, and whirled up the dust of the road in a cloudy pillar; then ceased again, and all was silent. In a few seconds some large drops fell, and immediately after a broad flash burst out of the cloud, followed almost instantaneously by a crashing and tearing, as if houses were being overturned and dashed to pieces; and every now and then there were great bangs heard, like cannon firing off. At the sudden bursting of this thunder clap, some horses in a neighbouring field snorted, started, and galloped away. For a moment or two after the thunder had ceased, there was a dreadful stillness, and then the rain came down in a torrent, driving up the dust of the road, and making a soft noise, as if it fell upon wool, till it was soaked through and beaten down; when it made a quick splashing, and seemed to be lashing the ground.

They had now to run for it, and did not reach home till they were nearly soaked through. The lightning and thunder still continued, and the rain seemed to smoke along the ground, and upon the thatched roof of a shed opposite to their home. Sometimes the thunders sounded very high in the air, as if above the clouds; at others, as if it were down in the road. That which but a few minutes before had been a lovely day, with a blue sky and stately clouds like snowy rocks that scarcely moved at all, was now one dull, lead-coloured covering. In about an hour it became lighter, and in another hour they had the pleasure to see that stormy cloud scud away from them, still looking back, with its edges touched by the light of the golden sun. From time to time they heard that the storm had not ceased, though it was not so loud; at length it was so far off, that the thunder made only a low surly rumbling; and the cloud which had before looked so angry, when over and near them, now shone like a snow-covered mountain, with crags and precipices, and deep hollows and caverns. The family all remarked how pleasantly cool the air had become, and how calm; and admired the fresh glittering appearance of the grass, and the leaves of the trees, and the flower in the sun-shine; and they snuffed up with delight the smell of the earth after the rain.

Adam asked a multitude of questions about thunder and lightning, of which his father told him it would be extremely difficult at his age to make him understand the explanation. He, however, informed him that thunder was the report of the lightning, as the noise after the flash of a gun was the report of that. Then he wished to know, how it was that it was so long after the flash that they heard the thunder. "Because," said that father, "sound occupies some time in coming to our ear from a distance. Do you not remember, when you once saw a man driving an iron wedge into the root of a tree, that you heard the blow just after you saw him strike? It was because you were at a short distance from him, and the sound was that length of time coming to your ear. Some clever person discovered, that sound flies one thousand one hundred and fifty feet in a second of time. Therefore with a watch you can tell how far off a storm is, by counting the number of seconds between the flash of lightning and the hearing of the thunder. Or you may make a rough guess by counting the beatings of your pulse in your wrist. About seven beats of an ordinary pulse are about equal to one mile that sound will travel. If, therefore, the instant you see a flash of lightning you were to put your finger to your wrist, and count fourteen pulsations before you hear the thunder, you may know that the storm is somewhat more or less than two miles distant. You ought to know that rule in arithmetic, Adam, it is very easy."

AN EPISODE FROM ONE OF GOETHE'S UN-TRANSLATED NOVELS.

[We are indebted for the following story to the kindness of a friend who is conversant with German, and with the writings of the illustrious author. It is not given us as one of his best, but under the just impression, that any production of so great a writer would not be unwelcome. Much of it is indeed not unworthy of him, but the conclusion is surely otherwise unless more was intended to come of it. A mistress so much in the habit of acting her will above her considerations, would have made but a perilous wife.]

Two neighbour children, of considerable families, a boy and a girl, of proportionate ages for being one day man and wife, were brought up together in this pleasant prospect, and the parents on both sides rejoiced in their future union. But it was soon remarked that the project appeared to miscarry; a singular aversion discovering itself between these two excellent natures. Perhaps they were too much alike. Both self-subsistent, distinct in their wishes, firm in their purposes; each individually the beloved and honoured of their playmates; ever antagonists when met together, ever building up for themselves alone, ever mutually destroying where they crossed each other, not striving towards one goal, but ever contending for one vantage; thoroughly well-disposed and estimable, and only perverse, even mischievous, in regard to one another.

This wonderful relation showed itself already in their childish sports, showed itself with their growing years. And as it is common for boys to play at war, to divide themselves into parties, and give battle to each other; so, on one occasion, did the audacious spirited girl place herself at the head of a band, and fight with so much vigour

and bitterness, that the opposite party must have been shamefully put to flight, had not her personal antagonists conducted himself with great bravery, and finally, disarmed his enemy, and taken her prisoner. But even then she continued to defend herself so furiously, that to preserve his eyes, and, at the same time, do the fair foe no harm, he was obliged to pull the silk kerchief from his neck, and bind her hands with it behind her back.

This she never could forgive him; nay, she schemed and attempted so perseveringly in secret to do him mischief, that the parents, who had long had an eye on these strange vivacities, came to an explanation with each other, and resolved to part the two hostile beings, and renounce their favourite hopes.

The boy soon distinguished himself under his new circumstances. All kinds of instruction took effect on him. The wishes of his friends and his own inclination determined him to the military profession. Wherever he went he was loved and esteemed. His manful nature seemed to work only for the well-being and delight of others; and without being distinctly conscious of it, he was right glad at heart to have lost the only adversary nature had ever appointed him.

The girl, on the other hand, stepped at once into a new position. Her years, her increasing stature, and still more a certain inward feeling, withdrew her from the boisterous sports she had hitherto carried on in company of boys. On the whole, there seemed something wanting to her; there was nothing round her which would have been worth the hating; and loveable she had yet found no one.

A young man, older than her former neighbour antagonist, of rank, fortune, and consequence, a favourite in society, and sought after by women, fixed on her his exclusive regard. It was the first time that a friend, a lover, a servant, had made his court to her. The preference he gave her over many that were older, more advanced, with more show and pretension than herself, was highly gratifying to her. His attentions, at once constant and never importunate; his royal support in divers unpleasant emergencies; his suit to her presents, explicit enough, yet quiet and only expectant,—for in fact she was still very young;—all this prepossessed her in his favour: besides which, habit, and their external relations, already taken for granted by the world, contributed their share. She had so often been called bride, that in the end she took herself for such; and neither to herself nor to any other did it occur that farther trial was necessary, when she exchanged rings with the individual who had so long passed for her bridegroom.

The quiet course which the whole affair had taken was not accelerated even by their betrothment. All was allowed on both sides to go on as heretofore; they rejoined in their long joint existence, and were disposed to enjoy the present fair weather, as the vernal season of a future more earnest life.

Meanwhile the absent had cultivated himself at all points, had obtained meritorious promotion in his vocation, and came on leave of absence to visit his home. In a quite natural, yet strange manner, he again stood in the presence of his fair neighbour. She had latterly been entertaining none but friendly, bride-like, domestic sentiments; she was in harmony with all that surrounded her; she believed herself happy, and after a certain fashion actually was so. But now, for the first time after a great while, was something again opposed to her; it was not hateful, she was become incapable of hate; nay, the childish hatred, which, properly speaking, had been but a blind recognition of inward worth, expressed itself now in glad astonishment, delighted looks, obliging confessions, half-willing, half-unwilling, but irresistible approximation; and all this was mutual. A long separation gave occasion for long discourses. Even their former childish unreason served the now enlightened pair as an amusing remembrance; and it seemed to be regarded as a matter of necessity that they should atone at least for that mischievous hatred by all manner of kind attentions; should no longer leave their violent misunderstanding without openly expressed acknowledgment.

On the youth's side all this kept within the bounds of a wise moderation. His rank, his connexions his pursuits, his ambition, found him such abundant employment, that he accepted the friendship of the fair bride as a grateful addition, without on that account regarding her with any personal views, or envying the bridegroom his possession; with whom he was furthermore on the best terms.

With her the case was very different. She seemed to herself awakened out of a dream. Contention with her young neighbour had been her earliest passion; and this violent contention had been, but under the form of antipathy, a violent, and as it were instinctive inclination. It even figured in her remembrance no otherwise than as though she had always loved him. She smiled at that hostile onset, sword in hand; she persuaded herself into a recollection of the pleasantest feelings, when he disarmed her; she imagined herself as having experienced the greatest bliss when he bound her; and all that she had attempted for the purpose of hurting and annoying him, now represented itself to her merely as a harmless expedient to attract his notice. She regretted that separation; she mourned the sleep into which she had fallen; she hated the stupid, dreamy habitude, through which she had realized so insignificant a bridegroom; she was perplexed, doubly perplexed, forward, backward, whichever way she viewed it.

Could any one have unravelled and taken part in her sentiments, which she kept entirely secret, he would not have been disposed to blame her: for in truth the bridegroom could not stand in comparison with the neighbour for a moment, when one saw them together. If you could not refuse a certain trust to the one, the other excited your fullest confidence; if the one was an agreeable acquaintance, the other you wished for an associate; and if you thought of higher sympathies, of extraordinary accidents of fortune, there was ground to doubt of the one, where the other gave complete assurance. For such lineaments of character women have by instinct a peculiar tact; and they give reason, as well as opportunity, to cultivate it.

The more our lovely bride nourished such thoughts in her secret heart, and the less that any one was in a condition to give what could tell to the bridegroom's advantage, what propriety, what duty seemed to counsel and command, nay, what an unalterable necessity seemed to exact beyond recall; so much the more did the tender heart in herself partiality; and while, on the one hand, will, family, bridegroom, her own promise, were so many ties of insoluble obligation; on the other, the aspiring youth made no secret of his thoughts, plans and prospects, but conducted himself toward her as a faithful and never once faltering brother: and now there was even a talk of his immediate departure. Such being the posture of affairs, it seemed as though the spirit of her early childhood again awoke in her with all its splenetic violence, and now, on a higher stage angrily prepared itself for working to more serious and destructive purpose. She resolved on dying, to punish the once hated and now so violently loved, for his want of sympathy: since she could not possess him, at least she would marry herself to his imagination, to his repentance, for ever. He should never be delivered from her dead image, should never cease to reproach himself that he had not recognised her sentiments, had not investigated and appreciated them.*

This singular phrenzy accompanied her wherever she went. She concealed it under all sorts of forms, and although people perceived something singular about her, no one was attentive or discerning enough to discover the real inward cause.

Meanwhile, friends, relations, acquaintances, busied themselves in contriving all manner of festivities. Scarcely a day passed that something new and unexpected was not struck out. Scarcely was there a lovely spot in the province that had not been decorated and prepared for the reception of many joyous guests. Our young wayfarer also wished, before his departure, to perform his part and invited the young pair, with an intimate family circle, to a pleasure excursion on the water. The party went on board a large, fine, richly ornamented vessel, one of those yachts that offer the accommodation of a small parlour and several rooms, and pretend to carry, on water, the conveniences of land.

Away they sailed, with music, up the broad river. The company, during the mid-day heat, had assembled below to amuse themselves with games of chance and skill. The young host, who never could remain inactive, had placed himself at the helm to relieve the old skipper, who, on his side, was gone to sleep; and just at that particular time our steersman, his substitute needed all his caution, as he neared a place where two islands shortened the bed

of the river protruding their flat, gravel shores, now on this side, now on that, preparing a dangerous passage. The careful and attentive steersman was almost tempted to awake the master, but he trusted in himself, and bore towards the strait. In the same moment his fair enemy appeared on deck with a flower-garland on her hair. She took it off, and cast it towards the steersman. "Take this," she cried "for a remembrance." "Do not disturb me," he called back to her, while he picked up the garland; "I have need of all my strength and attention." "I will disturb thee no further," she cried; "thou seest me for the last time!" So saying, she listened to the fore deck of the ship, and sprang from thence into the water. Several voices called out "Help, help! she is drowning!" He was in the dreadfullest perplexity. At the noise awoke the old skipper; he seized the rudder; the younger resigned it to him; but it was no longer time for changing masters; the ship stranded, and in the same instant, casting off the most cumbersome of his garments, he plunged into the water, and swam after his fair enemy.

The water is a friendly element for him who is acquainted with it, and knows how to manage it. It bore him up; and the skilful swimmer used it with mastery. He had soon reached the beauty that drifted before him; he caught hold of her, managed to raise her up, and carry her; both were violently swept along by the current till the islands and quicksands were left behind, and the river again began to flow broad and slow. And now he collected himself, and recovered from that first feeling, of a pressing necessity, under the influence of which he had acted, without reflection, merely mechanically. He looked at her with upraised head, and swam with all his might towards a level bushy spot, which ran out, pleasantly and commodiously, into the river. There he brought his fair prize on dry land; but no breath of life was to be traced in her. Despairing, his eyes lighted on a foot-path, leading through the thicket. He loaded himself with the dear burden anew; he soon descended, and reached a solitary dwelling. There he found worthy people, a young married pair. The mischance, the extremity of the case, declared itself in a moment. A bright fire burned; woollen coverlets were laid on a bed; furs, fleeces, whatever warm thing was in the house, were quickly brought. Nothing was left undone to call the fair, half-stript, half-naked body back into life. It succeeded. She unfolded her eyes; she espied her friend; she embraced his neck with her heavenly arms. In this position she remained a long time. A stream of tears gushed from her eyes, and completed her cure. "Wilt thou leave me," she exclaimed, "when I thus find thee again?" "Never," he cried; "never!" and he knew not what he said or did. "But spare thyself," he added; "spare thyself: I have consolation on thyself, for thine own sake and mine."

She now collected herself, and remarked for the first time the condition she was in. She could not be ashamed before her darling, her saviour; but she willingly let him go, that he might look after himself; for the clothes he had on were still drenched and dripping.

The young couple consulted with each other. He presented the youth, and she his lady, with their respective wedding apparel, which still hung there, all complete, equipping them in right bridal fashion from head to foot. In a short time our two adventurers were not merely clothed, but full dressed. They looked quite charmingly; they stared at each other when they came together; and, with excessive emotion, yet unable to help a sort of glad laughter at their masquerade, fell passionately into each others' arms. Youth, health, and love, made it seem as if they had undergone no danger, no anguish.

To have passed from water to earth, from death to life, out of the family circle into a wilderness, out of despair into extacy, out of indifference into inclination and passion, all in an instant,—the mere head would not have been adequate to comprehend it, or to endure it. In such case the heart must do its best, that so great a surprise may be borne.

Quite lost in one another, it was some time before they could bring themselves to think of the anxiety, the cares of those they had left behind; and hardly could they themselves think without anxiety of the manner in which they should again meet them. "Shall we fly shall we hide ourselves?" said the youth. "We will remain together," said she, hanging about his neck.

The countryman, who had heard the story of the stranded boat, hastened without further question towards the shore. The vessel came safely sailing along; it had been with much trouble got loose. They proceeded on

* These impulses, which are painted with great truth, are surely very unamiable, and do not warrant the air of prospective comfort and security given to the end of the story.—Ed.

at a venture, in hope of again finding the lost ones. When the countryman had with cries and signs attracted the notice of those on board, he ran to a point where an advantageous landing-place presented itself, and ceased not making signals and calling out, till the vessel turned in towards the shore; and what a spectacle was it when they landed! The parents of the two lovers pressed first to the shore. The loving bridegroom had well nigh lost his wits. Scarcely had they heard that the dear children were in safety, when they, in their strange masquerade, slipped, as it were, out of their copping. No one recognised them, until they were close at hand. "What do I see!" cried the mothers. "What do I see!" cried the fathers. The saved cast themselves on their knees before them. "Your children!" exclaimed the pair. "Pardon!" cried the damsel. "Give us your blessing!" cried the youth. "Give us your blessing!" cried both, while the spectators all remain mute in astonishment. "Your blessing!" resounded for the third time, and who could have refused it?—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

HAND-WRITINGS.

From the Fifth Vol. (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

The art judging of the character of persons by their hand-writing, can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without constraint, becomes an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural disposition. But regulated as the pen is now too often by mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing; the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine; a bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation; it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable writing of our young ladies is like the former tight-lacing of their mother's youthful days, when every one alike had what was supposed to be a fine shape.

Assuredly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the manner differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will pour-tray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface, and scrawl, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variousness of the Frenchman, the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon, Gray, and Gibbon; while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat. Lavater's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful, when he told Mr. Northcote, that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and the hand-writing.

Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper." One great truth, however, must be conceded to the opponents of the *physiognomy of writing*—general rules only can be laid

down. Yet the vital principle must be true that to handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses, in a school-boy's rugged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial evocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often varied. I shall add a few comments. "Henry VIII. wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding. I have no doubt the assessor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

"Edward VI. wrote a fair legible hand." We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

"Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand like the bastard Italian." She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanied it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: "Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch! The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England, the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters."

"James I. writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line." James certainly wrote a slovenly, scrawly, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

"Charles I. wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps than any prince we ever had." Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domesticated taste in our kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would not have been insensible to elegancies of the pen.

"Charles II. wrote a little fair running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done." Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his restlessness and vivacity.

"James II. wrote a large fair hand." It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter of business genius of the writer.

"Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand;" that is, the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.—

YOUR ADDRESS.

[The following lively and various article has been sent us by some civic observer, who furnishes estimable evidence of the advance of knowledge and reflection among the middle classes, both in his own person and in those of his friends.]

"Give me your address!" is a very common expression amongst all people moving in what may be called respectable society; but as we descend a little lower in the scale, we then hear asked, what just answers the same purpose, "Where do you live?" Now, although the one equally answers to the other in the end, there is yet a very marked and great distinction betwixt the two. In the former, the person applied to gives his address merely as where he can be heard of or spoken to, perhaps accompanied by a parenthesis, "from 12 to 4 o'clock." The latter, again, is in general given as the *bonâ fide* residence, name of the street and number, verbatim. I lately mused on this subject in going to make a call on a person living in rather an intricate part of this great metropolis, and having passed street after street, and square after square, in which I thought it just as likely he might live as any where else, after many turnings and windings, I found him correctly enough at the place and number given. It was like the solution of a problem in Euclid, or a question in Dillworth—equals to equals—side to side—second to the right, first to the left (for so I was told by a baker), on the right 37 will be found, which accordingly was the point I required. On going along, I could not help revolving in my mind this daily and familiar expression which I think is seldom sufficiently noticed; for, although it is not the "silver link and silken tie" of the poet, I consider it as the mighty chain that links the great mass of society, and that binds us all, as it were, in one body.

Now as I merely purpose giving a few ideas which keep floating in my mind on this subject, I shall not enter into the various definitions of the word itself, which might be used with propriety in a thousand different ways. For instance, we say "He addressed us in so rude a manner we were obliged to leave;" "The King read the address from the throne in a firm and audible voice—My Lords and Gentlemen, &c." "He spoke the address on the stage beautifully;" "He is really good looking and handsome, but he has a very awkward address." Again we hear it said "She is not considered pretty, but what a pleasing and elegant address!" and if there is any thing that the ladies—dear creatures—do not possess, in communion with us, it is that we have the privilege of paying our address, but to their credit be it spoken, it may oftentimes be ranked amongst the rejected.

But confining myself to the original idea with which I began, that of residence, I shall in the first place notice when a person first comes to London. He proceeds to find out a good lodging in some respectable street, in order that he may give "a good address," which really must be considered as a very proper feeling. Others bearing the idea of Johnson in mind (to get the greatest saving) live in a garret, and give their address at a coffee-house hard by. Following this idea a little further, the various club-houses, in Waterloo-place and St. James's street, may be considered respectable *cards of address*, and the subscribers to them merely go there to lounge, read the papers, and dine, at the same time domiciling in some respectable tradesman's first or second floor, according to their circumstances. Surgeons, lawyers, and other professional men, are fond of a *good address*. I have known persons of this class, who would rather sacrifice their comfort than forego the proud distinction of having a *good address*, such as Harley street, Wimpole street, or Portland place, although incidentally you may find washerwomen living at the west-end, and mechanics in May Fair.

In the second place there is scarcely anything we should exercise our discretion in more strictly than in *giving our address*. This I would strongly impress on all, from "buxom youth to mellow age." It has sometimes good results—it very often has evil. I have known a conceived insult at the theatre, which would have been resented on the spot, and might have led to shame and confusion of face, very quietly settled by "Your address, sir."—"My card, sir." The parties went home with it in their pockets, slept, and never saw, heard, or thought of each other again; thus most courteously preventing a duel in Chalk Farm or Battersea Fields. I once had an address card put into my hand in some spree of this kind, when, on looking on the card afterwards, I found it to be that of a gentleman belonging to the Treasury, and a friend

of my own, which had been given either by mistake or design! Had I perceived so on the instant, who can tell what might have been the consequence? Perhaps it was picked up at some house where he had occasion to call, as I lately could have filled both pockets at a dress-maker's in Albemarle street, who had with great seeming industry stuck about a thousand all round a glass, as if to make one believe she was visited by "all the world and his wife." Very often, however, the effects of giving an address are evil. At a trial at Westminster, within the six months, in which I was personally interested—the case was this:—Two gentlemen coming from Richmond were jostled by three fellows; one, a journeyman watchmaker, living in the purlieus of Clerkenwell, and who then and there demanded *their address*, which was immediately given without any consideration. When it was found to be respectable, they trumped up a story about losing watches, and, after a trial of three hours, were scouted out of court, but left the gentlemen most vexatiously to pay their own costs. This, as was justly remarked by one of the counsel, was all occasioned by giving an address to parties of their stamp and character.

Losing an address and having none, are other great evils. I have known many beautiful effusions of the heart lost to the world from this very cause; and I now have a letter before me written in the most affectionate and explanatory terms to a young lady by a gentleman, who, doubtless, in the ardour of his love had not sufficiently attended to the address, which consequently fell into my hands, and was therefore lost to her, purely through a wrong address. It may be the parties are now wide as the poles asunder; and how often does it happen when we walk forth in the populous streets of this city, or when we are perhaps quietly seated inside a stage-coach going along like the "Jolly young water-man," thinking of nothing at all, we are agreeably joined by blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes, the owner of which, as if by enchantment, almost makes one's heart her own. We feel this—we would instantly declare this—if prudence did not whisper in a tone of doubt—"You do not know *her address*." I should be inclined to suggest the propriety of each person male as well as female, carrying "their address" in some way or other where it might be seen and read; it might save a great deal of unnecessary disappointment, and a great deal of unnecessary impertinence and imprudence, which the fair sex, I dare say, often endure. I lately had the curiosity to inquire the object of an old woman, whom I observed wandering as Adagio, and grave as Jonelli's ghost, simply looking at every door and number in a street, in Westminster. She said she had come up from the country to see her son, but having lost his address would be forced to return again. It is curious to consider an address in this way. We hear perhaps of a friend or a lady being in town, and wonder much we do not see them, or have a call. We write to their friends—a thirteen-penny-half-penny comes in return. We set out some fine morning after breakfast, when in good humour with oneself and all the world; and after bending one's steps to St. John's Wood or Hackney, find the object almost without any trouble, enjoying all the luxuries and happiness of an English fireside. Thus an address is a complete leading-string to our object, for while we have the address of any of our friends we cannot say they are lost to us, although they may be far—far away. Again, I ever look with suspicion when I find that a person cannot readily give his address, and the inquiry sometimes acts as a kind of touchstone. The tongue falters; you no longer look on a countenance void of expression, a barber's block, or a graven image; but the face assumes a complexion of a kind which to the observant eye can not be mistaken for the blush of innocence, or hue of health. No. 'Tis because its head reposes on some dirty pillow in the neighbourhood, of Mandler place, or the boundaries of the King's Bench. Though some there are who, lost to every sense of feeling in this respect, care not who knows their address, and who go on like the Caird in Burns's Jolly Beggars, saying,—

"Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

I was lately led into a curious speculation of certain classes of persons, who have no fixed residence or "address." Such as travellers, soldiers, and sailors; but first of all let me begin with myself. I often find myself in a humour to be alone, although I cannot imagine my own company half so delightful as Lord Ogilby's picture of

himself, when alone in the Clandestine Marriage. However, I sometimes steal away for a day or so, and place myself in the corner of some inn, in the suburbs, where I feel a peculiar satisfaction in being beyond the reach of anything like a twopenny-post man's knock, my address being for the time known to no single creature in the world, except myself; and there are people in this mighty Babylon, who "live and move and have their being" no person knows nor cares where (a hermit in London is proverbial); who live almost without the aid of the world and who die (I may say) without an address. Again, a friend goes to visit the falls of Niagara and America. He may, meanwhile, be considered quite out of the world in regard to us; suddenly we receive to our great joy, a ship letter containing his address. He thus immediately becomes again one of our kindred. A friend of mine lately related to me rather a curious incident of this kind. In the summer of last year, he left his house in Bond street, and after visiting various places in the north, during which (about three weeks) he had not written home, nor heard from thence, he found himself curiously situated, and quite alone, on some stepping stones, which led a considerable way into a lock, somewhere betwixt Loch Lomond and Loch Tay. It all at once occurred to him that he stood, as it were, alone in the midst of the world. On casting his eyes around, it so happened as if every moving and creeping thing on the face of the earth had hid itself. No lambskins sported near, nor shepherds piped on the lea. The descending sun was casting its long streaks of light and shade on the scene, shadowing the sides of the mighty hills, deep and motionless, into the waters of the lake, which all the "chalk and reel" of *Salvator Rosa* or *Claude* can give but a faint idea of. As he looked around on this calm and pleasing prospect, he was struck with the grandeur of the panorama. The mountains, near and at a distance, seemed by their profound stillness to be awaiting some awful event that was about to befall. Yet he thought of "home and beauty"—he thought of Bond street—he thought of scales, weights, and measures—of the many pounds of tea and coffee that had that morning been served out to that many unwashed housemaids from the street adjacent to his Establishment. As to his young men, they knew nothing save that his name stood as bright in the gold letters above his door as ever, and that the shop was kept as regularly open from morning till night, as before. He also imagined that as many carriages and people would be passing his windows, as when he himself stood at the door of his house. But now, where was he? On the bounds of eternity! "Awful thought!" said he to himself; "were I to jump a yard, or perhaps stir a foot, I might never again be heard of, my address being known only to myself; and having no relations, my goods and my chattels, what would become of them in all the world!"

Again, we may consider a correct address of the first importance in a commercial point of view. But for this, commerce, both by sea and land, would soon stand still. Look at this city, for instance, and at the recent returns of the Post Office, which show such a large sum coming yearly into the hands of Government from being enveloped in an improper address; and at the West-end, morning visits, evening calls, *soirées*, and *conversations*, would be all at an end, but for this one thing. Changing our address is oftentimes attended with bad consequences, both to business and friends. An acquaintance of mine, who had lived in Archangel, for some years, did not receive my last letter to him. When he came to London, he called on me as before. I was gone no one knew where; he gave up, as hopeless, the idea of finding me. But the very day before he sailed again for the White Sea, he met me near Hamlet's, the jeweller's, and accosted me thus; "My dear fellow, I am truly glad to see you, only think what an extraordinary thing my meeting you amongst one million and half of people without an address! A wide address may be considered as a great object of ambition, and may serve, if duly considered in well-regulated minds, to stimulate the youth of the present day to more than ordinary exertion. This kind of address has been enjoyed by some of our most eminent men in commerce and literature; thus—Kirkman Finlay, Glasgow—Dr. Brewster, Edinburgh—Henry Brougham, London—Benjamin Constant, Paris—Washington Irving, America—Dr. Herschel, Europe."

To conclude this sketch. Sailors may be considered as having no address, they being so often, as it were, out of the pale of society. They may send to us—we cannot send to them. This circumstance no doubt must have

grieved the heart of the gallant poet, Dorset, when he wrote that beautiful address "To all you Ladies now at Land," for no answer could come in return to men whose post was the tide, and whose address was the sea.

A SCENE AFTER A THUNDER STORM.

The storm hath passed away, and I am free;
The foamy torrent flashes in the sun,
The giant shadows o'er the meadows run,
They chase each other o'er the sunny sea;
The hare is sporting in the spangled lea;
In the blue cleft of the precipitous cloud
The lark is singing,—low the ox aloud
In the sharp shadow of that beechen tree.
Ah, me! the fascination of that day
A deeper happiness within me wrought
Than is the joy of philosophic thought,
Touching on issues that can ne'er decay:
Dear Henrietta to my heart I caught,
And wept the excess of happiness away.

J. C.

NUTTING DAY.

We never look upon an apple-stall in one of the hot, dusty streets of the metropolis, in Autumn, nor see on it the finely clustered heap of filberts, retailing at "a penny a pint" to the lucky urchin who possesses so much of this world's wealth, but we think upon our joyous nutting days at school. We bring straightway before our "mind's eye" the portly figure of our reverend pedagogue, as on a fine September evening he would announce to our greedy ears that he had given us the morrow for "nutting day." What hasty packing up of bags! Virgil without the boards, Ovid ditto title-page and preface, and our huge dictionary, of which we were so proud, are gladly and unceremoniously thrust away from "human ken" for a day; and then our search at home for our nutting-bag, laid away since last season, and our journey to the pleasant copse to cut a hooked stick, so that we may have nothing left to do in the morning. Then, when the morning arrived, what eager peeping out to see if the day were fine; verily our toilet then was soon made, and our nice brown bread and milk neglected when compared with our usual repast thereof on a school day; how carelessly did we thrust the packet of bread and cheese, made up for us by our prudent landlady, into our afore-said nutting-bag; for, in truth, we were too much filled with pleasurable anticipations to be able to contain such an earthly commodity as food. We well remember the select companions who composed our party; methinks we hear them even now extolling the merits of the copse to which we were bending our steps, describing the thickness of the clusters, and debating at what place we ought to ford the river. Now are our slices and stockings pulled off and carefully tied to the button of our jacket—and now we cross the broad cooling river, holding the youngest by the hand to prevent the stream from knocking him over. Now have we arrived, and joyously look on the rich mellow-tinted bushes, drooping with the weight of the ripe fruit; the elder boys suppress the hurrah of the younger ones, for fear of attracting other parties to rob us of the spoil. Now do we separate, but a peculiar whistle will bring us soon together again. The pliant boughs bend under the influence of our stick, and start back relieved of the weight which before oppressed them; nimbly our fingers go to work, and our bag, widening like an alderman's stomach, and our aching shoulders, tell us that we shall soon have as much as our limbs can bring away with ease. Hark! our companions whistle; they, too, have been busy, and call on us to rejoin them. Whither shall we go to eat our repast?—why under the shade of the fine elm which grows at yonder curve of the river, and where we can get out cups

* I fear I express myself very indistinctly. An anecdote from the life of Newton will make it clear. "Newton having noted down the length of the degree obtained by Picard, began to recompute his former calculation from the new data. Finding, as he advanced, the manifest tendency of these numbers to produce the long wished for results, he suffered so much excitement that, becoming unable to go on with the calculation, he entreated one of his friends to complete it for him!"

filled from the clear spring which runs hard by. Our bread and cheese, rather crushed by the concussion of boughs pressing against our pockets, is relished with a gusto we did not think possible when we took it in the morning; and by and by we are joined by merry troops, returning home after a successful expedition, and, we hear many accounts of adventurous doings in preserves, and chases by the gamekeepers; and, chatting in such-like manner, we return to the village, displaying our treasures to the natives, and cracking our nuts and jokes in all the light-heartedness of youth and health.

J. S.

A FAIR DEVIL.

[From Miss Isabel Hill's new novel, the *Brother Trajediens*,—a production uniting in a rare degree the most reflective feeling with a charming womanly vivacity, though injured by an imperfect transpiration of the incidents through an exuberance of dialogue.]

"A Gottingen student went forth at night,
To meet with the forest haunting sprite;
And 'first I'll preach to it, then I'll fight,'
Quoth this erudite Gottingen student.

His book and his sword were of ponderous size,
For the Gottingen student was brave and wise—
At least in his own remarkable eyes—
A handsome fair—for a student.

"'Wisdom and wealth' to himself he said,
'My mother and father are long since dead,
I want a few books, a new coat, and a bed,
And to dine don't disgrace a student.

"'Thrice have I dreamt of our meeting high,
That is, this bountiful fiend and I,
Who am holy enough, all wiles to defy,
That can tempt a temperate student.

He wandered about the whole of the night
'Twas unluckily warm, and calm, and bright,
So the fiend a symptom he saw of the sprite—
Adventurous Gottingen student:

"Till he came to a castle, that frowned from a rock:
Six in the morning was tolled by a clock,
And answered by many a crowing cock
'Too late even for ghosts!' signed the student.

"But by him that instant a form there floats,
White as the whitest of new bank-notes,
While guinea-gold rouleaux of curl'd its coats
Half hid from the awe-stricken student.

"Fancy a face a full of wit and lore,
Full of all that philosophers taught of yore,
Save Plato, for little it owed to his store—
'I'm lost!' thought the spell-bound student.

"From the vision's lip flowed a silvery voice,
Chanting, 'If wisdom and wealth's thy choice,
Take me into the bargain, come on and rejoice.'
'It rings the right tune,' mused our student.

"'Tho' Landgraves and Counts may woo,' sung she,
'Not my cousin the Baron can rival thee,'—
'What, is not thy cousin a demon?' quoth he;
'The devil a bit, sir student.'

"'I am the orphan heiress of earthly gold,
My library hundreds of tomes doth hold,
I will yield them all to the gay and bold!'
'That's me,' cried the convert student."

JUDGMENT OF BOOKS.—I have no other rule by which to judge of what I read, than that of consulting the dispositions in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast, the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to anything that is virtuous or good.—*Rousseau.*

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF BURNS.

From the fifth volume of Mr. Channingham's edition, one of the most interesting of the series, containing the poet's correspondence with the original publisher of his songs. It makes us feel no end of our admiration of Burns's disinterested love of his art, and his most gentlemanly patience with the publisher's criticisms.

"Laddie, lie near me," (says he in one of his letters, speaking of a song) must lie near me for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is), I can never compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza—when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature round me, that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air, with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to fade, I retire to the solitary fire-side of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper; swinging, at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical structures, as my pen goes on. Seriously, this, at home, is almost invariably my way. What cursed egotism!"

It was modest in the poet to say that this was "egotism," but how truly the reader feels that it was no such thing, and how glad we should have been of more friendly communications of the same sort.

"Dumfriess is a small town; a few steps carried Burns to green lanes, daisied brae-sides, and quiet stream banks. Men returning from labour were sure to meet him "all under the light of the moon," sauntering forth as if he had no aim; his hands behind his back, his hat turned up a little behind by the shortness of his neck, and noting all, yet seeming to note nothing. Yet those who got near without being seen, might hear him humming some old Scottish air, and fitting verses to it."

This is a capital portrait in action. The homely touch, of the hat turned up behind by the shortness of the neck lets us at once into the robustness of the poet's frame, and his freedom from coxcombry.

VENETIAN HORSEMANSHIP.—Venice being a city built in the sea, with canals for streets, the other Italians joke the inhabitants on their ignorance of horsemanship, as we joke sailors in England. In Mr. Shepherd's *Life of Poggio Bracciolini*, it is related that Antonio Lusco, a friend of Poggio's in the course of a journey to Vicenza overtook a Venetian, in whose company he rode to Siena, where they took up their lodgings for the night. The inn was crowded with travellers, who, on the ensuing morning, were busily employed in getting their horses out of the stable, in order to pursue their journey. In the midst of the bustle, Lusco perceived his Venetian friend booted and spurred, but sitting with great tranquillity at the door of the inn. Surprised at seeing him thus inactive, he told him, that if he wished to become a fellow traveller for that day's journey, he must make haste as he was just going to mount; on which the Venetian said, "I should be happy to accompany you, but I do not recollect which is my horse, and I am waiting till the other guests are gone in order that I may take the beast which is left."

The above is given as a fact. The following is a caricature, in the style of our Irish jokes.

As a Venetian (says Poggio) was journeying to Trivigi on a hired horse, attended by a running foot man, the servant received a kick from the beast, and in the first emotion of pain took up a stone and threw it at the aggressor: but missing his aim, he hit his master on the loins. The master looking back and seeing his attendant limping after him at some distance, asked him why he did not quicken his pace. The servant excused himself by saying that the horse had kicked him on which his master replied, "I see he is a vicious beast, for he has just now given me a severe kick on the back."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Viator's" article is accepted.

CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

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VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.]

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Original Articles.

ON THE ART OF SENTIMENT AND PATHOS.

BY CAPTAIN M. MAGHTEN.

This instructive paper is intended, principally, for those young writers, in the East Indies, whom I perceive the temptations of *Literary Gazettes*, *Sporting Magazines*, and alluring Annuals, are every day warning into a chrysalis form and pressure, from which divers expand, in the course of a moon, perhaps, into the important state of existence which follows the Aurelian. But it is not exclusively for them that I rain my manna of intellect down upon the columns of the *Literary Gazette*; because I desire the food to be partaken of by some of our more practised lucubrators, who think a writer must appear solemn before he can be pathetic; and that sentiment must always wear tight-fitting sleeves, in order that she never may be able by any manner of means to laugh within either of them at the much-affected and truly admiring reader. But be it known from this period, that sentiment may sometimes openly and loudly laugh; and that there is no conceivable occasion for Goody Pathos to be always taking the corner of her apron, and fitting it into the inner corner of the eye next to the worthy and sympathising spectator. My dear Sir, and dearer Madam, there is not the least occasion for too much of any thing; and as no one need be witty himself, in order to being the cause of wit in other men; neither need any man have a lugubrious soul, to perfect him for making divers other men uneasy and profuse about the lachrymatory glands. The truth is, that the reality of sentiment and pathos has no occasion to be in the writer at all, for unless those feelings have their home in the breast of the reader he will not be affected by the most touching composition. And if, on the other hand, they have their home there, then the composition will do its work upon him without any reference to the actuality of the particular passion in the bosom of the writer. Have you never beheld an incipient storm? Have you not seen a huge, unwieldy cloud, moving along like a Brobdingagian elephant, and charged up to the muzzle (or, to preserve the metaphor a little longer, the proboscis) with thunder, and lightning, and torrent, and wind, and a whole heap of heterogeneity lumped together under the name of electricity, and it rolls, and shuffles, and scowls, along the empyrean, like (in spirit, like) an angry man, silent and sulky, and only wanting an opportunity to burst into utter violence. Well, it overtakes, and meets, and passes many a cloud, without giving vent to the slightest emotion; but lo! when it comes near to one which has the required sympathy with itself—to one formed to be a proper recipient for all the horrors with which it is big—what rattling, and

flashing, and roaring, between the two, to the peril of the way-worn traveller's umbrella, and the demonstrated fallibility of his water-proof hat! Now these two clouds resemble a reader and a writer who are both in the vein; but it will have a like effect of mutuality of feeling if the writer-cloud should be all the while neither more nor less than his soi-disant Royal Highness the Pretender, of unhappy memory; because the soft and tender reader-cloud having his own "pensive bosom" already charged, even up to the throat where the awkward choking sensation (in sorrow or hanging) is universally felt, all that is wanted is an application of the proper sort of port-fire, and his sentiments explode as sure as a gun, whether the applicant have any interest in the matter, or not. Some critics assure you that you must yourself feel before you can make your reader do so. As a general rule, or as a rule at all, I deny this in toto. If you happen to be feeling, at the moment, all you write, you will not the less call into operation the sympathy of the reader, provided his mind has been previously attuned to the congenial strain; for if it have not, all your own earnestness will no more affect him—simply because he is not so constituted as to be able to enter into it—than (as I instanced in a former paper) Paradise Lost affected the Cambridge Professor. As it is with wit, or indeed any and every other of our mental sensations, so is it with pathos. There are many sensible persons who cannot, for their lives, apprehend a pun, or a piece of irony, or a spice of dry humour. Now supposing a punster, a satirist, or a humourous individual to have an audience composed of such uncongenial souls; what would be the use of his feeling in earnest; of his having a cordial enjoyment of his own quibble, his own satire, or his own humour? They would not, because they could not, enter into it, and therefore, with respect to all communicative virtue it might as well not have existence at all. But suppose something like the contrary of this; suppose a naturally obtuse fellow,—one who could set Hood to sleep, or (what is the same thing) whom Hood could not keep awake—to be in company with one whom no wit escaped, and to utter some very good thing without being in the least aware that it was a good thing: would not the brighter companion catch and enjoy it just as quickly and as well as though it had fallen from the conscious lips of Theodore Hook, or even those of the Indian Literati whom the *Oriental Observer* delighteth to honor? I have met with the following fallacy (yet, fallacy though it be, it has no doubt "gone down" with the large proportion of readers who placidly allow the writer to think for them) in a critique by an acute reviewer, and one for whose literary opinions I have great respect. He says "the great mistake of the majority of our new-a-days writers is that they go looking about for subjects, instead of only catching the idea as it rises warm and fresh in their own mind—forgetful that nothing but genuine feeling ever communicated itself to the reader." Now in this latter part of the dictum re-

poseth the fallaciousness. There are hundreds of instances in which the reader is affected by feelings which did not at the time of writing (or, in the case of Orators, of speaking) pervade the mind of the author; and it might as well be said that the comic or tragic actor could not communicate the comic or tragic feeling unless he were, at the instant, actually imbued with it himself. But the history of the stage shows us that this is not the fact; for it shows us that the actor's heart has often been sorely wrung at the time he, or she, has been convulsing the susceptible part of an audience with laughter; and Garrick himself confessed, in the very instant when his audience were in tears, how free his own heart was from any similar emotion. In a word can, or cannot, undetected hypocrisy affect us? In the reply to that is involved the solution of the whole question. Now a writer may be a dissembler (blamelessly enough) and yet fill the reader with all the emotions of pleasure, or of pain, which the former is *supposed* to experience, judging from his description. What was Byron's reply to one who said he could not have been in a melancholy mood when he wrote the humorous Vision of Judgment, and some other comic things? "You seem to think that I could not have written the Vision under the influence of low spirits; but I think there you err. A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual, than the inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod." He is quite right; and the annals of literature abound with instances of the merry and melancholy compositions of authors having emanated at periods when their minds, as men, were under the influence of directly contrary emotions. It may be said that they must have the conception of the ludicrous or the pathetic, before they can give to them, respectively, a portrayal in their writings; for that a naturally stupid person could not write any thing lively and entertaining, nor a naturally heartless one describe a deep emotion. Certainly the stupid person could do *nothing* in the premises; but as to the other limb of the hypothesis, believe it not, in particular instances. To portray feeling, an author must be capable of feeling, I admit; but to portray an isolated feeling, or a feeling of species only, and not genus, he need not be under its power, in the least degree, himself. Sufficient it is if he be acquainted with its nature, and that is a knowledge he may possess intuitively, or even from observation, without the aid of mental experience. Love, revenge, envy, ambition, and so on, may each or all be painted by one who never knew the feeling himself; or was not under its power at the moment of the description. And, on the other hand, there be readers who cannot at all participate the feeling, in its descriptive sense, or garb; who cannot laugh at the humour, nor weep at the pathos, nor curdle and goose-skin all over at the horror; no matter whether the writer have been simultaneously under his own spell or not. The mind is like the body; it requires a predisposition before it can catch any thing. Two persons shall live in the same house, in the same manner, share the same bed and board, and enjoy the same general good health; yet the cholera shall pay the domicile a visit, and one of them shall straightway evince a greater affinity for it than the other. So, at a play or over a novel; one of the said parties (to a common observer as like each other in disposition as two seas are in any other respect)—though

I have never beheld any two seas half so like each other as I have seen twins) shall laugh or weep, and the other shall not trouble his mouth farther than to suck an orange, nor his eyes much beyond looking at the figure of the actress, or the bill of the play to discover her real name. Again and again, then I say the particular feeling aimed at, or angled for, by the writer, must be in the reader's mind; or all the former's efforts will be useless whether they emanate from his own real sensations, or from his imaginative faculty. Why does not the world-experienced adult read the Mysteries of Udolpho with the same sympathising emotions as pervade the mind of the youth or maiden in earlier teens? The author is the same,—but the reader is not. And suppose Moore or Byron to be ever so sincere in their ~~amatory~~ descriptions,—their hearts to be speaking, and not their heads,—their actual feelings, and not their ideal creations,—does the same person read them with the same emotions at the age of twenty and the age of two score? I am nearly qualified to reply in the negative; but let me ask some one who can answer for three score and ten! And why are not the emotions the same, if their being excited depend on the genuineness of the described feelings, at the time of description, in the writer's breast? The solution is that the reader's feelings are changed, abated, or destroyed, and that therefore the sympathy has departed from him; and that some other kind of description would now interest him (whether the describer really felt as he wrote, or not) which would have found no response in his bosom at the age of twenty years. The answer is true enough—and it proves my case. To some persons almost every thing is more or less laughable, because their minds are so peculiarly constituted that they cannot help seeing the portion of ludicrousness, which like heat, is discoverable in almost every earthly event. One of our poets (Herbert) says:

"All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein;"

and I suppose every one is aware of the propensity the safe spectator has to laugh on seeing his friend get a break-neck fall from a horse. This is common; but others will see something ludicrous in the contortions of a man being hanged by the neck till he is dead; and in other cases the very look of misery will, *prima facie*, incline some persons to laughter. Yet they shall be, in the main, benevolent persons; and indeed their mirth shall, in no degree whatever, have its rise in the suffering of the object, whom perhaps they would effectually relieve, if they could, sooner than the grave observer, whose gravity may not necessarily be the child of compassion. But to return to the question, as between the reader and the writer: Not only is it true that the feelings of the former (poor dupe!) may be aroused to the most philanthropic sympathy, when the latter has been as cool as a cucumber, or a water melon, all the while; but the latter is himself often paid back for his wag-gery, by being denied the reader's sympathy when he entreates it in all the fervor of sincere affliction. He loses a favorite child, a beloved wife, an affianced bride, and he communicates with the reader in right good earnest;—but the latter sports deaf adder. He has never had a child, nor a wife, nor an affianced mistress; and never knew the feeling of any grief connected with such a bereavement; but had the poet only mourned for a favo-

Selected Articles.

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI IN LA VENDEE.

Since the days of Prince Charles Stuart, there has been no instance of enterprise and adventure of so remarkable a character, or possessing at all such interest, as that to which the title of this article refers.

The Duchess de Berri, as is well known, is the widow of the late Duc de Berri, younger son of Charles X of France, and the mother of the Duc de Bourdeaux in whose favour his grandfather and uncle so fruitlessly abdicated in 1830, when the main line of the royal family of France was displaced, in order to make room for the junior branch represented by the Duc d'Orléans. The duchess naturally accompanied Charles X in his exile, and for some time resided in this country with the dethroned monarch. Being, however, a woman of a restless and restless disposition, and, withal, possessed of singular degrees of resolution and presence of mind, together with a spirit worthy of a heroic romance, she continued to maintain a secret correspondence with the Carlists, as the friends of Charles X. are termed, and finally induced by the representations which were made to her of the strength of that party, and of their devotion to her cause she resolved on quitting her family and proceeding to France, to head in person the insurrection which she expected would take place in behalf of the Bourbon dynasty and, of consequence, pave the way for her son's ascent to the throne of France.

Having provided herself with a letter from the ex king, dated at Edinburgh, and addressed to the royalists in France, requesting them to acknowledge her as regent of the kingdom, and as acting for her son Henry V. she set out for the Continent, and passed through Holland in June 1831, and took up her abode for some time at Brest, a small town at the distance of twelve leagues from Genoa. She here made some attempt at procuring an incognito—calling herself the Comtesse de Vigny—but, negligently that it was well known to every one who she really was.

The French government having obtained notice of her proceedings, procured her expulsion from L'Écluse on which she proceeded to home. In the meantime, she was constantly receiving letters of encouragement from her partisans in France who represented the public feeling as gradually approaching a crisis in her favour, particularly in La Vendée. She therefore now determined on commencing active operations, and accordingly intimated to the royalists, by letter dated 15th April 1832 that they should prepare to take arms and that she herself would soon be amongst them.

She soon after this embarked on board a steam boat for Marseilles, attended by two or three followers, and arrived in the roadstead of that port on the 23rd of April. On arriving here, it was found impracticable, from the heavy sea which was running, to approach the land with the vessel except at the risk of shipwreck. This risk, however, the captain declared he was willing to encounter but the duchess would not permit it. The intrepid heroine ordered a boat to be lowered and contrary to the advice, and even remonstrances of the captain who pressed on her the danger of attempting such a venture in open boat, insisted on being rowed on shore. She had fixed an hour for a rising of the royalists in Marseilles and now declared that no danger would deter her from making her way thither to be present at that hour. She accordingly stepped into the boat, accompanied by two of her suite, M. de Ménars and General de Bourmont, and after a perilous voyage of three hours, reached the shore at an unfrequented part of the coast, in safety. During this dangerous passage, the heroic duchess not only remained perfectly calm and collected, but was even gay although the probability every instant of their all perishing was much greater than that they should escape.

By the time the adventurers had effected a landing, night had set in, and as they could neither proceed in the dark, nor venture into any house for fear of discovery, they determined on passing the night where they were. Having come to this resolution, the duchess wrapped herself in a cloak, and lay down under the shelter of a rock, and slept soundly till day break. When she awoke, she looked towards Marseilles, and was greatly rejoiced to perceive, by the white flag which now replaced the tricolor on the church of St. Laurent, that her friends had

made a movement in the city. Her joy at this sight was soon after still further increased by hearing the deep tones of the alarm-bell ringing in Marseilles. The chivalrous spirit of the duchess was now so much elated by these sights and sounds, that she was for entering the city instantly, and placing herself at the head of her party. Her two companions, however, prevailed upon her, though not without great difficulty, to wait for more unequivocal assurances regarding the state of matters in the city, and the event established the prudence of their interference.

In a short time afterwards, they heard the drums of the national guard and troops of the line beating to arms, and this was followed by the disappearance of the white flag from the church of St. Laurent, and the re-appearance of the tricolor. The adventurers, in the meantime, finding that they could no longer remain with safety in the exposed situation in which they were, General Bourmont proposed to the duchess to conceal herself in the hut of a charcoal-burner which was hard by, while he himself should go in quest of information as to what had passed and was passing in Marseilles. With this proposal the duchess complied, and in the evening Bourmont returned with the disheartening intelligence that the royalists, of whom only about two hundred out of six or eight thousand had made any movement were completely overawed by the military, and that nothing was to be hoped for from Marseilles. In these desperate circumstances a consultation was held as to what was the next best thing to be done, and the duchess instantly decided on proceeding to La Vendée at the same time declaring, that as she had entered France, she would not leave it. As the adventurers had no conveyance of any kind, neither horse nor carriage, it was necessary to perform this long and perilous journey on foot, a circumstance which had no effect whatever in shaking the resolution of the duchess who to reconcile her friends to the idea of her travelling in this manner protested that she was an excellent walker. Having obtained a guide, the party set out at nightfall, and after travelling for many hours in the dark, by a mountainous and extremely difficult road it was discovered that the guide had lost his way. Under these circumstances it was found necessary, as the duchess was now greatly fatigued, to bivouac where they were on the open ground until the return of daylight should enable them to continue their journey. This resolution having been taken, the duchess wrapped herself in her cloak and resting her head on a portmanteau, slept soundly till day break. When she awoke, she perceived a country seat at some distance, and asked the guide to whom it belonged. "To a furious republican," replied the latter. "Very well, conduct me thither," said this singular woman. Her companions heard with amazement an order which was to lead her to the house of an enemy of her family, and it was not a little increased when she informed them that it was necessary for their safety and hers that they should now part. She concluded by desiring, Monsieur de Bourmont to proceed to Nantes and to await her there, and Monsieur de Ménars to go to Montpellier, where she said he would hear from her.

The duchess conducted by her guide, now proceeded to the house of the republican who was mayor of the commune of C. — On arriving at the house, she was ushered into the drawing room where she was shortly afterwards joined by the injured himself, who had been informed that a lady wanted to speak to him in private. "Sir," she said when he entered the apartment, "you are a republican, I know, but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchess de Berri, and I am come to ask you for an asylum." Republican as he was, the man found himself unable to resist this appeal. He made her welcome to his house, promised to procure her passports, and said he would himself conduct her to Montpellier, whither she informed him she proposed next to proceed. "Now, sir," she added, holding out her hand to the man, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you shall see that the Duchess de Berri can sleep soundly even under the roof of a republican. I have fulfilled his promises. He treated the duchess with the utmost attention, procured passports for her, and conducted her next day in his own carriage to Montpellier.

From Montpellier the duchess went to Toulouse, and from thence, now accompanied by M. de Ménars and the Marquis de L., all three being in the same carriage, to a chateau of a friend of the latter, which it was proposed to make a sort of head-quarters, from whence proclamations

were to be issued, and the other necessary business of insurrection transacted. The person, however, to whom the duchess was now brought was not aware of the visit intended him; he was therefore greatly surprised when, answering himself a violent ringing at his gate at a late hour one night, he found his friend the Marquis of L—— and a carriage at the door, in which was the Duchess de Berri. "The Duchess de Berri!" he exclaimed, in amazement, on being informed that she was in the carriage that stood at his door. "What Madame?" "Yes, she herself," replied his friend; "open the gate quickly." But there was a difficulty in the way—the house was filled with visitors, and the master of the chateau dreaded the risk of discovery, and he mentioned his fears to the marquis. The duchess overhearing him, opened the blinds of the carriage, and said to the former, "Have you not by any chance a female cousin living fifty leagues from this place?" "Yes, Madame," he replied, "Well, then," rejoined the duchess, "open the gate, and introduce me to these twenty visitors as your cousin." This was accordingly done, and the duchess played her part so well, that no suspicion whatever of her real character was entertained by any of the strangers in the house. She was likely, however, to have been less fortunate with a French clergyman who breakfasted at the chateau on the Sunday after her arrival. This gentleman had been presented to her on a former occasion as Duchess de Berri, and when now introduced to her as the cousin of his host, he was greatly perplexed by the resemblance which he discovered between the two persons. His embarrassment at length became so marked, and withal so ludicrous, that the duchess, unable to restrain herself, burst into loud and frequent fits of laughter. The worthy curé, however, never arrived at an entire conviction of the imposition, but merely remarked, that "never did such a likeness exist before."

The duchess now employed herself in corresponding with the leading chiefs of the party in La Vendée till the 15th May, when, having completed arrangements for a general rising of the peasantry in that quarter on the 24th of the same month, she proceeded thither in person, accompanied by her host. To avoid a premature discovery of her presence in La Vendée, as that country was now filled with troops, she travelled with the utmost secrecy. Her first stage was to the house of a curé, one of her friends, who was aware of her coming. She arrived here at eight o'clock at night, supped, and immediately after requested the curé to give the necessary orders for the prosecution of her journey. On the priest's return to the apartment occupied by the duchess, to inform her that a horse was ready saddled for her, he found her dressed as a peasant boy, in which guise she now meant to travel. The priest calling his godson, a young lad of sixteen, pointed to the duchess and said, "Here is a young man who will get up behind you. He must be taken to —." The lad glanced at the person thus about to be entrusted to his care, and simply answered, after the manner of the Vendéans, "Very well, Monsieur le Curé, he shall be taken thither." The duchess was now placed on the horse behind him, and was safely conveyed, after a three hours' journey, to the place of her destination, without a word having passed between her and her guide. The latter, as it afterwards appeared, knew perfectly well whom he had with him, for he had seen the duchess before, and remembered her; yet he did not on this occasion make the slightest allusion to this knowledge, nor did he ever once turn his head towards his companion during the whole way; and the instant he set her down at her journey's end, he started off on his return, still without speaking, or betraying the slightest symptom of recognition.

The duchess being now joined by Charrette, one of her principal Vendean friends, and generalissimo of the insurgent forces, proceeded, still wearing the dress of a peasant boy, in company with that person, to the neighbourhood of Grand-Lieu. But on the way thither, an accident happened which nearly terminated the bold career of this extraordinary woman. In crossing the river Maine, her foot slipped on the wet stones on which she was stepping, and she was precipitated into the stream. Charrette instantly plunged in after her, and bore her to the opposite bank. Having no change of dress, the duchess, in the uncomfortable condition consequent on the accident, entered a cottage which was close by, stripped off her wet clothes, and hung them up to dry, wrapping herself, in the meantime, in a blanket till the clothes should be accomplished. In this extraordinary guise she seated herself at the door of the cottage to enjoy the warmth of

the sun, and then partook heartily of a repast of sour milk and black bread, the only description of provisions which could be procured.

When her clothes were dried, she and her companion Charrette proceeded to Aigrefeuille, and where she resumed the garments of her sex, and obtained a carriage, with which she continued her journey as far as Toulou. Here she stopped, and entering a mean house, exchanged her dress with a woman whom she found there, and who now occupied her place in the carriage, and proceeded some way on the high road to Nantes, whilst she herself struck off on foot through an intricate and unfrequented part of the country, and finally stopped at a miserable cottage, which tempted her by the obscurity of its situation. Here she took up her abode for some time, and in these wretched quarters commenced a renewal of her correspondence with the Vendean chiefs. Here, also, she had some interesting interviews with some of the leading men of her party. All of these, however, were conducted with the most profound secrecy. The precautions, indeed, which were taken to conceal the place of her retreat, together with the extraordinary fidelity of the Vendean peasantry, who were deeply interested in her cause, rendered it all but impossible for any one but a friend to obtain access to her. Signs and countersigns, and a succession of guides from one point to another, and who always discharged this duty in the most profound silence, were necessary to enable any one who sought her to find out the place of her abode; and none but those who could fully satisfy them, at the different points where the guides stopt, of their being her friends, could have any chance of reaching her. The room which she occupied was an exceedingly miserable one: the walls were bare, and the only furniture it contained was a clumsy-made bedstead, a single chair, and a table. On the former lay the complete dress of a peasant boy, ready for any emergency; and on the latter a number of papers, and a pair of pistols, likewise ready for use. The duchess herself wore, while in this concealment, one of the common woollen coats of the women of the country, and, when in bed, was covered with a Scotch plaiden shawl of green and red.

The correspondence which the duchess now entered into with her friends led to the resolution of fixing on the night between the 3d and 4th of June, instead of the 24th of May, for a general rising of the peasantry of La Vendée. There were many of her partisans, however, who were now, and indeed had all along been, impressed with a highly unfavourable opinion of the results of a revolt in La Vendée; as, besides many other extremely inimical considerations, there was a great scarcity of arms and ammunition; but to the remonstrances and representations of these, the heroic duchess replied, that she was determined to bring her pretensions to the issue of the sword. "I call all men of valour to my standard," she said; "God will aid us in saving our country. No danger, no fatigue, shall discourage me. I will appear at the very first meetings."

On the night between the 3d and 4th of June, accordingly, the tocsin sounded in La Vendée, the peasantry flew to arms, the troops of the government were put in motion, and the struggle commenced, the presence of the Duchess de Berri being now perfectly known over the whole country. The first encounter between the military and the insurgents took place at Maisdon, where the latter were defeated with a loss of twelve men killed. The next was at Vieilleville. At this battle the duchess herself was present in person, and with her own hands dressed the wounds of the men. Here the gallant Vendéans were again defeated, and the duchess herself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner—a fate which she only avoided by hastily exchanging horses with Charrette. On the same day, another action took place at the Chateau La Penitence, in which the intrepidity and heroism of the Vendean character were remarkably exemplified, although in an unavailing effort.

It was now perceived that all hopes of a favourable issue to the insurrection must be abandoned, and of this the duchess herself became convinced. The government troops were every where, and in such force that no sooner was any local rising attempted, than it was crushed, and the duchess herself was obliged to fly from place to place, to avoid being captured by the military, who pursued her so closely, that she never enjoyed one entire night's sleep.

In these circumstances, the Vendean chiefs suggested a new plan, which met with the ready approbation of the

duchess. This was, that she should proceed secretly to Nantes, where an asylum had been prepared for her, and that on a certain market-day, a large body of the insurgents, disguised as peasants, should enter the city, seize the castle, place the duchess in it, and thereafter declare Nantes the provisional capital of the kingdom. In pursuance of this plan, the duchess, in the disguise of a peasant girl, accompanied by M. de Ménars as a farmer, and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec dressed as the duchess, set out on foot for Nantes. During the journey, the duchess's feet suffered so severely from the thick worsted stockings and clumsy shoes she wore, that she found herself unable to proceed. In this dilemma, she sat down upon a bank, took off the shoes and stocking, stuffed them into her large pockets and continued her journey barefoot. On contrasting the appearance of her now naked feet and legs with those of the peasant girls whom she passed, the duchess perceived that a cause of suspicion might be found in the unusual whiteness of hers. To remedy this, she stepped to the road-side, and rubbed them over with some dark-colored earth, and in this condition the daughter of a race of kings entered Nantes.

Soon after entering the town, and before she had reached her lodgings, an old apple woman, taking her for what she appeared to be, a common country girl, requested her and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec to assist her in placing her basket of fruit on her head, promising each an apple for their trouble. The duchess at once complied, and demanded, what the old woman seemed not unwilling to forget, the promised reward. On proceeding a little farther, she stopped, and deliberately read a placard or proclamation on a wall, setting a price upon her head, and declaring her friends outlawed. The duchess at length reached the house appointed for her reception, and took possession of an apartment fitted with a place of concealment, to which she could retire on the appearance of any urgent danger from military or police visits. This concealment was an ingeniously contrived recess behind the fire-place, to which she had intimation when it was advisable to retire, by the ringing of a bell which communicated with the floor below.

In this retreat, the duchess, whose friends found themselves unable to make any other effort in her favour, or to carry the last plan which they had suggested into execution, remained for five months. It was known to the authorities during nearly all this time that she was in Nantes, but by no means they could adopt were they able to discover the place of her concealment. Treachery, however, at length effected what diligence could not. One Dentz, who stood high in her confidence, obtained access to her; and the use he made of this proof of her reliance on his fidelity was to inform the police of her place of residence. In consequence of this information, the house was invested during the night with a large military force, commanded by Colonel Simon Lottiere, and a rigorous search begun by the police. But Dentz, although he was able to point out the house in which the duchess was to be found, yet knew nothing of the concealment behind the fire-place; and his ignorance on this point prolonged the search for many hours, and was nearly rendering it altogether abortive.

On the first alarm of the approaching danger, the duchess, with her female companion Mademoiselle Stylite Kersabiec, M. de Ménars, and M. Guibourg, who formed her household, retired into the recess, the duchess herself insisting on being the last to enter; and just as she cleared the aperture, the soldiers appeared in the apartment. During the whole night the search continued with unabated vigilance on the part of the police, but without leading to any other result than a conviction from a number of corroborating circumstances, that the duchess was in the house. Every closet, bed, and recess, but the one where the fugitives were, was carefully scrutinised, and the search was pursued with equal diligence in all the neighbouring houses, but still no Duchess of Berri could be found, although the traces of her were perceived at every step. Architects and masons were also employed to see if their skill could discover any secret architectural contrivances for concealment, and to compare the exterior with the interior appearance of the apartments, with the view of detecting such contrivances, but in vain. They could make no discovery, though they hammered at the walls of the recess itself, and beat them with such violence with iron bars and beams, that large fragments of lime fell amongst the fugitives, and added to their other fears that of being buried in the ruins of the house, which they conceived was about to be pulled down. Still they held out, and it

began to be believed that the duchess had escaped, but an accidental circumstance at length achieved what the diligence of the police could not effect. Two soldiers, who had been left on guard in the room adjoining the recess, finding it excessively cold, kindled a large fire in the fire-place behind which the fugitives were concealed, the heat and smoke of which threatened at once to suffocate them, and scorch them to death. Even this, however, they bore for a great length of time, placing their mouths against the chinks in the slates above them, to obtain a little fresh air; but their situation becoming at length wholly insupportable, the duchess, whose clothes had repeatedly taken fire, determined on surrendering herself; but even yet it was more for the sake of those who were with her than her own, as she never once complained of the dreadful suffering which she, in common with her companions, was enduring. Having come to the resolution of delivering herself up, she walked into the apartment, followed by the other fugitives, and announced herself to the astonished soldiers who were there on guard. The party had now remained in their concealment—a recess only three feet and a half long, and decreasing from eighteen to eight inches in width—for sixteen hours. Having announced herself, the duchess desired that General Dermoncourt might be sent for. When he entered the apartment, she said to him, "General, I deliver myself up to you, and I trust myself to your integrity." The reply of the general was worthy of a soldier and a man of honour. He assured her of his protection, and during the time she remained under his charge, conducted himself towards her with the utmost tenderness and respect. The duchess subsequently remarked, "General, I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have performed the duty of a mother in trying to recover my son's inheritance;" and some time afterwards, resuming the natural gaiety of her disposition, she said, casting a last glance at the place of her concealment, "Ah, General, if you had not waged war with me after the fashion of St. Lawrence's martyrdom, which," she added, laughingly, "was unworthy of a brave and loyal knight, you would not now have my arm under yours."

The duchess was now conveyed a prisoner to the castle of Nantes, from which she was soon after taken to Fosse. She was finally deposed by order of King Louis Philip, himself her near relation by marriage, in the fortress of Blaye, where a lamentable sequel was added to her romantic story, by her being found pregnant, and delivered of a female infant. Her subsequent declaration of a marriage with a Sicilian nobleman—her liberation—and her restoration to the bosom of the family of Charles X. in Austria—are facts too well known to require further notice. It must ever be lamented by generous minds, that a lady who showed such remarkable vigour of character, such heroic devotedness to the cause of her son, and such extraordinary fortitude under suffering, should have obliterated so much of the effect of those elevating qualities, by a want of the first and most important virtue of her sex.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

* The above article is a careful abridgment of the account of the duchess's adventures, published in 1833, by General Dermoncourt.

TRUE NATIONAL SPIRIT. TESTIMONY OF AN ENLIGHTENED FRANCHISEMAN TO THE MERITS OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—The true greatness of a people does not consist in borrowing nothing from others, but in borrowing from all whatever is good, and in perfecting whatever it appropriates. I am as great an enemy as any one to artificial imitations; but it is mere pusillanimity to reject a thing for no other reason than that it has been thought good by others. With the promptitude and justness of the French understanding, and the indestructible unity of our national character, we may assimilate all that is good in other countries without fear of ceasing to be ourselves. Placed in the centre of Europe, possessing every variety of climate, bordering on all civilized nations, and holding perpetual intercourse with them, France is essentially cosmopolitan; and indeed this is the main source of her great influence. Besides civilized Europe now forms but one great family. We constantly imitate England in all that concerns outward life, the Mechanical arts, and physical refinements: why, then, should we blush to borrow something from kind, honest, pious, learned Germany, in what regards inward life and the nurture of the soul?—*Victor Cousin's Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia*.

LA SORTILEGA; OR, THE CHARMED RING.

(From *Lays and Legends of Spain*.)

In the province of Andalusia there lived a rich and noble cavalier, named Don Remigio de la Torre, who had to wife Donna Ines Pauda, the most beautiful woman in all the land. Long and happily they lived together; so that their felicity had become a bye-word among their neighbours, and they were held up as an example to all young persons entering into the blessed state of matrimony. Indeed neither tongue nor pen can describe how happily they were consorted.

One day, as they sat together in the lady's bower, their talk turned upon death. The thoughts of a possible separation made each feel melancholy, and they remained silent for some time. At last Donna Ines said,

"If you should die, my love, I am sure I should die too."

Don Remigio kissed her eyes, which were full of tears, and pressed her to his bosom.

"What should I do," murmured he, half choked with his imaginary sorrow, "if you left me alone in this bleak world?"

They kissed and comforted each other; and soon the momentary melancholy they had experienced was absorbed in sentiments of increased affection. However, it was agreed between them that the survivor should watch nine successive nights in the sepulchre of the deceased, with the coffin opened and the face of the corpse uncovered; and that during that vigil which was to commence an hour before midnight, and terminate an hour before dawn, his or her eyes should never for a moment be taken off the corpse.

Time fled, and a period was about to be put to their happiness. In one single week from the day on which this conversation occurred, Donna Ines was attacked with a dead malady. Three days more, and she departed this life to the unspeakable sorrow of her agonized husband. Her funeral was celebrated with every possible pomp and magnificence. All the nobility and clergy of the neighbouring country accompanied the body, which was deposited in an old vault, at a short distance from the castle of Don Remigio, and which had been used by his ancestors since the days of Pilayo. The concourse then departed to their several homes, and the disconsolate husband retired to his chamber.

An hour before midnight according to his compact with the deceased, he entered the vault in which lay the earthly remains of all that he had loved in the world. In pursuance of his plighted word, he proceeded to unfasten the coffin lid, and to uncover the face of his beloved Ines. This done, he fell on his knees beside her, and alternately kissing her cold lips, eyes, and cheeks, prayed aloud, in the most fervent strain, for the repose of her soul.

Midnight, which was announced by the giant bell, found him engaged in this occupation. Just as the last stroke of the bell reverberated in his ear, his attention was attracted by a sudden noise at the other side of the vault. He started back in momentary affright, as an enormous serpent, with eyes like fire, and scales sparkling like polished steel, sprung forward to attack him. But his dismay was but momentary,—he stepped aside instantly,—the serpent shot past him, and before the reptile could again renew the attack, Remigio smote it with his trusty sword, and, behold, in its place, he perceived a beautiful glittering with jewels, lying on a written scroll of paper, the letters inscribed on which were of burnished gold. Don Remigio approached and took the ring and the scroll; and on the latter he read, in glowing characters, the following verse:

Take this ring and straight apply it
To the corpse's lips, that lieth
In the sleep of death so quiet;
Quick to life you'll bring her by it,
In the blessed Trine's name try it.

While he read these lines the air seemed to resound with strains of wild harmonious music. When he had finished he did not delay a moment in trying the means for the recovery of his beloved wife from the grave, which had been so strangely revealed to him.

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," said he, touching at the same time the corpse's pale cold lips with the talisman, "arise, and live once more."

Ines arose as if from sleep.

"My beloved wife,"—"My beloved husband." They could say no more for some minutes, so absorbed were they with each other. At last tears came to their relief, and they wept in joy until the day broke, and they left the sepulchre together.

Unconscious in the fulness of their happiness whither they went, they wandered unwittingly the whole morning, until at noon they found themselves on a broad beach, the sands of which shone like diamonds in the sun; and the sea before them. They sat down at the water edge, and Don Remigio exhausted from contending emotions, laid his head on his lady's lap, and took his siesta while she watched over him as a mother over her child.

But while he continued in this deep sleep a gallant barque, with all her sails set, neared the shore, the captain, a young man of most comely presence, leaped from her deck, beside Donna Ines.

"Fair Lady," said he enamoured at the first glimpse of her extreme beauty, "what dost thou here in a place of such danger. Know ye not that this cave is the resort of Moorish Zebeques; and that if they find you here they will carry you off to captivity."

Don Remigio slept on, and heard not a word of this discourse. Donna Ines imperceptibly shifted his head from her lap, until at last she laid it on a large stone which was beside them.

"Leave your drowsy, ungallant companion," continued the captain, "and come with me on board my brave barque. I love you more than I may say. We will go to my home in a distant country, and you shall be my bride, and mistress of all my broad lands. Come, sweetest, come, you shall know neither fear nor sorrow; but your life shall be as one long sunny day of delight."

The lady hesitated a moment, and looked at her husband; she then rose, averted her head, put forth her hand to her seducer, and stepped on board his barque. A fair wind sprung up, the mariners bent on their oars,—the sails filled, and bellied in the breeze, and in a very short period Ines and her new lover were out of sight of land.

When Don Remigio awoke and missed his wife, he stormed and raved like a man distracted. Now he thought she might have been carried off by the Moors, and he cursed his untoward drowsiness; anon, he deemed that she had returned home, and left him to find his way as he best could; but his good opinion of himself did not suffer him to entertain this thought for more than a moment; and at last he imagined that it might be all nothing more than a dream. Filled with this idea he sped back to the sepulchre; but he found the door open, and only the sere cloths, of which he had divested the body of Ines, in the coffin. His wife was not there, and he was convinced. He then hastened home.

Arrived at the castle, he called to his servants, and anxiously inquired whether his wife had returned? But the servants, astonished beyond measure, one and all answered in the negative.

"What does our master mean?" inquired the hoary Castellán. "I have nursed him on my knee when a child—I have shared in his sports when a boy—I have waited and watched for him, a man—and never before heard I such a question from him."

But Don Remigio, who had returned from an unsuccessful search in his lady's bower, under the impression that she might have entered the castle unheeded by his servants, explained to them the cause of his question; and they all stood aghast with horror and surprise at the strangeness of the tale.

"Moreover," said he, "I mean to leave my castle tomorrow, never, perhaps, to return again; so make speed for my departure. Stay you here, however, and never want support, while my demesnes afford it. Before the dawn I shall depart and let no one on his peril seek for me or speak of me after I shall have gone."

The menials bowed their heads; they were filled with grief, for he was a good and a kind master. They then went to eat their dinners and discuss his project, as far as they could conjecture its significance. The hoary Castellán was so sad that he retired to his ward-room—got intoxicated, and deranged his stomach for an entire week on the strength of his sorrow.

Before the dawn, Don Remigio had departed from the hall of his fathers disguised as a mendicant, but with a large sum of money and many valuable jewels concealed about his person. Two days and two nights he journeyed

thus, in pursuance to a vow he had made previous to his setting out, of subsisting only on the alms of the pious, until he once more found his beloved wife, he eat only the bread of charity. On the evening of the third day he fell in with a poor fellow equipped at all points like himself, and also bound like him on an eleemosynary expedition, with this difference, that it was not from inclination, but from necessity he undertook it. Short time sufficed to make these companions in misfortune known to each other, for there are not many formalities among the poor; and misery, says the old saw, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

Don Remigio proposed that they should join company, a proposal which the beggar most readily agreed to, since his partner renounced all claims to further share in the alms they received, than was absolutely necessary to his support; this done, they journeyed on together.

Many long days, and many weary miles did they wander on, they knew not whither. Many a kind heart did they meet in their course, many an unkind one—the kind hearts preponderated, and they were principally women. In the meanwhile, each had manifold opportunities of knowing the other. At length, one sultry afternoon, as they lay in the shade of a cork-tree, high in the Sierra Morena mountains, Remigio's companion earnestly inquired of him, whither he was going? Remigio moved by the poor fellow's sympathy told him all. This drew closer the bonds of friendship with which they had become insensibly attached to each other; and in reply to a suggestion of the former that he might leave him if he chose, he said he would follow him while he had life and his permission. When the air cooled they pursued their journey together.

Days and days, and leagues and leagues they wandered on, over mountains and rivers, through valleys and gardens, on—on, until they arrived at last at a great city, fatigued, foot-sore, and anxious for a little repose after their toils. Here they made up their minds to remain and rest for a week. It would seem as if this resolve were the inspiration of some protecting spirit. They had been there but too days, when going to mass on the third, which was Sunday, they learned from their brethren in misery, whom they had met with at the church doors in crowds, that the nuptials of a great lord of the land with a beautiful Andalusian lady, were to take place the same day, and that an entertainment was to be given in the court-yard of his palace to all the mendicants of the city and its vicinity. After mass was over, they joined company with their brother beggars, proceeded to the palace of the great lord, and placed themselves at one of the long tables which were laid out in the court-yard, covered with wholesome and savory food.

Seated behind the *jalousies* in her balcony, the Andalusian lady and her lord, saw with curiosity, the concourse of mendicants to the banquet provided for them. All of a sudden the lady started back, uttered a half-suppressed shriek, and grew deadly pale.

"What ails you, my love," asked the lord, in the utmost alarm.

"My husband—my own husband," she exclaimed, her straining eye-balls almost starting from her head.

"You are mad," said her lord, half in anger, and half in jest.

"My husband!" she exclaimed. "See, he is sitting at yon table disguised as a mendicant. Look, look; oh God! what shall I do." The mendicant looked up, and saw her and fell backwards, for the Andalusian lady was poor Remigio's ungrateful wife.

The lord of the castle looked also, and seeing that Remigio was no common mendicant, believed what the Andalusian lady had spoken.

"Take your lady to her chamber," said he to her maiden, who had entered at his call, "and send Guzman to me."

Guzman came, and after conversing apart with his lord, received a purse of money and descended to the court-yard of the castle, while the bridegroom sought the chamber of his lady.

"Tis all arranged," said he, "he shall trouble us no longer. He then told her his scheme for getting rid of her husband without violence on his part, and with due observance of every form of law. There was a statute in force in that city that visited with the punishment of death all those who stole the sum of ten ducats or any thing over it.

"I have sent Guzman," said he, "to conceal a purse to that amount on his person; Guzman will do the business dexterously I warrant you, for he was once a

brigand; we shall then have the fool tried, and I will deal with him accordingly. That will not be our fault."

"No," said the Andalusian lady. "No, it will not be our fault, it will be all Guzman's!"

Guzman meanwhile had executed his commission; under the pretence of helping the mendicant from his swoon, he concealed the purse in the large sleeve of the beggar's garb. In a few minutes he made an outcry, and he was robbed of ten ducats in a purse, and commanded the castle gates to be shut. A search was immediately begun among the beggars. It came to Remigio's turn to be searched last, when, just as they touched him, out fell the purse from his sleeve, where it had been hid by the treacherous Guzman.

This was all Guzman wanted. So they hurried poor Remigio before the lord of the castle for judgment. After a mock trial, which was secretly witnessed by his wife, concealed behind the judgment seat, Remigio was condemned to death. From the audience-chamber he was quickly transferred to the castle chapel, and then left to prepare himself for eternity, while the gibbet on which he was to be hanged was getting ready.

Innocent of all guilt, and sad at the idea of such a fate, poor Remigio remained in the castle chapel during the period preceding the time appointed for his execution.

However, the godly assistance of his confessor, recognised him in some degree to death, and he resigned himself ultimately to his departure from a world where, after all, he had latterly experienced nothing but misery and misfortune. The confessor shivered him and saved him; and then took his leave. At this juncture Remigio thought him of the talisman. He made up his mind at once to the course he should pursue; and taking leave of his confessor, he prayed him as a final favour that he would seek out his brother mendicant, and send him to him without delay.

"*Vulgate Deus*, my son," said the confessor, "thy will shall be done." The confessor departed, and in a short time the beggar arrived.

"Brother," said Remigio, "you have proved yourself a real friend; will you do me one favour after I die?"

The beggar replied that he would if it were in his power.

"Take this ring then," said Remigio, giving him the charmed crucifix; "take also this purse, which contains all my money. When I am removed from the gallows touch you at midnight my lips with the middle stone of the ring, in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and keep the contents of the purse for yourself when you have done so."

The mendicant promised all that was required of him, and left the chapel, taking with him the ring and the purse.

In a few minutes afterwards the executioners came in, and took Remigio to the gibbet, where they hung him at once. When he was dead they cut him down and carried his corpse to the castle chapel; there, leaving it on the steps of the altar until morning, they departed.

At midnight, the mendicant, faithfully to his promise, stole into the chapel on tip-toe, sadly frightened at the solemnity and singularity of the scene in which he was to perform a part.

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," said he, as with the charmed ring he touched the lips of the corpse.

That which was the corpse at once stood up, and the mendicant swooned from fear on the floor of the chapel.

"Fear nothing," said Don Remigio; "follow me; all is right."

They left the city together in the silence of the night; and left the city together rejoicing in the darkness. Days on days, and nights on nights they wandered on, until at last they came to the capital city of the kingdom. Just as they entered the gates they heard a herald proclaim the sore illness of the king, and offer of a third of the realm to whoever would cure him of his grievous malady.

"Come," said Remigio, who had resumed possession of the talisman, to his mendicant companion, "I'll go and cure the king."

His companion, who now of course, nothing doubted his ability, did as he desired. They proceeded together to the royal palace. After considerable difficulty, they obtained access to the monarch; and Remigio at once proposed to make him whole again. The king wished him to try the experiment in the presence of his council;

but this he would not consent to. The chamber was accordingly cleared of all but the patient and his new physician. After a few words of good cheer to the dying monarch, Remigio touched his lips with the ring, and bade him to be healed in the name of the Blessed Trinity. He arose at once, sound in mind and body, from the couch in which he had lain in sorrow and pain for many long years. The gratitude of the monarch had no bounds. At the end of five days he summoned Remigio before him; and in the presence of his council proceeded to partition his kingdom according to the proclamation made by the royal herald. But Remigio, who had been lodged in the palace during that period, would not hear of this; and he simply asked to be made commandant and governor of the city in which he had, through the instrumentality of his wife and her gallant, suffered so much in mind and body. This the king ceded to at once, and entertained him sumptuously till his departure.

Accompanied by a magnificent cavalcade, and followed by a sumptuous retinue he set out for this city. After some days pleasant travel he reached it in safety. Arrived there, he immediately convoked the nobility and gentry, and invited their wives and daughters to accompany them to a great entertainment to be given in his palace. They all hastened to the scene of festivity. Among them, the causes of his misery, were not the slowest in coming.

What must have been his feelings at seeing his wife and her lover, may be better guessed than described. However, he made a great show of kindness to them, and especially singled out his wife, to whom he was completely unknown, as the object of his particular attention. He seated her and her lord beside him, and induced her by degrees to relate to him her whole history. She omitted, however, those portions of it which reflected on her own character, and threw all the blame of her former husband's death on her lord. At last he discovered himself to her.

"Do you know me?" cried he in a voice like thunder. — "Look, I am your much injured husband!"

She fell down in a swoon, the whole company was in consternation, for no one knew the cause. At last Remigio cleared up the mystery by calling in his guards; and after ordering them to carry the two delinquents off to prison, related to his nobles the nature of their offence, and the whole of his own history. Every one pitied him, and approved of his proceedings.

Next day they were put on their trial, and condemned to be hanged first and to be beheaded afterwards. Guzman was the principal witness against them. At the time appointed they were accordingly executed, and you may be sure Remigio did not apply the ring to the mouth of either. Guzman was sent to the quick-silver mines. Their heads were set on the principal gates of the city, where they remained at the time that the story was written.

A STRANGE PRISONER.—In the inner court of the state-prison of *Pierre-Gucise*, at Lyons, I saw an old man with a venerable aspect, walking with slow yet firm steps, whose uncommon height struck me forcibly. He was neat, but old fashioned in his dress, and my conductor persuaded me to talk to him, for he loved conversation. I began therefore by observing on the weather, and the very remarkable situation of the castle, but I soon led him to the subject of his imprisonment. "It is now sixty years," he said with a resolute tone, "that I have seen nothing but these walls, and eighty-five that I have been in the world; I might have regained my freedom twenty years ago, but it was then too late, and I continue here above, where at present I am very well off;—I do not know that I should be so down below." Of the cause of his imprisonment I inquired in vain; only thus much I learned that he is of an illustrious family, and that he has never answered a single question upon the subject of his captivity.—*Mathison's Letters.*—[If this poor prisoner had not lost his wits, he furnishes one of the most remarkable instances, on record, of the force of habit. He had got so used, in fact, to his prison, that he could not have borne to be out of it. The novelty, and the being born, as it were, a second time to a world which had become different to him, would have frightened him. Such things have been. It is said of an old prisoner in the Bastille, when it was set open, that he requested to be taken back again to his cell. Such are the trials, but such also are the endurances, of human nature.]

PETRARCH'S ACCOUNT OF A DREADFUL STORM AT NAPLES.

The late storm at Brighton with its four-inch globes of hail-stones, and its windows battered as with musketry, has reminded us, not in those particulars, but in its having taken place by the sea-side, of a more awful tempest which had the above great poet for one of its spectators, and of which he has left an account to posterity. We take it from the "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples," which we mentioned the other day as a work deserving greater publicity than it appears to have obtained. The tempest, the poet, the black night-time, the day as black, the earthquake, the cavaliers "coming as if to assist at the obsequies of their country," the white ghastly sea, and the fair queen with her ladies issuing forth barefoot and with dishevelled locks, to beg the mercy of heaven, make up a picture truly southern and appalling. It is only in climates of general luxury and occasional violence that such combinations of beauty and horror take place.

"Petrarch (says our author) had frequent conferences with Joanna during his stay at Naples at this period. These turned chiefly on literary subjects and inspired her with a high esteem for his abilities and worth. Loving letters, she wished to attach him to her court, and under happier circumstances might perhaps have succeeded, but being, as she afterwards herself expressed it, 'a queen in name only, without power to do good to any one,' she was obliged to content herself with appointing him, in imitation of Robert, her domestic chaplain and almoner, an office possessed only by people of distinction, and to which some valuable privileges are attached. It is a remarkable circumstance that the letters patent for this employment bear date on the day of the most remarkable tempest by which Naples had ever been visited. This tempest was caused by a violent Sirocco* and was felt all round Italy, and on all the shores of the Mediterranean, but more particularly at Naples. Petrarch's description of its effects in that capital is peculiarly lively and interesting.

"This scourge of God, says he, had been predicted a few days before, by the bishop of a neighbouring island skilled in astrology. But as an astrologer never foretells the exact truth, he had also predicted that Naples would be destroyed by an earthquake, on the 25th of November. This prediction had gained so much credit, that the greater part of the populace, resigning every other thought, and expecting only immediate death, craved the mercy of heaven for their sins. Others, however, derided the prophecy and the vain science of the astrologer. Between hope and fear, but I confess rather more inclined to fear, for accustomed to inhabit colder climates I regarded a storm of thunder and lightning in winter as a phenomenon, and looked on that I now witnessed as a menace from heaven,—on the evening of the 24th I retired at an early hour to the convent of St. Lawrence, where I lodged, having previously seen the principal part of the ladies of the metropolis, more mindful of the presaged danger than of decorum, running to and fro with bare feet and dishevelled tresses, with their children in their arms, visiting the churches and bathing the altars with their tears, exclaiming "Merry, Lord! Have pity on us!"

"The evening was, however, more serene than ordinary: my servants after supper retired to rest: but I thought it best to observe how the moon looked, and opening the window I remained at it till it set about midnight behind San Martino, looking dim and surrounded with clouds. Barring the window, I laid myself on the bed, and after lying awake a considerable time, I was falling into a sound sleep when I was roused by the rumbling of an earthquake, which not only burst open the windows and extinguished the light which I was accustomed to keep in my chamber, but shook the walls to the foundations. The calm of sleep being thus changed into fear of instant death, I went out into the cloisters where we groped about for each other in the dark, and exhorted one another to patience and fortitude. The brothers and the prior, David, (a most holy man) who had risen to chaunt matins, terrified at the tremendous storm came with devout prayers and tears, and with crosses and relics and a number of lighted torches to the place where I was. This gave me a little courage, and I went with them into the church where we all threw ourselves on the ground and implored the mercy of heaven, expecting from time to time that the church would fall upon us. The terrors of that infernal night would take too long to narrate, and

* A hot and close south wind.

though the truth would much exceed anything I could say yet my words would appear incredible.

"What bursts of water!—What wind!—What flashings of lightning!—What awful re-echoing of the heavens!—What fearful trembling of the earth!—What horrible roaring of the sea!—and what groans of the assembled populace! It seemed as if by magic art the duration of that night had been doubled; but at last the morning arrived, which we knew rather by conjecture than by any light it afforded. The priests then robed themselves to celebrate mass, whilst we not daring to raise our eyes to heaven, prostrate on the earth continued to sigh, and pray, and weep. Day at length appeared, but scarcely less obscure than night; the wailings in the higher part of the town beginning to cease, we could hear frightful cries from the Strand. We also heard a number of horses prancing through the streets, we knew not what for. Exchanging despair for hardness I mounted on horseback, determined to see what was going on, or to die. Great God! When was such a sight ever seen! The most aged mariners had never heard of or seen any thing like it. In the middle of the bay an immense number of wretches were seen tossed about by the waves, who whilst they endeavoured to gain the shore were driven by their fury against the rocks, and appeared like so many eggs broken in pieces. All this space was full of drowned or drowning persons, and the shore was strewn with corpses and shattered limbs; some with arms and legs broken; some with their brains and some with their entrails protruding. Nor were the shrieks of the men and women who inhabited the falling houses close to the sea, less terrific than the roaring of the sea itself. Where the day before we had gone to and fro on a dusty path, was now a sea more dangerous than the straits of Messina. The ocean seemed no longer to observe the bounds which God has prescribed it; respecting neither the works of man nor those of nature, that immense causeway, which, as Virgil says, "*projects to break the rolling tides*," was covered by the waves, as well as the whole of the lower town. You could not pass in the streets without the risk of being drowned. More than a thousand Neapolitan cavaliers came from all sides to the spot where we were, as if to assist at the obsequies of their country. This brilliant troop re-assured me a little. "If I perish," thought I, "it will at least be in good company." But at the instant in which I was making this reflexion, a terrible cry was set up around, that the ground on which we stood was beginning to be submerged: the water had sapped the foundation, and we retired in haste to the upper part of the town. Certainly it was beyond measure awful to mortal eyes, to behold the rigging of the heavens and the fury of the sea. A thousand mountains of water seemed to come from Ischia to Naples, neither black, nor azure, as in common tempests, but of a dazzling whiteness. The young queen now came out of her palace bare-footed, and with her hair flowing loose, about her, at the head of an immense troop of ladies in the same penitential disarray, and visited in turn all the churches of the Virgin Mother of God.

"But it was not the virgin who was supposed at last to have calmed the fury of the elements. In the evening the storm ceased, when St. Nicholas, St. George, and St. Mark, shewed a fisherman at Venice a boat filled with demons endeavouring to enter the port, who, at the command of the saints disappeared, and a calm immediately ensued, as by their evil agency a storm had been raised. The malice of these unps of Satan effected no irreparable injury on shore, but it was far otherwise at sea. Not a vessel in the port of Naples escaped, except one galley of malefactors, destined to be sent on the first expedition against Sicily, the forlorn hope of Naples."

We may fairly conclude that Petrarch and his brilliant band of cavaliers resorted to the palace of Joanna on the cessation of the storm: she was not likely otherwise to have thought of his letters patent, on the eve of this agitating day, and she was still less likely to sign them previous to her devout pilgrimage. Passing from one extreme to another, it is not unlikely that the halls of Castelnovo, were the scene of more real gaiety that evening than they had been since the death of good Robert.

The damage sustained by the merchants of Naples from this storm, was estimated at forty thousand ounces of gold: the Venetian and Genoese trade was also so much injured by it, that silk and spices, and the products of the trade of the Levant, rose from fifty to a hundred per cent.

THREE STORIES OF HUMAN VIRTUE.

We have put these interesting narratives together, because they are short, and because they strike the same harmonious note,—consideration for others. The second and third in particular (and we have attended to the rights of climax, and put the noblest last) are among the best instances of virtue, properly so called; that is to say, of moral force,—strength of purpose beneficently exercised. We make no apology for the homeliness of the scene in which the heroine makes her appearance. Rather ought we to apologise to her memory for thinking of apology; but sophistications are sometimes forced upon the mind of a journalist. Virtue can no more be sullied than the sunbeams, let her descend where she may. And as the divine poet says, in one of his variations upon a favourite sentiment,

"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

The stories are taken from the work to which we have been so often indebted, and which has long been out of print,—the *Lounger's Common Place Book*.

SCHOOL-FRIENDSHIP REMEMBERED.

Sir Austin Nicholas, was a judge under the protectorate of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumstances are related. Having, while a boy at school, committed an offence, for which, as soon as it was known, flogging would be the inevitable punishment, his agitation, from a strong sense of shame or a peculiar delicacy of constitution, was so violent, that his schoolfellow, Wake, an intimate associate, and father of the Archbishop, remarked it with concern. Possessing stronger nerves and sensibility less exquisite, he told him that the discipline of the rod was a mere trifle, and insisted on taking on himself the fault, for which after a mutual struggle of friendship and generosity, he suffered a severe whipping.

A fortuitous chain of events which often disperses school intimates and college chums into opposite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law, to a seat in the Court of Common Pleas, and confirmed him a friend to the powers that are. Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royalist and cavalier, whose zeal and activity rendering him highly obnoxious to his opponents, he was seized, tried for his life, and condemned at Salisbury, by his old acquaintance, Nicholas, who after a separation of six-and-twenty years, did not recollect Mr. Wake till he came to pass the fatal sentence; when the name catching his eye, a sudden conviction strengthened by a few leading questions flashed on his mind, that the prisoner at the bar, whom he had just sentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours, those hours which, whatever be the colours of our fate, we always contemplate with a sacred, a serious, and interesting pleasure. I need not describe the state of mind in which civil discord had not wholly obliterated gratitude and sympathy: he beheld with the most poignant emotion the forlorn situation of that faithful firm associate of his youth, who had undergone for him disgrace and stripes; he saw, on every side, the hell hounds of war, and the mastiffs of the law, waiting, with eager impatience, to drag the man he once loved to untimely death; he hurried from the bench precipitately, to conceal his feelings, and burst into tears.

But friendship, like other virtues, required the speedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the din of arms or the malevolence of party fury. After much opposition from the round-heads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exasperated, a respite was granted, and Nicholas unwilling to risque a life he highly valued to the uncertainty of letters, and the dilatory tardiness of messengers, hurried immediately to London. He rushed to the Protector, and would not quit him, till sorely against Oliver's will, he had obtained a pardon for his friend, against whom, from personal enmity or misrepresentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate.

The fortunate Royalist, from inattention, a magnanimous or an affected contempt of death, was a stranger to the name and person of his judge, and knew not the powerful interposition in his favour. Nicholas, also, had reserved the precious, the important secret, in his own breast, till certain of success; lest, by vainly exciting hope, he should only add new pains to misfortune. Returning without delay to Salisbury, he flew to the prison, gradually disclosed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends sunk into each other's arms,—Nicholas overpowered by the bliss of conferring

life and comfort on one, for whom he had early experienced the most disinteresting friendship.—Wake unexpectedly snatched from death by discovering, perhaps, the first friend he ever loved, in a party whom he had always considered as usurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tigers of his country.

THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.

Cornelius Voltemad, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, had an intrepid philanthropy which impelled him to rescue, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose in a great degree he effected in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm near Table Bay, not far from the South River fort. Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel, and the cries of the crew, strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man, with his spirited horse, approached the ship's side, near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out to them; by this method, and their grasping the horse's tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey fourteen persons on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence, he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who in combating with the boisterous billows, and his accumulated burthens, was almost spent with fatigue, and debilitated by the quantity of sea-water, which in its present agitated state, could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular; his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous state the least check in his mouth is generally considered as fatal; and it was supposed that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardour of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently, for the noble creature, far superior to the majority of bipeds who harass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, sunk and rose no more.

This affecting circumstance induced the Dutch East India Company to erect a monument to Voltemad's memory. They likewise ordered that such descendants or relations as he left, should be speedily provided for. Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died, before news of the Directors' recommendations could reach him. While we lament Voltemad's fate, and the ungrateful treatment his relation experienced from the people at the Cape, a circumstance arises in our minds, which tends to render this misfortune still more aggravating. In his bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself with a hazardous burthen fatal to them all, had only brought the end of a long rope with him on shore, it might have been fixed to a cable, which with proper help might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ship's company saved without involving their benefactor and a noble animal in destruction.

HEROISM OF A MAID-SERVANT.

Catherine Vassent, the daughter of a French peasant, exhibited at the age of seventeen, and in the humble capacity of a menial, a proof of intrepid, persevering sympathy, which ranks her with the noblest of her sex.

A common sewer of considerable depth having been opened at Noyon for the purpose of repair, four men passing by late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent so probable an accident. It was almost midnight before their situation was known, and besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unreasonable hour, every one present was intimidated from exposing himself to similar danger, by attempting to rescue these unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a state of suffocation from the mephitic vapour.

Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening, and fastening a chord with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, round two of their bodies assisted

by those above, she restored them to life and their families; but, in descending a second time, her breath began to fail, and after effectually securing a chord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind enough, in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well formed neck. Her neighbours, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford compatible with safety, and in pulling up as they thought the third man's body, were equally concerned and surprised to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine suspended by her hair, and swinging on the same cord. Fresh air with *eau-de-vie* soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether most to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the pestilential cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to execrate the dastardly meanness and selfish cowardice of the bye-standers, for not sharing the glorious danger. In consequence of the delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse.

Such conduct did not pass unnoticed; a procession of the corporation, and a solemn *Te Deum* were celebrated on the occasion; Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and an emblematic medal, with considerable pecuniary contributions, and a civic crown: to these were added the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

BIANCA CAPELLO.

The work upon which this abstract is founded, is the *Life by Siebenkees*, translated by Ludger. A work had appeared by Muller, written in a style of florid romance,—an unmeasured land—to which Mr. I. obviously wrote in opposition. Thus he has fallen into the opposite extreme, and would make Bianca the scape-goat for all the censures due to the intrigues and follies with which she was any way connected. It will be seen that we have taken a very different view of the subject, which we leave to the facts to justify.

The precise light in which we should view the reputation of Bianca Capello is, at the present time, rather difficult to determine. While, on the other side, she is assailed with the bitterest reproaches by her opponents, her friends obscure their own defence of her by adulatory exaggeration. Much, however, that is urged against her, is referable rather to the perverted morals of the time, than to any personal deficiency of rectitude. She was one against many; and yet even her greatest enemies cannot charge her with deeds so bad as many a well-famed princess has committed; on the other hand, her artfulness, with one exception alone, is always of a very equivocal nature and very like a charming kindness and candour. If she made use of art, at least she had taste, wisdom, and confidence enough in goodness, to base her cunning upon kindness and endearment. It is an easy but a very dangerous and uncertain plan, to test human action by motives, rather than consequences; particularly when the heart that felt those motives, and the face that betrayed them, has long ceased to be, and we have no eye-witness to interpret that countenance but such as could neither see, nor speak disinterestedly. Her most credible defamer, her brother-in-law, Cardinal de' Medici, is at least stained with prejudice, inconsistency, and ingratitude.

Bianca Capello descended from the Venetian house of the Capelli, and spent her early days in strict confinement to her father's palace, as was then customary with the ladies of Venice. The nobles of Italy in those days, sometimes augmented their substance by thrifty commerce. The Salvati, a celebrated Florentine family, so trading, held a counting-house in Venice, in the neighbourhood of the Capelli palace. In this counting-house was one Buonaventuri, a man addicted to intrigue; the beauty of the young Bianca caught his eye, and he pursued her. At church he spoke to her, representing himself as a partner in the house he served, and obtained her affection. It is rather to be imagined that that affection, as astonishment is said to be, was the effect of novelty upon ignorance; for Buonaventuri was a heartless man, not calculated to inspire a genuine attachment. May not this, by the way, have paved a road for Francesco's advances afterwards? Their meetings continued till Bianca found herself unable to conceal them much longer. Taking

some of her jewels with her, she absconded from Venice, with Buonaventuri, to whom she was married. Of course he had already been obliged to apprise her of the deception he had originally practiced upon her. They sought refuge in Florence.

For some time Bianca lived as secretly as she could, dreading the displeasure of her family, and the Venetian government. Francesco de' Medici was then Regent; his father, the Grand Duke, having withdrawn himself, in his old age, from all participation in public affairs. By some means, for it is by no means certain how, he obtained a sight of Bianca; her beauty quite ensnared him; and her art, (and most probably that consisted in her real kindness and engaging disposition,) made a constant lover of one naturally weak, impetuous, and fickle. It has been asserted that he saw her one day as he was passing the house in which she lived, some casual disturbance in the streets having drawn her to the window. The story is, however, very apocryphal. It appears that Bianca for some time resisted Francesco's advances. Her husband, as we have before said, was a heartless fellow, and had cruelly deceived her at the first. It is little likely that she could really feel much lasting affection for him; he was coarse and cowardly. Francesco, on the contrary, has given many testimonies of having a sincere and most durable attachment to Bianca; partly attributable, no doubt, to her own attractions. This love he made known to her. It is to be remembered that Bianca was young, undefended from the threatened vengeance of her family and the Venetian State, poor, and restrained. The connexion offered her with Francesco, would be a defence against her dangers, it held out to her acceptance, power, enjoyment, and freedom; the manners of the time, in her country especially, presented little in the way of obstacle to such a connexion; and accordingly Bianca Capello became the mistress of Francesco de' Medici.

At first the affair was kept a secret, for about this time one of those curses of royal life, a political marriage, was in treaty, between Francesco and Joanna, the sister of the Empress Maximilian. The reviving power of the Medici had excited the jealousy of the neighbouring princes, and a marriage of the kind was necessary to preserve the importance of the family. When however the prince was married, and caution was no longer necessary, the concealment was less carefully preserved, and ultimately Bianca was introduced at court. Although the dutchess never appears to have been quite reconciled to her consort's infidelity, she shared with others in yielding to the effects of Bianca's fascination, though both irritable and violent by nature. At last however her passion was too much even for Bianca's art and meeting her one day on the Lungarno, she was about to desire her attendant to throw her into the river. A gentleman represented to her that this murderous impulse was suggested by the devil, and she, being very superstitious, was struck with repentance.

Buonaventuri, made indolent by the honors accorded him by the prince, was so indiscreet as to boast of the favors of a lady of high family, two of whose paramours had already paid the price of their lives for a similar mistake. He was assassinated by her relations; and the lady herself was the same night slain in her bed. To the last, though little regarded by him, nay, treated always with ingratitude, and roughness, Bianca always shewed a lively consideration for her husband's welfare; and had he listened to her representations, he might have avoided his fate. Repeated insolence and insult, not a single transgression, had drawn upon him the revenge of the insulted parties.

Francesco greatly desired a son. He had said that he would, rather than none, welcome even an illegitimate son. Bianca had only borne a daughter to her husband (who afterwards married a Tuscan nobleman.) The Grand-Dutchess had only had daughters. Bianca artfully feigned herself indisposed, and finally produced a child as her own; which, however, was the child of a poor woman, procured by Bianca's agents. Many suspected the fraud. Francesco was delighted; and even when some years afterwards Bianca confessed the deception, he still persisted in looking upon the child as his own. Bianca's object in this deception is not very clear; nor is it at all defensible. If she desired to provide a male heir to Francesco, why confess the fraud, as long as her husband continued to believe her? Most probably, her object was merely to please him, without proposing any definite end to be gained; she felt herself sure of his regard, the wish not to risk losing it by detection, with which she was continually

threatened, enforced by regret at having ever deceived him, made her rather forestall her enemies, and tell him with her own lips the worst he could hear; making the friend, accuser, and culprit all in one, and drowning the deceit in greater ingenuousness. If she were artful, this was always the drift of her art. If she struggled, and conquered it, it was always with kindness, and womanly gentleness. She has been accused of some tyrannical and bloody deeds in conducting the fraud,—of making away with her own agents,—but there is not a credible word in the evidence of that kind, and such proceedings were quite inconsistent with the genius of her alleged artfulness. Don Antonio, the child, was legitimated many years afterwards, by Francesco. His legitimation was revoked by Ferdinand on his accession to the throne, but presently restored; and Ferdinando ultimately procured him the grand priorship of the order of Malta.

In the year 1578 the Grand-Dutchess died. She had not long been dead, when Francesco determined to fulfil a vow he had made during his life-time, to wed Bianca. His decision was much opposed by his confessor, and many of his friends; but he more regarded Bianca's smiles and tears, than the etiquette of courts or priesthood. His determination was strengthened by the tender and solicitous care with which she nursed him through a fit of illness. On the morning of the fifth of June, 1579, Bianca entered his apartment, to ask, if he wished to eat; "No," said he, "I feel no appetite." "Well," replied Bianca, "accept at least this egg from me as a present; eat it, it will certainly do you good." Francesco ate the egg, and said to her: "I feel a great deal better and thank you for your present. I have been a debtor to you this long while, and that debt I now, in return for your kindness, discharge. Here, take my hand; you are my wife." They were on the same day secretly married. The marriage was kept very private during the mourning for the late Grand-Dutchess. Nobody was surprised at Bianca's having apartments assigned her in the palace, because a report prevailed, that she had been appointed governess of the young princesses.

At the expiration of the proper time it was publicly announced. Cardinal Ferdinando seems to have received intelligence of this marriage some time before it was publicly known. He had, indeed, long suspected this step, from his brother's aversion to a match with another princess, and his reconciliation with Bianca. But he had not been apprised of their actually having contracted a matrimonial connection till towards the middle of the year 1579. The illness of his brother at that time called him to Florence, when he perceived that Bianca never left the Grand-Duke, whom she attended with the most assiduous perseverance. The Cardinal having asked him the cause of this particular attachment, the Grand-Duke confessed that they were secretly married. Ferdinando concealed his resentment, and returned to Rome, as soon as the recovery of his brother would permit his departure, without ever disclosing to any one his opinion on the subject.

Francesco and Ferdinando had never agreed; on the contrary, their quarrels were frequent and bitter. Francesco was an inconsiderate impulsive person; Ferdinando proud and inascible; not unkind, but hard, and little softened by sentiments of affection. It was undoubtedly to Bianca's interest to keep friends with Ferdinando; but it must have required more than common temper to do so, even following her interest, with so headstrong and ungrateful a person as the Cardinal. As soon as Bianca was in power, she sought his friendship. The Cardinal, on his part, did not hold back; and many were the benefits that he derived from her kindness. Her intercession often procured him money from his brother, wherewith to make a figure. Her gentleness and quick kindness made them many times reconciled; nay, almost her last act was reuniting the disaffected brothers. And yet the Cardinal denied her virtues, persecuted her very corpse, and blazoned her failings, after her death. Pride is said to be the meanest of passions. The Cardinal's pride made him ungrateful, cowardly, and mean. He accepted favours from the hand he abused, he strove to injure when his interest was not at stake, and forgot every benefit received, when hostility was his readiest way to aggrandizement.

After her marriage, Bianca was created a "Daughter of the Republic," by the Venetian senate, a title which put her upon an equality with the princesses of Italy, and crowned as such with a ducal crown; and shortly after crowned Grand-Dutchess of Tuscany. Her marriage

was immediately followed by a fresh reconciliation between the Grand Duke and his brother, brought about entirely by her address. Still Ferdinand feared lest Bianca should now present Francesco with a legitimate heir; for the surviving son of Joanna, a very weakly boy, was the only barrier between him and the throne, in case of France's decease. A very delicate and important disputed treaty with the court of Mantua, concerning a marriage between Vincenzo, the Duke of Mantua's son, and the princess Eleonora of Tuscany, was among the things to which her address gave a happy conclusion. It was ever her policy to conciliate every one, and gain her ends by persuasion and gentleness. If this were art, a little more such would hardly make politicians less humane, or every body less happy.

Her married life was past in this way, varied only by hopes and doubts of having a son, which her husband ardently desired. Her cleverness in resolving political discords, and uniting angry powers, obtained for her the admiration of Pope Sixtus V., who was about to pay the court of Tuscany a visit, out of compliment to her, when his intentions were frustrated by the death of Francesco (on the 15th August, 1587,) of an intermittent fever, followed in a few hours by her own, of the like disorder. Francesco was aged forty, Bianca forty-five.

"Many stories were circulated concerning the manner of her death; some saying that she had attempted to poison the cardinal in a tart; that the cardinal suspecting, she was obliged to eat of it herself, in order to save her fame, and that her husband ate with her. Others said the cardinal himself had poisoned the tart, and as soon as the poison had taken effect, had locked his brother and sister into a bed-room, suffering no one to enter to assist them. These reports are however all groundless, and on their face absurd, and inconsistent with the characters of the parties concerned.

"Thus died Bianca Capello, originally a private gentlewoman, then the wife of a man of obscure origin, then the mistress of the regent prince, and eventually his wife, and dutchess, and one of the most influential personages among the petty states of Italy. What were the means she possessed to attain this eminence? Not family importance.—Not wealth.—Not fame, and high estimation.—Was it beauty in the first instance?—Granted; but beauty is transient, and produces no lasting impression of any kind. It was then her good sense, her ready perception of difficulties, and the means to overcome them, supported by an unflinching patience and a happiness of temper, that outlasted every opposing passion in the struggle for power. She conciliated the hostile, subdued the haughty, fixed the fickle, cheered the discontented, and reconciled the quarrels of all around by means of this inexhaustible store of kindness, which was perpetually called upon, and always given out with liberal and urgent bounty.

QUEEN MARGARET OF NAVARRE'S ENTRANCE INTO FORT D'USSON.

The following sprightly bit of narrative is from a new historical novel just published, entitled "*Henrie Quatre, or the Days of the League*." Margaret, who more upon her own account than as the wife of the Huguenot King of Navarre, is in a state of opposition to the court of her brother Henry the Third, tricks the Governor of Usson out of his post by the help of the vanity of his Seneschal, which is here excellently portrayed. The whole novel (we say it in a spirit of real respect, and out of no invidiousness) is a remarkable proof of the progress of knowledge among those whose education has not been very scholarly. Evidences to the latter effect lurk here and there, forming a singular contrast with the author's general command of words, even of the most scholarly nature. The fault of the book is that it is too much spun out, and deals in details not commensurate with the importance of what is going forward. The passing introduction of Brantome is very pleasant.

Navarre was known to be in Auvergne, and thither the happy travellers proceeded in search of him, arriving before D'Usson in the manner we have just related. A brilliant idea entered the mind of Margaret, when she beheld the lofty rocks on which the fortress was built, its impregnability and romantic site; but, without communicating her sudden resolve, she simply requested the Baron to ask De Cœuvres, the hospitality of the castle for a daughter of France.

Flushed with her scheme, she drew aside the curtain on approaching the gate-tower, and at the expected presence

of the old governor; but in his place stood the smirking and bowing Pomini, who was dazzled with the beauty of the fair voyagers, and quite forgot the graceful Gabrielle. Margaret smiled inwardly at his officiousness, but she saw at a glance that he was her own, and might be moulded to her purpose. This was sufficient to induce her to return his civilities with condescension, and make him the proudest of men. He already fancied himself Monsieur L'Isle du Marais,* and even went so far as to presume on the possible acquisition of a baron's coronet and mantling.

The cortege passed into the interior court, where the Queen and Emile alighted and were conducted by the enraptured Seneschal into the hall. Great was the indignation of the loyal governor, when one of the pages ran to inform him that his visitor was the Queen of Navarre; but as it was too late to proceed to the court-yard, where he could only dispute with his servant the honour of the reception, he wisely resolved to take up a position with his daughter in the saloon of state, and in order to increase the group, the page was desired to bring his fellow immediately, that they twain might be in readiness to do honour to royalty, and reflect a proper dignity on the rank of the governor.

But for this *coup d'état* there was more than abundant time; for Pomini indulged in his usual artifice with visitors, of conducting them through the entire suite of rooms of the castle, ere he introduced them to the Marquis; commenting the while on the antique beauty of the furniture, the lofty proportion of the chambers, and the historical importance of the royal chateau.

"Stay! stay! Monsieur!" said the late Queen of Navarre; "has not the Marquis a fair daughter—a pearl of pure? Let us not delay in doing her honour."

"Her beauty can only be eclipsed by the bright luminaries before whom I now stand!" replied the assiduous and crafty Seneschal: "and your Majesty shall see her soon."

But Monsieur Pomini had something yet in store for his new friends, ere their eyes were blessed with the presence of the Lady Gabrielle. To the surprise of the Queen and her suite, he opened a small door behind the tapestry of the last chamber, and disappeared from view of his visitors, but soon returned with a bundle of torches, which were speedily lighted.

"What! torches in day-time!" cried Margaret in surprise.

"Your Majesty must consider that it is the fault of the architect, not mine," replied the obsequious Seneschal.

Any one but De Nevaillès would have dissuaded the Queen from proceeding further, but his curiosity and love of eccentricity were deeply interested in the denouement of this strange proceeding, and he resolved to let the Seneschal go to the full length of his line.

The tapestry was put aside, and one by one following each other, the visitants passed through the narrow doorway, and entered on a stone gallery or corridor. The light of the torches displayed the rudeness of the masonry, and the awful prison-like gloom of the gallery. The royal party began to doubt the sincerity of their guide.

"Is De Cœuvres a hermit?" exclaimed Margaret; "does he live in a cell?"

Pomini made no reply, for he was preparing for his last effort.

Suddenly he stopped, and waved aloft his torch, commanding the attendants to do the same. At his invitation the party approached the spot whereon he stood, but were awe-struck with the seeming horror of their position. They were no longer enclosed between the walls of the gallery, but found themselves standing on a balcony projecting into the murky space. Above and beneath was utter darkness—the partial dim atmosphere of light which surrounded them, was just sufficient to make the awful gloom visible.

De Nevaillès caught hold of the Seneschal. "Why this mystery?" said he, not knowing whether it were prudent to express alarm.

"Look!" exclaimed the Seneschal, beckoning the party to approach the iron railing which skirted the balcony. Impelled by mingled curiosity and dread, Margaret and her friends ventured to obey Pomini's bidding.

"Now watch the descending light!" exclaimed the mysterious functionary;—and at these words, he and his domestics threw their torches into the abyss.

The glaring whirling meteors as they fell, illuminated the cavernous side of the descent, and impressed the awe-

* A title which he wished to obtain in order to elevate his stock.—Ed.

struck gazers with terror of the dreadful gulf over which they stood. After many a mazy gyration, the lights reached the bottom, and burned flickeringly in the abyss.

The group surveyed them from above with awe.

"Something shines close to the red light of the furthest torch!" cried De Nevalles, who was the first to break silence.

"Very likely," said Pommi, in a careless tone, "the skulls are scattered about in profusion."

A cry of horror arose from the fair living dames at this announcement; nor was their dread diminished by discovering that they were now in total darkness.

"By St. Hubert!" exclaimed the Baron, "it would only be doing justice to throw you to the spirits beneath! Tell us; what means this, or you shall rue your mischief."

"Where those torches burn are the dungeons of D'Usson," replied Pommi; "there, his Majesty, Louis, the eleventh of that name, of happy memory, kept the state prisoners, whose treason was manifest. Your Majesty's ancestor," continued the Senechal, speaking to the Queen of Navarre, "was a wise prince—no one could escape from these depths."

"Let us away from this horrid sight," cried the Queen, who had retained the hand of Emilie out of fear.

"There is no danger from this conceited fool," whispered De Nevalles, who was close to Mademoiselle.

As the road was straight, no great difficulty was found by the visitors in groping their way out of the gallery into the genial light of day, and the warm tapestried chamber. But their anger now vented itself against the Senechal; he was surrounded by a circle of inquisitors, who threatened him with every punishment they could think of.

"If I had been anxious only to revenge an insult to my sovereign," said De Nevalles, "your body would have been flung after the torches."

"But why show us these curiosities when the Marquis is waiting?" exclaimed Margaret, who could not repress a smile at the singular occurrence.

Pommi, who was taken off his guard by the cheerful speech of the Queen, replied with naivete, "that since the visit of the Abbé Boudelle de Brantome to D'Usson, he had taken his advice, which was to display the dreary depths of the prison caverns to visitors, ere he introduced them into the presence of the Lady Gabrielle, that her lightsome beauty might strike her beholders with all the force of intense contrast."

A peal of laughter followed this explanation, which was uttered in a tone which at once displayed the vanity and weakness of the Senechal, at the same time that it bespoke the sincerity of the impulse.

"Ah! the Abbé De Brantome is a man I reverence," said De Nevalles; "his wit leaves a rough mark on every softer mind it comes in collision with."

A SERIOUS JOKE SERIOUSLY RETURNED.

[From the "Familiar Letters of James Howell, Esq." the first popular writer of that kind in the language. He was the son of a clergyman in Carmarthenshire, was born about 1596, and was in employment under Charles I. and II.]

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders, and there was a provost marshal in his army who was a favourite of his, and this provost had put some to death by secret commission from the Duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up suddenly, his hair standing upright, and being struck with amazement, asked him, "Wherein have I offended the duke?" The provost answered, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore I pray prepare yourself, for there are your ghostly father and executioner." So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter, told him, "there was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking ghastly at him, said, "then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Bolea, though a young man about thirty, had his hair all

turned gray, to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it; but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain, he was to pass by Saragossa; and this captain Bolea and the provost went along with him, as his domestics. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Bolea told him, "that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de loco*, a hellam-house, such a one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the Duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon." The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the chief occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost very shining and fine, being entered into the house about the duke's person, captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost, "that's the man;" the warden took him aside into a dark lobby where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his sword, and hurried him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day; and afterwards it happened that a gentleman, coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was. The provost confuted him as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished, sent for the warden with his prisoner; the warden brought the provost in cuervo, full of straw and feathers, madman-like before the duke; who at the sight of him burst into laughter, asked the warden why he had made him prisoner! "Sir," said the warden, "it was by virtue of your excellency's commission, brought me by captain Bolea, who stepped forth and told the duke, 'Sir, you have asked me of how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly gray: I have not revealed it to any soul breathing; but now I'll tell your excellency,' and so related the passage in Flanders; and added, 'I have been ever since beating my brains to know how to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time.' The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the witness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and the gentleman who told me this passage, said that the said captain Bolea is now alive, and could not be less than ninety years of age."

LINE'S.

SET TO MUSIC BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

Let not a bull be told of, or tear be shed
When I am dead.
Let no night-dog with dreary howl,
Or cha-tty shake of boding owl,
Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowed.
Lay not my bed
With yews, and never-blooming cypresses,
But under trees
Of simple flower, and odorous breath—
The lime and dog-rose—and beneath
Let primrose cups give up their honey'd lees
To suckling bees;
Who all the shining day, while labouring
Shall drink and sing
A requiem o'er my peaceful grave:—
For I would cheerful quiet have.—
Or no noise ruder than the linnet's wing
Or brook gurgling.
In harmony I've liv'd—so let me die,
That while 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie,
The spirit aloft may float in spiritual harmony.
CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

CONVERSATION OF MEN OF GENIUS.—The great Colbert paid a pretty compliment to Boileau and Racine. This minister, at his villa, was enjoying the conversation of our two poets, when the arrival of a prelate was announced; turning quickly to the servant, he said, "Let him be shown every thing except myself."—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

THE "HANS SACHS" OF DOVER.

[The following letter and verses, some of which we have extracted from much longer poems, all exhibiting a real power struggling with conventional forms of language, will speak for themselves. All we shall say to the author is, let him stick to his trade and his verses too, for thus he will reconcile duty and pleasure, and help the world to learn how noble and manly a thing is every useful employment, and capable of being associated with elegant recreation. We must own that we cannot patronize the keeping of birds in cages, any more than we would the keeping of a man in one, if birds were lords of the creation, and found of catching Brahams and Catalanis; but we publish the verses connected with it, partly because of their freshness, and partly to show how the kindest and most reflecting natures may be led to give into a custom without thinking of it—nay, even while pitying its victims. But our author will tell us, perhaps, that he did not imprison the bird; he only found it imprisoned, and retained it so. There is a perplexity in that point, we acknowledge; but the custom should be discountenanced, especially by the considerate. Imprisonment is a molacholous state for any creature; but, of all creatures, a winged one is surely the most unfit for it. Suppose Mr. D. writes some verses on that view of the subject.]

Dover, August 31, 1834.

Sir,—The account you have given in one of your late Numbers, from "Carlyle's German Literature," of a "Guild of Poets" in Nürnberg, and the circumstance of one of my own calling, the renowned Hans Sachs, being the prime head of the fraternity, led me to think of my own attempts in the same way; and as I have no desire to be "left standing on my own basis as a singular product," as was the honest German, I have, through the opportunity of a friend going to London, resolved to try if I could *buse* myself—through a shoemaker—on the favour of the "London Journal," and find some "seat-room" for the few pieces I have herewith forwarded for the purpose. Believe me, Sir, the hardihood of this attempt I know well; I know (and yet, alas! too poorly know) who is to scrutinize my pretensions; and have some conception of the manner in which an Editor is haunted by "Poets!" and must be haunted, notwithstanding a thousand letters of Goethe's were to be reprinted, to keep the "order" in some sort of abeyance. All this I know well, and as proof to you that I, like the rest, am not to be easily deterred, I do as I do, and await with fear and trembling the awful result of your answers to Correspondents, which, though couched with such art and delicacy! are yet, I surmise, in all cases, not without their bitter.

I am Sir, your admirer,
and as such your grateful
and most obedient servant,

J. D.

P. S. I hope under the circumstances in which I write, you will excuse all that may be excusable, and set my errors down, not so much to an inability of knowing better as to a want of an opportunity of ever being put in the way of knowing. Like the spider, I have been compelled to spin from my own in-gatherings, never having the aid of another as to the taste or solidity of my manufacture. I have weaved my own woof like the which in Gray, and must be content with its quality, indifferent or absolutely bad, as it may be; there is no choice—for myself there is not, but with you the matter is otherwise.

A BIRD'S KNOWLEDGE.

Could'st thou but tell to me, my pretty bird,
The now sole cheerer of my passing home,
What in the far-off fields to thee occur'd,
When there, the live-long day, thou us'd to roam,
"I would make, I think, sweet verse!"

Tell what thou'st witness'd in thy freedom's day,
And happy will thy bondage lighter seem;
As oft the soul, when pleasant fancies play,
Creates again fresh being in its dream!

Come tell the charming tale!
How thou did'st look upon the opening morn,
As starting from thy rest within some tree,
And saw the sun glint o'er its blushing bourne,
And forcing into life, all gallantly,
Making the dark clouds fall!

TO MY ROBIN ON HIS SINGING BY CANDLELIGHT.

Whence comes, sweet thing, this wondrous confidence,
—

Soft singing in a light thou ne'er could'st know,
When thou did'st nestle in the hedge-row's fence,
To slumber on till day again might grow?
Whence comes it, or who taught thee thus to vie
With the far famous sorcerer of the night?
Or seek'st thou with the post but to try
How thou can'st, too, promote thy own delight,
Finding employment in the bosom strain
That comes in lonely hour to soothe the one's pain?

SONNET.

[On seeing a Rainbow stretch across the Channel from Dover to the opposite Coast of France,—Saturday Evening, August 30, 1834.]

Magnificent Phenomenon! with thee
Can aught of beauty in this world compare,
As now thy proud arch runneth o'er the sea
In all its mixture of rich colours rare?
Thrown superb 'gainst the concave Heavens, there!
Thou send'st thy brilliance down on either side
On Britain and the Gaul-land o'er the wave,
As they in peace were ever to abide.
Oh! bow of Mercy! be thou then our guide
To keep this feeling worshipp'd, for 'twill save
The Nations from much wrong and hurtful pride,
And many a worthy one from timeless grave.
Let thou, or seen, or not, be understood
As the bright type of universal good!

DAY AND NIGHT.

Lightness and veiled Darkness, sisters twain,
Hold momentary converse morn and eve:
Lightness attended by her gorgeous train
Of sunbeams, and that single star, whose reign
Lasts longest in the sky. The Pleiads grieve
Around the grace of Night; Orion mourns,
And dim Arcturus pours his flowing urns.
The comet's lurid homage decks her brow!
Upon the mountain heights the sisters meet,
When glistening pearl-dews cool their glowing feet.
They part—where venturous vessels never plough
Old Ocean's utmost waves.—'Tis very sweet
To conjure up their greetings, voiceless given—
Farewells, and welcomes, blush'd across the heaven!

J. H.

A MODERATE FOOD.—How hard is the case of the foreigner among us, who often with a sentiment on his lips that elicits our applause, draws down our laughter, perhaps in spite of us, by an unconscious violation of the king's English. The French and Italians are certainly more amiable than we are in this respect: they can listen with an imperturbable thoughtfulness of allowance; but we appeal to the candid reader, whether the following would not have been irresistible with most of us. An Englishman talking with a German friend, a man of a remarkably philosophical cast of mind, and fond of clothing his sentiments in the graces of classical allusion, the discourse happened to turn upon the mortifications to which those subject themselves who seek after the vanities of this world. Our friend was for a stoical independence, and had Diogenes in his eye. "For mine self," he exclaimed, with rising enthusiasm, "I should be quite contentment for to live all my days in a *dub*, eating nothing else but *unicorns*!" (acorns.)

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VOL. XI OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1835.

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Original Articles.

A DREAM.

It is difficult for us entirely to divest ourselves of any train of thought, in which the mind has been long and pleasantly engaged. The composition of the Essay on "Reading"* naturally led me to meditate on the great improvements which the human mind was capable of receiving, and from thence my imagination became busied in tracing the various passions which in turn obtain possession of it. In the midst of my reverie I fell into a slumber, and as every author, of whatever grade or description, has the privilege of dreaming at pleasure, I shall take the liberty of recording for the amusement of the reader, the vision which then presented itself.

I thought that I was standing on the borders of a vast garden, overgrown with flowers and plants, and herbs of every hue and description, but withal scattered about in so confused and irregular a manner, and disposed with such a total want of care and method, that the place had rather the appearance of a gay wilderness, than of an artificial parterre, and the spectator could not help regretting, that no pains were taken to cultivate a spot on which nature had bestowed such a profusion of beauties. At my right hand stood a man of venerable aspect (such a guide as usually presents himself in visions of this description) who informed me that this was the "Garden of the Human Mind."

In the midst of the garden, I perceived a female seated on a rude throne composed of logs and stones, and rubbish thrown together without either art or ornament. Her features, when I first beheld her, were far from being unpleasant. Nay, she possessed a kind of simple gracefulness, that was rather agreeable, but which seemed to proceed more from her extreme youth than from any essential beauty of form or feature. However this might be, I was rather surprised when my guide informed me, that the figure which I beheld was the Goddess of Ignorance, sole queen of the garden whose uncultivated state I had just been lamenting. On the right hand of Ignorance sat a nymph whose loveliness exceeded any thing that I had ever beheld: she was adorned in the most simple robes; her countenance wore a smile of perpetual happiness and benevolence: and she was employed in weaving a chaplet of white lilies, on which, as she touched them, her hand seemed to bestow a more snowy whiteness, and a more delicious perfume. She occasionally, too, employed herself in grouping the flowers of the garden into such little natural nosegays, as, notwithstanding a total want of art and method in her arrangements, were exceedingly but simply beautiful: the name of this nymph, I was told, was Innocence: near her was

Playfulness with the figure of a child, and the bewitching loveliness of a Cherub: He was the brother and constant companion of Innocence, and at this time was plucking the flowers of which that virgin was forming her garland; or occasionally snatching them away from her, scattering their leaves and buds to the idle Zephyrs; or playing off a thousand merry yet good natured pranks, which Innocence, far from resenting, beheld with a smile of affectionate encouragement.

I had not gazed long ere I perceived that much of that comeliness, which I had been willing to allow to the Goddess of Ignorance, was gradually diminished; she began to lose that youthful beauty which I had at first admired: she grew rude and awkward; and, having no employment, became dull and heavy. As I was watching this gradual change, the garden was suddenly invaded by a person of most majestic and commanding appearance. He was taller than any being that I had ever before seen; for his head appeared to reach the clouds, and his eyes which beamed like fire seemed desirous of piercing them; but his cheeks were wan and sunken as if by perpetual vigils. In one hand he carried a sceptre which he waved with the appearance of conscious superiority, and in the other hand I observed a pruning knife, which he apparently intended to apply to the wild and too luxuriant herbage of the soil. This was Knowledge whose object I learnt was to drive Ignorance from her throne, and whose grand ambition was to expel her entirely from the "Garden of the Human Mind." Ignorance appeared so weak and insignificant a being in the presence of a person clothed in so much dignity and majesty, that I imagined her end to be fast approaching but I was deceived; for her throne was placed in a more inaccessible situation, and she had obtained a firmer hold on her dominions than at first appeared possible. Knowledge indeed had great difficulty in advancing; the ground was so covered with weeds and flowers, and brambles and thorns were so intermixed with the thick foliage, that his feet were torn and entangled amidst the maze and chaos of vegetation; in short he would have been unable to make the slightest progress, had he not summoned to his aid an army which I imagine has assisted him on many a similar occasion. The first troop that advanced was a band of Romans, who immediately began to clear away the thorns and arrange the flowers in neat and tasteful parterres: their progress however was so slow, that they were in a short time nearly overtaken by a company of Grecians, who advanced to their assistance and heartily joined in all their labours and difficulties. I beheld among these troops several familiar faces of both nations, such as Homer and Virgil, Horace and Zeno, and a host of other authors, and a few, but a very few, of the celebrated heroes of antiquity among whom Julius Cæsar held an honorable situation. The Greeks and Romans were greatly assisted in their labour by a venerable personage, whose long garments were covered with numerical figures, and the most extraordinary

hieroglyphics, and who, with a rule and a pair of compasses, taught them how to lay out the garden in regular and decent order. The whole army was headed by Industry and Perseverance, who cheered them on to their labors, and made the severest toils appear light and even agreeable. Ignorance on the other hand, who was resolved not to yield without a struggle, summoned for her generals two hideous ministers whom she called Idleness and Obstinacy. Playfulness too continually enticed the labourers from their work, or played upon them a thousand stratagems, which they found more difficult to withstand, than the languid efforts of Idleness or the dogged resistance of Obstinacy. At length, however, as the army of Knowledge continued to gain ground, Playfulness grew gradually faint and sick, and then died. I could scarcely refrain from tears at this event, and was obliged to divert my sorrow by watching the conduct of Innocence. The behaviour of that beautiful creature was indeed well deserving of notice. I remarked that, in proportion as she approached or withdrew herself from Ignorance, the form and appearance of that Goddess were changed: when Innocence stood by her side she appeared at least inoffensive if not graceful; but upon her departure grew ghastly and hideous. Innocence too regarded the approach of Knowledge rather with wonder and curiosity than with enmity; and although she seemed shocked and disgusted at some disclosures which that being had made, and not very well pleased with the trim arrangements which he was making among some of her favourite flowers, she by no means operated cordially in opposing his progress.

After the death of Playfulness Knowledge made great and rapid advances, and I observed that the aspect and character of Ignorance grew still more unpleasant, in so much that she was no longer capable of deriving her former beauties even from the presence of Innocence, who now indeed left her side more frequently than she had been wont to do at first. The resistance of Obstinacy and Idleness was with some difficulty well nigh overcome. Ignorance herself was driven from her throne into a corner of her dominions, and the legions of Knowledge succeeded in cultivating the greater part of the garden. But I was grieved to observe that several of the most beautiful flowers faded on the touch of that God, and that some were trained in so unnatural and forced a manner, as greatly to diminish their former elegance. On the whole, however, the appearance of the garden was mightily improved, and the natural ruggedness of the soil nearly overcome; several vegetables, which I had hitherto considered as noxious or useless weeds, became, under his magic touch, valuable herbs: he had no sooner breathed upon the brambles, which in such profusion overrun the ground, than they were converted into luxuriant bushes, bending under the weight of the richest fruits. He discovered also several springs of delicious water, which had for a long time lain hidden, or been choked up with leaves and rubbish, and which, when he had opened their sources, formed themselves into beautiful and transparent streams, meandering in every direction through the garden, and communicating fertility whithersoever they flowed. He raised also many arbours and tall trees, which spread a refreshing shade along the banks of the rivulets: in short, what had before been a savage wilderness

of beauties, became now a highly cultivated and luxuriant landscape.

I was just rejoicing at what I considered the total defeat of Ignorance, and the triumph of Knowledge, and wondering what would become of Innocence, when suddenly there smote upon my ear a mixed and confused sound of various musical instruments: the swelling clangor of the trumpet, and the languishing cadence of the lyre were both there

Et lituo tubæ
Pernaistus sonitus.

From the direction of these sounds there advanced a mighty host, headed by a youth, whose face and figure had a certain fascination in them that it was difficult to resist. This was Pleasure. The armour in which he was clothed seemed to be selected rather for its gay and splendid appearance than for strength. He wore a perpetual smile upon his lips, and his words were the most honied, and his voice the most enticing that I had ever heard. The army which he led forward advanced like a troop of Bacchanals dancing and singing and shouting, and was composed of the most irregular and unwarlike materials: his followers indeed were in general armed with flaggons, or lyres, or looking glasses, or some such trifling weapons; and the train was increased by a company of beautiful Syrens who encouraged their companions by their songs and caresses; but in the rear I beheld a hideous band of diseases, who dogged all their steps and would not be left behind for a moment. Ignorance greeted Pleasure as her most welcome ally: but Innocence at first looked shocked and terrified at the approach of so boisterous and riotous a company, until fascinated either by the fair looks, or fairer promises of the new general, she allowed him gradually to approach her. Pleasure with the most bewitching smile handed to Innocence a golden goblet, which he begged her to quaff in token of their reconciliation and future friendship, assuring her that it contained the most wholesome and delicious beverage. The nymph received it with an appearance of perfect confidence, but she had no sooner drained it to the bottom, than I perceived how fatal and perfidious had been the gift. The springs of life became dried up within her: remorse and pain appeared in her countenance, and she fell dead at the feet of Pleasure. I was inexpressibly grieved at this catastrophe, but Ignorance regarded with total unconcern the loss of her oldest companion and gave herself up entirely to the guidance of her new ally: than whom, it must be confessed, she could hardly have obtained a better support.

Pleasure had no sooner poisoned Innocence, than he commenced his attack upon Knowledge, who I found was his most deadly foe. It sometimes happens that the best disciplined armies are put to rout by the tumultuous assaults of the most irregular troops: partly, perhaps, because they are inclined to despise an undisciplined foe, and partly because they are perplexed by that very contempt of art and rules, which first led them to look down upon their enemies. I now observed that the army of Knowledge lost ground rapidly before the attacks of Pleasure, who with his riotous followers soon obtained possession of great part of the garden, and had no sooner gained a footing than he commenced throwing into utter confusion every thing that Knowledge had cultivated with the greatest care; so that there appeared no little dan-

ger of the whole returning to that state of wildness, from which Knowledge had originally redeemed it. Many of the Greeks and Romans fled hastily from the field: a considerable number of them, however, threw themselves into a strong fort called the fort of Memory, which I had all along beheld in the garden, but to which Knowledge had made great additions and improvements. In this fort many of the followers of Knowledge were collected, and there they resisted all the attacks of Pleasure with great firmness. They did not indeed make any effort to save the garden from destruction, but lay idle and unemployed, whilst that demon Pleasure (for I could look upon him in no other light since the murder of Innocence) was throwing every thing into ruin and confusion. His progress however was fortunately arrested before the garden was totally destroyed. From beneath an arbour of oaks and laurel trees whose dense shade had hitherto served to conceal its inhabitant, advanced a figure of mingled majesty, fierceness, and meanness; his stature was naturally lofty; but he was continually stretching out his neck, as if desirous that he might appear still more tall, and the iron helmet which he wore upon his head had a plume of feathers so contrived as to add considerably to his height: he wore a breastplate of triple steel before his heart: in his right hand he carried a sword dyed with blood, while his very arm was not quite pure from that unhallowed stain; and waved a lighted torch in the other. His eyes, I observed, were almost perpetually fixed upon something in the distance, which I could not perceive; but which my guide informed was the phantom of Fame, which continually retreated as the figure endeavoured to approach. I now learnt that this was Ambition: as he advanced he trampled with an iron foot upon the flowers of the garden, many of which withered and died at his approach; the army of Pleasure ceased in the midst of their gambols, and presently appeared to vanish into air; for I found that it was one of the peculiarities of this new invader, that he could tolerate no partner in his dominions. He did not however find it so easy a task to expel Ignorance, and was obliged to enter into a kind of treaty with that Goddess, by which it was stipulated that Ambition would suffer Ignorance to continue in her former abode on condition that she should remain closely concealed, and never venture to show her face, while he remained in the garden, and I observed after this agreement, that whenever the one came in sight her apparition called a blush into the cheek of the other.

These things were no sooner settled than Ambition commenced an uneasy walk through the "garden of the mind," apparently still in pursuit of the phantom; nothing arrested his progress: all the plants of a lowly and unassuming growth he crushed and trampled down, and whenever he met with any resistance applied his lighted torch without scruple or compunction, so that at one time a great part of the garden was in flames.

During these revolutions I had not forgotten the remnants of the army of Knowledge who had fortified themselves in the strong-hold of Memory. Among these was a person supposed to be of divine origin, named Philosophy; he had entered the garden shortly after the invasion of the Greeks, and beheld the fatal attacks of Pleasure with pity and regret; but, well aware that his voice could not be heard amidst all the noise and hurry of that demo-

niac company, he had lain in wait for some more favorable opportunity. He now perceived that the ravages of Ambition would be no less fatal to the "garden of the mind," than the inroads of Pleasure; and that the former was likely to do as much injury by his unspurring and restless activity, and his stern contempt for every thing that stood in the way of his vain chase after an empty shadow, as the latter by his wanton devastation. Ambition, at length, tired of his unceasing pursuit of a still retiring phantom, and disappointed and disgusted at the little progress he had made, sat down to rest himself under a spreading laurel bush. Philosophy did not fail to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity; but advancing into the middle of the garden, addressed Ambition as nearly as I can remember to the following purport, but it is impossible for me to give the slightest idea of that exceeding eloquence which ravished and convinced his hearer. "To what purpose, Ambition," said he, "have you so long been pursuing your destructive career, look around you on the havoc which you have caused, and then tell me, are you one jot nearer the object of your desires than when you first set foot within this garden. Here is a spot formed to be the abode of every species of joy and happiness: nature has adorned it with the greatest beauties; and endowed it with the most incomparable advantages, and made it capable of the highest improvements: but it had been better for Ignorance to have continued undisputed possessor of the soil, than that it should ever have opened its gates to admit so unspurring a despoiler as you are. And after all by being here you not only ruin the garden but distress yourself. How sick and disappointed do you now feel! and has not remorse some place in your thoughts when you behold the devastation which you have caused? I am come to remove you; be persuaded then by me and quit a spot which you ought never to have visited."

Philosophy used many more arguments which I do not remember, and clothed his discourse with so much eloquence, that Ambition had not a word to say in his defence, but suffered himself to be led out of the garden, a voluntary captive.

Philosophy had no sooner achieved this victory than he undertook to perfect a task in which all his friends had as yet either failed or been interrupted: but when he looked around on the desolate and confused state of the garden, overgrown with recent brambles, and nearly ruined by the ravages of Ambition, he seemed perplexed and confounded as if he scarcely knew in what quarter or by what rule he should commence his reformation. In the midst of his difficulties there appeared in the garden—by an avenue, which, in some of his experiments, Philosophy had opened rather by chance than by design—a figure so transcendently beautiful that any attempt either at description or panegyric would be vain and presumptuous. I will only say that the halo of glory which surrounded her, was so great as to transmute the whole garden, and to cast a new and inconceivable light into its most hidden recesses. I knew that no being could possibly be so bright and so beautiful except Religion. Philosophy and this Divine Being at first gazed on one another with some suspicion (for I learnt that there had lately been several impostors abroad, who had taken their names without the slightest pretensions to the necessary qualifications); but at length each

being assured that the other was no counterfeit, they embraced with the greatest sincerity, agreed to reign together in the garden, and to pursue the task of cultivation in conjunction one with the other. Philosophy then by the light of Religion clearly saw the way by which she should arrange and cultivate the soil, while wherever Religion shone she breathed such beauty and perfume all around her, that the "Garden of the Human Mind" soon recovered a thousand times its pristine beauty. The presence of Ignorance was still confessed, but lamented as a necessary evil while she sculked powerless and despised through the most worthiness and hidden recesses. In fact, I know not to what a pitch of perfection the cultivation of the garden would have at length attained, for just at this point of the vision a volume of Addison, tumbling from a shelf above, struck me a violent blow on the head, aroused me from slumber, and rescued my reader from any further edification.

Madras.

C. T. K.

"FAREWELL WORDS."—To RITA.

I.
A world of meetings and of partings!—Words
Began in greetings, ending in farewells,—
Sweet dreams that have sad wakings,—merry bells,
Ring in brief preludes to the solemn chords
Of sounds that wail the dead!—A world where moros
Are follow'd still by night,—sunshine by shade;
Where frowns each festival of smiles pervade,
And roses seldom flourish without thorns!
This is *our* world,—why is it one we dread
To leave, or lose,—living, as thus we do,
Amidst the memories of the false, or dead,
And parted from the friendly and the true?
—'Tis but our earthly part to earth that clings,
The heavenly spark within us Heavenward springs!

II.
Yet is the world a fair and goodly place,
If view'd aright—with meek and holy eyes,
As the allotted pilgrimage of sighs
Which we are doom'd to tread a fleeting space,
In penance for Man's fall from Paradise!
Thorns will spring up wherever sins are sown;
And Pains still rally round mad Pleasure's throne;
But there is peace for all, if we but try
To walk aright; with humbleness of heart;—
And hope, not vain, may surest balm impart
That farewell, spoken here with tear and sigh,
Are not for ever!—Immortality
Hath welcomes of delight, and sounds that breathe
Celestial fragrance round the couch of Death!

Tumson, 1831.

R. C. C.

LONDON LITERARY NEWS.

Extract from a letter from London—Nov. 6th. 1834.
Thomas Campbell, the poet, is still at Algiers. Lockhart has just returned from the Highlands. Wordsworth has lately made a pilgrimage to the Ayr and Nith, and is about to publish another volume of poems. Rogers is in the north of England. Wilson was with the Ettrick Shepherd at Yarrow on the 25th of October which like Kings with their birth-days they took the liberty to alter and to regard as the 25th of January. Wilson has undertaken to write a sort of Pilgrimage through Scotland to illustrate some sixty engravings that are to embellish a new edition of the works of Burns. It is a Glasgow speculation and promises to be a very successful one. Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Poets* are announced. There will be 12 volumes including the Biographies by Johnson. William Cunningham (one of the sons of Allan) has collected many fresh particulars to add to a republication of his edition of *Drammond's Poems*. He is also collecting the best English and Scottish Songs into two volumes.

Mr. Chantrey has nearly completed a statue of Sir John Malcolm, and an admirable critic in Art has pronounced it one of the finest of Chantrey's productions.

Selected Articles.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO AND DON ILLAN OF TOLEDO.

[From "*Lays and Legends of Spain*," (just published.)]

The version of the present excellent story is from the easy and vigorous pen of the Rev. Blanco White. Readers need hardly be told now-a-days that the germ of it is to be found in the story of the Sultan and the Bucket of Water, in the *Arabian Nights*.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of St. Jago alighted at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the bank of the perpendicular rock, which now crowned with Alcazar rises to a frightful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing in his dress or person that might induce even a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Illan to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noon-day meal. That maid, Sir, will shew you the room, which has been prepared for you. And when you have brushed off the dust of your journey, you shall find a canonical capon hot upon the board."

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive and delicate. "No no," said Don Illan, when the soup, and a bumper of tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit; "no business, please your reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present, and when we have discussed the olla, the capon, and a bottle of Yepes, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life."

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collection on Christmas Eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now, under the influence of Don Illan's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Illan's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.

"Allow me, dear Don Illan," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me as your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."

"Good sir," replied Don Illan, "I should be extremely loth to offend you but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the hearts of men is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavorable. I only guess; I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man, and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask hazardous and important services, it is impossible for me to ascertain."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if you do not, Don Illan. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you) doubt not, from this moment, to

command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours."

"My hearty thanks for all, worthy sir," said Don Illan; "but let us now proceed to business, the sun is set, and if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Illan led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desiring her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding stair-case. The Dean followed, with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase: for, to all appearance, they reached below the level of the Tagus. At this depth, a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Illan kept his works on magic: globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the book-cases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, intimated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river. "Here then," said Don Illan, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume." *

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. "This," said Don Illan, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus—" the sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. "He not alarmed," said Don Illan; "it is the bell, by which my servants let me know they want to speak to me." Saving thus, he pulled a thick string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was at that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the archbishop of Santiago is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his lordship's dictation. But here is another from the archbishop of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds. Poor dear uncle, may heaven lengthen his days! The chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me—and,—push—it cannot be—but the electors, according to the archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour. "Well," said Don Illan, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not you will soon wear the mitre. In the meantime, I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will give a decided turn to the whole affair; and at all events, your absence, in the case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Illan's door, with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Illan addressed his congratulations, and was the first "to kiss the archbishop's hand; "I hope," he added I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the university of Paris, for I flatter myself, your lordship will give him the deanery, which is now vacant by your promotion." "My worthy friend, Don Illan," replied the archbishop elect, "My obligation to you I can never repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An archbishop of St. Jago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese; I will not, for all the mitres in Christendom, forego the benefit of your instruction; the Deanery, to tell the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked at Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an ex-

emplary priest so nearly related to me." "Just as you please, my lord," said Don Illan, and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia, were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret, at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville.

"I will not leave you behind," said the archbishop to Don Illan, who with more timidity than he shewed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations; "but do not fret about your son; he is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end. Don Illan bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Illan's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a Cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors that came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Illan away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my lord," he said: "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church, I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Illan," interrupted the Cardinal. "Follow me you must, who can tell what may happen in Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door; you understand, Don Illan. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Illan's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the further end of the saloon, his holiness was enjoying that revie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Illan advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet. "Holy father, in pity to these grey hairs, do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend, to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By St. Peter!" ejaculated his holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—You my friend: a magician the friend of Heaven's viceregent!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest mine eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Illan begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, Holy Father," said he: "trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey." "Away I say, answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no further encourage your waste and imprudence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes." "But father," rejoined Don Illan, "my wants are instant: I am hungry; give me but a trifle to procure supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome." "Heaven forbid that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the prince of darkness!" said the Pope. "Away, away from my presence, or I instantly

call for the guard." "Well then," replied Don Illan, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell, which stood on a table next the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterranean study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Illan to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of St. Jago."

ORATOR HENLEY.

Every generation has had its "most impudent man alive,"—a designation invented, we believe, in favour of Bishop Warburton, whose genius, however, was perhaps nearly on a par with his pretensions. Very different was the case with the clever but shameless, and therefore foolish though clever man, who is the subject of the following account, and who became the quack he was for want of heart,—the secret of most apparent inconsistencies between cleverness and folly in the same individual.

John Henley was a native of Melton Mowbray, in the county of Leicester, where he officiated several years as curate, and conducted a grammar school; but feeling, or fancying that a genius like his ought not to be cramped in so obscure a situation, "having been long convinced that many gross errors and impostures prevailed in the various institutions and establishments of mankind, and being ambitious of restoring ancient eloquence;" but, as his enemies assert, to avoid the scandal and embarrassments of an amour, he repaired to the metropolis, and for a short time performed clerical functions in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square, with a prospect of succeeding to the lectureship of the parish, which soon became vacant.

Several candidates offering for the situation, a warm contest ensued; and after Mr. Henley's probation sermon, which he thought would ensure him an easy victory, we may judge of the disappointment of this disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero, when he was told by a person, deputed from the congregation, that they had nothing to object against his language or his doctrine, but that he threw himself about too much in the pulpit, and that another person was chosen.

Losing his temper as well as his election, he rushed into an adjoining room, where the principal parishioners were assembled, and thus addressed them, in all the vehemence of outrageous passion:—"Blockheads, are you qualified to decide on the degree of the action necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the most renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you that the great, almost the only requisite, for a public speaker, was action, action, action; but I despise and defy you; *provoaco ad populum*, the public shall decide between us." With these words he quitted the place for ever, but in order "to shame the fools," printed his discourse.

Thus disappointed in his hopes of preferment, in the regular routine of his profession, he became, "if the expression is allowable," (says our authority) a quack divine, a character for which he was eminently qualified, possessing a strong voice, fluent language, an imposing, magisterial air, theatrical gesture, and a countenance which no violation of propriety, reproach, or self-correction, was ever known to embarrass or discompose.

He immediately advertised, that he should hold forth publicly two days in the week, and hired for this purpose a large room, in or near Newport-market, which he called the Oratory; but previous to the commencement of his "Academical Discourses," he chose to write a letter to Whiston, the celebrated mathematician and dissenter, in which he desired to know, whether he should incur any legal penalties by officiating as a Separatist from the Church of England.

Whiston did not encourage Henley's project, and a correspondence took place, which, ending in virulence and ill-language, occasioned the latter, a few years after, to send the following laconic note to his adversary:—

"To MR. WILLIAM WHISTON:

Take notice, that I give you warning not to enter my room at Newport-market, at your peril.

JOHN HENLEY."

As tickets of admission for those who subscribed to his lectures, medals were issued with the rising sun for a device; and a motto expressive of the man, as well as of the motives by which he was impelled; "Inveniam viam aut faciam;" (I will find a way, or make one). He also published what may be termed a syllabus of his lectures, containing a long list of the various subjects he meant to handle, religious and political, in which it was easy to see, that he had selected whatever he thought likely to excite public curiosity.

By these and other means, particularly by his singular advertisements, which were generally accompanied by some sarcastic stanza on public men and measures, he generally filled his room. Sometimes one of his old Bloomsbury friends caught the speaker's eye; on which occasions, Henley could not suppress the ebullitions of vanity and resentment; he would suddenly arrest his discourse, and address the unfortunate interloper in words to the following effect: "You see, sir, all the world is not exactly of your opinion; there are, you perceive, a few sensible people who think me not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken."

His abashed and confounded adversaries, thus attacked (in a public company, a most awkward species of address), were glad to retire, and in some instances were pushed out of the room.

On the Sabbath day he generally read part of the liturgy of the Church of England, and sometimes used extempore prayer.

That the efforts of the oratory might be assisted by its handmaid, the press, Mr. Henley soon commenced author; the subject he chose, proved that he entertained no mean opinion of his own abilities. To render some of his pamphlets more impressive, or more attractive, he published them in a black letter type. The following were the title of a few of his publications:—"The Origin of Evil;" "The Means of Forming a Correct Taste;" "A comparative view of Ancient and Modern Languages;" "Thoughts on the Scriptural Narrative of a Confusion of Tongues;" "A Defence of Christianity."

He was also supposed to contribute to the "Hypodocor," a periodical paper, published at that time; and is said to have received from Sir Robert Walpole, a present of a hundred pounds, as a reward for his services in that paper. Sir Robert was never reckoned any great judge of literary merit. Henley was also author of a pamphlet occasioned by his obtruding himself into a religious controversy on baptism, entitled, "Samuel sleeping in the Wilderness."

As his popularity increased, the place where he amused or instructed his friends, was found not sufficiently capacious, and he procured a larger and more commodious receptacle, near a Catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In a fit of humorous caprice, or in the hope of enticing some of the frequenters of that place of worship to visit him, he called his new room, in some of his advertisements, the little Catholic chapel. If any Catholics happened to look in after mass, he was studious of paying them particular attention and respect, and would, in some way or other, introduce a recommendation of universal philanthropy and religious toleration. On one of these occasions, he uttered the following apostrophe: "After all this outcry about the devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, who and what is this bugbear, this monster, this Pope, whom we so much dread? He is only a man like ourselves, this ecclesiastical sovereign of Rome, the father and head of the Catholic Church." When the lecture concluded, he was seen to advance towards a leading man among the Catholics, and shaking him heartily by the hand, welcomed him in the following words, "God bless you, I love you all: we are all Christians alike, from the same stock, divided only by a few non-essentials."

Whether this mode of proceeding was dictated by the liberal spirit of philosophical indifference, by Christian charity, by any latent Papistical propensity, or for the mere purpose of inviting customers of all persuasions to his shop, may be easily determined by considering the character of Henley. Having acquired, or assumed, the name of Orator Henley, it became the fashion in certain circles to hear his lectures; he attracted the notice and excited the resentment of Pope, who lashed him severely in his *Dunciad*. Much of the poet's satire is well applied; except where he describes him as a zany, and a talker of nonsense. This, certainly, is not a character or just description of Henley, who was impudent, insolent, and conceited, a vain-glorious boaster, determined at all events, and at all risks, to excite the attention of the public; but he exhi-

bited at times a quaint shrewdness, a farcical humour, and occasionally a depth of reflection, far beyond the reach of a fool. He was rather what the Methodists once called their great episcopal assailant, (Bishop Lavington) "a theological and political buffoon."

A complete series of his singular advertisements, mottoes, medals, and pamphlets, with a panegyric on him, in the form of a life, by Wilestead, was at one time collected, and in the possession of antiquary.

By coarse irony, vulgar railery, and a certain humorous quaintness of expression, he often raised the laugh against opponents, superior to him in learning and argument. Henley once incurred the hostility of the government, and was several days in the custody of a king's messengers. On this occasion, Lord Chesterfield, the Secretary of State, amused himself and his associates in office, by sporting with the hopes and fears of our restorer of ancient eloquence. During his examination before the Privy Council, if they ask leave to be seated, on account of a real or pretended rheumatism, and occasioning considerable merriment by his eccentric answers, himself joining heartily and loudly in the laughs he excited. The noble lord having expostulated with him on the impropriety of ridiculing the exertions of the country, at the moment a rebellion raged in the heart of the kingdom, he replied, "I thought there was no harm in cracking a joke on a red-herring," alluding to Archbishop Herring, who had proposed or actually commenced arming the clergy.

A number of disrespectful and unwarrantable expressions he had applied to person or high in office, and to their conduct, being repeated to him, his only reply was, "My lords, I must live." "I see no reason for that, Mr. Henley," replied Lord Chesterfield. The council seemed pleased at the remark, but Henley immediately answered; "That is a good thing, but unfortunately it has been said before."

After being reprimanded for his improper conduct, he was in a few days dismissed as an impudent but entertaining fellow.

The following was circulated by Henley as an advertisement, or by way of bon-hill, in Oct. 1726:—

"Having been threatened by various letters, that if I do not drop the oratory, a minute account of my life and character shall be published, I take this method of informing those who propose undertaking it, that they must be speedy, or their market will be spoiled, as I am writing it myself.

"JOHN HENLEY."

THE RETURN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. MÜLLER.

Art thou the land with which my fancy teems,
Whose golden plains once brightly round me shone
Which oft hath shed sweet mirth o'er my dreams,
And cheer'd me on with hope when feeble grown?
Art thou the land? *Art thou the land?*
I greet thee, I greet thee, O my fatherland!

Art thou the town, beside the rippling stream,
Tow'rd which, in sadness, oft my eye I've cast?
Where life's unclouded spring did on me beam,
And the young hours in thrilling pleasure pass'd?
Art thou the town? *Art thou the town?*
To thee, to thee I come, O native town!

Art thou the home in which my cradle stood,
Where sorrow's bitter pang I never knew?
The future there appeared a glowing flood,
The world a path, where joys celestial grew.
Art thou the home? *Art thou the home?*
Receive me once again, paternal home!

Are ye the meads? *Art thou the peaceful vale,*
Which oft at silent eve, I've blithely cross'd?
My spirit then would o'er your boundaries steal,
Until each trace in fading blue was lost.
Are ye the meads? *Are ye the meads?*
Receive me once again, O native meads!

Could I here rest and rural joys be mine,
The storm would cease—a brighter morning break;
My pilgrim-staff I'd to the brook consign,
And, borne by friendship, life's last journey take
To thee, O grave—To thee, O grave,
Where rest my fathers; gladly, then, O grave!

THE PLINIES. DESTRUCTION OF THE ELDER PLINY BY MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The late frightful eruption of Mount Vesuvius will render interesting, even to those who have read it in other works, the following account of the death of Pliny the Elder, taken from a new volume (which has just appeared) of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, entitled *Lives of eminent Zoologists*. Of the eruption we shall probably speak again, and therefore say no more of it in this place.

Pliny was a man of fortune in the age of the Cæsars, and author of a History of his own time which is lost, and of a Natural History which is a huge miscellaneous compilation of all sorts of knowledge existing up to his time, bad and good, exhibiting more style than discernment. He was, however, a most industrious gentleman, valuable for preserving better things than he could have found out for us; and that he was a bold one, the following narrative will testify. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, whom he educated, and whose fame also surpasses his desert, as an author, though he too was an amiable man and an elegant writer, is chiefly known by his Letters. His style is too conscious and artificial. Both the Plinies may be looked upon as the artificial products of the highly wrought, but cold and imitative literature of those times, the polish of a despotism which repressed originality. But they both appear to have been good men; and they maintained a degree of political independence in the worst times, highly honourable to the spirit of knowledge.

The death of the Elder Pliny took place during the eruption which is understood to have destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

He was at Misenum, where he commanded the fleet which protected all that part of the Mediterranean comprised between Italy, the Gauls, Spain, and Africa, when a great eruption of Vesuvius took place. His sister and her son, the latter of whom was then about eighteen years of age, were with him. He had just retired to his study, when he was apprized of the appearance of a cloud of the most extraordinary form and size. It resembled a pine-tree, having an excessively elongated trunk, from which some branches shot forth at the top, and appeared sometimes white, sometimes dark and spotted, according as the smoke was more or less mixed with earth and cinders. Anxious to discover the cause of this singular appearance, he ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and was proceeding on board, when he met the masters belonging to the galley stationed at Retina, who had just escaped from the danger. They conjured him not to advance and expose his life to imminent peril; but he ordered the fleet immediately to put to sea, for the purpose of rendering aid to such as might require it; and so devoid of fear was he, that he noted all the variations and forms which the cloud assumed. By this time the vessels were covered with ashes, which every moment became hotter and more dense, while fragments of white pumice and stones, blackened and split with the heat, threatened the lives of the men. They were likewise in great danger of being left aground by a sudden retreat of the sea. He stopped for a moment to consider whether he should return; but to the pilot, who urged him to this expedient, he replied, "Fortunè help! the brave—steer to Pomponianus." That officer was at Stabiae, and being in sight of the danger, which, although still distant, seemed always coming nearer, had put his baggage on board, and was waiting a more favourable wind to carry him out. Pliny, finding him alarmed, endeavoured to recall his firmness. In the meantime, the flames were bursting from Vesuvius in many places, as to illuminate the night with their dazzling glare. He consulted with his friends whether it were better to remain in the house, or to flee to the open fields; for the buildings were shaken by frequent and violent shocks, so as to reel backwards and forwards, and in the open air they were not less in danger from the cinders. However, they chose to go forth, as the less hazardous alternative, covering their heads with pillows, to protect them from the stones. It was now morning, but the country was enveloped by thick darkness. He proceeded towards the shore by the light of torches, but the sea was still so much agitated that he could not embark; and, seating himself on a sail which was spread for him, he asked for some water, of which he drank a little. The approach of flames, preceded by the smell of sulphur, put his companions to flight, excepting two slaves, who assisted him to rise, when he seems to have immediately fallen, suffocated by the vapours and ashes. On the following day, his body was found in the

same place without marks of external violence, and resembling a person asleep rather than one who had suffered death. This event took place on the 24th of August, in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era, and a few months after the demise of Vespasian.

As a specimen of the bad and good, the ridiculous and the interesting, in Pliny's "Natural History," we quote from the Lives of the Zoologists his account of the Lion's Sickness, and the famous story of Cleopatra's Pearl. The former is taken from the old translation of him by Holland.

HOW TO CURE A SICK LION.

The lion is never sick but of the peevishness of his stomach, loathing all meat; and then the way to cure him is to tie unto him *certain shoe apes*, which with their wanton mocking and making mowes at him, may move his patience and drive him for the verie indignitie of their malapert sauciness, into a fit of *madness*; and then, so soone as he hath tasted their blood, he is perfectlie well againe; and this is the only remedie.

CLEOPATRA'S PEARL.

Pearls were very highly esteemed in Pliny's days. The ladies wore them dangling at their fingers and ears, took great delight in hearing them rattle, and not only appended them to their garments, but even embroidered their buskins with them. It will not suffice them, says he, nor serve their turn, to carry pearls about them, but they must tread among pearls, go among pearls, and walk as it were on a pavement of pearls. Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was seen by him, on an ordinary occasion, ornamented with emeralds and with pearls, which he valued at forty millions of sesterii (about 300,000*l.*)

The two finest specimens ever seen were in the possession of the celebrated Cleopatra, who, on being sumptuously feasted by Mark Anthony, derided him for the meanness of the entertainment; and on his demanding how she could go beyond him in such a matter, answered that she would spend upon him in one supper ten millions of sesterii. Anthony, conceiving it impossible for her to make good her boast, laid a great wager with her about it. When the supper came, although it was such as to befitt the condition of the hostess and guests, it presented no extraordinary appearance, so that Anthony jeered the Queen on the subject, asking, by way of mockery, for a sight of the bill of fare; whereupon she affirmed that what had as yet been brought to the table was not to be reckoned in the count, but that even her own part of the supper should cost sixty millions. She then ordered the second service to be brought in. The servants placed before her a cruet of vinegar, and she put into it one of the pearls which were appended to her ears. When it was dissolved she took up the vessel and drank its contents; on which Lucius Plancus declared that she had gained the wager. Afterwards, when Cleopatra was taken prisoner, and deprived of her royal state, the other pearl was cut into two, and affixed to the ears of the statue of Venus, in the Pantheon at Rome.

We have been surprised, not very pleasantly, to find by these *Lives of the Zoologists*, that Linnæus, whom we took for a man mild as his flowers, was of so very irascible and vindictive a nature; and that he was miserly. He once, it appears, had serious thoughts of killing a man,—assassinating him! for taking away his character. However, his studies helped him to get rid of these frightful absurdities (the more honour be unto them!) and his miserliness is accounted for by the narrow means with which he once struggled.

The following portrait of him is drawn by himself:—

The head of Linnæus had a remarkable prominence behind, and was transversely depressed at the lambdoid suture. His hair was white in infancy, afterwards brown, in old age greyish. His eyes were hazel, lively, and penetrating; their power of vision exquisite. His forehead was furrowed in old age. He had an obliterated wart on the right cheek, and another on the corresponding side of the nose. His teeth were unsound, and at an early age decayed, from hereditary tooth-ache. His mind was quick, easily excited to anger, joy, or sadness; but its affection soon subsided. In youth he was cheerful, in age not torpid, in business most active. He walked with a light step, and was distinguished for agility. The management of his domestic affairs he committed to his wife, and concerned himself solely with the productions of nature. Whatever he began he brought to an end, and on a journey he never looked back.

As Linnæus grew old, the best parts of his nature (money-wards excepted) seem to quite outgrown the others, and to have exhibited him in the condition desiderated by Mr. Southey in his beautiful lines on the Holly-tree, the thorny leaves of which become smooth as they mount towards heaven. The following picture of his manners and amusements is given (says our author) by his pupil, Fabricius:—

We were three, Kuhr, Zoega, and I, all foreigners. In summer we followed him into the country. In winter we lived facing his house, and he came to us every day in his short red robe-de-chambre, with a green fur cap on his head, and a pipe in his hand. He came for half an hour, but stopped a whole one, and many times two. His conversation on these occasions was extremely sprightly and pleasant. It consisted either of anecdotes relative to the learned in his profession with whom he got acquainted in foreign countries, or in clearing up our doubts, or in giving us other kinds of instruction. He used to laugh then most heartily, and displayed a serenity and an openness of countenance, which proved how much his soul was susceptible of amity and good fellowship.

Our life was much happier when we resided in the country. Our habitation was about half a quarter of a league distant from his house at Hammerby, in a farmhouse, where we kept our own furniture, and other requisites for house-keeping. He rose very early in summer, and mostly about four o'clock. At six he came to us, because his house was then building, breakfasted with us, and gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants as long as he pleased, and generally till about ten o'clock. We then wandered about till twelve upon the adjacent rocks, the productions of which afforded us plenty of entertainment. In the afternoon we repaired to his garden, and in the evening we usually played at the Swedish game of trisnet in company with his wife.

On Sundays the whole family usually came to spend the day with us. We sent for a peasant who played on an instrument resembling a violin, to the sound of which we danced in the barn of our farm-house. Our balls were certainly not very splendid, the company was but small, the music superlatively rustic, and no chance in the dances, which were constantly either minuets or Polish; but regardless of these defects, we passed our time very merrily. While we were dancing, the old man, who smoked his pipe with Zoega, who was deformed and emaciated, became a spectator of our amusement, and sometimes, though very rarely, danced a Polish dance, in which he excelled every one of us young men. He was extremely delighted whenever he saw us in high glee, nay, if we even became very noisy. Had he not always found us so, he would have manifested his apprehension that we were not sufficiently entertained.

BONNET, THE NATURALIST,

AND A VISITOR AT FAULT.

[This is from the travels of Matthison, the German writer. We do not see the "inexpressible forbearance and benevolence" of Bonnet towards his visitor; though his conduct was truly polite and good natured; and worthy of a man of sense. Neither is the poor traveller despised: he at least meant well. But the scene is amusing.]

Three days ago, I was at Geneva, and dined at a *table d'hôte*. A young Englishman sat by me, whom I soon recognised as one of the storks in Lessing's well-known fable, who, in their excursions, seldom concerned themselves with anything except to ascertain the topography of frog-ditches. He asked me where Bonnet lived; this introduced a conversation among us, which at length led to my inquiring if he had ever read any of Bonnet's works. "No; I know nothing at all about him, but he is here in my list;" and immediately taking out a pocket-book, he produced a paper, whence he read the following inventory of things worthy of observation in Geneva:—I. The Portico of St Peter's Church;—II. The Junction of the Arne with the Rhone;—III. Saussure's Cabinet of Natural Curiosities;—IV. Monsieur Bonnet;—V. Monsieur Bourrit. "As you have never read any of his works then," said I, "might it not be as well to go to the bookseller's and get him to shew you some: his *Contemplation de la Nature*, for instance,—read some chapters, and you would then not only be less embarrassed in case he should ask you whether you are at all acquainted with his writings, but you would, I am sure, have very great pleasure in the perusal."

He thanked me for my advice, which he said he would certainly follow, and then left me, after having carefully entered the name of Bonnet's place of abode in his pocket-book.

Yesterday, after dinner, as we were playing at chess, a foreigner was introduced, whom I immediately recollected to be the person I had seen before. Bonnet received him with that cordiality and conciliatory kindness with which you are so well acquainted, and begged him to sit down on the sofa. After the conversation had ran through the customary forms of "Whence come you?" and "Whither are you going?" &c. &c., Bonnet addressed him—

'You have probably occupied yourself, sir, with speculative philosophy?'

'No, not at all, but I saw all your works yesterday.'

'Saw them!'—He stopped short, but supposing that the young man who spoke French very ill, had made use of some wrong expression, immediately proceeded:—'It would make me very happy if my writings afforded you any entertainment. Might anything in particular strike you?'

'Yes, yes, indeed, the Glaciers in particular, for they are all excellens naturels.'—I gave up his own expressions.

There was no occasion for an *Œdipus* here to divine that, according to my advice, he had been to a bookseller's where, confusing Bonnet with Bourrit as they stood together on his list, he had inquired for the works of the latter, and had seen his travels in the Alps, the engravings in which had probably attracted his attention, and were the only part of which he had any idea. Bonnet immediately perceived his mistake, and it was really quite affecting to see how, instead of taking advantage of it and leading him on to stumble further and further, so as to produce a piquant scene, (as an hundred others would have done in his place), he instantly with inexpressible forbearance and benevolence gave the conversation another turn, and asked him many questions about his own country, his family, and even about his horses and dogs.

Such traits as these, which at the first glance, may appear insignificant, are however those by means of which Plutarch, in his Biography, gives such impressive pictures, and which so completely delude the imagination, that Timoleon, Dion, and Philopœmen do not appear as spirits called forth from the hoary ages of antiquity, but as intimate friends, with whom we have lived in social intercourse for many years, in the same town at least, if not under the same roof. And, after all, this kind of forbearance is one of the most amiable features in the human character, and perhaps one of the most difficult to practise.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

[From *Oriental Annual* for 1835, containing the usual information on Eastern subjects, from the pen of Mr. Caunter, illustrated by the clear pencil of Daniell.]

One morning as I was about to quit my tent, which was pitched a short distance without the walls of Delhi, in a fine tope of tamarind trees, I perceived a gossein standing with his back against a broken pillar, and at a short distance from me. He had assumed that attitude which betokened an expectation of receiving something more tangible than mere courtesy from the benevolence of myself, or any other person whom he might thus silently condescend to supplicate; for with these devotees the social order of things is frequently inverted: they consider the recipient the benefactor when of their own community, or the giver the beneficiary when of any other. As I came near him, I perceived that he had a thick iron rod passed through his cheeks, riveted at each end, from which a circular piece of iron depended, inclosing the chin. Though the rod passed quite through the tongue, it did not materially affect the articulation; he spoke with some difficulty, but was nevertheless perfectly intelligible. He was an elderly man, of gentle manners and mild aspect, without being offensively filthy, as the members of this strange tribe so frequently are. I invited him to enter the tent, which he immediately did, and to my surprise was very communicative. The iron through his tongue and cheeks had been a penitential infliction to which he had submitted in consequence of the breach of a vow. He declined my invitation to seat himself but stood erect with his back against the pole of the tent, and entered freely into conversation upon the strange events of his life, answering all my questions with the most perfect readiness;

and he appeared gratified at giving me any information, either respecting himself, or the singular customs of the religious fraternity to which he belonged. He stated that he was then under a vow to remain erect for the space of fifteen years. During thirteen of this time he had either stood or walked; yet he suffered little or no inconvenience, sleeping every night in the jungles with his back against a tree, as soundly as the most voluptuous man could upon a bed of down. He confessed, however, that sometimes after he had commenced the performance of this strange vow he was obliged to be supported with cords when inclined to sleep, and his feet swelled to such a painful degree that he could scarcely stand or walk. After a time, however, this inconvenience ceased, when the performance of his penance became no longer either a pain or a grief to him.

This was not the only infliction to which he had voluntarily subjected himself; the fingers of his left hand were so completely bent upwards from the palm, as to form a right angle with the back of the hand, and were thus rendered entirely useless. He further told me that he had been suspended from the branch of a tree during three hundred and sixty-five revolutions of the earth, as he expressed it, or a whole year. He was suspended by a cord with a strong bamboo crossing the end, upon which he sat, while a strap confined him to the rope, and thus prevented his falling; this he described as the severest infliction to which he had ever submitted. I gave him a trifling gratuity, with which he departed perfectly satisfied.

The self-tortures inflicted by these fanatics are entirely voluntary; they are, like many of the Roman Catholic penances, merely acts of supererogation, and are not necessarily enjoined in the Hindoo ritual, as will appear from the Mahabharat, a work esteemed almost of divine authority among the Hindoos. "Those men who perform severe maceration of the flesh, not authorised by the Sastra, are possessed of hypocrisy and pride; they are overwhelmed with lust, passion, and tyrannic strength. Those fools torment the spirit that is in the body, and myself who am in them."

After we quitted Ivanpoor, nothing occurred worth recording until we came in sight of Benares,—that celebrated city, called the splendid, containing the most renowned specimens of Hindoo learning to be found in Hindostan, a more detailed account of which will be found in the first volume of this work. As we approached the city, we were induced to moor our budgerow and land, in order that we might witness the Churrack Pooja—one of those revolting inflictions which some particular order of devotees undergo, together with such unhappy Hindoos as have had the misfortune to lose their caste, the former to enhance their claims to a blessed immortality, the latter to recover that temporal superiority over a large portion of their fellow beings which the well-known distinction of caste confers. A man frequently loses his caste by circumstances over which he can have no control: such as the casual contract of a pariah whom he might not have known to have been within his vicinity, or eating out of a polluted vessel, though not at the time aware of its pollution.

It once happened to be present when a sepooy of high caste, falling down in a fit, the military surgeons ordered one of the pariah attendants of the regimental hospital to throw some water over him, in consequence of which none of his class would associate with him, and he was considered to have forfeited the privileges of clanship. The result was, that as soon as the afternoon's parade was over, he put the muzzle of his musket to his head, and blew out his brains. Although, however, the distinction upon which the Hindoo so highly prides himself is often thus easily forfeited, it is not to be regained but by undergoing either severe mortification, or some terrible infliction, which happened to be the case in the instance I am about to record.

On landing, we found a large concourse of people assembled, and forming a circle of about twenty yards in diameter, in the centre of which was a strong pole fixed upright in the ground. On the top of this pole a transverse bamboo, sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of a man, was attached to a moveable pivot, so that it could be swung either vertically or circularly, as occasion might require. The insertion of the transverse bamboo was about one-third part from the end, leaving two-thirds on the other

• This is spoken by Krishna, the chief Avatar, or incarnation of Vishnu.

side, to which was attached a cord that reached the ground. At the extremity of the shorter division was a pulley from which a longer cord depended about the size of a man's middle finger, having two ends, to which were affixed a pair of bright steel hooks. Both the vertical and cross poles were of bamboo, which is extremely tough and difficult to break. When the apparatus was prepared, a Brahmin, who is usually the functionary on these occasions, advanced to the centre of the area, and having anointed the points of the hooks with a small portion of ghee, from a sacred vessel especially set apart for this holy purpose, he beckoned to the person about to undergo this trying ordeal. The penitentiary was a handsome man, in the full vigour of manhood, and had lost his caste by eating interdicted food during a voyage from Calcutta to China, whither he had gone as servant to the captain of the ship.

On perceiving the Brahmin's signal, he advanced without the slightest indication of alarm, but rather with an expression of joy on his countenance, at the idea of being restored to that position among the members of his own peculiar caste, which he had unhappily forfeited. He was stripped to the loins, and had nothing on but the cummerbund and a pair of white linen trowsers, which reached about half way down his thighs. He was a muscular man and rather tall;—he came forward with a firm step. Upon reaching the place of expiation, he knelt down under the cord to which the two bright hooks were attached. Gently raising his hands, and clasping them together in a posture of devotion, he continued for a few moments silent, then suddenly elevating his head, declared himself ready to undergo the penance that should release him from the pains of his recent pollution. The moment his assent was pronounced, a burst of acclamation was heard from the surrounding multitude. The officiating Brahmin then took the hooks, and with a dexterity that showed he was no novice in his sacred vocation, slipped them under the dorsal muscles just beneath the shoulders. The operation was so instantaneously and so adroitly managed, that scarcely a drop of blood followed. Not a muscle of the man's countenance stirred; all his features seemed stiffened into an expression of resolved endurance, which imparted a sort of sublime sternness to every lineament. Not even the slightest quiver of his lip was perceptible, and his eye glistened with thrilling lustre as he raised his head after the hooks had been fixed. His resolution was as painful as it was astonishing. At a certain signal from the presiding functionary, he started from his recumbent posture and stood with his head erect, calmly awaiting the consummation of his dreadful penalty. After a short interval he was suddenly raised into the air and swung round with the most frightful velocity by a number of half frantic Hindoos, who had stationed themselves for this purpose at the other extremity of the transverse pole. They ran round the area at their utmost speed, yelling and screaming, while their cries were rendered still more discordant by a deafening accompaniment of tom-toms, tobries, kurtails, and other instruments so familiar to Indian devotees, and which are indispensable on these and similar occasions, producing anything rather than "a concord of sweet sounds."

The velocity with which the poor man was swung round, prevented any one from accurately observing his countenance, though, during one or two pauses made by his tormentors, who became shortly fatigued with the violence of their exertions, there was no visible expression of suffering. Had he uttered a cry, it would have at once neutralized the effect of the penance, though I do not think it could have been heard through the din by which this terrible ceremonial was accompanied. The ministering Brahmins, however, are said to have a perception of sound so acute on these occasions, that the slightest cry of the victim never escapes their ear.

After this barbarous ceremony had continued for about twenty minutes, the man was let down, the hooks extracted from his back, and he really seemed little or nothing the worse for the torture he must have undergone. He walked steadily forward amid the acclamations of the surrounding multitude, and followed by his friends, who earnestly offered him their congratulations on the recovery of his caste.

Accidents of a very serious nature have been occasionally known to happen during the infliction of these fearful penances, though such occurrences are, I believe, rare. Should the cord chance to break, the suspended person is propelled forward under the influence of such a powerful impulse, that he is invariably killed on the spot. When this occurs, it is imputed to the magnitude of his sin, and he is immediately cast upon the funeral pile, neither pitied nor lamented. I have heard a circumstance

related by a person once present at the ceremony of the Churuck Pooja when the muscles of the back gave way, the patient being of considerable bulk, and on his being immediately lowered, the mischief was so extensive, that the wretched man died soon after he was released from the hooks. These things are really too dreadful to be permitted in a civilized country; but in India custom is a positive and even a paramount law, and is therefore implicitly followed. "Immemorial custom," says their imaginary law-giver, "is transcendent, approved in the sacred scripture and in the codes of divine legislators; let every man, therefore, of the three principal classes, who has a due reverence for the supreme spirit which dwells in him, diligently and constantly observe immemorial custom."

BROTHER MERRY;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

This is a story after our own heart, or at least after three parts of our heart; for we have a fourth, which is a little more serious than Brother Merry's; but we like him mightily, for he is a personification of animal spirits and their natural goodness and good-will,—not over-scrupulous, we grant, because he is not over-thoughtful,—but honourable, upon the whole, to the reputation of natural impulses, and having as little of ill in him as he thinks of any. Nor is any body to suppose that the freedoms taken with some venerable names imply real irreverence; for the story is here seen through a Catholic medium; and Catholics, from their greater familiarity with certain images, take a sort of domestic liberty with them, without meaning any diminution of love and respect. Brother Merry sets out with a good deal of jovial charity; he has Hope in full measure, and all the Faith in the world consistent with his having no notion that the stars can mean him any ill; and this is by no means the smallest or least honouring part of faith. —We take the story from a new publication which we are very glad to see,—*Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, No. 1, containing "Germany." The close of it reminds us of a ballad we have read of a lawyer, who being refused entrance into heaven by St. Peter, contrived to throw his hat inside the door; and then, being permitted by the kind saint to go in and fetch it, took advantage of the latter's fixture as door-keeper, to refuse to come back again.

In days of yore there was a great war; and when the war was at an end, a great number of the soldiers were discharged. Among the rest, Brother Merry received his discharge, and nothing more for all he had done than a very little loaf of soldier's bread and four half-pence in money—and with that he went his way. But St. Peter had seated himself in the road, like a poor beggar-man, and when Brother Merry came there, he asked him for charity. Then said the soldier "Dear beggar-man, what shall I give you? I have been a soldier, and have got my discharge, and with it nothing but a very little loaf of bread and four half-pence, and when that is gone I must beg as well as yourself." Then he divided the loaf into four parts, gave the apostle one, and also one half-penny. St. Peter thanked him, and went a little further, and seated himself like another beggar, in the way of the soldier; and when he came up, as formerly, asked alms of him. Brother Merry spoke as before, and gave him again another quarter of the loaf, and another half-penny. St. Peter thanked him, and seated himself in the way for the third time, like another beggar, and again addressed Brother Merry. Brother Merry then gave him the third quarter of the loaf, and the third half-penny. St. Peter thanked him, and Brother Merry journeyed on; and all he had left was one-fourth of the loaf and one half-penny. So he went into a tavern, and ate the bread, and spent the half-penny in beer to drink with it. When he had finished, he journeyed on; and St. Peter, in the disguise of a disbanded soldier, met him again, and saluted him; "Good comrade," said he, "can you give me a morsel of bread, and a half-penny to get a drop of drink?" "Where shall I get it?" answered Brother Merry, "I got my discharge, and nothing with it but a loaf and four half-pence. Three beggars met me on the road, and I gave each of them a quarter of the loaf and half-penny. The last part I have just eaten at the tavern, and spent the last half-penny in drink. Now I am quite empty, and if you also have nothing more, let us go begging together." "No, that will not be necessary just now," said St. Peter, "I understand a little of doctoring, and therewith will

I in time obtain as much as I need." "Ha!" said Brother Merry, "I know nothing about that; so I must go and beg by myself." "Now only come along," said St. Peter, "if I can earn anything, you shall go halves." "That will suit me well enough," said Brother Merry. So they travelled together.

Now they came to a cottage, and heard great lamenting and screaming inside, and when they went in there lay a man sick to the death, as if about to expire, and his wife crying and weeping bitterly. "Leave off whining and crying," said St. Peter, "I will make the man well again; and he took a salve out of his pocket, and cured the man instantly, so that he could stand up, and was quite hearty. The man and his wife in great joy demanded, "How can we pay you? what shall we give you?" But St. Peter would not take anything, and the more they pressed him to do so, the more firmly he declined. But Brother Merry nudged him and said, "Take something, take something: we want it, indeed." At last the peasant brought a lamb, and insisted on St. Peter accepting it, but he would not. Then Brother Merry jogged his side, "Take it, you foolish fellow, we want it bad enough." Then said St. Peter at last, "Well, I'll take the lamb; but I shall not carry it, you must carry it." There's no great hardship in that," cried Brother Merry, "I can easily do it;" and he took it on his shoulders.

After that, they went on till they came to a wood; when Brother Merry found the lamb a heavy load, and being now very hungry, he called to St. Peter, "Hallo! here's a nice place for us to dress and eat the lamb." "With all my heart," said St. Peter, "but I don't understand anything of cookery, so do you begin, and I will just walk about till it is ready; but mind you don't begin to eat till I return; I will take care to be back in time." "Go your ways," said Brother Merry; "I can cook well enough; I'll soon have it ready." So St. Peter wandered away, while Brother Merry lighted the fire, killed the lamb, put the pieces into the pot, and boiled them. The lamb, however, was thoroughly boiled, and his companion not returned; so Merry took it up, carved it, and found the heart. "That is the best part of it," said he, and kept tasting till he finished it. At length St. Peter came back, and said, "I only want the heart; all the rest you may have, so you give me that." Then Brother Merry took knife and fork, and turned the lamb as if he would have found the heart, but he could not. At last he said, in a careless manner, "It is not there." "No! where should it be then?" said the Saint. "That I don't know," said Merry; "but now I think of it, what a couple of fools we are to look for the heart of a lamb!—a lamb, you know, has not got a heart." "What!" said St. Peter, "that's news indeed: why every beast has a heart, and why should not the lamb have one as well as the best?" "No, certainly, comrade, a lamb has no heart: now only reflect, and it will occur to you that it really has not." "Well, it is quite sufficient—there is no heart there, so I need none of the lamb; you may eat it all." "Well, what I can't eat, I'll put in my knapsack," said Brother Merry. Then he ate half, and disposed of the other as he had said.

Now as they journeyed on, St. Peter managed that a great stream should flow right across their path, through which they must ford. "Then," said he, "go you first." "No," answered Brother Merry, "go you first;" thinking, if the water were too deep, he would even stay where he was. So St. Peter waded through it, and the water only reached to his knees; but when brother Merry ventured, the water was much deeper, and he was up to his neck in it. "Help me, comrade!" cried he; but the Saint said, "Will you confess, then, that you ate the lamb's heart?" But he still denied it, and the water got still deeper, and reached his mouth. Then said St. Peter again, "Will you confess then that you ate the lamb's heart?" But he still denied it; St. Peter, however, would not let him be drowned, so helped him out of his danger.

Now they journeyed on till they came to a kingdom where they heard that the king's daughter lay dangerously ill. "Holloa, brother," said the soldier, "here's a catch for us; if we can only cure her, we shall be made for ever." But St. Peter was not quick enough for him. "Come, Brother Heart," said he, "put your best foot forward, that we may yet come in at the right time." But the Saint went still more slowly, though his comrade kept pushing and driving him, till at last they heard that the princess was dead. "This comes of your creeping so," said the soldier. "Now be still," said St. Peter, "for I can do more than make the sick whole, since I can

bring the dead to life again." "Now, if that's true," said Merry, "you must at least earn half the kingdom for us by the job." Thereupon they went to the king's palace, where every body was in trouble; but St. Peter told the king he would restore his daughter to him. They then conducted him to where she lay, and he commanded them to let him have a cauldron of water, and when he received it, he ordered them all to go away, and let nobody remain with him but Brother Merry. Then he divided the limbs of the dead princess, and threw them into the water, lighted a fire under the cauldron, and boiled them. And when all the flesh had fallen from the bones, the Saint took the beautiful white bones and laid them on a table, and placed them together according to their natural order. When that was done, he walked before them and said, "In the name of all things holy, arise, thou dead one!" And at the third time the princess arose up, alive, well and beautiful. Now was the king greatly rejoiced, and said to St. Peter, "Require for thy reward what thou wilt, though it should be half my empire, I will give it you." But he answered, "I desire nothing for what I have done." "Oh thou Jack Fool," thought Brother Merry to himself, then nudged his comrade's side, and said, "Don't be so silly; if you won't have anything yet I need somewhat." St. Peter, however, would have nothing; yet because the king saw the other gladly, he commanded the keeper of his treasures to fill his knapsack with gold, at which Brother Merry was right well pleased.

Thereupon they went their way till they came into a wood, when the Saint said to his fellow traveller, "Now we will share the gold." "Yes," answered he, "that we can do." Then St. Peter took the gold and divided it into three portions. "Well" thought Brother Merry, "what whim has he got in his head now, making three parcels, and only two of us?" But St. Peter said, "Now I have divided it fairly; one for me, one for you, and one for him who ate the heart." "Oh, I ate that," said the soldier, quickly taking up the gold; "I did I assure you." "How can that be true," said St. Peter, "a lamb has no heart." "Aye, what, brother? What are you thinking of—a lamb has no heart? very good! when every beast has, why should that one be without?" "Now, that is very good," said the Saint, "take all the gold to yourself for I shall remain no more with you, but will go my own way alone." "As you please, brother Heart," answered the soldier; "a pleasant journey to you my hearty." But when St. Peter took another road, his comrade bethought him, "Well, it is all right that he has marched off, for he is an old fellow."

Now had Brother Merry plenty of money, but he did not know what to do with it, but spent it and gave it away till, in the course of a little time, he found himself once more penniless. Then he came into a country where he heard that the king's daughter was dead, "Ah," thought he, "that may turn out well: I will bring her to life again;" then went he to the king, and offered so to do.

Now the king had heard that there was an old soldier, who went about restoring the dead to life, and thought that Brother Merry must be the very man; yet because he had no confidence in him, he first consulted his council, and they agreed, that as the princess was certainly dead, he might make the attempt. Then Brother Merry commanded them to bring him a cauldron of water, when every one had left the room, he separated the limbs and threw them into the cauldron, and made a fire under it exactly as he had seen St. Peter do; and when the water boiled and the flesh fell from the bones, he took them and placed them upon the table, but as he did not know how to arrange them he piled them one upon another.

Then he stood before them and cried, "In the name of the Holy Heaven, thou dead arise," and he cried so three times, but still to no purpose. "Stand up, you vixen, stand up, or it shall be the worse for you." Scarcely had he said this, ere Saint Peter came in at the window, just as before, in the likeness of an old soldier, and said, "You impious fellow, how can the dead stand up when you have thrown the bones thus one upon another?"

"Ah, Brother Heart," answered Merry, "I have done it as well as I can."

"This time will I help you out of your trouble, but this I tell you, whenever you again undertake anything like this you will repent it; moreover, for this, you shall neither ask for nor take the least thing from the king."

Thereupon St. Peter placed the bones in their proper order, and said three times, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, thou dead arise," and the princess stood up,

sound and beautiful as formerly. Then St. Peter immediately went away again out of the window, and Brother Merry was glad that all had turned out so well; but he was sorely grieved that he might take nothing for it. "I should like to know," thought he, "what he had to gumble about—what he gives with one hand, he takes with the other; there's no wit in that."

Now the king asked him what he would have, but he durst not take anything; yet, he managed by hints and cunning, that the king should fill his knapsack with money; and with that he journeyed forth.

But, when he came out, St. Peter was standing before the door, and said, "See what a man you are, have I not forbidden you to take any thing, and yet you have your knapsack filled with gold?" "How can I help it," answered the soldier, "if they would thrust it in?" "This I tell you then—mind that you do not a second time undertake such a business: if you do, it will fare badly with you." "Ah, Brother, never fear: now I have money, why should I trouble myself with washing bones?" "Ah!" said St. Peter, "that will not last a long time; but, in order that you may never tread in a forbidden path, I will bestow upon your knapsack this power that whatever you wish into it, that shall be there. Farewell—You will never see me again." "Adieu," said Brother Merry, and, thought he, "I am glad you are gone, you wonderful fellow: I am willing enough not to follow you." But he thought not of the wonderful property bestowed upon his knapsack.

Brother Merry went off with his gold, which he had very soon spent and squandered as before.

When he had nothing but four-pence left, he came to a public house, and thought the money must go; so he called for three penny worth of wine and one penny worth of bread. As he ate and drank there, the flavour of roasting geese tickled his nose. So he peeped and pried about, and saw that the landlord had placed two geese in the oven. Then it occurred to him that his comrade had told him, whatever he wished in his knapsack should be there; so he determined the geese should be the test of it. He went out therefore and stood before the door, and said "I wish that the two geese which are baking in oven, were in my knapsack," and, when he had said so, he peeped in, and there they were, sure enough. "Ah, ah, that is all right," said he, "I am a made man," and he went on a little way, took out the geese, and began to eat them.

As he was thus enjoying himself, there came by two labouring men, who looked with hungry eyes at the one goose which was yet untouched.

Now when Brother Merry saw that, he said, "one was quite enough for him." So he called them, gave them the goose, and bade them drink his health. When they had finished, they thanked him, and went therewith to the public house, called for wine and bread, took out their present, and began to eat it. When the hostess saw what they were eating, she said to her good man, "These two men are eating a goose, you had better see whether it is not one of ours, out of the oven." The host opened the oven, and lo! it was empty. "Oh, you pack of thieves!—this is the way you eat geese, is it!—pay for them directly, or I will wash you both with green hazel-juice." The men said, we are not thieves: an old soldier whom we met on our road made us a present of the goose.—"You are not going to hoax me that way; the soldier has been here, but went out of the door like an honest fellow—I took care of that,—you are the thieves and you shall pay for the geese." But, as they had no money to pay him with, he took a stick and beat them out of doors.

Meanwhile, as Brother Merry journeyed along, he came to a place where there was a noble castle, and not far from it a little public house. Into this he went and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord said his house was full of guests, and he could not accommodate him. "I wonder," said Brother Merry, "that the people should all come to you, instead of going to the castle." "They have good reason for what they do, for whoever has attempted to spend the night at the castle, has never come back to say how they were entertained." "If others have attempted it why shouldn't I?" said Merry.—"You had better leave it alone," said his host, "you are only thrusting your head into danger."—"No fear of danger," said Brother Merry, "only give me the key and plenty of brave eating and drinking." So the hostess gave him what he asked for, and he went off to the castle, relished his supper, and when he found himself sleepy, laid himself down on the floor, for there was not a bed in the place.

Well, he soon went to sleep, but in the night he was awakened by a great noise, and when he aroused himself, behold! he saw nine very ugly devils, dancing in a circle which they had made round him. "Dance as long as you like," said Brother Merry, "but don't come near me." But the devils kept coming nearer and nearer, and almost trod on his face with their misshapen feet. "Be quiet," said he, but they behaved still worse. At last he got angry, and crying "Holla! I'll soon make you quiet," he caught hold of the leg of a stool and struck it about him. But nine devils against one soldier were too much, and if he laid about lustily upon those before him, those behind pulled his hair and pinched him miserably. "Aye, aye, you pack of devils, now you are too hard upon me, but wait a bit," and thereupon he cried out, "I wish all the nine devils were in my knapsack," and it was no sooner said than done; there they were; so he buckled it close up and threw it into a corner. Then was all still again; so Brother Merry laid himself down and slept till morning, when the landlord and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged came to see how it had fared with him; and when they saw him sound and lively, they were astonished, and asked, "Did the ghosts, then, do nothing to you?" "Why not exactly," said Merry; "but I have got them all nine in my knapsack. You may dwell quietly enough in your castle now; from henceforth they won't trouble you." Then the nobleman thanked him, and gave him great rewards, and begged him to remain in his service saying that he would take care of him all the days of his life. "No," answered he, "I am used to wander and rove about; I will again set forth."

Then he went on till he came to a smith, and he went in and laid his knapsack on the anvil, and bade the smith and all his men to hammer away upon it as hard as they could,—so they did, with their largest hammers, and all their might; and the poor devils set up a piteous howling. And when at last they opened the knapsack, there were eight of them dead; but one, which had been snug in a fold of the knapsack, was still alive, and he slipped out and ran away to his home below in a twinkling.

After that, Brother Merry wandered about the world for a long time; but at last he grew old, and began to think of his latter end. So he went to a hermit, who was held to be a very pious man, and said, "I am tired of roving, and will now endeavour to go to heaven." The hermit answered, "There stand two ways,—the one broad and pleasant, that leads to hell; the other is rough and narrow and that leads to heaven." "I must be fool, indeed," thought Brother Merry, "if I go the rough and narrow road." So he went the broad and pleasant way, till he at last came to a great black door, and that was the door of hell.

Brother Merry knocked, and the door-keeper opened it; and when he saw that it was Merry, he was sadly frightened, for who should he be but the ninth devil, who was in the knapsack, and thought himself lucky to have escaped with nothing but a black eye! So he bolted the door again directly, and ran to the chief of the devils and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack on his back, but pray don't let him in, for he can get all hell into his knapsack, by wishing it. He once got me a terrible ugly hammering in it." So they called out to Brother Merry, and told him he must go away, for they should not let him in. "Well, if they will not have me here," thought Merry, "I'll even try if I can get a lodging in heaven,—somewhere or other I must rest." So he turned about and went on till he came to the door of heaven, and there he knocked.

St. Peter, who sat close by, had charge of the entrance, and Brother Merry knew him, and said, "Are you here, old acquaintance? then things will go better with me." But St. Peter said "I suppose you want to get into heaven." "Aye, aye, brother, let me in; I must put up somewhere. If they would have taken me into hell, I should not have come hither." "No," said St. Peter; "You don't come in here."—"Well, if you won't let me in, take your dirty knapsack again; I'll have nothing that can put me in mind of you," said Merry, carelessly. "Then give it to me," said St. Peter. Then he handed it through the grating into heaven, and St. Peter took it, and hung it up behind his chair. "Then," said Brother Merry, "Now I wish I was in my own knapsack,"—and instantly he was there; and thus being once actually in heaven, St. Peter was obliged to let him stay there.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

It is proper to state, that we have no other authority for the following story than that of the fair unknown, who has sent it us; but we take for granted, from the style of her letter, that she is, in every sense of the word, "fair;" and this is one of the reasons why we have not thought fit to alter it. We need not add how delighted we are with her approbation, nor that we cordially agree with the remarks which accompany her quotation from Burns.

Mrs. Garrick was brought into the English world under the patronage of Lord Burlington, as a Mademoiselle Violette, a dancer. She had great reputation in her art, and was very handsome. Horace Walpole somewhere manifests the delicate distress he suffered under (poor man,) in being asked by a brother patrician, in a large party, who she was. He was obliged to confess that she was 'a dancer;' that is to say, that they had a beautiful young lady in their company, who had talents enough to earn herself a livelihood by charming the world.

THE LIFE OF A YOUNG JACOBITE SAVED BY MRS. GARRICK.

June 24, 1834.

Dear Sir,—Be not surprised at so familiar an address from a stranger, for, although I may be, and am, a stranger to you, you are not a stranger to me, but, on the contrary, an old and well-known friend, with whose moles of thought and feeling I am intimately acquainted, although I have never seen your face, nor heard your voice. I am not very old (I may yet call myself two years on the sunny-side of thirty), but for by far the greater part of my life, I have been an admiring and sympathizing reader of yours. Judge then of my joy at hearing of the first appearance of the *London Journal*, (which even in my remote habitation, a little "nook of mountain ground" in green Erin,) I managed to procure immediately, and which it delights me to find every way worthy of the name it bears.

After this preamble, it is time I should get to the real business of my letter, which is to offer you a true story, which I think not unworthy a place amongst your "Romances of Real Life," I shall give it to you as nearly as I can in the words of the person who related it to me, now some years since, when it made a very strong impression on my mind.

My informant, Mr. N., was related on the mother's side to an ancient Catholic family named *Wilding*, of the North of England. In the rebellion of 1715, this family were steady in their loyalty to the house of Hanover, so much so, that when the rebel army approached the town (either Preston or Carlisle) in which they resided, they fled from it with the other Loyalists. However, the family mansion, being one of the largest in the place, was made use of by the rebels as their head quarters. When the rebels were driven out, Mr. Wilding's mansion was again seized by the triumphant army, and malgré his representations, and the absolute proofs he produced of his loyalty, was totally dismantled, and much valuable property carried off, whilst his complaints were unheeded; and, being a Catholic, he could get no redress.

Such a reward for loyalty was not likely to increase it in the bosoms of the sufferers; the injury rankled in their hearts; and when the Pretender's standard was again hoisted in 1745, among the first who flocked to it was the then head of the family (son to the loyalist of 1715) with his only son, a fine boy of fifteen.

The disastrous results of that ill-fated undertaking are well-known. Among the prisoners taken and condemned to death, was young Wilding; but through the interest of the Earl of Burlington, then Secretary of State, the young man received a pardon, on condition of banishing himself for life to the North American Colonies, where he entered the army, and was some years after killed in a skirmish with the Indians—being the last male descendant of his ancient family.

These facts were communicated by an old maiden grand-aunt, a sister of young Wilding, to Mr. N., when about going for the first time to London, with a strict charge to procure an interview with the late Mrs. Garrick to whose intercession with Lord Burlington, whose natural daughter she was supposed to be, the pardon of Wilding was ascribed; and to assure her that the surviving members and connexions of that family, retained the warmest gratitude towards her. Various circumstances combined to prevent Mr. N. from performing this duty at that time; nor was it till a short time before her death that his

interview with Mrs. Garrick took place. He said the old Lady appeared scarcely to heed or understand his words, whilst apologizing for his visit, and explaining its cause, until he mentioned the name of Wilding, when her countenance became lit up with sudden animation, and she said "Wilding! O yes! I remembered him as it were but yesterday; yet it is long, long since. I was scarce more than a child myself;" and she commenced the narrative with a precision and vivacity, strongly contrasted with her former apathy.

It was, she said not long after her arrival in England, Lord Burlington had, as was his frequent practice, called on her in his carriage to take an airing. As soon as she was seated, he ordered the coachman to the Tower, saying carelessly to her, "I must first go there to see the state prisoners ordered for execution to-morrow; it is a customary form; if you like, you can come in with me." She felt shocked at the manner in which he spoke, yet curiosity prevailed, and she entered the Tower with him. The prisoners were summoned, and the usual inquiries made whether there was any indulgence they might wish for; any last request. Amongst the number were some of note; the gallant and handsome Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, for whom a young heart was then breaking; and the youthful Wilding. "I see him now," said Mrs. Garrick, kindling as she spoke, "the beautiful boy, as he stood calm and unmoved before us; I shuddered as I thought of Lord Burlington's fatal words before they entered: 'Every one you are to see, must die to-morrow,' and I vowed inwardly they should not shed that boy's young blood. No sooner were the prisoners removed, than I flung myself at Lord Burlington's feet; I wept; I implored him to save the youth. Astonished at my vehemence, he tried to put me off; but I persisted;—I became more urgent;—I declared I should never know a moment's peace were he to die. Lord Burlington was moved by the agony of his child; for he was my father," continued she; "he promised, and performed his promise. The pardon was obtained, and I was satisfied."

Such is my story. Mr. N. added his suspicion that Mrs. Garrick's sudden zeal had been caused by a passion for the young captive; that she had, as the vulgar phrase is, "fallen in love at first sight." But I reject the inference; I know my sex better; and I think (you I hope will agree with me) that there is a sufficiency of what Burns calls "the melting blood in woman's breast" to account for her exertions on principles of pure humanity, called into immediate action by the extremity of the case (and it was a shocking case; a youth—a child almost—condemned to death for merely following the advice and example of his father, when incapable of judging for himself),—and perhaps rendered more acute by the callousness of the man who could bring his daughter to witness such a scene. Should you admit the above into your pages, clothing it in your own language, you will give me very great pleasure.

I remain, dear Sir,
With sincere good wishes for your health and prosperity, and in particular for the success of your present undertaking,

Your constant Reader,
F. N. L.

A CAUTION TO UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENTS OF EXTRAORDINARY MEN.—The world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men (as Burns); unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance. It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes, and not positively, but negatively; less on what is done right, than on what is, or is not, done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the ratio of those to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet, its diameter the solar system, or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind condemnation of such men as the Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how worthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE.

We are indebted to the third volume of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (now republishing) for this most affecting narrative, the deep impression of which upon us, after our first perusal many years ago, has never been effaced; and we find the stamp go sharply again,—yet not without sweetness! Blessings on the heart and soul and immortal memory of that beloved woman, (far superior to all ordinary strength, or fancied callousness—for no such common-place would or could have supported it,) who attended the dying, tortured man in his “agony and bloody sweat,”—(words that we dare venture to apply, even to a nature so far inferior, and so mistaken in its heroism,) and who held his burning head, and saw him make the sign of the cross:—and blessings on the sweetest of humanity surviving in these miserable and deluded, yet noble spirits, the Chidiock Titchbournes, and on the letter written by Chidiock to poor “Sweet-cheek” his wife, (what a gentle flower of a word to remember and comfort himself with in his last anguish,) and on all the mingled greatness and tenderness which, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, marks the age of the men of Shakspeare. We hear nothing more of poor “Sweet-cheek,”—a name that seems to paint her nature, and fortunately promises for her patience. She had need of it, thus losing a young and noble husband.

Mr. D'Israeli did quite right to retain the horrors of the story, horrid though they are. The beauty is greater than the horror. The gold is proved by the fire.

“Midst intestine struggles, or perhaps, when they have ceased, and our hearts are calm, (says our author,) we perceive, the eternal force of nature acting on humanity: then the heroic virtues and private sufferings of persons engaged in an opposite cause, and acting on different principles than our own, appeal to our sympathy and even excite our admiration. A philosopher, born a Roman Catholic, assuredly could commemorate many a pathetic history of some heroic Huguenot; while we, with the same feeling in our heart, discover a romantic and chivalrous band of Catholics.

“Chidiock Titchbourne is a name which appears in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Elizabeth, and the history of this accomplished young man may enter into the romance of real life. Having discovered two interesting domestic documents relative to him, I am desirous of preserving a name and a character which have such claims on our sympathy.

There is an interesting historical novel, entitled “*The Jesuit*,” whose story is founded on this conspiracy; remarkable for being the production of a lady, without, if I recollect rightly, a single adventure of love. Of the fourteen chapters implicated in this conspiracy, few were of the stamp of men ordinarily engaged in dark assassinations. Hume has told the story with his usual grace: the fuller narrative may be found in Camden; but the tale may yet receive, from the character of Chidiock Titchbourne, a more interesting close.

Some youths, worthy of ranking with the heroes, rather than with the traitors of England, had been practised on by the subtlety of Ballard, a disguised Jesuit of great intractability and talents, whom Camden calls “a sly priest in a soldier's habit;” for this versatile intriguer changed into all shapes, and took up all names; yet, with all the arts of a political Jesuit, he found himself entrapped in the nets of that more crafty one, the minister Walsingham. Ballard had opened himself to Babington, a catholic; a youth of large fortune, the graces of whose person were only inferior to those of his mind.

In his travels, his generous temper had been touched by some confidential friends of the Scottish Mary; and the youth, susceptible of ambition, had been recommended to that queen; and an intercourse of letters took place, which seemed as deeply tinged with love as with loyalty. The intimates of Babington were youths of congenial tempers and studies; and, in their exalted imaginations, they could only view in the imprisoned Mary of Scotland a sovereign, a saint, and a woman. But friendship, the most tender, if not the most sublime ever recorded, prevailed among this band of self-devoted victims; and the Damon and Pythias antiquity were here out numbered.

But these conspirators were surely more adapted for lovers than for politicians. The most romantic incidents are interwoven in this dark conspiracy. Some of the letters to Mary were conveyed by a secret messenger, really in the pay of Walsingham; others were lodged in

a concealed place, covered by a loose stone, in the wall of the queen's prison. All were transcribed by Walsingham before they reached Mary. Even the spies of that singular statesman were the companions or the servants of the arch-conspirator Ballard; for the minister seems only to have humoured his taste in assisting him through this extravagant plot. Yet, as if a plot of so loose a texture was not quite perilous, the extraordinary incident of a picture, representing the secret conspirators in person, was probably considered as the highest stroke of political intrigue! The accomplished Babington had portrayed the conspirators, himself standing in the midst of them, that the imprisoned queen might thus have some kind of personal acquaintance with them. There was at least as much of chivalry as of machiavelism in this conspiracy. This very picture, before it was delivered to Mary, the subtle Walsingham had copied, to exhibit to Elizabeth the faces of her secret enemies. Houbraken, in his portrait of Walsingham, has introduced in the vignette the incident of this picture being shown to Elizabeth; a circumstance happily characteristic of the genius of this crafty and vigilant statesman.

Camden tells us that Babington had first inscribed beneath the picture this verse:—

“*Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula ducunt.*”

These are my companions, whom the same dangers lead.

But as this verse was considered by some of less heated fancies as much too open and intelligible, they put one more ambiguous:—

“*Quorum hæc alio proponentibus?*”

What are these things to men hastening to another purpose?

This extraordinary collection of personages must have occasioned many alarms to Elizabeth, at the approach of any stranger, till, the conspiracy was suffered to be sufficiently matured to be ended. Once she perceived in her walks a conspirator; and on that occasion erected her “lion port,” reprimanding her captain of the guards, loud enough to meet the conspirator's ear, that “he had not a man in his company who wore a sword.”

—“Am not I fairly guarded?” exclaimed Elizabeth.

It is in the progress of the trial that the history and the feelings of these wondrous youths appear. In those times, when the government of the country yet felt itself unsettled, and mercy did not sit in the judgment-seat, even one of the judges could not refrain from being affected at the presence of so gallant a band as the prisoners at the bar: “Oh Ballard, Ballard!” the judge exclaimed, “what hast thou done? A sort (a company) of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy in-luement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion.” The Jesuit himself commands our respect, although we refuse him our esteem: for he felt some compunction at the tragical executions which were to follow, and “wished all the blame might rest on him, could the shedding of his blood be the saving of Babington's life!”

When this romantic band of friends were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instances of domestic affection appeared. One had engaged in this plot solely to try to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success; he had observed so his friend, that the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington, would be the destruction of himself and his friends; nevertheless he was willing to die with them! Another, to withdraw, if possible, one of those noble youths from the conspiracy, although he had broken up housekeeping, said, to employ his own language, “I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more freshly than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salisbury's struggling, and willing to keep him about home.” Having attempted to secret his friend, this gentleman observed, “I am condemned, because I suffered Salisbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard, and lamentable; either to betray my friend, whom I love as myself, and discover Tom Salisbury, the best man in my country, of whom I only made choice, or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever.” Whatever the political casuist may determine on this case, the social being carries his own manual in the heart. The principle of the greatest of republics was to suffer nothing to exist in competition with its own ambition; but the Roman history is a history without fathers and brothers! Another of the conspirators replied, “For flying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend.” When the judge observed, that, to perform his friendship, he had broken his

allegiance to his sovereign ; he howed his head and confessed, " Therein I have offended." Another asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly (or tenderly) replied, " For company."

When the sentence of condemnation had passed, then broke forth among this noble band that spirit of honour which surely had never been witnessed at the bar among so many criminals. Their great minds seemed to have reconciled them to the most barbarous of deaths ; but as their estates, as traitors, might be forfeited to the queen, their sole anxiety was now for their families and their creditors. One, in the most pathetic terms, recommends to her majesty's protection a beloved wife ; another, a destitute sister ; but not among the least urgent of their supplications was one, that their creditors might not be injured by their untimely end. The statement of their affairs is curious and simple " If mercy be not to be had," exclaimed one, I beseech you, my good lords, this ; I owe some sums of money, but not very much, and I have more owing to me." Another prayed for a pardon ; the judge complimented him, that he was one who might have done good service to his country ; but declares he cannot obtain it.—" Then," said the prisoner, " I beseech that six angels, which such an one hath of mine, may be delivered to my brother to pay my debts."—" How much are thy debt," demanded the judge." He answered, " The same six angels will discharge it."

That nothing might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathy must accompany them to their tragical end, and to their last words. These heroic yet affectionate youths had a trial there, intolerable to their social feelings. The terrific process of executing criminals was the remains of feudal barbarism, and has only been abolished very recently. I must not refrain from painting this scene of blood ; the duty of an historian must be severer than his taste, and I record in the note a scene of this nature.* The present one was full of horrors. Ballard was first executed, and antiched alive from the gallows to be embowelled ; Babington looked on with an undaunted countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through ; the other averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous office on Babington, the spirit of this haughty man cried out amidst the agony, " Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!"—" Spare me, Lord Jesus!" There were two days of execution, it was on the first that the unblessed of these youths suffered ; and the pity which such criminals had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime ; the solemnity, not the barbarity of the punishment, affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded, that on the second day the odious part of the sentence against traitors should not commence till after their death.

One of those *generosi adolescentuli* (youths of gentle blood) was Chidiock Titchbourne, of Southampton the

* Let not the delicate female start from the revolting scene, nor censure the writer, since that writer is a woman—suppressing her own agony, as he supported on her lap the load of the miserable sufferer. This account was drawn up by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby, a Catholic lady, who, amidst the horrid execution, could still her own feelings in the attempt to soften those of the victim : she was a heroine, with a tender heart.

The subject was one of the executed Jesuits, Hugh Green, who often went by the name of Ferdinand Brook, according to the custom of those people, who disguised themselves by double names ; he suffered in 1642 ; and this narrative is taken from the curious and scarce folios of Dodd, a Catholic Church History of England.

"The hangman, either through unskillfulness, or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill performed his first duty of hanging him, that when he was cut down he was perfectly sensible, and able to sit upright upon the ground, viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Harlebot, a barber, who being very timorous when he found he was to attack a living man, it was nearly half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope, and threw the Jesuit on his back. When the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides ; the poor gentleman being so present to himself as to make the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation, Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby (the writer of this), kneeled at the Jesuit's head, and held it fast beneath her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat ; the blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes, and his forehead burnt with so much heat, that she assures us he could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber was still under a great consternation." But I stop my pen amid these circumstantial horrors.

most intimate friend of Babington. He had refused to connect himself with the assassination of Elizabeth ; but his reluctant consent was inferred from his silence. His address to the populace breathes all the carelessness of life, in one who knew all its value. Proud of his ancient descent from a family which had existed before the conquest till now without a stain, he paints the thoughtless happiness of his days with his beloved friend, when any object rather than matters of state engaged their pursuits ; the hours of misery were only first known the day he entered into the conspiracy. How feelingly he passes into the domestic scene, amidst his wife, his child, and his sisters ! and even his servants ! Well might he cry, more in tenderness than reproach, " Friendship hath brought me to this !"

"Countrymen, and my dear friends, you expect I should speak something. I am a bad orator, and my text is worse. It were in vain to enter into the discourse of the whole matter for which I am brought hither, for that it hath been revealed heretofore ; let me be a warning to all young gentlemen, especially *generosi adolescentuli*. I had a friend and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, whose friendship hath brought me to this ; he told me the whole matter I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done ; but I always thought it impious and denied to be a dealer in it ; but the regard of my friends caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified ; I was silent, and so consented. Before this chanced, we lived together in most flourishing estate : of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet-Street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Titchbourne ! No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for ; and God knows what less in my head than matters of state. Now give me leave to declare the miseries I sustain after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly compare my state to that of Adam's, who could not abstain one forbidden thing, to enjoy all other things the world could afford ; the terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the dangers wherein I was fallen I went to Sir John Peters in Essex, and appointed my horses should meet me at London, intending to go down into the country. I came to London, and then heard that all was betrayed ; whereupon, like Adam, we fled into the wood to hide ourselves. My dear countrymen, my sorrows may be your joy, yet mix your smiles with tears, and pity my case. I am descended from a house, from two hundred years before the Conquest, never stained till this my misfortune. I have a wife, and one child ; my wife Agnes, my dear wife, and there's my grief—and six sisters left in my hand—my poor servants. I know, their master being taken, were dispersed ; for all which I do most heartily grieve. I expected some favour, though I deserved nothing less, that the remainder of my years might have recompensed my former guilt ; which seeing I have missed, let me now meditate on the joys I hope to enjoy."

Titchbourne had addressed a letter to his "dear wife Agnes," the night before he suffered, which I discovered among the Harleian MSS.* It overflows with the most natural feeling, and contains some touches of expression, all sweetness, and tenderness, which mark the Shakespearean era. The same MS. has also preserved another precious gem, in a small poem, composed at the same time, which indicates his genius, fertile in imagery, and fraught with the melancholy philosophy of a fine and wounded spirit. The unhappy close of the life of such a noble youth, with all the prodigality of his feelings, and the cultivation of his intellect, may still excite that sympathy in the *generosi adolescentuli*, which Chidiock Titchbourne would have felt for them.

A letter written by Chidiock Titchbourne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated anno 1835.

"To the most loving wife alive ; I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness ; let her pray for her dead husband, and be of good comfort, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdom. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charity to pardon me, if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters, poor desolate souls, advise them to serve God, for without him no goodness is to be expected : were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darling of my race, might be bred by her, God would reward her ; but I do her wrong I confess, that hath by my desolate negligence too little

* Harl. MSS. 26. 50.

for herself, to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon, good wife, I crave—make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I knowe not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course, of offence to her majestie. I cannot advise thee to be left me herein, but if there fall out wherewithal, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourself with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God, and ease of their souls, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up; the burden is now laid on them. Now, Sweet-cheek, what is left to bestow on thee, a small joynture, a small recompence for thy deserving, these legacies following to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with all the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where unill it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy most
" faithful lovinge husband,
" CHIDDOCK TICHEBOURNE."

VERSFS,

Made by Chiddock Ticheborne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason.—1586.

" My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares.
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done !

" My spring is past, and it yet it hath not sprung.
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young.
I saw the world and yet I was not seen ;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done !

" I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run ;
And now I live, and now my life is done !"

AFFECTING PROOF OF A LOVING DISPOSITION.—Three months before her death, (his wife's) when she was so afflicted with an asthma that she could neither walk, stand, sit, or lie, but while on a chair, I was obliged to support her head, I told her that she never approached me without diffusing a ray of pleasure over the mind, except when any little disagreement had happened between us. She replied, " I can say more than that. You never appeared in my sight, not even in anger, without that sight giving me pleasure." I received the dear remark as I now write it, with tears.—*Hutton's Autobiography*. Hutton was a good and clever man, and with allowance for something a little coarse, a man fit to engage the heart of a sensible and estimable woman; but the compliment here paid him by his wife, though of the highest description, implies still more merit in herself than in him.

SINGULAR FRONTISPIECE to an edition of one of the classics published about fifty years since on the Continent. The copper-plate which faces the title-page represents, on one side, ~~Christ on the cross~~, and on the other, a figure of the ~~author~~ whose name a label issues with the follow Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" His question is answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the ~~reared~~; "Highly famed, excellent, and most ~~learned~~ Rector Seger, imperial poet, and well deserving master of the School at Wittenberg: yes, thou knowest that I love thee!" This is in similar taste to the portrait of the Spanish grandee, who was represented standing with his hat in his hand before an image of the Virgin Mary, the virgin saying to him, "By the like help of a label, "Cousin, be covered."

TO A LITTLE BUNCH OF FLOWERS,

THE PRESENT OF LEIGH HUNT.

Sweet little family of happy birth,
Beautiful children of the earth!
Since ye are parted from the dewy breast
Of her that bore ye, and no more shall know
Provident Mother, let me careful show
How much I love you—serving as is best
Your simple wants; here in this little fount,
Filled from the clearest waters of the brook,
Merge all your thirsty mouths, and from below
Sup upwards till the juicy spirit mount;
So your recruited heads shall overlook
With fresher beauty and a livelier grace
Your narrow dwelling place.

You the mild morning sun with temperate ray
Shall visit rising, placed within this nook
That meets his kind but not his angry eye;
Here shall soft gales from open casement play,
And scatter all your sweetness as they fly;
And I your sober cup
Each day will fill up
With the pure element ye love to quaff.
Here live and laugh;
And, if I promise well, you shall not say
Old Nature was a better nurse than I.
My little tender flowers, with all my care,
I fear, I fear, you soon must droop away!
Not long the sun, not long the vigorous air
Will be of power to save you from decay.

Emblem of fate too like! your fate I share.
As fade your rifled leaves, so fades my heart,
Clipped from the stem of hope whereon it grew;
Nor aught of sunshine now, nor pleasures new,
Nor Fortune's real favours could impart
The strength that from those early hopes it drew.
For where is now light-hearted laughing ease,
Where the bright flow of social spirits gay,
The thought harmonious with the blessed day,
The power of pleasure, and the power to please?
Where is content, and the free careless mind,
And trusting joy that never looked behind,
And perseverance rising from each fall,
And health—and health—the parent of them all?

Oh! gone—for ever gone; and in their room
Deafness—Disease—and morbid sense I find,
And solitary gloom!
If that my life be short, the need is more
To pray that it in kindness may be passed;
Like you, ye flower, I fain would learn the way
To cherish still some sweetness to the last.
Then teach me;—teach me for his sake for whom
Ye are so sweet,—the friend to whom I turn
As the scared dreamer to the morning light,
Nor ever turn in vain, for shining store
Of thoughts, and happy words, and visions bright
Of Love and Goodness conquering in the might
Of Truth, of rich contentment to be sought
Amid the fields and in the poet's lore,
And gentle lessons, little flowers, from you.
Say what the secret of your virtue is,
Teach me your sweet philosophy and his.
For whether 'twere the same that Plato drew
From the old wisdom, or his pupil taught,
The doctrine quaint of old Diogenes,
Of Epicurus mild, or Zeno stern,—
Gentle or hard—did ~~he~~ but love it too,
That would I learn.

Aug. 1834.

E. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P.'s interesting tale in our next, and his directions shall be attended to."

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Original Articles.

THE RECLUSE OF THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS.

During the cold season of the year 18—I set out on one of my usual rambles, from the station of a district lying to the north of the river Ganges. I pursued my journey northwards, my object being to cross the first range of the Nepaul hills; which is not very far beyond the frontier of the district. I crossed the Taráí, which here was an open, grassy, Prairie-like plain. On the northern horizon lay a long black line of forest which skirted the foot of the hills, appearing at that distance a narrow belt of trees, but which was in reality fourteen miles in breadth. Beyond this the hills upreared themselves. Plunging into the forest I arrived at the foot of a pass, and prepared to ascend, but was soon stopped by the Gurkhá authorities. After several days of negotiation, the commandant of the frontier allowed me to proceed, but appointed a party of his soldiers to accompany me. These were nominally a guard of honor, but I soon found that they were spies also; and I could not stir a step from my tent without being followed by one or more of my Tartar-faced friends. They however were very civil and good humoured. Having ascended the first range of hills, which may be 1000 feet above the plain, I had a splendid view of the Himalayas; those glorious boundless mountains, whose snow-covered peaks appear to join earth to heaven. In the thick-wooded valley below me to the north, ran a clear sparkling stream, dashing over rocks and pebbles—now appearing to enter the forest as it were a cavern, being concealed by the wide-spreading branches of the trees—now issuing forth and rolling its mass of water over a precipice, from whence it roared and foamed onwards until it dashed through a gorge of the mountains into the plain, where it soon became dull, sluggish and dark-coloured. To the south was the vast level plain I had crossed, covered with long-waving grass, the flatness and extent of which wearied the sight. I turned again towards the north. The last gleam of the setting sun, tinged the snow-clad peaks with gold, and for a few moments shed a magical splendour wherever his flood of light was poured. I gazed on the scene with rapture. Even at that distance, those wonderful mountains thrill the soul with delight and enthusiasm. Their grandeur inspires the beholder with awe. “This river,” exclaimed my mountaineer companion proudly, “flows from those mountains, and on its icy bank is my home.” As night approached I followed my guide down the path into the valley, little caring if I never again turned southwards. Encamped on the banks of the stream, the murmuring of its waters lulled me to sleep.

My Gurkhá guides or guards became anxious to know where my journey would end. My ob-

ject as I always told them was to see the mountains, to fish and shoot, which pursuits I diligently followed, and may add for the information of sportsmen, that jungul fowl, and various kinds of pheasants abound in the woods, and a species of trout in the streams. I travelled up the banks of the river and arrived at the second range of hills. These are several hundred feet higher than the southern range, from which they are distant two days’ journey by the usual track. Here the Gurkhás declared my journey must end. I entreated at least to be allowed to ascend, but it could not be permitted without another reference to the “Cási Sáhib.” “What!” said the leader of my escort, “do you want to see the white Janril at Kanchin?” “Who,” I exclaimed, “is the white General?” Perceiving that he was not inclined to say more, I continued, “Yes, I intend to visit him.” I was burning with curiosity to know what an European could be doing in so unfrequented a spot; for I inferred from the words of my companion, that such was the fact, and what I subsequently gleaned from him and others, confirmed me in that idea. I was therefore now more anxious than ever to proceed. A delay of several days occurred before I was permitted to continue my journey. My march across the second range was more fatiguing than that over the first; but from its summit I again beheld the Himalayas, glittering in the sunshine, and appearing if possible more sublime than ever. A short day’s journey beyond this range, I suddenly came in sight of a house, built in the Anglo Indian style, the grounds around which were tastefully laid out, and adorned with trees and mountain shrubs. I was now put beyond all doubt, and advanced boldly. Some natives whom I met, servants apparently come to reconnoitre me, ran back to the house. I advanced towards the steps which led up to the entrance telling my Gurkhá comrade to ask for the master of the house; when a figure in a Gurkhá dress, with a kukri stuck in his girdle, bounded down the steps, grasped both my hands and addressed me in English. Though I had been prepared to meet a European—nay almost a countryman, yet for a time I could scarcely believe my senses. He received me warmly, nay enthusiastically. I told him my name, and the district I had come from; and then for the first time I perceived a shade flit across his countenance. He smiled however, but said nothing. After the first warmth and glow had subsided, which meeting in so remote a spot naturally occasioned, I found that my host became gradually more and more sombre. He would sit for hours without uttering a word. When I alluded to the necessity of my speedy return, he constantly entreated me to remain awhile. My interest in him increased daily. He appeared restless and melancholy, I fancied that I could live for ever in these delightful regions, but here I saw before me an exile: evidently unhappy. I made a thousand conjectures regarding this singular being. He was evidently well educated, well informed—but nothing could I draw from his con-

versation, that gave me any clue to his former mode of life. I respected his grief too much, to disturb him with impertinent questions. After a time I appeared to gain his confidence. It would be too long to relate how he finally intrusted me with his story. Perhaps I have committed an error in presenting it for the perusal of others, to whom it may appear commonplace. But the extraordinary manner in which I met with the narrator, threw an interest in my eyes over his tale. From this cause therefore it may claim some indulgence. Such as it is, I present it to thee, O reader! in nearly his own words. "I was formerly an officer in the Bengal army. The earlier part of my life it matters not to relate, I will therefore confine myself to those circumstances which brought and fixed me here. It is now more than twelve years since I was stationed in the district, bordering on the Nepaulese territory, through which you have marched. That was a portion of the territory since called the ceded provinces, which was resigned by the Nawáb of Oudh to the British Government. This territory for a long time before the cession had been in a most disordered state. Numerous petty Zamindárs and Talukdárs had rendered themselves almost independent, refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of the Nawáb Vazir. On the assumption of authority by the British Government orders were immediately issued to the various refractory Zamindárs, to attend in person or by proxy, and agree to the tribute which should be imposed upon their lands. Many obeyed the summons. Others it was necessary to reduce to obedience by force. This however was not an easy affair. A dense forest was spread over the greater part of the district; in the depths of which, many bold outlaws found a safe retreat. Though their lands and property were seized their persons were free, and with the help of numerous armed followers they found subsistence by acts of plunder and violence; their estates were sold, but those persons who became the purchasers were kept in continual alarm. They were also hated by their rayats, who still looked up to their former chieftain with all the devotion of clansmen. Our troops were at that time distributed in small parties throughout the district; ready at the call of the Magistrate to enforce the civil power. I have gone into these details to give you an idea of the riotous and insubordinate state of that part of the country, which you now tell me is so tranquil.

"One of the most powerful Zamindárs in the district was Pahlwán Singh, a Rájput of high birth. His house was situated in a strong mud fort called Jitiapoor, on that frontier of the district which joined the Oudh territory. Being a Rájput of high descent, and some power, he before a long time had set the Aumils of the Nawáb at defiance, and when the British Government required him to submit to its authority, he was too proud and too high spirited to obey the summons. Not far from this Zamindár's lands, lay the possession of another Rájput, Bakhtáwar Singh, who was of inferior power and estate to his neighbour. Between these two families a deadly feud existed. This arose in consequence of the daughter of Pahlwán Singh, who had been betrothed to Bakhtáwar's eldest son, subsequently being refused to the latter by her father. His reasons for this conduct I never knew. Bakhtáwar had early submitted to the Government, Pahlwán still refusing to send in his adhesion, I marched with two companies to attack him in his

fort. On the road I was joined by Bakhtáwar who offered to co-operate with some of his own followers. I accepted his services, as his knowledge of the country might be useful, and the next day we were in front of Jitiapoor. I summoned Pahlwán to surrender. The answer was a shot from the fort at the native officer who carried the message. At this time I knew nothing of the feud which existed between Bakhtáwar and the Jitiapoor Zamindár. I afterwards discovered, that my ally had his own wretched motives for joining me—either revenge for the insult offered by the projected alliance being broken off, or a determination to effect it by force. The unfortunate Pahlwán on the other hand, imagined that his daughter would be given over by me to Bakhtáwar; otherwise he would have submitted at once, or at least when he had resisted sufficiently to support his honor. But seeing his personal foe before his gate, he determined to abide the issue of a fight, and to die rather than submit. Unhappily, knowing nothing of this secret and deadly cause for animosity, I made immediate arrangements for an attack. The fort was of a square form, none of the faces being more than a hundred yards in length. It was surrounded by a deep ditch, inside that a steep bank, or the summit of which was a low wall. A large wooden gate-way was the entrance on the eastern side, which could be defended from above. Here there was a mound across the ditch. I had only one gun, a six-pounder—but this served to batter down the gate, the enemy the mean time annoying us a little with their matchlocks. I now prepared to advance with one company to force an entrance, posting the other, together with Bakhtáwar's men, at intervals round the fort to prevent the besieged from escaping. In the meantime a death-like silence had prevailed in the fort. The matchlock men had ceased their fires and, I concluded, were wisely reserving it for a closer affray. But the enemy, gathering himself up like a lion at bay, was preparing to spring with terrible fury on his pursuers. All at once the silence was broken by piercing yells and shouts, and the instant after a body of 50 or 60 Rájputs clothed in yellow,* having cast aside their matchlocks flourishing their swords aloft, and their long hair floating in the wind, rushed with reckless fury through the shattered gate. They made directly for the spot where my party of attack was drawn up. Instantly forming a line, I waited until the mass of them was within 30 or 40 yards of my men—some were much nearer—and then gave the word to fire. The effect was decisive. A number fell, I charged instantly. A few turned and fled, the rest met their deaths on the bayonet.

"On entering the fort, I learnt that Pahlwán, while some of his followers made this sally at the principal entrance, had issued forth on the other side by a small gate. Being well mounted, he together with about a dozen horsemen, crossed the ditch, and escaped the fire of the soldiers posted on that side. Some of his followers however were unhorsed. It was said that he bore a female before him on the saddle, enveloped in a thick veil. I had no horsemen to send in pursuit. Entering the house, in the zenana we beheld a ghastly sight. Every female lay dead. The floor was covered with blood. I shudder even now at the recollection of that dreadful scene. I particularly

* The yellow dress of the Rájputs, like the black uniform of the Brunswickers, signifies I believe both mourning, and a determination to conquer or die.

noticed Bakhtáwar Singh, who was directing an examination of the features of the murdered women, by one of the domestics of the house. I could not understand his motive at the time, but soon learnt that it was to ascertain whether his son's betrothed was amongst the slain. Her body was not to be found. It appeared that when we had burst open the gate of the fort, and Pahlwán saw he could defend himself no longer, that he issued orders for all the inmates of the zenana to be indiscriminately slaughtered. This was not done from wanton cruelty. Far from it, he did it in ignorance, believing that otherwise his relations would be dishonoured. He knew not the European character, and the presence of the vile Bakhtáwar convinced him of the necessity of the sacrifice. Most of the unfortunates themselves, preferred death to the insults of the degradation they imagined they would be subjected to. Pahlwán himself entered the apartment of his daughter, who was in fact the innocent cause of these bloody scenes. She, like a true Rájputni was prepared to meet her fate. Whether Pahlwán had come determined to sacrifice her, and that his stern heart now relented; or whether he had predetermined to save her, and therefore went himself, I could not in my after intercourse with him discover. Quickly however he bade her wrap herself in a veil, hurried her below, and at the instant that a part of his followers rushed from the principal entrance gate to charge my storming party, he, as before related, safely bore away his beautiful daughter.

"On my becoming acquainted with the feud of these chiefs, and seeing that Bakhtáwar had accompanied me, and solely to gratify his own revenge, and probably in the hope of seizing the daughter of his foe, I ordered him immediately to quit the camp. I dismounted the fort of Jitíapoor, and not being able to hear any intelligence of Pahlwán Singh, who had fled to the forests, I returned to my cantonments. In the mean time he being outlawed, and his estate declared forfeited, it was put up for sale. Bakhtáwar became the purchaser. This exasperated still more the former and he swore to be revenged, and for some time nothing was heard of Pahlwán who was supposed to have fled into Oudh. But he was secretly preparing to make his vengeance more fatal. Suddenly he appeared at the head of a large armed force, plundered Bakhtáwar's people and estate, and then besieged him in his house. A body of troops was immediately ordered out, which dispersed his men, and made them fly across the border. Bakhtáwar, however, fearing for his life, came together with his family to reside in the cantonment, where he deemed himself secure. The Police made every effort to intercept Pahlwán, and the Resident at Lakhnau was requested to have orders issued to the Aumil on the frontier to be on the alert. Constant reports arrived of his marauding exploits. He levied contributions in every quarter of the district. His wonderful activity was attributed to magic. The inhabitants of a town had scarce heard of a distant plunder before he was upon them. He had not however forgotten his oath of vengeance on Bakhtáwar, and his influence in the district had become so formidable, that he found no difficulty in fulfilling it. Grown bold with constant success, he planned and executed a hardy enterprise. On a dark stormy night, the cantonment was entered by a large

party of armed men headed by Pahlwán; they surrounded Bakhtáwar's house, murdered him in the midst of his family, and before the troops could be assembled had safely retreated to the adjoining forest. So open and daring an attack demanded instant retribution, the authorities at length appeared to awake from their slumber. The whole disposable force of the district, the provincial battalion, and parties of police, were now ordered out. A line of Piquets was established round a large tract of forest, into which he had retreated. Strong parties constantly scoured the interior, keeping up a line of communication from one end to the other. It was with great difficulty that we could obtain any information of the movements of Pahlwán; for the Ahirs, who pasture their cattle in the forest, and know all the paths and intricacies thereof, were in his interest. Also they dared not to disclose his places of retreat, lest their cattle should be seized, in the event of our failing to capture him. By the vigorous and steady plan we pursued, his followers gradually deserted him. But this rendered it more difficult to gain intelligence of his movements. At length a Parsé,* one of the wild tribes that inhabit these woods, living entirely by what their bows and arrows procure them, undertook for a trifling reward to conduct me and my party to a spot where he had seen Pahlwán bivouac the night before. We started immediately, and after about ten miles, hard walking through the forest, as our guide announced that we were near the spot, we advanced with great caution. Suspecting some treachery I watched the forester narrowly, and proposed to leave the main body, which consisted of about 40 Sepahees, in the rear, while I and two or three men, should proceed on with the guide to reconnoitre, in order that I might from personal inspection so dispose my men as to render escape impossible. The guide said the nature of the ground would admit of our doing this, and beseeching us to be careful, he glided rapidly through the thick underwood of the forest, with the stealthy silent pace of a cat. I followed with a loaded pistol in my hand, ready to use it on the slightest symptom of treachery. Suddenly the guide stopped, and remained a moment in a listening attitude, then whispered in his scarcely intelligible dialect, "They are close at hand, proceed with caution." We advanced on our hands and knees for some distance, by intricate paths, and through bushes, where none but a Parsé would have thought of leading. At length I perceived some smoke curling over the trees, and the guide whispered, "Now go forward and satisfy yourself." I did so, and in a small green glade, saw a fine looking man reclining at the root of a tree. On a branch above his head hung a silver hilted scimitar, to which was attached a black polished shield of rhinoceros skin. Two or three men, all that remained of his once numerous followers (most of whom had given themselves up) were at a short distance beyond him, where a couple of horses were tied. But what principally attracted, and presently absorbed all my attention, was a beautiful Hindu girl who was seated beneath a sort of awning formed of branches, the stems being fixed in the ground, and the tops bent towards each other and entwined above. Her

* The Parsés, I have good reason for supposing, are not now to be met with in these forests; but, as also the Shukal Khors, are still to be seen in the Jungles on the northern frontier of Oudh.

dress, a white muslin fobe of the finest texture, hung simply and in Grecian folds around her exquisitely formed limbs. Her hair devoid of ornament, was gracefully bound in a knot above. Her face was in truth lovely, but sorrow had set its seal upon her brow. Her right arm, clasped by a single gold ornament representing a snake, was extended from beneath her mantle, holding a silver vessel over a small fire. She was engaged in preparing food—doubtless for her father; could I any longer doubt that she whom I beheld was the beautiful daughter of the Outlaw? Her lips, methought, moved tremulously as she attended to her homely employment. Secure in my hiding place, thus I gazed, forgetting all the world beside—when I was suddenly plucked by the sleeve from behind, and looking round saw the hideous face of my old Havildar peering over my shoulder, who made signs that we ought to return in haste. He was right enough, so I silently withdrew, to concert measures to ensnare the outlaw, while I was tortured with the thought of what his daughter might be exposed to in the wild and confused scene that must ensue. I joined my party and quickly made dispositions for surrounding their place of retreat. I divided my men into eight parties, and pointing out the trees within which the fugitives were concealed, ordered them to advance on these as a common centre. Escape thus became nearly impossible. I advanced on the same track I had gone before, with the view of protecting Dayá (such was the name by which the daughter of Pahlwán was commonly known) from insult. Already I felt a deep interest in her, which the sight of a beautiful girl in misfortune would naturally excite in the breast of a man of twenty-five. The footsteps were heard of one of the parties, which was advancing on the side where I knew Pahlwán to be. As I approached I could see him start up and seize his sword. Discovering the advancing soldiers who now rushed forwards, shouting, he bounded across to where his daughter sat, raising his sword to save her honor, as he believed, by the sacrifice of her life. She with her hand clasped on her forehead remained passive. Perceiving his intention, I rushed forward and caught the descending blow on my sword, which however was fairly beat to the ground. Before the desperate Rájput could recover his weapon he was knocked down by the muskets of my party, to whom I had given strict orders to take him alive. Having secured him, I flew to where Dayá was surrounded by a group of soldiers, rescued her from their rude hands, and bade her fear nothing. Covering her face, she submitted to her fate with the air of a heroine. The two or three followers of Pahlwán had been secured, together with the horses. His daughter being seated on one of the latter,* and the rest of the party pinioned to prevent their escape, we set out for the camp. There I halted to rest my men, who had undergone great fatigue, purposing to march towards the station the next morning with my prisoners.”—Here the exile paused, and buried his face in his hands. I was silent, for I saw he was deeply excited. I thought of the beautiful words of the Poet as applicable to him.

* Europeans consider the attitude of a Mahratta or Hindustanee lady on horseback as shockingly barbarous. Granted it is so—nevertheless we should remember that the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots rode in that style, and the present Queen Regent of Spain appeared thus, not very long ago, at a public review of troops.

He only, like the ocean weed upborn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless from wave to wave.

In a few moments he resumed his tale, in a low tone of voice.

“I must hurry over what remains to be told, for it excites painful thoughts. I sent intelligence to the nearest party of my success. Would to God I had not done so! At the very moment that I was rejoicing in the success of my expedition, that very success, by the unaccountable contrariety which sometimes appears to influence our lives and snatches the cup of happiness untasted from our lips, or rather I should say, in consequence of my own mad folly, that success proved my destruction. The news brought an officer to my camp, who was never to me a welcome guest, but now I felt uneasy at his presence. In short he was rude, sensual and unfeeling. He expressed a wish to see the prisoners. I now almost fancy that I had at the time an inward feeling that something unpleasant would occur; yet I could not well forbid him to approach them. I had given a small tent for the accommodation of Pahlwán and his daughter: The former was fettered heavily. While seated in my tent, I heard a piercing cry from that of the prisoners; running out, I saw the villain, who called himself a civilized man, struggling with Dayá. He had torn her veil from her grasp, and before I could arrive at the spot, had grossly and brutally insulted her. I was maddened to desperation. I struck him furiously, dragged him outside, and drawing my sword bade him defend himself. Our blades crossed one clash, and the next moment he lay at my feet—a dying man.

“Dare I tell what followed?—That night in a state almost of madness, forgetting home, kindred, friends and duty, I released Pahlwán—I abandoned my colours, and fled with him and his daughter. To return was impossible, I was dishonored for ever—I should be proclaimed as a deserter—perhaps condemned as a murderer—I cannot—I dare not seek to palliate my conduct. The British territory was no longer safe for me; and I determined to leave it. Pahlwán Singh had for some time been in correspondence with Oomur Singh, Tháppá, at that time the Gurkhá Commandant on the frontier. They had acted in concert in some plundering parties, both in Oudh and our district. Pahlwán proposed to fly to him. I readily assented. We reached the hills.—The Gurkhás received us. It matters not to relate at length what follows. I entered their army, and soon rose to commands of importance. They even wished me to lead them against my countrymen in the late war, but I would sooner have died than have done so. My ties here are now broken for ever. Pahlwán was slain by my side in battle on the borders of Tartary. Dayá, the beautiful, the affectionate Dayá, perished amidst the snow of the North, whither her love and devotion to me had carried her. Braving the hardships of a campaign in those remote regions, like a delicate flower plucked from its parent stem, she drooped and withered. None could be more worthy of love and honor than she, and none can ever know the anguish with which I mourn her loss. I have been hospitably treated by these honest mountaineers, but my heart yearns for my native land, and I should die happy, could I once more behold it.”

Such was the exile's narrative. In a few days I returned across the hills to my station. Through the kindness of a friend, I found that the records and correspondence of the Magistrate's Office of ———, confirmed the principal events of his tale. The narrator himself charged me not to mention on my return his existence, as he believed it to be hitherto unknown to the British Government. This is the first time I have revealed it, and not until he has gone beyond the reach of earthly judgment, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." I never again saw him, but some communications passed between us. Not long after my interview with him, he found means to proceed to Europe. When the chivalrous Poles strove to free themselves from the Russian chain, he entered their service. Under the walls of Warsaw he found that death he sought—the most honourable for a soldier, and the most glorious for a Patriot.

P.

A RECOLLECTION OF LOCH TYNE, ARGYLE-SHIRE, *or* 1793.

On reading the "Three Sanctuaries" and other works, of The Lady Charlotte Bury.

Sky, balmy air, and summer eve,
Their sweetest concord made,
The lingering sun seem'd loth to leave
The beauties he surveyed.

And they—peak, valley, hill and lake—
Smil'd back the flushing glow
Bright glances on the features wake
Where living roses blow,

When, gliding like the ocean Queen
Upborne by Nereid arms,
Her little skiff unheard, unseen,
In bloom of April charms

Shot o'er the mirroring lake a form
Of loveliness so fair,
As Nature's hand but once could form
And mimic Art's despair.

The azure heaven, the sunset glow,
The waving poplars nigh
Seem'd shining 'round her but to show
Their hopelessness to vie.

The bark, the beauty and the wave,
A transient thought reviv'd
Of the Egyptian*; but it gave
No image that surviv'd.

Save contrast of the dark and fair,
The artless and the feigned—
The passing of a pageant's glare
Near lily leaves unstain'd.

Burke, when the Austrian lily† fir'd
His fancy's glowing wing
Had surely glimp'd; but first inspir'd
By her of whom I sing.

And who but she, the loveliest theme
Her native Bard could wake,
But for the "Ellen" of his dream?
This Lady of the Lake!

In form of stately womanhood,
With cheek of young sixteen
She gain'd the margin where I stood,
Smil'd, vanished o'er the green.

Her snowy plumes like woven air,
Her flowing raiment white,
What could I deem but such they were
As aid a Seraph's flight?

Through chequer'd years of deepening shade
Bright as beheld of yore
I've kept the vision of that maid—
I never saw her more!

The evening hour! the evening hour!
And falls it too on her—
On lily leaves of that fair flower
So beautiful that were!

To me their freshness is not past—
And richer their perfume
Than when I saw her first and last—
Peerless in vernal bloom—

It comes to me on every wind!
As evening's breath draws forth
A spicier fragrance—so the mind
Matures in evening worth.

I grieve not that I ne'er survey'd
That peerless form again—
The garment of our change must fade!
Her's, changeless I retain.

The spirit of that chrysalis
Is bright as were its wings—
One tone of music who will miss
Amid a thousand strings?

C. E. R.

*. The chrysalis has been objected to; but I consider it a perfectly admissible and intelligible metonymy. The chrysalis is certainly neither the *spirit* nor the *wings*, as my critics urged, but it contains both the life and the clothing of the future butterfly—and is not the butterfly the emblem of the soul? and is not therefore chrysalis, as applied here, an intelligible poetical metonymy? especially in connection with the garment of our change?

"FAREWELL WORDS."—To LILLY.

We met as friends, and friends we part,
Where we may never meet again;
But there are meetings, when the heart
Hath ceased to beat with mortal pain,
In realms where no farewells are spoken,
No sighs are heard from spirits broken.

And there, dear friend! if not on earth,
May we, with blessed angels join'd,
Free from life's misery, or its mirth,
To fret the heart and sear the mind,—
Mix hand in hand with those who sing
The praises of th' Eternal King!

There is a voice within my breast
That tells me I have much to learn,
Ere fitted for Heaven's endless rest
The Christian's promised crown I earn;—
Much have I lost—much must I lose
Ere I can be what I would choose!

The heart will linger on the spot
Where once its hope-built fabric rose;
And scenes—that ne'er can be forgot—
Will holier thoughts and hopes oppose;
And mine—a troubled spectre!—roams
O'er wither'd flowers and fallen toms.

The idols of my youthful breast
Were earthen,—one by one they fell,
Or fled me for that certain rest
Which all might win, if all lived well;
But still the memory that they were,
Is almost more than I can bear.

This memory I must lose—and place
My loves, my hopes, on higher trust—
On records time can ne'er deface,
And idols that ne'er turn to dust;
This combat won, and I shall be
More worthy of a friend like thee!
Taunton, 1834.

R. C. C.

* Cleopatra.

† Maria Antonetta. See Burke on the French Revolution.

Selected Articles.

NOTIONS OF NAMES.

From whk'ever cause it may rise, there are few Christian names with which, in my mind, a certain train of ideas is not connected. Does it arise from the mere sound of the words, or from having observed that certain names are always borne by certain descriptions of persons, or is it that fictitious writers, proceeding upon some secret impulse of fancy, always give certain names to persons of a certain kind, and thus establish literary associations in our minds? It would not be easy, perhaps, to say exactly or confidently from what it arises; but I am not only assured that my own mind connects certain ideas with almost every well-known name, but I have much reason for believing that other minds do the same—hitting upon the same ideas, too—and thus it appears to me as a thing entitled to be classed with the recognised phenomena of mind.

I am sensible of much more distinct impressions respecting female names, than respecting those of my own sex. Mary presents a remarkably vivid portraiture. She is invariably a composed, soft-featured, somewhat broad-shouldered. Miss Eliza always conveys to my imagination blue eyes, ringlets, and a clear white complexion. Strange to say, there are parts of the person which always come before my mind with particular names: thus, with Mary, I think of the shoulders, neck, and face, all as seen directly in front—with Eliza, of the eyes and cheeks. There is even a peculiarity of attitude connected with each name. I always conceive Mary sitting straight and erect on a chair, and Eliza drooping over her work or book, and her ringlets hanging like a veil from her temples. Elizabeth is a stately woman, a being quite different from Eliza. Fanny is a light, fair, almost giddy creature, who bounds along without studied grace, but yet with all the elegance of a sylph. I always think of her as one running up to tell papa something—as having reached him—as pressing fondly towards him, and looking up petitionfully in his face, while her arm rests on his. Margaret is tall and fair—a pearl, as her name really signifies—a very complete figure, with good teeth, and a broad smooth white forehead. She always wears a substantial silk or velvet pelisse, with jewelled clasps all down the front, after the manner of the Spanish dames in the sixteenth century. There is a very perfect Margaret on the engraved title of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish Ballads. The utmost softness, in both outline and consistence, belongs to the idea of Emma. She almost seems to melt as you look at her. Sophia and Louisa are two beautiful aristocrats. Jane is a magnificent creature—lofty, fair, animated, dazzling—her head generally thrown back—fine lips—dresses nobly—looks disdainful, while she really is not so—it is only her excess of beauty makes you think so. The mention of Catharine awakens in me the idea of a handsome, auburn, blooming girl, full of good spirits; I always see her walking. Anne is a lively little thing—short, like her name—and so civil that young men are very apt to think her in love with them, when she has no thought of the kind. Isabella is a “dark ladye,” always dressed in silken pall, and of very melancholy look and gait.

Among the men, Charles is always a rattlepate, with sparkling eyes and mercurial movements. George is a fine manly youth, of good port, very scrupulous about his honour and dignity as a gentleman. William is a most distinct idea: he is slender, polite, of good outline; somewhat pale; a little cold in manner; very genteel; the ladies a good deal attached to him. William, especially if the word lord be prefixed to his name, makes a good hero: the Lord William of the old ballads is a fine blue-eyed idea. Henry is a fine lad, rather fond of fun, especially if he be more usually styled Harry; in which case he is a wag by right of baptism. And this leads me to remark, that the ideas associated with names in their proper form are very different, or may be very different, from those attachable to familiar modifications of the same names. Bob is a very different thing from Robert—not more difference between a short, only, little fellow, and a good-looking, well-dressed, “bairdly” man. Alexander is a stout gentleman-like person; Aleck a lively small man; Sandy a red-haired man about thirty, with a pointed drooping nose; Saunders a heavy-footed journeyman mason in bleached corduroy. The same variations occur in female names.

Mary and Molly are not the same beings. While Elizabeth is stately, dark, and more like a heroine of history than a mere lady; Betty is only a chambermaid, and will never be any thing else all her life. Sarah is a serious blue-eyed girl; while Sally is a slipshod, negligent, but withal amusing Miss, always falling into some mistake or other, quite unable to help herself in the most ordinary circumstances—her whole life an everlasting scrape. Jessy, again, is a very different being from Jess—the former a light, vivacious, pretty, small creature, dressed in green like a fairy—the latter a female hippopotamus, in long swinging skirts; rawboned, vast, equestrian. You keep out of the way of a woman named Jess, from a fear lest she stamps off one or two of your toes. Anne of Cleves, if really answerable to the appellation conferred upon her by King Henry, ought to have been, not Anne, but Jess. Between Margaret and Peggy the discrepancy is as great; and that between Catharine and Kate is still more so. Catharine, I have said, is a handsome, blooming, lively girl: Kate, however, is a virago—a gipsy queen—tall, crude, unbending, tremendous. Let no man marry a woman named Kate. He may think he can tame her, as Petruccio did her namesake. Unhappy delusion! No true Kate was ever tamed. It is not in her nature. I would even commend the lover of a Catharine, in the event of his hearing her called Kate, only for once, by some familiar friend, to look sharp after her. She is perhaps a real Kate, hypocritically painted over with the idea of Catharine.

Perhaps, however, there is no man so different from his original as Will, or rather Wulle, for my idea of the fellow is Scotch, and I must therefore use the Scotch pronunciation. William!—I have already expressed my admiration of his elegance and attractiveness. How different from Wulle! The latter is a sulky-looking, lumpish, tozzy loon, who comes forth reluctantly, on being called, from the recesses of some frowsy Scotch kitchen or ill-redd up cottage, hanging his head over his unbuttoned vest, and scowling out from beneath a pair of the most villainous poaching eyes you ever beheld. Wulle does not like regular industry, and is never seen taking his part in the gossip that goes on at close-heads and ends of loanings, after work-hours. He likes fishing and other out-of-the-way employments; will help at fittings; and is understood to take upon himself the business of a chimney-sweep on Saturdays, one day in the week being enough for the amount of that kind of business in the place, and Saturday being the most appropriate for it in his eyes, for a reason connected with clean linen. Wulle does not walk; he lounges. He speaks little, and never tells what he would be at. Altogether, he is a dismal sort of character; and if we have suddenly taken up on a charge of murder or conspiracy, no one would be surprised. Wulle, in fact, is Wulle—and nothing more need be said.

Jock, again, is quite another thing from John. When a boy is called Jock, you may be sure he is a rumbling, tumbling, rambling, shambling, half-clad, dauntless varlet; never out of a piece of mischief, when he can possibly get into one; concerned in all kinds of riotous and unrighteous proceedings; perpetually getting himself tossed off the backs of the horses; drowned regularly once a-year in the mill-dam; and capable of riding with perfect impunity on those iniquitous plates of spikes which usually adorn the latter parts of post chaises. Jock will go a five mile errand for sixpence, and blow up half the town with the gunpowder which he purchases with the money. Nobody knows him by any surname; he is just Jock; and if you hear him spoken of after long years, by any other appellation, it startles you. You had completely made up your mind to “Jock,” and nothing else seems natural. Jock seldom goes without a stone in his palm, ready to be thrown at a passing bird or cat—a habit, the wickedness of which it might be worth while to impress upon him, if he ever hit his mark. But Jock never hits. He has thrown stones at cats and birds now for a dozen years, and never once struck either. He has always a few pups, moreover, ready to play with against any compeer; and he has a favourite little marble, which it is well-known he would not give for ten bowls of ordinary pottery—such a winner it is. An almost superstitious idea attaches to Jock's marble—it has something of the imp in it—it seems as if it had been charmed, like the bullets in Der Freyschutz, and could not avoid winning, even though he wished it to do so. His jacket has been completely stripped of all its ornamental buttons, to serve in playing a pitch and toss; and even the more useful ones designed to support his nether garment are sorely di-

minished in number, inasmuch that he has to aid those which remain by holding his left hand to his side; somewhat after the manner of a Hindoo under a vow. Jock is always playing, or running, or planning, or concocting, not quarrelling, but always ready to fight; a capital climber; a good hand at catching eels, the skins of which he ties by way of trophy round his naked ankles; a decided amateur of the business of driving cattle; delights in sticks with crooks at the end of them, wherewithal to trip his companions; and thinks his honour concerned if there be a single bird's nest in the parish, of which he does not know the locality. Of Jock, too, it may be said, simply, that he is *Jock*: to a Scottish understanding nothing more than the word is necessary to delineate the character.

To return to female names—there are several which seems to predestine ladies for celibacy from their very christening. Grizel—Nicky—Jacky—among the Scotch! did any man ever know a Miss Grizy, a Miss Jacky, or a Miss Nicky, married? Was ever newspaper detected in chronicling such an event? No. There never yet was a lady, designated, who could boast of so much an offer—hardly even of a partnership at a ball. The names are, in regard to the tender passion, absolute febricues. Even in the nurse's arms, a Miss Grizy has an old maidish way about her: at the boarding-school, it is quite decided. There she is not only unthoughtful of beaux; she is a perfect duenna. Through the whole of life it is the same; and she is as old a maid at five-and-twenty as she can possibly become at seventy-two. I have always admired the authoress of "*Marriage*" for her perception of old-maiden names. Her three chief ladies of this order are called by the very names here put down as those which fore-ordain everlasting maidenhood. "*Beef-steak!*" cried Miss Nicky. "*Beef-steak!*" echoed Miss Jacky. "*Beef-steak!*" rejoined Miss Grizy. Nothing could be truer to nature; and this, in my opinion, would have stamped the authoress as one of the first writers of the age, though there had been no other excellence in her various novels to attest the fact.

ROSALIE AND THEODORE,

A TALE.*

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?" "Yes!" "Will you keep your hand for me a year?" "Yes!" "Will you answer me when I write to you?" "Yes!" "One request more—Oh, Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?" "Yes," answered Rosalie.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the setting sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then; and when she thought far from about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on; and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's before he had been five minutes in the parlour the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of her's of the same age had begun to appear the woman.

When another vacation, however, came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and, curtsying, coloured, and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father. "Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and, curtsying, coloured again; and sat down again without having interchanged a word with him.

* Abridged from the *Magdalen and other Tales*, by James Sheridan Knowles: New Bond-street, London.

Theodore felt disappointed. He had never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish. At the next vacation, when he paid his first visit, he absented himself from the society of Rosalie, who resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause, and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and specially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with every body but Rosalie, Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him; found him sitting down with a book in his hand; perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on any thing but reading. She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever: a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before: and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done—"Rosalie," said Theodore, "his almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?" "I will get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another. "Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well!" "I cannot go home to night," resumed he "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie; "I think I hear them breaking up." "Not yet," replied Theodore. "They'll miss us," said Rosalie. "What of that?" rejoined Theodore. "Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth. "For what?" was the maid's reply. "Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times past for ever? Dear Rosalie! will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When you have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean in play, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent. "Will you marry me?" repeated he. Not a word would Rosalie speak. "Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recal what you yourself have known of me; enquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie! was I not always with you? Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte, but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you? Whatever you might have thought then can you believe now, that it was merely a playful child that could have so engrossed me! No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to

me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak, but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips! She did not appear that night in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding-day was fixed; it wanted but a fortnight to it, when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left orphan at eighteen; and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B—.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever, and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore; but he was not aware of the weight of it, till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlour when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?" "No," Theodore was shown into the parlour.

"Well, young gentleman," was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlour, "pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder. "Your father, I understand, has died a beggar? Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit; but who can keep up his heart when his ship, all at once, is going down?

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straightforward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness—which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling. Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him, with the means of making one himself—at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore: "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go up to London, and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner, all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing, but a message from Rosalie in answer to a desire he had expressed to the servant at the house, to see herself. They met, and Theodore's wishes, as already stated, were granted. She promised to wait for him a year. In another minute they had said good bye, and parted.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in; provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no con-

vassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you; and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice, even though they should tell a lie for it and thwart you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why, the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing: the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's, whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command abundance should allow it to be said that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with, is that which it receives from adversity! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and if he could sleep upon the sofa, why, there was a bed for him!" In a day he was settled and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London? Upon writing a play. As an early penman he had discovered, as his friend imagined, a talent for dramatic composition; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other. "Rather tame," was the reply. "Will it succeed?" "Doubtful." The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "Bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "I will do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell, amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore. "Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B—, and perhaps, obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonoured! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped. Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day. Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm. "I defy fortune to observe me a scurvier trick," exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills

and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fete at B*—met his eyes, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B—; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the loyalty and accomplished Miss Rosalie—. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of fortune now?

The day Theodore received a letter from Rosalie. "Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"Welcome, O welcome! you come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can afflict. You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!" Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"Theodore—I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes; I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day. ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is the mood, and let her have her humour out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires nothing more! She is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"Rosalie—You are free!—Theodore."

Such was the answer which Theodore dispatched to Rosalie. His feelings were insupportable. On the second day afterwards, as he was crossing a street, he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B—upon the panels of the coach. The box seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprang up upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore; "It can but drive me mad or break my heart."

The moment the coach stopped at B—, he alighted; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within?" "No." "When would she return?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Any thing more?" said the man retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Any thing more?" Theodore made no reply; in fact, he had lost all consciousness. At last, the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whether they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck, and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter: a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning! He had slept! "Would he have slept on!" He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the stile, and in a few minutes was on his road to Lon-

don, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friends. They were going to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore; "I'll go to bed." "Your bed is occupied, sir," replied the servant. "Is it?" said Theodore; "well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlour, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlour. "I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore. "So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke,

"Rosalie is married," said he. "I don't believe it." "She is going to be married to the young lord of the mayo." "I don't believe it." She came to town with him yesterday." "I don't believe it." Theodore pushed back his chair, and started at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore. "I mean that I entertain some doubt as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you." "Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?" "The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure of it?" "You may have misunderstood it." "I tell you I have been at B—: I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O! my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "his useless to deceive ourselves, I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in her being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but every thing else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none any where else! Feel my hand." He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend, beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses, but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers, Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she, playfully, wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night; and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had at that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlour door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to

approach her; she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand, and drew her upon his knees. "Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, colouring, "My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. They had been married that morning.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

SOCIETY IN THE WEST INDIES.

Though most of the adventurers who first settled in Jamaica were persons of low origin and profligate habits, it was not long before many emigrants of a superior description began to flock to the Island. The political troubles and dissensions in which the British nation was involved during the middle of the seventeenth century, induced many respectable families to seek an asylum abroad; and not a few of these chose Jamaica or Barbadoes for their homes; and bringing with them cultivated manners and liberal ideas, they formed communities of a grade and character which are never to be found in the new colonies of any nation in the present day. Nor did their change of condition lead to that degeneration of manners which usually attends the removal of men accustomed to the conveniences of civilised life, to a sphere, in which these do not exist, and where objects of absolute necessity must at first engage their minds, to the exclusion of those of ornament or mere agreeableness; for the planters had their estates cultivated by slaves, whose labour they merely superintended, instead of participating in them—and thus they enjoyed perhaps more leisure than they had done in their native country—while, at the same time, the extreme fruitfulness of the soil enabled them to obtain easily the necessities of life, to exercise hospitality, and to dismiss from their minds all subordinate cares respecting their means of subsistence. Never before had any new colonists so few difficulties to encounter, or so little occasion for the exercise of patience and perseverance. Instead of finding their place of settlement embowered by forests and unfit for cultivation till the timber was felled and removed, they saw around them fertile and open savannas ready to be broken up by the hoe or the plough; a variety of fine fruits indigenous to the islands grew in natural orchards; the interior of the country swarmed with wild cattle, which every man had a full liberty to hunt and kill for his own use; and a mild and agreeable climate rendered unnecessary the erection of substantial and expensive buildings, either for residence or for storing the produce of the soil. Under such favorable circumstances the West Indian planters could scarcely fail to prosper; and from the absence of hardship or privation in the commencement of their career, doubtless resulted that buoyancy of disposition and liberal hospital ty, and those social propensities, for which they were distinguished at a very early period, and have continued to be so ever since.

In comparing the character of the West Indian planters with that of other Europeans living in a similar climate, we perceive one striking point of difference, which it is more easy to describe than to account for. We are led by common observation to conclude that Europeans resident in tropical regions always lose either entirely, or in a considerable degree, their physical and mental activity; and this more particularly if they are surrounded by slaves or obsequious attendants. The Dutch in the eastern islands slumber away their lives in unbroken quiescence, and never exercise their faculties except in performing those trivial duties which belong to their official situations; the English inhabitants of Hindustan are languid and indolent, and slow of excitement; the Spaniards residing in the Philippines and in central America have the same character; and the inhabitants of the European establishments on the west coast of Africa equally experience the sedative and unfeebly effects of a hot climate. But the British West Indian forms a contrast to all these examples. Buoyant in disposition, active in his habits, full of enterprise, jealous of his rights, devoted to business, and sensitive and spirited in all the relations of life, he is a totally different being from what we are accustomed to meet with any where else within the limits of the torrid zone. The monotony of ideas, languour of manner, and frigidity of expression, which are the general characteristics of European society in tropical climates, are scarcely observable in the West Indies, where almost every one has an air of occupation and natural enjoyment, and where people appear to seek for sources of interest and

excitement instead of idly waiting till these happen to present themselves.

It seems certain that the West Indians are in reality a happier set of men than other Europeans similarly situated, for they are seldom heard to make those complaints which have such universal currency amongst the residents of hot climates; they do not murmur at being exiled from their native land; they do not depreciate the region in which they abide, and vilify its inhabitants; nor do they torment themselves by calculating how long it will be before they can return to Europe. On the contrary, they rather affect a kind of insouciance in regard to such subjects, and are generally disposed to view their condition with complacency and satisfaction, instead of studying to find out reasons for being discontented.

The West Indian planters, generally speaking, are men of intelligence, good sense, and liberal ideas; affecting no fantastic refinement, and at the same time, for the most part, destitute of that which is produced by a taste for literature and the cultivation of the fine arts. A considerable portion of their time is employed in the superintendence of their estates; and the pleasure to which they chiefly devote their leisure moments is that of social intercourse. They shine as convivial companions and are never so happy as when exercising hospitality, which they always do in a most agreeable and attractive style, whether as respects their personal deportment towards their guests, or the enjoyments and accommodations which they place at their disposal. Their tables are always abundant, and often luxurious; and never more so than when the materials which cover them are exclusively the products of the West Indian islands.—*Howison's European Colonies.*

LADY ARABELLA STUART.

Lady Arabella Stuart, a singular and affecting instance of the sacrifice of a human being to state-policy, was the great-great-grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, by the marriage of his daughter Margaret with the Scottish house of the Darnleys, Earl of Lennox. By this descent, she stood next in blood royal and right of inheritance, to her cousin James the First, son of Mary Queen of Scots, wife of Lord Darnley, in case that prince had no issue; and hence arose the misfortunes so interestingly detailed by Mr. D'Israeli in the fourth volume of his newly published *Curiosities of Literature*. With the latter half of this volume, by the way, commences the Second Series of that work,—a portion with which the public are less acquainted than the first, but which, if our memory does not deceive us, is even more entertaining and curious than the former part. Two volumes are yet to make their appearance. The whole six will make an elegant and agreeable addition to every library that can afford them, bringing in fact a little world, in themselves, of anecdote and miscellaneous literature.

"The Lady Arabella," for by that name (says Mr. D'Israeli,) she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of Stuart, or by her married one of Seymour, as she latterly subscribed herself, was, by her affinity with James the First, and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet! In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter to Henry the Seventh, she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an Englishwoman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. "Her double relation to royalty," says Mr. Lodge, "was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring." Yet James himself, then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the Lady Arabella one of her cousins, Lord Esme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lennox, and designed for his heir. The first thing we hear of "The Lady Arabella," concerns a marriage: marriages were the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

This proposed match was desirable to all parties: but there was one greater than them all, who forbade the bans. Elizabeth interfered; she imprisoned the Lady Arabella, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she

spoke with asperity, and even with contempt.* The greatest infirmity of Elizabeth was her mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne; her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the dread of personal neglect, made her averse to see a successor in her court, or even to hear of a distant one; in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that she frequently observed that "most men neglected the setting sun," and this melancholy presentiment of personal neglect, this political coquette not only lived to experience, but even this circumstance of keeping the succession unsettled, miserably disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was lying speechless; a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto escaped the knowledge of her numerous historians, and which I shall take the opportunity of disclosing in this work.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always problematical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded; it multiplied the aspirants, while every party humoured itself by selecting its own claimant, and none more busily than the continental powers. One of the most curious is the project of the Pope, who, intending to put aside James the First, on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting Arabella with a prince of the house of Savoy; the pretext, for without a pretext no politician moves, was their descent from a bastard of our Edward the Fourth; the Duke of Parma was, however, married; but the Pope, in his infallibility, turned his brother, the Cardinal, into the duke's substitute, by secularizing the churchman. In that case the Cardinal would then become King of England in right of this lady! provided he obtained the crown †

We might conjecture from this circumstance, that Arabella was a Catholic, and so Mr. Butler has recently told us; but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the Catholic historian, who has inscribed her name among his party. Parsons, the wily Jesuit, was so doubtful how the lady, when young, stood disposed to Catholicism, that he describes "her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible as is her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter, and to be settled according to future events and times." Yet, in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, one well-informed of court affairs, writes, "that the Lady Arabella hath not been found inclinable to popery."‡

Even Henry the Fourth of France was not unfriendly to this papistical project of placing an Italian Cardinal on the English throne. It had always been the state interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realms of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles the Ninth with his ambassador at the Court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered two chimerical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The pretensions of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians; and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but to the jealous terrors of Elizabeth, an English Earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch Duke. This is the third shadowy husband.

When James the First ascended the English throne, there existed an anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the "Land of Promise," when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot,

* A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish memorial, when our James the First was negotiating with the Cabinet of Madrid. He complains of Elizabeth's treatment of him; that the queen refused to give him his father's estates in England, nor would deliver up his uncle's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Lenox, at which time the queen *uso palabras muy asperas y de mucho desprecio contra el dicho Rey de Escocia*; she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king—*Winwood's Mem.* i. 4.

† See a very curious letter, CCXCIX, of Cardinal de Ossat, vol. v. The Catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by joining their armies with those of "Arbelle," and the commentator writes that this English lady had a party, consisting of all those English who had been the judges or the avowed enemies of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James the First.

‡ *Winwood's Memorials*, iii. 261.

which one writer calls "a state riddle;" it involved Raleigh, and unexpectedly the lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some of these silly conspirators having written to her, requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain she laughed at the letter who received, and sent it to the King. Thus for a second time was Arabella to have been Queen of England. This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James the First.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that for the third time the lady was offered a crown: "A great ambassador is coming from the King of Poland, whose chief errand is to demand my Lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from the danger of superscribing letters."§ This last passage seems to allude to something. What is meant of the danger of superscribing letters?

If this royal offer made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who we shall see, seven years afterwards, complained that the king had neglected her, in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the fair flowers of a court, writes that "My Lady Arabella spends her time in lecture reading, &c. and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speeches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretended to be Duke of Guildres. I dare not attempt her."† Here we find another princely match proposed. Thus far, to the Lady Arabella, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight, opening on her sight, impalpable and vanishing, at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was dependant on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally; often reduced to great personal distress, we find by her letters, "that she prayed for present money, though it should not be annually."‡ I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favours, however, were probably limited to her good behaviour.‡

From 1604 to 1608, is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and, as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions, "The Lady Arabella's business, whatsoever it was, is ended, and she restored to her former places and graces. The king gave her a cup-board of plate, better than 200*l.* for a new year's gift, and 1000 marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment, though she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed."§ Another mysterious expression which would seem to allude either to politics or religion; but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage without the king's consent. This person of her choice is not named; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts, that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of revelry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction, the catastrophe, too, is formed by the Aristotelian canon; for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded!

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton Court, Oct. 3, 1604. *Sloane MSS.* 4161.

† Lodge's *Illustrations of British History* iii. 286. It is curious to observe, that this letter, by W. Fowler is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and is directed to the same Earl of Shrewsbury; so that the Earl must have received, in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his niece! This shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of foreigners and natives. Will Fowler was a rhyming and fantastical secretary to the queen of James the First.

‡ Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard. The discovery of a pension I made in Sir Julius Caesar's manuscript, where one is mentioned of 1,000*l.* to the Lady Arabella. *Sloane MSS.* 4160.

§ Mr. Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty.

¶ *Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii., 117-119.

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life, but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones; and it happened that no woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth, who sighed for distinction, ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella; and she was so frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a courtier of that day writing to another, observes, "these affections of marriage in her do give some advantage to the world of impairing the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition."⁶

The revels of Christmas had hardly closed, when the lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old infirmity. She renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr. William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson to the Earl of Hertford. His character has been finely described by Clarendon: he loved his studies and his repose; but when the civil wars broke out, he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skillful general. Charles the First created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince; he lived to the Restoration, and Charles the Second restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was detected in February, 1609, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble: the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but "a younger brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge anything by my birth-right, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavour, and as she is a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage." There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a fortune-hunter! which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that "he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom; which conceit was begotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's last being called before your lordship's, &c.—that it might be." He tells the story of this ancient wooing—"I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court on Candlemas day last, at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion, without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting! After that we had a second meeting at Mr. Bigge's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr. Baynton's, at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before." He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation.⁷

But love laughs at privy-councils and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lombeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave."

This their first confinement, was not rigorous; the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the *Biographia Britannica* observes, "that some intercourse they had by letters, which after a time was discovered." In this history of love there might be precious documents, and in the library at Long-leat, these love-epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet lie unread in a corner.⁸ Arabella's epistolary

⁶ Ibid. vol. iii., 110.

⁷ This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears not, which occasioned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas; the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolutely bent on marrying herself.

⁸ Harl. MSS. 7002.

⁹ It is on record that at Long-leat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved. I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research.

talent, was not vulgar: Dr. Montford in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. "This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council." One of these amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr. Seymour having taken cold, but, as every love-letter ought, it is not without a pathetic *crescendo*; the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while, in her solitary imprisonment, that he lived and was her own filled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death. The familiar style of James the First's age may bear 'comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

"LADY ARABELLA TO MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

SIR,—I am exceeding sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconvenience it will bring one to: and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune, in enjoying so great a blessing as you, so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For wheresoever you be or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else! And, therefore, God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress, that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

Your faithful loving wife,

ARB. S."⁹

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following "petition," as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her; and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried!

"TO THE KING.

May it please your most excellent Majesty.

I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your Majesty the least, especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your Majesty, as appeared before your Majesty was my sovereign. And though your Majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your Majesty, I humbly beseech your Majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it would be offensive to your Majesty, having few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your Majesty's (which likewise your Majesty had done long since). Besides, never having been prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land, by your Majesty, these seven years that I have lived in your Majesty's house, I could not conceive that your Majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your Majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the free-will-offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your Majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect, as malice make it seem to separate us,

⁹ Harl. MSS. 7002.

whom God hath joined, your Majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me, that have the honour to be so near your Majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your Majesty, as David's dealing with Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your Majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe."

It is indorsed, "A copy of my petition to the King's Majesty." In another she implores that "if the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness, have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your Majesty, let it all be covered with the shadow of your royal benignity." Again, in another petition, she writes—

"Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your Majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your Majesty would have abhorred in any (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your Majesty's blood in them."

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his Majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James the First is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true."

"LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA,

"Answering her prayer, to know the cause of her confinement.

"This day her Majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her Majesty says, that when she gave your ladyship's petition to his Majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden tree*. This was all her Majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token in witness of the continuance of her Majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or wish.*"

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with "this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honor to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case," she adds, "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other." Arabella, like the Queen of Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Melville to be presented to the Queen, she thanks him for "vouchsafing to descend to those petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation."

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the strictest care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they could proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The King observed, "It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would

have." His resolution, however, was, that she should proceed to Durham if he were king!" "We answered," replied the doctor, "that we made no doubt of her obedience." "Obedience is that required," replied the king, "which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected."

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham, where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares, or of the royal favour."

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the King, and applauded by Prince Henry and his council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy a long journey. Such tender grief had won over the hearts of her keepers, who could not but sympathise with a princess whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of state-men. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguises. "She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side." Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed, that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She recruited her spirits by riding; the blood mantled in her face; and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend; then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their fright, they reached Lee. At the break of morn, they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, over-ruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at the door, to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill of a raging tooth-ache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat; and he arrived at Lee. The time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella. In despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders. In the meanwhile, the escape of Arabella was first known to government; and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union, and the fight of these two doves from their cages, shook with consternation the grey owls of the cabinet, more particularly

* Those particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Har. MSS. 7003.

the Scotch party, who in their terror, paralleled it with the gunpowder treason: And some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court; couriers were despatched swifter than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the sea-ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the Lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours. James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required the moderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his Majesty. By the admiral's detail of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; for the courier is urged, and the post-masters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch: "Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for your life! your life!"* The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr. Francis Seymour to his grandfather the Earl of Hertford, residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old earl; it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper he must have burnt what he probably had not heard; the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Nor was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor, the Duke of Somerset the protector, had found that "all his honors," as Frankland strangely expresses it, "had helped him to forward to hop headless." Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needful, as indeed in all sovereignties, that those who were near the crown "should be narrowly looked into for marriage."

But we have left the Lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her eyes to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment, should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment, which lasted only four years; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrow, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. But who shall paint the emotions of a mind which so much grief, and so much love, and distraction itself, equally possessed?

What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often began and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, "Good my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission." In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.

"Help will come too late; and he assured that neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come

* "This emphatic injunction," observed a friend, "would be effective when the messenger could read;" but in a letter written by the Earl of Essex about the year 1597, to the Lord High Admiral at Plymouth, I have seen added to the words "haste, hast, hast for life!" the expressive symbol of a gallow prepared with a halter which could not be well understood by the most illiterate of Mercurians.

about me while I live, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And if you remember of old, I dare die, so I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, if there be no other way, as God forbid, to whom I commit you; and rest assuredly as heretofore, if you will be the same to me.

"Your lordship's faithful friend

"A. S."

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—"I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it."

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her utter wretchedness.

"In all humilitv, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for anything than for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the onely comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake!"

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who from some circumstance not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at last, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen; but the consciousness of royalty was only left in her veins while she lived in the poverty of dependence. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness! She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents and paint forth her delirious. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady Arabella has no palpable historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself! A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison gate a sad example of a female victim to the state!

"Through one dim lattice, fringed with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!"

Seymour, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady, by the ever-beloved name of ARABELLA STUART.

TWO STORIES OF REVERSION.

CLERICAL AND FISCAL.

He who has been half his life (quoth our authority) an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promise, a watering-place squeeze of the hand, or a race-ground oath; or, he, who vegetating on a fellowship, with vows long plighted to some much loved fair, is waiting, or watching, or wishing for, the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; may, perhaps, be interested or amused by the following little narrative, the merry catastrophe of which took place at the time recorded.—The incumbent of a valuable living in a western country, had for some years awakened the hopes and excited the fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next presentation was vested; the old gentleman having already outlived two of his proposed successors. The tranquil pleasures of the common room had very lately been interrupted or animated by a well-authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being seized with a violent and dangerous disease, sufficient, without medical aid, to hurry him to his grave. The senior fellow, who, on the strength of his contingency, had only the day before declined an advantageous offer

was congratulated on the fairness of his prospects, and the after dinner conversation passed off without that uninteresting nonchalance for which it was generally remarkable.

The pears, the port wine, and the chestnuts being quickly dispatched, the gentleman alluded to hurried to his room; he ascended the stairs, tripped along the gallery, and stirred his almost extinguished fire with unusual alacrity; then drawing from his portfolio a letter to his mistress, which, for want of knowing exactly what to say, had been for several weeks unfinished, he filled the unoccupied space with renewed protestations of undiminished love; and he spoke with raptures (raptures rather assumed than actually felt, after a sixteen years' courtship) of the near approach of that time, when a competent independence would put it into his power to taste that first of earthly blessings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain support. He concluded a letter, more agreeable to the lady than any she had ever received from him, with delineating his future plans, and suggesting a few alterations in the parsonage house, which though not a modern building, was substantial, and in excellent repair; thanks to the conscientious and scrupulous care of his predecessor, in a particular, to which he observed, so many of the clergy were culpably inattentive.—The letter was sent to the post and after a third rubber at the warden's (who observed that he never saw Mr. * * * so facetious), a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed in the calm tranquillity of long delayed hope, treading on the threshold of immediate gratification.

Patently at first, and then impatiently, waited he several posts, without receiving further intelligence, and filled up the interval as well as he could in settling his accounts as bursar;* getting in the few bills he owed, and revising his books; which as the distance was considerable, he resolved to weed before he left the university. Considering himself now as a married man, he thought it a piece of necessary attention to his wife, to supply the place of the volumes he disposed of, by some of the miscellaneous productions of modern literature, more immediately calculated for female perusal.

At the end of three weeks, a space of time, as long as any man of common feelings could be expected to abstain from enquiry; after being repeatedly assured by his college associates that the incumbent must be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miscarried, and being positively certain of it himself, he took pen in hand, but not knowing any person in the neighbourhood of the living, which he hoped so soon to take possession of, he was for some time at a loss to whom he should venture to write on so important a subject.

In the restlessness of anxious expectation, and irritated by the stimulants of love and money—in a desparate and indecorous moment, he addressed a letter officially to the clerk of the parish not knowing his name. This epistle commenced with taking it for granted that his principal was dead; but informing him, that the college had received no intelligence of it, a circumstance which they imputed to the miscarriage of a letter; but they begged to know, and if possible by return of post, the day and hour on which he departed; if contrary to all expectation and probability, he should be still alive, the clerk was in that case desired to send without delay, a particular and minute account of the state of his health, the nature of his late complaint, its apparent effects upon his constitution, and any other circumstance he might think at all connected with the life of the incumbent.

On receiving the letter, the ecclesiastical subaltern immediately carried it to the rector's, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his parishioners, had recovered from a most dangerous disease, and was, at the moment, entertaining a circle of friends at his hospitable board, who celebrated his recovery in bumpers.

After carrying his eye over it in a cursory way, he smiled, read it to the company, and, with their permission, replied to it himself, in the following manner:

"S—e, November 1, 1736.

"Sir—My clerk being a very mean scribe, at his request I now answer the several queries in your letter directed to him.

"My disorder was an acute fever, under which I laboured for a month, attended with a delirium during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reason for thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

* Treasurer of the College.

"From this complaint, I am perfectly recovered by the blessing of God, and the prescriptions of my son, a doctor of physic; and I have officiated both in the church, and at funerals in the church-yard, which is about three hundred yards from my house. The report of my relapse was probably occasioned by my having a slight complaint about three weeks ago; but which did not confine me.

"As to the present state of my health, my appetite, digestion, and sleep are good, and in some respects better than before my illness, particularly the steadiness of my hands. I never use spectacles, and I thank God, I can read the smallest print by candle light; nor have I ever had reason to think that the seeds of the gout, the rheumatism, or any chronic disease, are in my constitution.

"Although I entered on my eighty-first year the second of last March, the greatest inconvenience I feel from old age is a little defect in my hearing and memory. These are mercies, which, as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I desire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge; and I heartily pray that they may descend, with all other blessings, to my successor, whenever it shall please God to call me. I am, sir, your unknown humble servant,

R— W—."

"P. S. My clerk's name is Robert D—: your letter cost him four-pence, to the foot post who brings it from S—e."

Such an epistle, from so good and excellent a character, and under such circumstances, could not fail producing unpleasant sensations in the breast of the receiver, who was not without many good qualities, and, except in this one occasion (for which love and port must be his excuse) did not appear to be deficient in feeling and propriety of conduct.

The purpose of this article will be fully and effectually answered, if fellows of colleges, and expectants of fat livings, valuable sinecures, and rich reversions, may happily be taught to check the indecorous ardour of eager hope; lest they meet with the rebuff given by an old Nottinghamshire vicar, whose health was more robust, and manners less courteous than those of the Dorsetshire clergyman.

This testy old gentleman, after recovering from a short illness, was exasperated by insidious, often repeated, and self-inquiries after his health; and in the heat of irritation, ordered a placard with the following words, to be affixed to the chapel door of the college, to which the vicarage belonged:—

To the Fellows of * College.

"Gentlemen,—In answer to the very civil and very intelligible inquiries which you have of late so assiduously made into the state of my health, I have the pleasure to inform you that I never was better in my life; and as I have made up my mind on the folly of dying to please other people, I am resolved to live as long as I am able for my own sake. To prevent your being at any unnecessary trouble and expense in future on the subject, I have directed my apothecary to give you a line, in case there should be any probability of a vacancy: and am, your humble servant,

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old duke of Newcastle,* and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd embarrassments; but it was his passion to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote about to be related.

At the election for a certain borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object the duke, by certain, well applied arguments, by the force of urgent perseverance, and personal application at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury, gained his election.

* Henry Ninth, Earl of Lincoln, and second duke of Newcastle, some time prime minister, —a flighty politician.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main an honest fellow, "as things went," and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him, "that the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioner, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking, the moment it is vacant." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult thing to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the premier, (used to, and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election) "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive,—thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes, without fail."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a thought of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more attentive. The supervisor died a few months afterwards, and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen Street.*

The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart: an event in which all Europe, and particularly Great Britain, was concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid, and wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instruction to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown up stairs, the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep, for with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merits of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but he left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "God for ever bless him! a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister so accurately keeping his promise, "How punctual his Grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe, verily, they are as honest, and mean as well as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them." Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of * * * * * was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager ex-

pectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff, and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law, succeed him."

The duke, by this time, perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. "Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his Grace, hastily drawing back his curtain, when instead of a royal courier his eager eye recognized at the bed-side, the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows with hat in hand, and hoping "My lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law at the last election of * * * * *"

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few minutes, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances, and yielding to the irritation, he sank on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

PLEASED REGRETS.—Even when defeated and mortified, the social feelings are not wholly unpleasing; for the French Actress's exclamation, while speaking of an unfaithful lover's once deserting her, was quite natural. "Ah! c'étoit le bons tems! j'étois bien malheureuse." ("Ah! those were fine times! I was so unhappy.") Sharp's *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse* (just published). The exclamation, however gaily put, is the more affecting, when we consider the probable heartlessness of the actress's life at the time she uttered it; and how delightful to the memory even the pains of a real affection had become, when compared with the pleasures of dissipation.

USELESS RESENTMENT.—Give no expression, and, as far as you can avoid it, give no place in your mind, to useless resentment; not even where you feel that you are calumniated. If you are accused of bad conduct, past or intended, and it is in your power to disprove the accusation, do not fly into a passion, but give disproofs; to fly into a passion is naturally a guilty man's sole and therefore natural resource; disproofs are the only means of distinguishing your case from that of a guilty man.—*Bentham.*

REAL TRIUMPH IN ARGUMENT.—But let the Deontological law be present to his mind, and the triumph he will desire will be only the triumph of the greatest happiness principle. Contending for that, and for that alone, the victory of any sentiments more friendly to the principle than his own sentiment, will be, in fact, his victory.—*Bentham.* [The same may be said of all arguments for truth's sake, by real lovers of truth.]

NEW PERIODICAL.—Some of the gentlemen who conducted the *Meerut Observer* for three years have issued a Prospectus of a magazine to be called the *Meerut Universal Magazine*. The epithet *Universal* is of rather an extensive signification, and if a name only were a tower of strength the work could not fail to succeed. But titles and prospectuses often promise too much. That there is no want of talent and energy in the projectors of this new undertaking has been sufficiently proved by the character of the *Meerut Observer*, and if they will only preserve the good points of that paper and avoid its errors the new magazine will no doubt be well supported, for it will deserve the good wishes and the good services of the friends of Literature. The first number is to appear on the 15th of June.—*Ed. Cal. Lit. Gas.*

* The north east corner. The house is still standing. It is one with the passage under the side of it.

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Original Articles.

THE WOONGHEE'S DAUGHTER.

It was blowing a steady South West Monsoon, and the flood tide setting strong into the mouth of the *Irráwaddi*, when the look out on the Elephant pagoda* gave notice that two vessels under full sail were making for the entrance of the river. The smaller and foremost of the two was a long and low corvette whose raking masts and sharp build too plainly indicated her to belong to that class of sea rovers, which, at the time when this tale commences, infested the Bay, and which many an inhabitant of Calcutta now alive, can recollect as having carried terror amongst the merchant ships and pilot schooners, even at the Sand Heads. Both were under a press of canvass, and it might be seen by the occasional cloud of smoke, which burst from the bows of the sternmost vessel, and was answered at intervals from the corvette, that the latter, which had so often pursued and made the feeble merchantman its prey, was now in its turn flying before a superior enemy.

Those who are acquainted with the *Irráwaddi* are aware that dangerous reefs stretch off its entrance, and that one narrow channel alone admits large vessels to pass over its bar, at the making of the flood; and that without an experienced pilot, it is the height of danger for the passage to be attempted, unless with a leading wind, and by seamen well acquainted with the position of the sand banks. But this did not seem to deter those in the corvette which by this time had gained the entrance of the river, and, dashing through the intricate channel with the speed of a dove pursued by a hawk, rounded the point and was seen with her bellying topsails as they glided past the deep green of the jungle which borders its banks, making her rapid way up the golden river of Ava.

Not her pursuer, which by this time had lain to, and after letting down a boat as if to take soundings, had hoisted it in again after a short delay, and hauling her wind in a westerly direction, was seen as the evening fell far out in the offing. The object of her pursuit in the mean time had taken advantage of the favorable wind and strong tide, and passing successively Mawoon Creek, the mouth of the Syriam river, and the sand now known by the name of the Lime, cast anchor, as the ebb was beginning to turn, before the wooden walls of Rangoon.

It is now time to inform the reader of the reason of the appearances which have just been narrated. The corvette was a French privateer from the Isle of France, commanded by a Spaniard named Moreno, and who, as well to avoid falling in with English vessels of war, which he had certain intelligence were cruising for the protection of the merchant vessels of that nation in the usual eastern and homeward bound tracks, had stretched over to

Acheen head and thence across to the Burmah coast. Her captain had an especial reason for avoiding an encounter with armed vessels, since it was chiefly for the purpose of undergoing extensive repairs to her upper works, that he had resolved on refitting at Rangoon, at that time as now a neutral port, and where all that relates to the building or repairs of ships is executed at a comparatively small expense. In prosecution of this scheme, he had proceeded on his voyage without falling in with any vessel, except a *Chuliá* brig from Rangoon bound to the Nicobars for coconuts, which he had overhauled, and learnt that there were no vessels at the above mentioned ports at the time the brig sailed, except some few coasting crafts. On the morning when he had expected to make the entrance of the *Irráwaddi*, it was reported that a large vessel was in sight, standing to the westward, close hauled; and though too far distant to make her out with certainty, yet in the hope that she might prove to be a homeward bound China ship, which in those days took the most devious tracks to avoid the privateers which lay in wait for them, orders were given to chase the stranger, which no sooner perceived that she was the object of pursuit, than she altered her course to the N. W. under full sail; but it was in vain that she fled from the faster sailing corvette, which by this time hoisted the tri-colored flag, and fired a shot in the direction of the strange vessel. The latter on this move to, and presented Danish colors. The vessels by this time were about two miles apart, and as Moreno was standing on the bows of his vessel, looking intently through his glass at the chase, the boatswain, an old Lisbon Portuguese, who had seen much service in privateers and had once been captured by a British vessel of war, stepped up to him, and said in a low whisper in Portuguese which none other but those present understood—"Senhor! for the love of all the Saints have a care; that vessel is no merchantman, nor a Dane, and there is something about her that makes me think she is a disguised frigate, or she would be carrying every inch of canvass that would drag her through the water. Her sails are not braced to the best advantage, and we have gained on her more readily than is consistent with the relative circumstances of the two vessels." "Thank you Peres," said the Captain in the same subdued tone and in the same language, "but I will look at her again more particularly, and with this, Moreno raised his glass—"Holy Virgin! what do I see, fool, miserable that I am! here Peres, Antonio, Inles call the men to quarters—"bout ship instantly, head up to the N. E. and hoist away for your lives." The order was immediately obeyed by the astonished seamen, and as the corvette wore round, the stranger tacked also, and running up the red cross flag of England to her gaff peak, stripped up the false canvas painted side which had disguised her real nature, and, as if by magic, sixteen port holes each fitted with its frowning ordnance greeted the view of the appalled privateersmen. At the same moment the clear ring

* A noted landmark at the mouth of the river of Ava.

of a long nine pounder from the bows of the frigate, (for such she now appeared) and the splash of the ball as it fell some distance astern of the corvette, too truly told the unfortunate sea rover that he had caught a tartar. In the hurry of altering course, the frigate had gained considerably on the privateer; and in consequence the second shot from the former told heavily, entering angularly at the stern windows, and though somewhat deadened, by coming in contact with a sea cot which was hung in the cabin, yet it had sufficient force to penetrate the ship's side and fall through into the water.

"Steady there! quarter master, shouted Moreno, as the helmsman, hearing the crash within a few paces of the wheel, involuntarily cast a startled glance over his shoulder. "Steady!" if the good vessel yaws about at this rate, it will be soon all up with us, and instead of the belle Loire we shall soon rock on the muddy Ganges." The answer was a cheer, and a redoubling of every effort to bear away from their formidable pursuer. But this was no easy task; the frigate sailed well, as did the corvette, and it was only the start that the latter had that enabled her to keep ahead of the former during the hot pursuit, which lasted till noon, when Moreno finding his only chance of safety consisted in getting into shallow water, where the frigate would not dare to follow, pushed for the entrance of the Irráwadi, and favored by a perfect knowledge of the channel which his pursuer could not hazard without a pilot, at length escaped capture as has been before narrated.

We must now introduce the reader to the more immediate subject of this narrative. The crew of the Corvette, as might be expected, consisted of a mixed race, such as are to be found in all predatory vessels manned or recruited in the colonies; but the example of Moreno, who in addition to the bold daring, and intrepidity requisite in a leader of sea rovers, possessed all the breeding and manners universal in a native of the south of Spain, heightened by the artificial polish which a long residence at the Isle of France had imparted, had contributed to soften down and repress many of those more obnoxious traits in the character of his men, which might have been expected under a different leader. Moreno was now declining in years, and bodily infirmities in addition pressed on his frame, already undermined by the hardships and vicissitudes of an adventurer's life. It was therefore not without regret, but still with resignation that his attached crew within short time of their arriving at Rangoon, had to mourn the loss of their Captain, whose body, as the intolerant Burmese refused it burial on their soil, was taken in the long boat a day's sail out to Sea, and there committed to the deep with all the honors that could be paid by his devoted followers. In his last moments, Moreno had collected the officers and ship's company together, and had exacted from them an oath of obedience to his son, a young man on whom the interest of this narrative henceforward depends.

Bernardo was the only child of the deceased Captain by the daughter of a Mauritian Planter, and at an early age had been sent to France for the purpose of being educated. Almost three years before this, he had returned to the Isle of France at the request of his grandfather, who having no other child, now that Bernardo's mother was

dead, yearned to behold the scion of his cherished Emmeline, and to transfer the cares of his business, which old age began to render burdensome to one who he fondly hoped would consolidate and improve those possessions which the frugality and industry of old Pierre Lamont had enabled him to acquire. But in this he was mistaken. Bernardo, tho' evincing great respect for his grandfather, had a soul that scorned the monotony of a sugar planter's existence, and it was with pain the old man observed that the cabarets of Port Louis had more charms for the young Creole, than the trash houses of Mon Repos. At that time the port was the rendezvous of the numerous ships of war and privateers that infested the Indian Ocean; and it was no wonder that in those scenes of dissipation to which he loved to resort that Bernardo speedily made acquaintance with congenial spirits, the relation of whose adventures fired his young mind to participate in similar scenes. He had before him the example of his father, who had passed a life in the same hazardous career, and who had amassed considerable wealth in the pursuit. But the latter, with the creditable feelings of a parent, had endeavoured to save his son from the contaminating influence of a seaman's life, his own good sense and correct feeling having preserved him from most of the plague spots which can scarcely fail to be contracted in the course of a similar career. It was therefore with grief that he learned on returning from one of his cruises, that Bernardo had quitted his grandfather's dwelling, and left the Isle of France in a privateer, the *Impetueuse* of St. Malo, of which he had been rated their officer. The vessel was destined to France with dispatches, but with liberty to chase any ship it might fall in with. Nothing however in the shape of a prize exhibited itself on the homeward passage, and Bernardo again set foot in that beautiful country, wherein he had passed the happy years of his youth. Here he gave a loose rein to the indulgence of those passions which the want only of a befitting sphere had kept within reasonable bounds in the island of his birth. Scarcely had he landed in France, when he received a letter from his doating grandfather, enclosing bills of Exchange to a large amount, with assurances of his unabated love, and the expression of a hope that he would soon return to cheer the heart of the disconsolate owner of Mon Repos. The young man as he carelessly cast his eyes over the bills, congratulated himself in possessing so provident a banker, and with this unexpected addition to his finances bade adieu to St. Malo, and hurrying on to Paris soon found himself absorbed in that great profligate sink of the nations. Here Bernardo remained for upwards of a year leading the life of an accomplished roué, until tired even of dissipation, he obeyed the summons of his father to return to the Isle of France, more especially as he was advised that his parent was in declining health, and was desirous of giving him the command of the privateer of which he was captain. He accordingly returned to the Mauritius by the first opportunity, and soon after his arrival, joined his father's vessel as first officer, in the voyage, the circumstances of which have previously been narrated.

As the repairs of the ship were likely to occupy some time, Bernardo whose mind was ever on the alert to discover some new sources of gratification,

spent much of his time on shore. It is customary for all captains of vessels touching at Rangoon to conciliate the local authorities by presents, according to their ability; and in proportion to the value of these, is the facility with which their respective affairs are transacted. In the liberal observance of this custom, Bernardo was by no means deficient. In addition to the usual assortment of presents which is offered on these occasions, the gifts of a dozen stand of arms, a barrel of gun-powder, and a small piece of ordnance gained for him the unbounded good will of the Woonghee or Governor, who invited Bernardo to his home, and placed at his disposal all the means in his power of expediting the objects of his visit to the port.

Between the male and female portion of the Burman population there is a remarkable distinction; the physiognomy of the men being almost without exception but little removed from that of the baboon genus, whilst the women are fine featured, of a clear complexion, and possessing intelligent and even handsome countenances. Amongst the better class especially, this peculiarity is remarkable, from their exemption from the drudgery and exposure to which the sex in Burmah is doomed by their lazy lords. Were the lights of education to be reflected on this interesting race, there is little doubt that they would prove far superior to the degenerate Bengali females, and not be deemed, under such circumstances, unfit companions for the refined European. Alurá, the heroine of our history, and to whom the reader is now introduced, was the only daughter of the Woonghee; her mother having died in infancy, her education was entrusted to a native Portuguese female, of which race many still exist in Burmah, in a state of degradation as great as that which distinguishes them in many other parts of the East. Under the tuition of this female, Alurá had imbibed some few of those accomplishments, which were considered suited to her rank, and a considerable aptitude for enquiry and information which had been elicited by the constant resort to her father's, of the foreign Captains which frequented the port. In addition to her native tongue, she was tolerably acquainted with the corrupt Portuguese which is spoken in India, and as the habits of the Burmese are entirely divested of the suspicious jealousy which is characteristic of other Eastern nations and their females allowed almost unrestricted freedom, it was no wonder that Alurá had profited by the opportunities afforded to her, and presented the interesting spectacle of a well informed mind, in a country where all of her sex around her were little removed from a state of barbarism in all that related to their mental culture. She was now at that interesting age when the distinctive line between the girl and the incipient woman can scarcely be traced, and as is the case with most of the sex in the East, with a heart susceptible of the warmest impressions. Her father had destined her for the wife, or rather for one of the wives of a minister at the Court of Ava, who however did not appear to be very anxious to claim the honor of her hand; and it was not without a feeling of pleasure that Alurá found herself the object of the attention of Bernardo, who satiated with the heartlessness of the females of his own country, found unwonted attractions in the unsophisticated girl of Burmah, and for the first time felt the influence of a genuine attachment.

The occupations of her father were of that nature as to leave him little leisure to look into his domestic concerns, and the opportunities for the interviews of the lovers were frequent and secure. Meantime the repairs of the vessel were proceeding towards completion under the superintendence of the chief officer, and it was reported that in a fortnight more, the privateer would be ready for sea. The idea of parting with the being who had wound herself round his heart, was insupportable, and Bernardo felt that without her his future life would be a dreary blank. With the decision and daring habitual to his character, he decided on a plan which though it ill required the hospitality of her unsuspecting father was the only one which could extricate the lovers from the situation in which their imprudence had involved them. To this end he gained over the governante, who required little inducement to lend her aid on a project that promised so great an improvement to her fortunes. The day at length arrived when the vessel was declared complete in every respect, and the requisite pass written on a strip of palm-leaf having been obtained, she bade adieu to her anchor and dropped down the river, having declined to receive a pilot on board, the master declaring that he was thoroughly acquainted with the channels.

Bernardo had given instructions to his chief officer to lose no time in getting out to sea, and await his coming about a league beyond the Black Pagoda, with a spring on the ship's cable, and all ready to sail at a moment's notice. These orders were punctually obeyed. The vessel had broke ground at day break, and on the following morning had reached her position, with her guns charged with grape, her boarding nettings up, and every thing prepared for action, according to instructions which had been given to that effect. It was known that the Woonghee had determined that day to proceed to a place higher up the river about sixteen miles from Rangoon for the purpose of being present at the funeral obsequies of a priest of considerable reputation, who had died on the previous day, and Bernardo in the morning had attended the Woonghee to his boat, regretting at the same time that he should not see him again, as his ship was out in the offing, and he intended to quit Rangoon that night in his cutter which had been detained for the purpose. The Woonghee had a considerable esteem for Bernardo, who he perceived was of quite a different stamp from the generality of the foreigners who came to Rangoon, and begged that he would delay his departure at least till the succeeding night, by which time he would have returned from his excursion. But Bernardo representing the necessity of his speedy departure, and the promise he had made to his ship's crew to be with them early the next day, at length obtained permission to depart, with many expressions of the Woonghee's good will and wishes for his return.

The Woonghee's residence was near the river, surrounded by a stockade, with gates on two sides of the inclosure with a wicket on another. It was about an hour after night fall, that two persons dressed in the ordinary habits of Burmese females were seen to emerge from this entry, and after proceeding a little distance, turn down towards the river, through a little frequented passage which led to a small ghát or landing place. Here a ship's boat was drawn up under cover of the bank, having an awning spread over the stern and manned by

eight stout rowers. Into this boat the females were handed by a young man who had now joined them, the ebb tide was just on the turn, as the boat put off, and a strong easterly breeze filled the sails of the sharp built vessel as she cleared her way with winged speed through the golden waters of the Irráwadi. All was still on that noble stream; yet from its wooded banks abandoned to the beasts of the forest, arose at intervals the hoarse growl of the tiger, and the answering howl of the jackal, fit tenants of the soil that breeds as rude a people. At the miserable village of Chowkee on the left bank almost the only trace of habitation that breaks the universal line of jungle that covers both banks of the Irráwadi, from Rangoon to its junction with the sea, the party was hailed from the shore, but on replying that it was a boat's crew proceeding to join the ship that had passed down a short time before, no farther notice was taken of the matter. As the grey dawn of morning broke, the little bark cleared with a flowing sheet the point on which the black Pagoda is situated; and now, with the land of her father's fast receding from her view, Alurá burst into a passionate flood of tears, as all the consequences of the imprudent step she had taken presented themselves to her repentant mind. But it was now too late for consideration; in one hour more the vessel was gained, and with cheers and shouts the overjoyed sailors manned the capstan; the sails were given to the wind, and, as if proud of her improved trim and the freight she bore, the gallant ship breasted the bright waters of the bay, and ere noon, the loom of the land of Ava appeared but as a faint blue line on the distant horizon.

The sequel of this narrative is short and happy, Bernardo bore his love in safety to the Mauritius, where he fulfilled the duties of an honorable man by making Alurá the partner of his future fortunes.

They were eminently successful; abandoning his roving life, Bernardo after selling the corvette to his first officer, was received with open arms by his grandfather, who welcomed the young pair with feelings of the strongest affection, and lived to behold a numerous race of great-grand-children soothing his declining years in the peaceful solitudes of Mon Repos.

R. S.

THE RHYME-BELL.

How often in an idle time
I hear the little bell of rhyme
Calling upon my laid-up pen
To dip, and go to work again!
Hinting a car of rich supply
From Fancy's cloud-lands hovering nigh,
That presently it will alight
And I'll have nought to do but write.
The pen comes forth—the tinkling spell
Has wak'd no music—I've nought to tell—
Ideas flag—Invention's frozen—
The theme wont come I would have chosen,
Or if it come, 'tis in a mist,
Bewildering me if I persist
Who is the better for their troping
Who use but literal hands and groping—
Who think mere pen and ink will do,
And force of rhyme, to help them through
The labyrinths of dreamings crazy,
The umbrage of ideas hazy,
Which rise (and unlike flowers of June)
At that small bell's melodious tune.
Give me the Dinner bell that brings
A summons to substantial things!
The cryer's bell, proclaiming round
Things stolen, or lost—these may be found!

A sheep bell—it may wake up dreams!
Of fertile vales, and freshening streams!
Good leaden Dumb-bells, which conduce
To exercise of healthful use—
Or sonorous Town bell, friend to Time,
Whose every toll's a moral chime,
But vanish, vanish from mine ear
This tinkling Thief that costs so dear!
This elfin plague of song, the ghost
Who but cheats Time, and cries "lost! lost!"
C. F. R.

FRAGMENT OF A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

Scene, Vellore; Time, Night.

TILDA.

Is it not sweet, to wander here at night,
When coolness breathes abroad, and from the sky
Its globe of searching fire the Sun withdraws?
It is our only hour of comfort here—
At other seasons, when the parching heat
Pervades the darkest nook, our thoughts take wing,
—Like frightened birds that flee the heated town
To nestle in the shadow of green wood!
Even so our thoughts take flight to those dear Isles,
—Those green Isles of the West—where was our home;
While longings (which the weary spirit fill
With fever and the mind with sick unrest,)
For England's fertile field,—for England's flowers,—
Oh, more than all,—for England's shelter'd shades,
Distract the tiresome day!

VILLARS.

But, 'tis not well,
My Tilda, thus to murmur! Thou art rich
In friends who love thee well, whilst many here
Are aliens, alike from home and love,
And yet they do not murmur!

TILDA.

Father, they do—they do!
Nay, and they must, too, if their heart retain
Those feelings—crafted in our human nature,—
Which wanting, we become worse than the clouds
We trample 'neath our feet!—Beats not each heart
For its own country, for its native land,
For the first spot where woke its energies
To good—aye, or to evil?—But 'tis wrong,
And weak, and vain, to murmur—for there are
Those near me whom I love,—and who perchance
Prize me beyond my poor deserts; so I
Should resignation learn from Piety!
They who are good—like prudent bees that make
Their sweetest honey from the interest buds—
Can from the Toad adversity extract
The gem, that pays them for their sad experience
In trouble's thorny track.—Their holy lips
Can utter prayers, not murmurs; and their hands
Still glean from fields of trial grains of hope;
But I am—

VILLARS.

You are weak,
And prone to pull the thorn, ev'n while the rose
Your ready fingers woos!—My darling child,
Thou hast not yet known sorrow—and the heart
That ne'er hath gauged the depths of Life's drear well,
Imagines every nook the showerburst sends,
A deluge of dismay,—Deep suffering still
Makes dumb the querulous voice of Murmur; and
The grief, that sits most heavy on the soul,
Disdains to vent on poor and pigmy ills
The ineffectual wailing of a word!

But see,—

How bright yon star peers out from the thin clouds
That gather round it!—Seems it not to look
Rebukingly on you, for such repinings?

TILDA.

Nay it looks kindly on me,—
Kindly, as thou, my father,—tho' the clouds
That neighbour it are like the dubious frowns
That strive in vain for mastery o'er thy face!—
This is beautiful!
That Fortress, and this Moat, recalling tales
Of haunted castle and imprison'd Dame!
And on yon bastion, where the moonlight falls,

The solitary sentinel of night
Looks like grim warden, on the battlements.

VILLARS.

Well, after all, it is a Prince's prison,
For Coorg's wild fastnesses have yielded up
Their Chief, to play the hero of your sketch.

TILDA.

Yes, this is beautiful!

The Moon, right over head;—those Hills that climb,
Or seem to climb, ev'n to the very sky!—
A rising mist—yet scarce a mist,—more like
A multitudinous cobweb, spun by some
Gigantic weaver of the gossamer,—
Floats wreath-like o'er their strangely fashion'd
peaks;
While, at the mountains' base, the Town extends,
Half-hidden by the dark green trees, that look
Like mechanism in the stirless air.

Father, they say,

That up in that Hill Fort, the long rank grass
Is rife with serpents!
Methinks that reptiles should not live so high;—
The nearer Heaven the purer should be Earth,
Nor capable of breeding aught so vile.

VILLARS.

Babel soar'd high to Heav'n, tho' on thy walls
Beat many a wicked heart!—Yet is thy thought,
If fanciful, most fair, nor without likeness
In ancient History's emblazon'd pages,
So full of marvel.—Fbr (as) Pliny tells,)
There is in Ciete a Mount, on which the air
Is of a nature so refined and pure
That there no insect breeds!—The tiniest fly,
Brought thither, instant dies,
Kill'd by the contact of a breath divine!*

TILDA.

I'm sorry 'tis a fiction,—'tis so pretty!—
—That beauteous Star,—the clouds have left it now.
To smile upon us gladly.—How it shines,
Down in the Moat.—Ah, me! is it not changed?
It is far larger, but not half so fair—
Its light is fiercer now, which was so gentle,
Its rays are blending with Earth's elements.
And therefore looks it wild.—In you pure sky
It reign'd amidst things of heaven—its self as pure,
Purer and brighter than them all!—reflected seen
Thro' the false mirror of Earth's waters—thus,—
It takes the angry semblance of that Earth,
And is no more the peaceful light it was:—
Nay, I will look no more.—'tis like
A Devil's eye!

VILLARS.

Thou foolish girl!

'Tis thus that earthly fauces still deform
The heavenliest images? 'Tis not the star,
The star of Heav'n,—is chang'd:—it is the water,
Earth's water, that is foul—and with foul things
And qualities imperfect mixed, it makes
Whatever is through its medium view'd, appear
Grim as itself — — — Behold!

TILDA (Screams).

Ah, Heaven!

VILLARS.

—It is the Demon of the Moat!
One of Vellore's famed alligators.—There!
He hath destroy'd at one full gulp a world
Of innocent ephemera. Every bubble,
That rises on the water round him, is
The brief mansolea of a myriad!
Let us go home, my child!—go home, and pray
For meek contentedness of heart,—for grace
To greet with welcome joy each form of beauty
God sends, as blessings on us;—and to view
With reverent awe such ministers of ill
As He, for our iniquities, permits
To startle, or—to warn us!

Vellore, March 1835.

* Mount Carina. "Pliny, Hist. Natur. 21-14."

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Our readers will learn from an extract from the *Scotsman*, given in another part of our present number, that this accomplished writer is no more. As we had for some years the pleasure of his acquaintance we cannot resist the temptation of saying upon this melancholy occasion a few words upon his character both as an author and a man.

His literary career commenced in the year 1817, when he edited in conjunction with Mr. Cleghorn, the first six monthly parts of *Blackwood's Magazine*. As Mr. Pringle, though not very partial to political disquisition, was a whig in principle, the tone and bias of the early numbers are singularly contrasted with the continuation of this periodical under the management of Professor Wilson. In Mr. Pringle's hands the work acquired that reputation for spirit and ability, which though employed in a very different cause, it has since maintained.

It is lamentable, that a man of genius, like Professor Wilson, and the able writers that occasionally enlist themselves under his political banners, should devote their noble energies to unworthy purposes. A consolation, however, arises from the conviction that they cannot much longer continue this profanation of their powers. The Spirit of the Age is against them, and they begin to find that many who were once indiscriminate in their praise, are now disgusted with the narrow-mindedness, the heartless scurrility, and the vulgar slang, that are no where so easily to be found as in the pages of *Blackwood*. Mr. Pringle and his coadjutor Mr. Cleghorn, having for a half a year conducted that periodical with much good taste and right feeling, resigned its management in consequence of a misunderstanding with the publisher. They then employed themselves on *Constable's Magazine*, which they conducted for some time, with considerable success. Mr. Pringle subsequently visited the Cape of Good Hope, where with the assistance of his talented friend Fairbairn, the present Editor of the "*South African Advertiser*," who was a year or two ago complimented by his readers with the presentation of a superb silver Vase, he commenced a monthly periodical, that was considered too free in its politics for the atmosphere of the Colony, and was suppressed by Lord Charles Somerset. Mr. Pringle had the management of the Government Library, but towards the close of the year 1826 he resigned the appointment, and quitted the country.

On his arrival in London, he was appointed Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, and Editor of the Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter, which situations he continued, we believe, to hold (independently of his Editorship of the annual entitled, *The Friendship's Offering*.) up to the day of his death.

In 1828 he published a volume of poems under the general title of *Ephemerides*. The first and longest piece in the collection is entitled the Autumnal Excursion. It is written in the easy octosyllabic measure rendered popular by Sir Walter Scott, and the tone of sentiment, and the cadence and general character of the versification are so much in the manner of the Introductions to *Marmion*, that Mr. Pringle must have been a passionate admirer of his distinguished friend and countryman, to have thus caught his peculiarities, and imbued himself with his spirit. We have heard that Sir Walter Scott himself once paid the poem a very flattering compliment, and acknowledged that the style and sentiment were congenial to his own.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—The Managers having granted Mrs. Leech the use of the house, (for one night only we believe,) on Monday next she intends to present the public with the following pieces—*Charles the XII.* and the Comedy or Farce of *Paul Pry*. Boxes 6 Rupees—Pit 3 Rupees.

'Though it must be confessed that the poem is deficient in the force and variety of its model, it is full of the graceful, domestic tenderness, the graphic delineations of external nature, the touching reminiscences of Auld lang Syne, and the ardent patriotic enthusiasm that so much delight us in the "Minstrel of the North."

We shall begin with the beginning, and extract the opening of this poem, as our first specimen of the volume. The love of nature and the cheerful benevolence that breathe throughout the following passage, must excite a feeling of respect towards the Poet, even in the breasts of those who were personally unacquainted with the mild and amiable character of the man.

DEAR S—, while now the southern breeze
Floats, fragrant, from the upland leas,
Whispering of Autumn's mellow spoils,
And jovial sports and graceful toils.—
Awakening in the soften'd breast
Regrets and wishes long suppress'd,—
O, come with me once more to hail
The scented heath, the sheafy vale,
The hills and streams of Teviotdale,
—And though my steps have linger'd long
From scenes that prompt the poet's song,
Till almost in my heart has died
The flame that glow'd with boyish pride,
For this I'll wake once more the strain,
Which else had ne'er been woke again.
And we will woo the visions wild,
Which first on opening fancy smil'd;
By breezy dawn; by quiet noon;
Beneath the bright broad harvest moon;
Or 'midst the mystic shadows dim,
Which round the car of Twilight swim;
While dreams of beauty spring to birth,
More lovely than the forms of earth.

Say, shall we wander where the swain,
Bent o'er his staff, surveys the plain,
With ruddy cheeks and locks of grey,
Like patriarch of the olden day?—
Around him ply the reaper band,
With lightsome heart and eager hand;
And mirth and music cheer the toil;
While sheaves that stud the russet soil,
And sickles gleaming in the sun,
Tell, jocund Autumn is begun.

I love the blithesome harvest morn,
Where Ceres pours her plenteous horn:
The hind's hoarse cry from loaded car;
The voice of laughter from afar;
The placid master's sober joy;
The frolic of the thoughtless boy;
Cold is the heart, when scenes like these
Have lost their genial power to please!
But yet, my friend, there is an hour,
(Oft has thy bosom own'd its power,)—
When the full heart, in pensive tone,
Sighs for a scene more wild and lone,
Oh then, more sweet on Scotland's shore
The beetling cliff, the breaker's roar,
Or moorland waste, where all is still
Save wheeling plover's whistle shrill,—
More sweet the seat by ancient stone
Of tree with lichens overgrown,—
Than richest bowser that Autumn yields
Midst merry England's cultured fields.

The patriotic spirit of the following lines will be appreciated by the author's countrymen in India.

How lovely seems the simple vale
Where lives our sires' heroic tale!
Where each wild pass and wandering flood
Was hallow'd by the patriot's blood;
And the cold cavern, once his tent,
Is now his deathless monument,—
Rehearsing, to the kindling thought,
What Faith inspir'd and Valour wrought!
—Oh, ne'er shall he, whose ardent prime,
Was foster'd in the freeman's clime,
Though doom'd to seek a distant strand,

Forget his glorious native land—
Forget—'mid richer foreign groves!
Those sacred scenes of youthful loves!

The following beautiful passages conclude the poem.

Now scatter'd far the smiling flowers
That grew around these rustic bowers:
Ungentle hearts, and strangers rude
Have passed along its solitude.
The hearth is cold—the walls are bare
That heard my grandsire's evening prayer—
Gone—even the trees he planted there!
—Yet still, dear Friend, methinks 'twere sweet
To trace once more that lov'd retreat;
Still, there, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart untravell'd finds a home;
For 'midst these Border mountains blue,
And vales receding from the view,
And lonely lakes, and misty fells,
Some nameless charm for ever dwells,—
Some spirit that again can raise
The visions of departed days,
And thoughts unutter'd—undefined—
That gleam'd across my infant mind!
—O, lovely was the blest controul,
Which came like music o'er my soul,
While, there,—a rude untutor'd boy,
With heart tuned high to nature's joy,—
Subdued by beauty's winning form,
Or kindling, midst the mountain storm,—
Alive to feeling's gentle smart,
Which wakes but does not wound the heart,—
I dreamt not of the workings deep
Of wilder passions yet asleep!

Long from those native haunts estranged,
My home but not my heart is changed
Amid the city's feverish stir
'Tis still a mountain-wanderer!
And though (if bodings be not vain)
Far other roamings yet remain,
In climes, where, mid the unwonted vales,
No early friend the wanderer hails,
Nor well-known hills arise to bless
His walks of pensive loneliness;
Yet still shall fancy haunt with you
The scenes belov'd when life was new.
And oft with tender zeal return,
By yon deserted tomb to mourn;
For, oh, whate'er the lot may be
In fate's dark book reserv'd for me,
I feel that naught in latter life,—
In fortune's change, or passion's strife,
Or wild ambition's ardent grasp,—
This bosom with a tie can clasp,
So strong—so sacred—as endears
The Scenes and Friends of Early Years!

Mr. Pringle's latest work is entitled *South African Sketches*. It consists of a series of descriptions in verse of characteristic scenes and objects in South Africa together with a prose narrative of his residence in that country.

Perhaps there is not a very deep or a very general interest taken in South African affairs, but this circumstance will not affect the popularity of the work before us, because it is written in a style and composed of materials that cannot fail to be entertaining to readers of all kinds and countries. A very large portion of the volume is occupied with curious illustrations of Natural History, and the narratives with which it abounds of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, and the fresh, vigorous, and picturesque descriptions of the appearances, habits, and achievements of Bushmen, Caffers, and Hottentots; of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and hyænas, carry the reader into wild and romantic regions, and make him travel in his own snug study with the same vivid feeling of interest and surprize as if he were personally sharing the adventures of the author. Endowed with no ordinary portion of sensibility and

enthusiasm, Mr. Pringle's account of his thoughts and actions possesses a character which is not often recognized in books of travels. The lover of light reading will be agreeably surprized by this work if he go to it under the impression that he shall find it as dull and dry as the generality of publications that bear a local title. Some of the names of places and of men are, it must be admitted, sufficiently barbarous and uncouth, but like the fantastic costumes of a savage nation, they are at least interesting from their novelty. They do not crowd upon and overwhelm and confuse us; for this work is not a mere traveller's guide or road-book; and the dates, and names, and distances are not made of such prominent and paramount importance as they too often are in similar publications.

The painter and the poet look on outward and visible things with a kindred eye, and in these *African Sketches* Mr. Pringle, working with words instead of colors, has thrown effects upon his pages which assimilate to the life-like illusions of Landseer's canvass. Nothing can be more graphic than his descriptions of wild animals. The lion's lordly step, the tiger's glittering eye, the heavy strength of the elephant, and the light activity of the spotted leopard, are represented with a magical fidelity and force. We are especially pleased with the neatness and simplicity of his style, because it shows in a strong light how much those ambitious writers are mistaken who think that vivid descriptions cannot be given without a lavish use of gorgeous and cumbrous epithets. Mr. Pringle's style is almost as delicate and correct as that of Addison. It has something too of its quiet fascination. We are always glad when we meet with a writer who resists the fashionable prejudice in favor of that inflated style by which Professor Wilson and others have lowered the general taste. Some authors are too apt to mistake a superabundance of words for a superabundance of ideas, and in their anxiety to startle the public with this supposed profusion of thought they multiply epithets and phrases with such outrageous extravagance that what fruit they have to give us is buried in the leaves.

In the celebrated Chaldee Manuscript published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, soon after Wilson joined it, the two first co-editors were much ridiculed, and their personal infirmities alluded to. Both of them were lame. Mr. Cleghorn is very stout and unwieldy; and from some defect or debility in his limbs is unable to walk and is wheeled about in a chair. Mr. Pringle, who was also heavily made in the upper part of his frame, had two clubbed feet and always went on crutches. It is strange how many poets have been lame. Shakespeare it is said was but "a halting-fellow,"* so was Scott, and so was Byron. In the strange article in *Blackwood* just alluded to (which article on account of

the offence it gave to a great number of respectable persons was afterwards suppressed as far as possible and is to be found in very few sets of that work) Mr. Pringle is, characteristically styled the *lamb*, and the noisy approach of Cleghorn, who in his editorial reign used to rumble along the hollow floor of Mr. Blackwood's shop is compared to the sound of thunder. These hits, do not greatly exceed the limits of fair, and even good humoured ridicule, but if we recollect rightly they were accompanied by far more offensive allusions. Hogg has somewhere asserted that he was the author of the original Chaldee M. S. but that when it appeared in the Magazine, he scarcely knew the production of his own brain, it was so "spiced and bedeviled" by Lockhart and Wilson. Hogg and Mr. Pringle were old friends, and as the most offensive passages in the article were said by the former to have been interpolated, their friendship suffered no interruption. Poor Pringle was not the man to harbour ill will against any human being, and if Hogg had even acknowledged a much harsher attack upon him than that in the Chaldee M. S. (of which, it being very long since we read it, we have now but a very indistinct recollection) he might have felt somewhat vexed and hurt, but certainly not revengeful; and at a single penitent word from the offender, his heart and hand would have been as open as before. In fact, the chief defect in Mr. Pringle's character was a want of spirit and decision in his intercourse with society. He was so fearful to offend that he sometimes failed to please. He who has a civil word for every man will sometimes discover that he has lowered the value of his own compliments and kindnesses. Mr. Pringle was perhaps too much the friend of all men to be the friend of any man. If it be possible to possess rather too large a share of the milk of human kindness it was the case with him.

"For 'e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Hazlitt used to say he liked "a good hater," for such a man only could be a warm friend. Mr. Pringle's uniform sauvity of manner and equanimity of temper indicated a character of mind incapable of very strong emotions. But there was always such a purity and simplicity of soul exhibited in his open, mild and cheerful countenance that no man ever suspected him of hypocrisy or guile. His civility was neither servile nor insidious, but the genuine impulse of his heart. He loved mankind and had a horror of all personal hostilities. In politics he was a whig, but a very timid one. He had a most generous love of liberty in the abstract, and his gentle blood fermented when he heard of any flagrant act of oppression, but perhaps his strong religious feelings rendered him less favorable to a perfect freedom of opinion on those awful questions which have agitated the souls of almost all thinking men from the beginning of the world. Thus he was accustomed to speak of certain eminent writers who differed from the mass of their countrymen in their notions of religious truth with that horror which is only justly excited by moral turpitude. With these slight exceptions a more truly amiable and excellent man, one more worthy of the admiration and love of his fellow creatures, we have never known. It is impossible to think of him without affection and respect, and in his large circle of literary acquaintances his sweetness of disposition and his refined taste and elegant accomplishments will not easily be forgotten.—ED. CAL. LIT. GAZ.

* We forget who it was that called Shakespeare "a halting fellow." We have a very vague impression that it was Sir Walter Scott. There are two passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets that seem to bear an allusion to his lameness. In one Sonnet, he says,

"So I made lame by fortune's dearest spite,"
And in another occurs the following:

"Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt."
If he really were lame, however, it is strange that no allusion was ever made to the circumstance by contemporary writers, as he so often exhibited his person on the stage. Perhaps, the lameness, might have been too slight to attract particular notice. There is a lame actor of the present day whose personal defect we do not remember to have seen alluded to in the public prints—we mean Mr. Mathews.—ED.

Selected Articles.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

ABSTRACT OF THE NOVEL OF "LA MAISON BLANCHE," BY PAUL DE KOCK, WHICH HAS NOT YET BEEN TRANSLATED.

M. Robineau, a round, bustling little clerk, about seven and eight and twenty, suddenly finds himself possessed, by the death of a relation, of what to his notions a handsome fortune. From an economical, thrifty quill driver he is changed into an anxious aspirer after grandeur and distinction. He must immediately have clothes, horse, carriage, servants, house, and, about all, a name, more sounding and genteel than that he was born to. A chateau situated in Auvergne, is offered to him for purchase; it is a real castle, a castellated castle, and is called *la Roche Noire*! (the Black Rock) Admirable! In France, a man may take the name of his estate. "Monsieur de la Roche Noire!" What an acquisition of a name for *ci-devant* little clerk! Nothing will content him but immediate possession; before the place is put in repair, or servants engaged. He sets off post, accompanied by his two friends, Alfred de Marcey, the heir of the rich marquis, and Edward Beaumont, a young author, who kindly gave Robineau their countenance and instruction while he becomes initiated in the mysteries of house-keeping and gentility. On the day of their departure, Robineau placed himself in the chaise before the horses were put to. Three times he sent for his friends. At length they arrive, the luggage is fixed, they set off, and Robineau exclaims "Now we are on the road to my castle."

At the little town of Clermont Ferrand, Alfred and Edward insist upon abandoning their carriage, and pursuing the remainder of their journey on foot; although Robineau would have been better pleased to enter his domain in greater style. At the door of the post-house a man was indolently sitting on a stone bench, his dress was poor, or rather vagabond. He appeared about forty-five years of age, but his mean dress, neglected beard, and black hair, hanging in matted locks about his face, made his age difficult to be decided upon. Still, in spite of these disfigurements, his face exhibited the remains of beauty. His nose was handsome, his mouth well-formed, but almost devoid of teeth, his eye-brows black and arched, and his large black eyes had an ironical expression which well accorded with the sarcastic smile that from time to time played upon his lips. His figure was tall and firmly knit. In short, although dressed in shabby trowsers of grey-cloth, a red waistcoat covered with stains, a great coat to which, in many places, were adapted patches of far other texture, worn out boots, and a blue handkerchief round his neck, he had something in his face which announced more than a common origin, and in his manners an air of ease and almost haughtiness, which contrasted strangely with his costume.

This man overhearing the gentlemen speak of walking to the chateau, which was six miles distant, offered himself to be their guide, but Robineau thought he recognized something of the brigand in him, and declined his services.

Alfred and Edward harass Robineau by their admiration of the beauties of Nature, which delays his approach to *la Roche Noire*. Their benign philosophy leads them astray into a village, where Edward writes verses: and Alfred joins a rustic girl in a dance. With much persuasion, Robineau gets them away from their pastoral attractions; but they have not got far on the way, ere they find they are overtaken in a miserable aml, by the dark night. They knock up some peasants, and demand a guide; but the road to *la Roche Noire* is through a lonely valley, by the "White House," which is said to be haunted. Its history may be briefly told. A thrifty peasant and his wife occupied a little cottage in the middle of a fertile valley. In the course of time, Andrew Larpiotte, the peasant, built a house near his cottage, with a view to profit by its sale. About this time his wife took a child to nurse, which they said was of poor parents; and soon after Andrew sold his house to a gentleman named Garvair; the house was furnished, but not inhabited. Lights occasionally seen in it at night were the only signs it possessed of inhabitants of any kind. In process of time, the old couple died, and left their ~~former~~ child, Isaura, who had grown up into a charming girl, in possession of their little cottage. She still possessed it, terrified by the midnight light that sometimes (so frightfully to the peasantry) broke the solitary and desolate look of the

White House. Nay more, she herself shared the ill fame of the house; for somehow or other she cured a neighbour's cow or so; had attended a wounded dog; and, *per contra*, many an accident that had happened to the flocks of the neighbouring goatherds was attributed to her arts. There was even a talk of a large black demon, that relieved the solitude of her life with his company. Isaura was left thus alone at the age of fifteen, and had continued to live so; cheerful, busy with her garden, her goats, and her household cares; gradually more and more shunned by her neighbours and unharmed by the neighbouring horrors of the White House.

As Robineau and his friends could not procure a guide, they were obliged to pass the night in the miserable hut of their informant.

On the morrow, under the cheering influence of daylight, the peasant set out to show them their way. Arrived at the White House, Alfred stopped to examine it, and knocked at the gate to see if it was really desolate. There was no answer to his knocks. The barking of a large Newfoundland dog at the cottage attract their notice, and while they regard the noble animal with admiration, "There she is!" cried the peasant, pointing with his finger up a hill. The young men turned their eyes that way, and perceived a young girl, who, driving her goats before her, descended rapidly into the valley. Alfred and Edward are immovable, and follow the young girl with their eyes. Now she descends a rapid slope, and her feet seem hardly to touch the ground—now she sportively leaps across a yawning fissure; at length she is in the valley, and her features are more easily distinguished. Her large eyes, of a deep blue, are shaded by long black eyebrows; and her eyelids, often half cast down, add to the sweetness of her look, which has an expression of simplicity and tenderness. Her nose is small and well made; her mouth a little large, and smiling, exhibits teeth as white as enamel; her flaxen hair falls in large curls on her forehead, and appears kept with more care than is usual with the peasantry. Her complexion is but slightly tanned, for a large straw hat shades it from the sun; her figure is of a middle height, but lightsome and graceful, her foot small, and her hand the dearest little thing in the world. A brown corset, and a shift of the same colour, with a red and white apron, compose all that adorn her person; but there is a grace in the manner she wears them, that has little of the heavy and awkward appearance of the Auvergnates. "She is charming," cries Alfred. Edward says nothing, but cannot move his eyes from her. "Yes," said Robineau, "she is pretty enough for a peasant." The little girl frankly invites the travellers to take what refreshment her cottage affords. While she prepares their breakfast, her dog Vaillant, by his mistress's orders, shews the travellers round the well-kept garden. Returning to the house, they find a breakfast of fruit, milk, butter, and bread, disposed upon a table with a taste and propriety that charms the sight. While the travellers are at their breakfast, she sits near them with her trusty guardian at her feet. Alfred told her that they had knocked at the White House; she betrayed some anxiety to know whether they had been answered. She confirmed his idea that the house was empty. At length Robineau persuades them once more to set off.

We must cut short his reception at the castle, where he made his appearance on an ass, which he had picked up by the way; he would have got off at a little distance, but the impatient donkey carried the unwilling Castellan into the stable. He had sent on his valet the day before, to prepare his vassals to receive him with dutiful attention; accordingly he is received by two old men, who had the care of the chateau, a few rustics, a schoolmaster, a veterinary surgeon, and a crowd of little children. The chateau is old and in miserable repair; but its antiquity and name more than reconcile Robineau to the necessary expenses for repair. Henceforward he insists upon being called *Monsieur de la Roche Noire*.

In the morning Edward arises betimes, before Alfred has yet left his chamber, and with much philosophical meditation sets out to pay a visit to the fair goatherd. He finds her in the neighbourhood of her cottage, reading while she is tending her goats. He finds she reads much; and a work of Florian's is before her. Edward recommends her choice; "I did not choose it," said Isaura; it was given me to read." Edward was on the point of asking "by whom?" but he could not summon courage; and yet he felt most uneasy, and desirous to know. Sometimes the young girl chatted with him in the most frank and innocent manner possible. One of her goats goes astray, and

Isaura runs after it. Edward watches the grace and freedom of her action with admiration. He falls into a strain of reflection. Her equivocal situation, her beauty, the solitude, his youth! He begins to think less charitably of her than before; and almost determines to try how far she is really to be tempted. While he is yet buried in reflection, Isaura returns; she comes again to his side, smiling as she says "Here I am!" There was in this action, and in her countenance so much of the confidence of goodness, and so much openness of manner, that Edward was ashamed of the thoughts which had come over him; and it was not till his pulse was calmed that he dared again look at Isaura. He declined her invitation to breakfast, and returned to the Chateau; determining on his way not to inform Alfred where he had been. Alfred, however, guesses; and next morning, when Edward rises, he finds Alfred has stolen a march upon him. He follows as fast as he can; and finds the more enterprising Alfred seated in the cottage, with a plentiful breakfast before him; not a bit of which has touched. The lively fellow, too, lets out that Vaillant had aided her mistress in avoiding a kiss, which he would unceremoniously have given her. Edward cannot conceal his jealousy; and Isaura is surprised and terrified at the appearance of anger between the young men. They put a stop, however, to this folly, and agree to start fairly and frankly in rivalry, and as a preliminary, never to visit Isaura, except together. The reconciliation and quarrel were equally unintelligible to her.

Time passes away, but not a morning escapes without the two friends paying a visit to Isaura. At length M. de la Roche Noire having completed his repairs, gives a plentiful bustling fete to some of the neighbouring gentry, full of mock heroic pretensions and ludicrous accidents. That day de Marcey and Beaumont would not abandon their kind-hearted little host. The party breaks up late, and Alfred sleeps heavily in the morning. Edward slept not at all. That day was the first he had passed in the chateau without having seen Isaura in the morning. He rose early, and Alfred was not ready to depart. Should he wait for him? He knew that Alfred's feelings were less serious than his own; and for once breaking his promise, he left the chateau without his friend. Isaura had passed a wearier day than usual; she missed the society of kind friends, who interested her, and took such an interest in her. She did not attempt to hide the pleasure she left in seeing Edward again. "Here you are," said she, "Ah! I thought you were not coming again!" Edward explains the cause of his absence. Isaura confesses that she has become so accustomed to see her two friends that she fears she will never be so happy again when they are gone. Edward cannot contain himself; he avows his affection and asks Isaura whether she can love him. "Mon Dieu!" cried she, "I love to see you—both of you." "Both!—equally?" The young girl blushed; she could not say what she felt. Edward drew closer, and passing his arm softly round her waist, said tenderly, "If Alfred did not come again, you would be sorry?"—"I should think of him sometimes;—we would talk of him together?"—"And if I did not return, would you console yourself the same way, talking with him?" "Never! never!" cried Isaura, in an accent which came from her soul.—Edward presses Isaura to become his wife and accompany him to Paris. He traces with enthusiasm the happy life they shall pass together. Isaura's delight is damped; she cannot leave the neighbourhood of the White House! "Why?—is she not alone—an orphan?—Has she relations living?"—No; but still she cannot leave the White House; nor can she explain the reason. Her tenderness and the frankness of her manner, in spite of this mystery, convince Edward of her honest affection. They part, secure at least of seeing each other on the morrow. On his return to the chateau Edward encounters de Marcey. Indignant at his treachery, enraged with jealousy, Alfred bitterly reproaches him, and without listening to his defence challenges him on the spot. Edward bethinks himself of his own happiness and of Alfred's disappointment, and reminds Alfred of their friendship. "Friendship!" cried de Marcey, "I no longer believe in yours." "Alfred, I have but one thing to say," Alfred, surprised, confesses that his own intentions were not so serious, and frankly gives up the contest to his friend.

Edward now passed every morning alone with Isaura. He would sometimes press her to become his wife; but she always urged the necessity of delay. His jealousy was at length excited. He watched her sometimes after

he had parted from her. She was the whole time alone; nor attempted to go to the White House; if she turned her eyes that way her countenance was instantly saddened. One day, after he had taken leave of her, he proceeded to the White House. It was a stormy September day, and he knew Isaura would be confined to the cottage. A gap in the high wall admits him to the garden. At every step his feet are entangled in the weeds and branches that overgrow the paths. All is gloomy and silent. He gets through a window into the house. It is furnished; he sees a library, the source of Isaura's reading; and on the table there are pistols. But there is no appearance of living thing within the walls; all is deserted. He has discovered nothing.

One night M. de la Roche Noire's whole household are aroused with the alarming announcement that there is an apparition in the castle;—a light has been seen in an old and uninhabited tower. While Edward remains to secure the safety of the terrified ladies, for there are visitors in the chateau, Alfred undertakes to dislodge the apparition. He goes, and returns somewhat graver, but alleges that the alarm was in every respect groundless, and the household return to their respective beds. Alfred had not told precisely the fact; there had been a light in the tower, and on entering the top room in the old tower he had found the same old man who had offered himself as a guide at the inn at Clermont—Ferrand, when they first came to Auvergne. They had often met him in their walks since, and found him to be fierce, sarcastic, misanthropical; a strange mixture of blackguardism and philosophy; next kin to a beggar, but refusing all assistance; he called himself the vagabond. He had once sneered at de Marcey's allowing Edward to continue his visits to Isaura alone, for he had perceived and watched their movements in that quarter; and had even offered to carry her off for him. Alfred indignantly repulsed him. He now came to tell de Marcey that the young girl they so much admired had already a lover; that a light had been that night shown in the windows of the White House; that upon perceiving it Isaura immediately went there and was received in the arms of a man. A full hour elapsed before she returned to her own cottage.

The following day being devoted to Robineau's marriage with the daughter of a neighbour, a most poor marquis, Edward was obliged to refrain from seeing Isaura. Next morning he rose full early and hastened to repay himself for the self-denial he had practised.

Isaura did not shew her accustomed delight at seeing him. She is pale and sad. Edward enquires the cause of her chagrin; with tender sorrow she tells him that she shall always love him; but that he must forget her;—she had been forbidden to see him more. "Ah, who has said this? could I but find the person?"—"No" cried Isaura with terror, "you must not even seek him." "Him!—Isaura you betray yourself! who then is this man? What right has he over you?" Isaura does not know herself. She only knows that she owes every thing to him; even her support with the peasants who appeared to the world to have adopted her. Edward rushes from her in despair, leaving her hardly less miserable, though more resigned.

Edward communicated his unhappiness to Alfred de Marcey, who told him of the vagabond's communication. They determine to unravel the mystery, and set out at night to watch. They see Isaura leave her house;—she is received at the White House,—by Alfred's father, the Marquis de Marcey! Edward's plans of vengeance upon his rival fall to the ground. Alfred now exerts himself to remove his friend from the scene of his troubles, and to that end they take leave of the newly married de la Roche Noire, who has already begun to give up his independence to his highborn wife. Edward cannot resist taking a last look at Isaura, and they seek the cottage. All is still. They enter. Vaillant is stretched at length in the court, bathed in his blood. Isaura is not to be seen! In the immediate search after her, they encounter, with mutual surprise, the Marquis de Marcey; who relates the poor girl's history to them. The Marquis had married twice. His second wife married him solely from obedience to her father. On their wedding-night, she attempted her own life, but was saved by the vigilance of the Marquis. She then informed him, though almost distracted with grief and shame, that she had been attached to another, the Chevalier de Lavigny; but that her father, discovering the attachment, and disapproving of the dissolute habits of Lavigny, had dismissed him, and forbidden his daughter to see him again; not however

before the libertine had effected her ruin. The Marquis consoled his unfortunate young wife the best he could, and promised to be to her a tender brother. He immediately took her to Italy, where she gave birth to Isaura. On their return to France, he put the child under the care of Sarpottie, at the same time buying the White House. A few years after his grateful wife died of a broken heart, and ever since then he had continued to come down from time to time to see her child; but always secretly, making the White House his abode. Even Isaura knew not her own history. Lately he had observed her changed in manner. He questioned her and heard how she loved "Edward." He knew not who this Edward was, nor his friend. He could only gather from her description that they appeared to be young men of fashion; and, if so, he feared for her happiness; and thus had desired her to break off the connexion ere it should be too late.

Edward, in spite of the misfortune of her birth, was as anxious as ever to obtain the good, lovely, and innocent Isaura for his wife. The Marquis was rejoiced in her having gained so true a heart; for he had long known Beaumont as his son's most estimable friend; and Alfred desired nothing better than to love and be loved as the brother of both. The first step was to seek the lost treasure; and they all united in the search. Their suspicions, directed by Alfred, lighted on the vagabond. For some time they sought far and near, in vain. At length Vaillant recovered from his wounds, aided them in his search. He leads them to a hut they had visited before.

Alfred's suspicions were not untrue. The vagabond had entered Isaura's unguarded cottage, and obliged her to depart with him. He carried her to a hut in a lonely place, among steep places, behind which was constructed an excavation in the hill, with a private entrance with no other opening but to the sky. Here Isaura remained for many a weary day. Her long delayed hopes were suddenly revived; she hears Vaillant's bark; and now voices are calling to the inmates to open the hut. The Vagabond enters the excavation, a sword in his hand. There is no hope that he can fly with Isaura, or evade the sagacity of her faithful dog. He determines to take her life. Her prayers are of no avail, he aims a fatal blow; but a hard substance in her bosom receives the blow. It is a miniature of her mother, which is driven from its gentle resting-place by the violence. The vagabond starts. "Who is this?" "My mother," said the terrified girl. "Your mother! Adila! then you are —" He seemed paralyzed. Ere he recovered his self-possession, the three friends enter the cave. The vagabond received a fatal wound from the hand of Alfred, he fell, and, expiring, confessed that he had taken Isaura for the Marquis's mistress; and that his persecution of her he had meant for retribution, for he was — Lavigny, her mother's unworthy lover.

Isaura was insensible to the horror of her situation, for she had fainted when the entrance of her friends had assured her safety. Her father's degradation was kept from her: the dying Lavigny himself requested that she might not be taught to consider her father, and the worst enemy her innocence had had, as the same. The friends carefully conveyed her to the White House. Here she recovered, and was united to her loving Edward, and has lived since among the dear friends, whom misfortune had taught to appreciate her unvarying sweetness.

Robineau, three years after these events, abandoning castle, wife, name, and all his grand schemes, came up to Paris with the wreck of his fortune. The last we hear of him is that Alfred, who was married, still welcomed him as cordially as ever to his house, and had promised to procure him a clerkship, better than the one he had lost.—*Edinburgh Hunt's London Journal*.

CHARLES LAMB.

(From the *News and Public Ledger*.)

It is with a feeling of the deepest pain and sorrow that we have to record the death of this friend and benefactor of humanity. Charles Lamb, the fine-minded and noble-hearted Elias, expired at his house at Edmonton on the morning of Saturday last (Jan. 3d 1835.) His death was rather sudden, and we greatly fear that it may have been hastened by an accident which we met with a few days before. While taking his customary morning walk on the London road, his foot slipped and he fell, striking his face against some stones, so as to wound it severely. He was

recovering, however, when we heard of him (on Christmas day,) and was as full of jest and whim as ever. Mr. Lamb sustained a severe shock in the loss of his, perhaps, oldest and dearest friend, Coleridge, to whom he so recently paid the last tribute of mortality—with whom he has so soon been re-united. All love and honour wait upon the memory of the friends! No man was ever more loved and honoured in life than Charles Lamb; his audience was fit, though few. His exquisite humour, his refined and subtle thought, his admirable critical powers—the fancy, the feeling, the wit that gave a character to his essays quite unique—

All were but ministers of love,

And fed his sacred flame;

that love which embraces humanity—the sympathy that encircles the whole family of life. Mr. Lamb was, we believe, in his 61st year. He has left a memory to which years will but add grace and lustre.

MRS. GORE'S NOVEL.

"THE HAMILTONS."

We had busied ourselves with preparing this novel for our week's abstract, before we became thoroughly aware of its being a political treatise in disguise—an Abstract, itself, of the mistakes that preceded, and the astonishment that followed, the downfall of Toryism. We found it impossible, however, to give it up, first, because it was Mrs. Gore's; and second, because so good a book was not to be found in the time we had before us; and we reconciled ourselves to our inclinations, *imprimis*, because they were such, and last, not least, because in professing to "sympathize with all," as most truly we do, we here had an opportunity of proving that we do so. In avowing therefore, that we agree in almost all the opinions of Mrs. Gore's book, and that she is not at all bound to make our admissions in extenuation of the faults of those whom she blames, (especially seeing that all reflective writers like herself really point to the same conclusions, though by another road,) it becomes us, in this Journal, to observe, that Tories, though their system is the most *victimizing* of all, are themselves victims, in common with every body else of circumstances and education, and partake deeply of those secret cares and disappointments, which all mankind seem destined to share *till all shall feel for all*, and contrive to work out the common good. Who, indeed, that reads this sharp and interesting work, or only our abstract of it, can fail to see that it is the system and not the fellow-creatures which the authoress holds up to reprobation; and that these fellow-creatures, like the most uneducated of the classes to whom they think themselves superior, are spoilt each by the other, generation after generation, son by father, father by his father till "mistake! mistake! only," is the cry of the relieved human heart.

Upon the talents of the fair author we have not time to say what we could wish; but it is impossible to speak of her at all, and not give her our cordial, however poor and brief thanks, for her generous superiority to the conventionalities in which she must have been brought up, (knowing them so well,) and for the evidences she is incessantly manifesting of an universality of reading and thinking, of public and private sympathy, of seriousness and gaiety, of wit, style, womanly grace, and sentiment, which present altogether the most remarkable instance of what is called a masculine understanding in a feminine shape, that we remember to have met with. The present age has been an age of *women* as well as of *men*, in the sense most honourable to both sexes; and the brilliant woman before us has an honourable niche in it to herself.

Scarcely a town in England but possesses its "right of vantage." Brighton prides itself on its royal marine residence; Oxford upon its University; Birmingham upon its factories of buttons; Chester upon its collars of cheese; every place upon its something! Laxington, a neat obscure borough, some ten miles N.E. of Northampton, had long been accustomed to prize itself upon its gentility. The gentility of Laxington consists in a tory exclusiveness; the whole village is Tory; the Whig interest being represented by the highly respectable Lady Berkeley, the widow of a gallant baronet, who died for his country, and her two daughters. The first germ of the more dreadful intruder, Reform, springs up in the manor-house itself in the undulgent radical principles of the only son of Mr. Forbes, lord of the manor. A hiatus in the circle of village grandees, made obvious in the emptiness of the long

tenantless estate of Weald, is at length supplied, to the great delight of the village at large, in the person of a stirring Tory.

"Weald Park to be let!"—It was something of a degradation to the gentility of the neighbourhood; and the vicar expressed himself severely against the immorality of young Lord Lancashire, on learning that the loss of thirty thousand pounds on the turf was the immediate cause of this declension of dignity. But he spoke with due hesitation; for it was the first time, during a long life, that Dr. Mangles had ventured to find fault with a lord; and he was duly aware that the turf is a voice, of all but right divine, to majesties, royal highnesses, and peers of the realm. Nay, he almost forgave the noble delinquent, on finding that the new tenant of Weald was not only one of his Majesty's ministers, but no less a person than the intimate friend of his honourable patron, the Right Honourable the Earl of Tottenham. The fact was clearly ascertained.—Mr. Smith had been written to.—Mr. Smith's opinion of the manor ascertained.—the lease, for fourteen years, was already in progress of engrossment.

The value of such an accession to the great talkers and little doers of Laxington, may readily be conceived.—Their neighbourly sympathies had, in fact, long required extension. Lady Ashley, the fair widow of Stoke, was almost always resident on the continent. The Cadogans of Everleigh were fonder of London or Brighton than of their hereditary oaks. Old Forbes was getting into his dotage; his only son, a rising lawyer, was rarely seen in Northamptonshire; and, although Lady Berkeley, or Green-oak, and her two handsome daughters were of inestimable value, as the heroines of their romance, not a single man of fortune was to be found in the county worth the attention of either. When it appeared, therefore that Mr. Hamilton, the new tenant of Weald, had a son and daughter of an age to form alliance in the neighbourhood, Lord Lancashire was fairly acquitted. They rejoiced to hear of their new neighbour's man-cook, and were proud of his groom of the chambers; but the prospect of a match for Maria Berkeley, and—who knows!—perhaps a wife for Bernard Forbes,—was fairly worth them both;—Pen. Smith walked over to Green-oak under an umbrella the following morning, during a heavy shower to acquaint Lady Berkeley with the news.

But her ladyship was not the woman to be startled into a confession of satisfaction.

"These Hamiltons will not be here till September," she observed with ostentatious equanimity. "I trust we shall then be at Worthing; if not, I shall have no objection to visit them. Although brought up a staunch Whig, I never allow family politics to interfere with neighbourly sociability. Mr. Hamilton, Tory as he is, may be a very worthy man."

Her pretty daughters, Maria and Susan, well aware that this *tirade* was intended only to mark their mother's sense of superiority to the Smiths, and the patron of the Smiths, Lord Tottenham, smiled over their embroidery. The Berkeley girls were almost as sensible as the coterie of Laxington to the advantage of having young and cheerful neighbours at Weald Park.

Mr. Hamilton, the new proprietor of Weald, was essentially an official man;—had been born in place, bred in place, nurtured in place. His father had lived and died in Scotland-yard, with the word 'Salary' on his lips; and young George, at five-and-twenty, the private Secretary of a public minister, trusting to be at five-and-fifty a minister with secretaries of his own, looked upon the treasury as his patrimony,—upon the duties of office as the virtues of his vocation, and upon the stability of Tory ascendancy as upon the immutability of the universe!—The very soul within him was steeped in office!

"From the moment a man of ordinary faculties is thrown into the vortex of official life, all trace of his individual nature is lost for ever!—Thenceforward, he exists but as a cypher of the national debt,—a fraction of administration,—a leaf upon the mighty oak we claim as the emblem of Britain. There is no mistaking an official man. All trades and professions have their slang and charlatanism; and that of Privy Councillor, although of a higher tone, is a no less inveterate jargon than that of a horse-dealer. Long practice had rendered this dialect a mother-tongue to Mr. Hamilton!—His arguments abounded in ministerial mysticism;—his jokes were parliamentary;—his notes of invitation, formal as officiate documents. His anecdotes were authenticated by dates; he spoke as if before a committee, or acting under the influence of a whipper in. He scarcely knew how to

leave a room without the ceremony of pairing off, or to hazard an opinion, lest he should be required to justify it to his party.

"To each man, the incidents of private life were of trivial account. His friends might die when it suited them. Mr. Hamilton was too much accustomed to see places

fall and about him.

"Mr. Hamilton's two children alluded to, are a son and daughter, Augustus and Julia; the latter of whom marries a younger son of Lord Tottenham, an empty headed, egotistical young placeman. An attachment arises between Augustus Hamilton and Susan Berkeley, deeper and sincerer on the part of the girl: for Augustus is absent for a long time, to her great dismay and grief. At length however he returns, and

er than what he is accustomed to encounter, is partly a source of admiration to him, partly of trouble, and ultimately of contempt. The father disapproves of the match. He hastens down to his seat at Laxington to expostulate, *à viva voce*, with his son.

"The explanation was a strong one.—Thirty years of public life had, however, imposed such a restraint on Mr. Hamilton's naturally impetuous temper, that he did not follow the custom of English fathers, on the English stage, by rating his son and heir, as his footman might have rated the butler after a drunken holiday. But the bitter cutting sarcasms of a worldly tongue are more difficult to bear, than an out-burst of vulgar indignation. Augustus listened in furious silence, while his father coolly recapitulated all his follies and enormities,—his debts,—his gallantries,—his gambling,—his selfishness,—his uselessness,—his ingratitude!—it was a fearful moment. The father insulting his worthless son;—the son secretly despising the scornful father. One reply, however, was uttered audibly enough.—The more Mr. Hamilton reviled him, the more obstinately was Augustus determined to persist in his engagement to Susan Berkeley.

"I have pledged my word," was his sullen and reiterated answer.

"You have pledged it on other occasions, when it proved no very effectual bond," observed his father with equal sanghoid.

"Congratulate me then on the amendment of my morals!" said Augustus, sneeringly. "For once, I am about to perform an honourable action."

"At the suggestion of Sir Edward Berkeley's expected return to England, rejoined Mr. Hamilton, hoping to irritate the young man out of his self-possession.

"At the suggestion of my own inclination," replied Augustus, with a kindling eye, but in a phlegmatic tone which, as you must be tolerably aware, I am accustomed to treat with the greatest respect. Let us understand each other! my dear father!—I will marry Miss Berkeley, say or do what you please.—I may have behaved like a villain elsewhere; here, allow me to retrieve myself. Your influence with government has, luckily, provided me with competence; and you have, therefore, to choose between provoking a family rupture and the exposure of your affairs for the amusement of the world, or such a compromise as will enable me to afford to your daughter-in-law a place in society worthy of her and of yourself."

Augustus paused; and, instead of a rejoinder, Mr. Hamilton fixed his eyes contemplatively on the opposite wall. He had assumed the pacific attitude of '*Chateaux qui parle et femme qui écoute*.' A surrender was no longer hopeless.

"You will admit," proceeded Augustus, "that your peerage is too safe to require a reinforcement of your interest by any measure of mine: and as to fortune, although Miss Berkeley's is almost too trifling for mention to you, whose income counts more than double the principal, you must not forget that she is prudent, economical, unexact-ing."

"A country girl, without tact, without address!"

"Ask any of the people who were gazing here last Autumn, except that venomous gnat Varden, and they will tell you, that Lord Shetland and your friend Lord Baldock thought her prettier and more elegant than Julia. The Marquis was always by her side."

"A new light seemed to break in upon the official man. His stony face grew more complacent as he listened!

"The presence of female society is indispensable to a house like yours. My sister's marriage would have deprived it of its chief attraction in the eyes of whom you are fond of conciliating. Even this new peerage, of which you think so much, what is it in the throng of London society, unless made prominent by the wealth, wit, or beauty of its representatives?"

"I see how it is," said Hamilton, affecting to cede to the force of destiny. "I, who have sacrificed myself, my whole life long, to the interests of my children, shall be compelled to sanction a measure I totally disapprove. Such prospect as you and Julia have thrown away!—My daughter refusing Clancastance, to marry a good looking fool with his maintenance at the minister's mercy: my son neglecting a woman of Lady Ashley's property to marry—"

"A beautiful girl,—the daughter of a man whose monument the nation have placed in St. Paul's."

"And whose widow, in the pension list?"

"Their descent and connections being every way superior to our own."

Having once determined upon permitting the marriage, Hamilton, for the sake of his own dignity, makes liberal allowances to the young couple. "And these gratuities, which, between any other father and son, would have been accorded with grace, and received with gratitude, were announced by the arid-minded Hamilton, in the tone of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, giving out the items of a budget; and accepted with a mis-giving air by the supercilious son!

"I am unfortunately engaged to the Berkeleys this evening," said Augustus, looking at the clock, as if anxious to escape from a disagreeable family scene, "And as I cannot venture to ask you to accompany me—"

"And why not?" interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "do you suppose that, having once given my consent to this imprudent match, I am not prepared to go through the ceremonies usual on such occasions? Do you imagine that I would lend occasion to those crackling idiots at Laxington to send a whisper into the world, through the Tottenhams, that I had been deficient in courtesy to the family of my daughter-in-law?—No, no! Pray do not allow such people as the Smiths' and Mangles' to despise us for ill breeding; whatever other bad quality they may have discovered in the family."

And, in pursuance of his system of conciliation, Mr. Hamilton was shortly afterwards seated on Lady Berkeley's sofa, in all the respectability of his white hair and suit of sables—charming her with his high-bred bow, his mild suavity of accent, his treasury smile, his deference to herself, his paternal tenderness to her daughter. But the hypocrite was taken in his own snare;—he became really pleased with Susan;—he was struck, for the first time, with the singular grace of her manners;—he felt that he should be proud of her—that she would embellish his circle, and do honour to his name. There was nothing to be ashamed of in the connexion. Lady Berkeley, although a bore, was a woman of a distinguished appearance; Marcia was majesty itself. Altogether, for a bad match, it had its extenuations.

"The young couple are married, much to the delight of Lady Berkeley and the distress of Marcia, who imagines her sister would be happier with her plainer, but sincerer, and wisersuitor, Bernard Forbes a rising young barrister."

"The tears on Mrs. Hamilton's Brussels lace veil were soon dry; and, after a month's tour among the Westmoreland lakes, which, the chilliness of the season considered, the bridegroom would not have been sorry to reduce to a fortnight, he assured his wife they should make themselves a laughing-stock to their acquaintance, by prolonging their excursion. Honey moons, like family mournings, have been abridged 'by authority of the Lord Chamberlain,' and it was only in deference to Susan's charming prejudices, that Augustus had been tempted to respect the old-fashioned custom of a month's seclusion."

"His lordship is just now in the best of humours," said the bridegroom; "ever since he enclosed me the Gazette announcing his elevation to the peerage, he has abounded in lordly courtesy. Let us make the most of it. It disturbs all the habits of his house that we should be absent, now the season has begun. He will not launch his new carriage till you are there to use it, nor commence his official parties—nor do any thing like. I find he has taken you an opera box, which is more than he did

for Julia; and asked the Dutchess of Parmighan to present you."

"But must I be presented, and go to the opera immediately? Can we not be quiet for a short time, till I get accustomed to London?"

"As quiet as you please. But, of course, there is but one way of living for people who live in the world. What shall we do with ourselves, if we neither go into society nor receive it at home? And how will you amuse yourself when I am engaged at my club, or some official dinner?"

"I shall amuse myself by waiting till your return," said Susan, smiling, "it will be quite occupation enough; and I hope to see a great deal of Julia. Do you forget what a kind letter your sister wrote me on our marriage?"

"Julia will contrive to make you forget it, if you attempt to wean her from society."

"You are thinking of her as Miss Hamilton. But as attached as she is to Mr. Tottenham—"

"You are thinking of her as Miss Hamilton," cried Augustus, laughing. "Julia is at heart a rake, and on that very account she and Tottenham suit each other precisely!"

"But you will be a great deal with me?" inquired Susan, looking anxiously at her husband.

"I shall be constantly with you; unless when I have engagements in town, one has always some engagement or other."

"But shall we not reside sometimes in the country?"

"Of course, we shall pass our autumns at Weald. You will then be near your mother and sister; and my father has his house full of company, so that we shall never be bored."

"That will be delightful!" said Susan, in a dejected tone."

They go to town, and the bride is ushered into her newly and splendidly furnished apartments in her father-in-law's house. Her indifference to the show surprises Lord Laxington. He "did not perceive that while apparently gazing upon the Dresden frame of her glass, she was engrossed by the reflection it served to convey to her eyes of her husband's remote figure; Augustus having loitered behind in the ante-room, to hurry through the contents of a handful of letters, which awaited his arrival in town. What could constitute their pressing urgency?—They could not be letters of business; for the whole of his debts had been discharged by his father on his marriage. Instead of welcoming her to the room in which so much of their future life must pass together, he was, therefore, actually smiling over idle notes of congratulation or invitation!"

"But the billets were soon finished and thrust into his pocket: and Augustus made his appearance, as full of gratitude and enthusiasm, as his father could desire; to enlarge upon Lord Laxington's generosity, and point out to his wife's admiration the care with which her favourite books and music had been collected, her conservatory furnished, and a door of communication opened between her dressing-room and that devoted to his own use. Poor Susan was, perhaps, of opinion, that she should have been more comfortable, more at her ease, surrounded by a degree of simplicity consonant with her early habits; but, as her husband seemed anxious to force upon her admiration the damask and gilding, bronze and ormolu, mother-o'-pearl and mosaic, which adorned her boudoir she was liberal in her applause. Lord Laxington quitted the room ere the thanks of Augustus and his wife were half exhausted."

"And, so, Susy, my father is actually going to make a pet of you?" cried young Hamilton, throwing himself on the sofa, and bursting into laughter, as soon as the door was fairly closed on Lord Laxington. "Est il ridicule cher Papa!"—When we men get into our second childhood, it is amazing what is vocation we display for the toy-shop!"

"It is very kind in him to have taken so much pains for my accommodation," said Susan, painfully startled by her husband's sudden change of tone, from the cordiality assumed during Lord Laxington's presence."

"Kind?—You will learn to know him better, one of these days! Not an ell of brocade, not an inch of rose-wood,—was placed here on our account!"

"The furniture is new," replied Mrs. Hamilton, looking round, somewhat bewildered."

"New as yourself, my little wife, who have much ground to go over before you discover that all my father's proceedings are directed to the approbation of that great

œil de bœuf—the eye of the world! You and I have as little to thank him for, in these baubles, as the king his parliament for the paraphernalia of a coronation! But *n'importe!* It is something to find the Chancellor of our Exchequer in a good humour. * * *

"The following morning Augustus was looking over the collection of great names on the cards left in Sprung Gardens, by way of recognition of the visitability of Lord Laxington's daughter-in-law. 'You must take care, love, that all these people's cards are returned; and it shall be my task to make you acquainted with those I really wish you to know. With my father's political associates and their families, you must, of course, be intimate; many of them, by the way, being the last women in the world I could present to your notice.'

"Then why must I?"

"Because you will be constantly thrown into their society. Party influence is paramount even to the grand dogma of exclusivism. The Tories are accustomed to stand shoulder to shoulder, and sink or swim together."

"But surely you are no great politician? I have heard you speak so scornfully of parties and party-men?"

"In the abstract! But are you such a little goose as to be ignorant that party is our rock of anchorage! that we live by office, and starve by defeat! that we exist only by a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether!"

"Susan heard only the first part of the sentence. There was something in the words 'live or starve,' which seemed to cast a gloom upon the gaudy trappings of the apartments. She looked round her with a glance that inferred, 'should we not be happier, poor and independent, than in splendid bondage such as this?'

"But Augustus saw nothing of the glance or its inference. He was watching out of the window a fight between two ragged boys in bird-cage walk. Had he even seen and comprehended it, his reply would have been unequivocally negative. He had never been either poor or independent. He had no experience in such matters. His political letters were second nature to him. He was a fox without a tail; but the appendage had been missing since his birth; he had been bred in the trammels of official life, just as the coachman's son is brought up a stable boy. He looked upon parties and politics as a mode or ceremonial of civilized life; and upon office as a thing devised by potentates to enjoy their services of plate and opera-boxes.

"I am going to the Travellers' for an hour or two," said he,—(the fight having ended in one of the sturdy little vagabonds being carried senseless and bleeding from the field of action!) 'Will you drive with me by and by? I will order the phaeton at five, and we can take a turn in the park.'

"But although poor Susan thankfully accepted the proposal, it struck her (*now* as he called her!) when Augustus had quitted the room, that, between the hours of twelve and five, there was leisure for something more than a lounge at the Travellers'."

"Unfortunately Mrs. Hamilton was not in the habit of being alone. She misses the society of her affectionate and intellectual sister; and now she had no longer Marcia to talk to,—no! not even by letter, with the unreserve which alone makes correspondence a substitute for nearer intercourse. For want of better amusement during their tour, Augustus had contracted a habit of reading all her sister's letters; and Susan was checked in commenting upon her new house or dwelling upon reminiscences of her old, lest Marcia's reply should contain observations offensive to the jealousy or provocative of the ridicule of her husband. Hamilton was apt to laugh at what he considered the flightiness and romance of Miss Berkeley's character, and to express his amazement at the *épanchement de cœur* exchanged between two sisters loving each other with a degree of affection, such as his lukewarm feelings towards Mrs. Tottenham, and those of Julia in return, afforded him no precedent to comprehend. He regarded every thing as exaggerated and ridiculous which exceeded the barriers of ice, erected by the exclusives as a safe guard to their arctic circle. * * *

"There were many things in her new mode of life, which an uncorrupted nature pointed out as inconsistent and objectionable. So little was Mrs. Hamilton habituated to the details of public service, that she could not help attaching a degree of meanness to the profligality, with which public money and public agents were rendered subservient to the rise and convenience of those who are themselves the servants of the public, in a higher capacity.

Her father indeed, had eaten the bread of the country,—and her mother was still its pensioner. But the fate, of the gallant Sir Clement sanctified the grant.

"It was not so with the Hamiltons and Tottenham's, and twenty families of their party. Some were paid for doing nothing; many, for doing very little; yet, certain of her new friends who were in the habit of proceeding from a late breakfast to the various offices, and quitting them at three o'clock, to take a turn in St. James's street, or to lounge in the purlieu's of the house, on the chance of a division, were everlastingly complaining of the severity of the duties, and grumbling for the arrival of the recess. The most over-tasked weaver of Spital-fields, could not sigh more repiningly over his loom, for change of air, and relaxation of labour! William Tottenham and Augustus, commissioners of a lottery which had ceased to exist, and clerks to an office which had never existed, were liberally remunerated as deputies in a sinecure place, the local habitation of which was a mystery even to their principal, yet they threw away the proceeds with as much pride and ostentation, as if they had been honestly earned; and very often did Susan shudder, on hearing them pin the wantonness of their prosperity, curse the people—the damned people,—the besotted blackguard people,—by the sweat of whose brows, their own leisure was secured."

"Another circumstance which appeared unaccountable, was the puerile nature of the conversation current among these eminent personages by whom she was surrounded. She had been startled, even at Weald-park, by the extreme levity of men whose names were of historical importance, and whose opinions of historical weight. But at Weald, the Marquis of Sutherland and his parasite, the pompous Earl of Tottenham, and Lord Tottenham's parasite, the Right Honourable George,—and the Right Honourable George's parasite, Mr. Secretary Varden, were supposed to be playing holiday; and had their privilege of private life to plead in extenuation of their bad puns, their dirty stories, their scandalous anecdotes, their wily-washy chit-chat. A somewhat comprehensive adoption of the Florian precept was pardonable.

"In London, on the contrary, within a stone's throw of the Treasury,—within oration-pitch of Palace-yard,—within sight of Westminster-hall, of Westminster-Abbey, it struck her that they ought to maintain the odour of officiality: that their counsel should be close as a despatch box,—correct as the draught of a chancery bill,—strong as a ministerial majority. They appeared at Lord Laxington's table, with all the blushing honours of the Privy Council thick upon them,—with the breath of majesty in their nostrils,—with the cracking of the door of the cabinet lingering in their ears; or with the cheers of their packed jury,—the house, still louder and still more portentous. Yet the graver the crisis, the more trifling their discourse."

Her wearisome mode of life is something relieved by the return of her lively brother, Sir Edward Berkeley, from his travels, who frightens her into a fainting fit by the suddenness of his greeting, and wonders at the fine-ladyism of his reception; and has a dread of being treated 'like a quarto with plates.'

The return of Sir Edward brings his mother and elder sister to town, and while there, Lady Berkeley contrives just to frighten her daughter into a slight fit of jealousy, by vague innuendoes. Her husband perceives the state of the case, and busies himself to counteract the mother's half-sighted discernment. Berkeleys were to leave town in a week;—and during that week he was constantly by Susan's side.

"See, my dear mother, how negligent were your alarms," she whispered, on taking leave of Lady B.—while Augustus was taking a few parting commissions from Sir Edward;—"Augustus has not been half an hour away from me for the last six days."

"Ah! my dear child! you know but little of the world!" ejaculated Lady Berkeley, mournfully shaking her head as she embraced her. And long after her mother's departure that portentous gesture disturbed the peace of mind of Mrs. Hamilton.

"A political conference, of a secret nature, between the delegates of the Great Powers, was about to take place at Baden, and Lord Laxington was to represent the interests of England: consequently, the most courtly of court physicians recommended the waters of Baden for Susan's impaired health, and Lord Laxington kindly consented to accompany his amiable daughter-in-law;—and thus, unconsciously, the gentle Susan was made a scapegoat to the intrigues of a cabal of politicians. Meanwhile

the Tories in office were in full flower. There could not be a stronger tribute to the stability of the party than Augustus Hamilton's acceptance of a subordinate appointment. Augustus—the handsome, successful, self-reliant Augustus, who had said of his marriage as Mazarin of a place he once bestowed, that 'it had rendered hundreds discontented, and one ungrateful.' Augustus, who fancied that his appearance in the bow-window at White's, was the spell of fascination that attracted every female eye towards that cabinet of curiosities—Augustus, who forebore to enter the pit of the opera during one of Pasta's favorite airs, lest he should distract the attention of the audience—Augustus, who felt conscious that he owed as much to himself as some men are fools enough to imagine they owe to their country—Augustus had, at length, consented to do some service to the state, which had acted as cashier to his family throughout two generations!

"It was impossible, however for any man to entertain a higher sense of his own condescension! Instead of compassionate Susan's disappointment in quitting England (when she had expected to pass a quiet autumn at their home in the country), he did nothing but point out the sacrifice he was making in losing the shooting season at Weald. Instead of lamenting her fatigue in so long a journey, at such a time, he did nothing but enlarge on the vexation of travelling in Lord Laxington's company, and being obliged to give up his time at Paris to courtiership and St. Cloud, instead of the saloon and the opera. He quarrelled with the roads, the inns, the weather; and by the time they arrived at Baden, the force of ill-humour could no further go."

"That his wife, to whom the place was new, should find anything to admire in its picturesque site and romantic scenery, was an unpardonable offence—there was not a soul worth speaking to left at the baths."

"At breakfast, a day or two after their arrival, in the midst of complaints of the cold and desertion of the place, Augustus exclaims, 'By the way, who were those showy-looking English people who bowed to you yesterday as we were returning from our ride?'"

"The Burtonshaws, relations of the Mangleses, who spent a week every year at Laxington—I know very little of them."

"Pray do not aspire to improve the acquaintance. I never saw more flagrant people! If there is a thing I abhor, it is a family of over-dressed, under-bred English, on the Continent; not knowing what they would be at and staring their eyes out in wonder at every thing every body else is at! blazing in front of all the theatres—attracting attention in all the public walks—and acting 'Milor Anglais,' to the amusement of foreigners, and the disgust of their own countrymen!"

"The Burtonshaws appear to be very harmless people. I believe they made their fortune in India."

"Never mind where they made it; but, for God's sake, do not bring them down in judgment upon my father! he hates all that sort of thing even more than I do."

"*Des dames Anglaises qui se presentent pour Madame!*" said Lord Laxington's valet, throwing open the door, in the belief that visitors who made their appearance at breakfast time, must be on very familiar terms with the family."

"*Et qui donc?*" cried Augustus, with a presentiment of the impending calamity."

Une dame et des demoiselles de Birtanacha.

"And in walked the "flagrant" people whom the fastidious Hamilton had just denounced as inadmissible."

From the Burtonshaws Susan learns that her sister is about to be married to Bernard Forbes, formerly a suitor of her own, and now becoming prominent in his profession the law. Marcia had long been attached to his worth, and the acquisition of the sister amply consoles him for the loss of the other. From Baden the Hamiltons remove to Vienna, where they meet with the Cadogans. Cadogan is a catholic, a very 'gentlemanly' man, i.e. a cold, inexorable, servile formalist. Mrs. Cadogan was a school friend of Susan's, and is now an artful intriguing woman; ruling her husband, while he believes her his slave by playing upon his foible of perverse wilfulness; and deceiving Susan while she appears her sincerest friend. Mrs. Hamilton is overjoyed at the idea of seeing a compatriot, an old friend, a woman! Her joy is soon damped by mysterious hints in a letter from Marcia's, regretting her intimacy with Mrs. Cadogan. Augustus obtains a sight of the letter, and his fury throws poor Susan into an alarm that causes the premature birth of a sickly child. During

her illness she gratefully accepts the services of Mrs. Cadogan, for she does not yet understand all that is meant, not even by her husband's phrensy. As soon as the invalid is sufficiently recovered they return to England, and are taken into the royal household. Hamilton sets himself tooth and nail to curry favour with his royal master."

"Bold as were Augustus Hamilton's profession of independence in private society, he was too well aware of the uncertain tenure of his father's fortunes, not to have resolved to effect, at almost any sacrifice, a more solid provision for himself. He would not, of course, do anything contrary to the code of polite honour—nothing 'ungentlemanly'—nothing calculated to get him black-balled at a club, or stigmatized in the coteries. But to perform the knot of courtiership, in common with the highest and mightiest, was no offence either against himself or society:—to run the race of lying or equivocation with a Duke, could be no disgrace. To swear that the Virginia Water (like the Teronis of the ancients) was composed of one part water and three parts fishes, was no reproach—except to the individual who believed! To protest that Corregio's 'Notte,' or Raphael's 'Madonna della sedia' were vapid in comparison with Rembrandt's 'Lady with the fan,' or Gerard Douw's 'Woman peeling turnips,' might be an error in judgment;—to prefer Lawrence the final to Vandyke the courtly, or Oginski's Polonaise to Beethoven's symphonies, could only be a fault of taste."

Hamilton loses his master, and Susan her weakly babe about the same time. William the Fourth accedes to the throne, and his hearty manners conciliate the discontented. "It was a long time since a king had met them face to face. The rising generation were glad to ascertain that the crown was not worn by a hippogriff, and his majesty, bred in a profession too critical in its vicissitudes to deal in the etiquettes of life—and at present unlearned in the precept delivered to Louis XV. by his chancellor, that "Kings themselves are but ceremonies,"—was well satisfied to set their minds at rest. A female court, too, was, for the first time, for many years, established; and the world begun to talk of King George and Queen Charlotte; and to fancy, they had retrograded to those "good old times," which ended in the riots of Eighty and the American war."

At this time, Mrs. Cadogan presents her husband with an heir, that is, however, no son of his. While she is still in confinement, and ere Susan has yet quite recovered from the shock of losing her own poor boy, Mrs. Hamilton pays her a visit."

"A yet severer retribution was in store for her.—She knew of Mrs. Hamilton's loss, and was almost glad that it would secure her own sick room from her presence; when one morning early, in her convalescence, as she lay on her sofa, near an open window, enjoying the delicious balminess of the summer atmosphere, the door of her dressing-room was gently opened, and Susan, quiet and unannounced, stole in. Caroline would have given worlds to evade the visit. But there she was, chained to her couch, without even a bell at her disposal, and when Mrs. Hamilton put aside her mourning veil, and bent over her with a kind, womanly kiss, a sudden flush of fever seemed to pervade the frame of the delinquent.—A tear was on her face, that had fallen from Susan's; and it scorched her like a drop of liquid fire."

"While taking a solitary morning drive in the neighbourhood of Everleigh, Mrs. Hamilton had suddenly found courage to attempt the visit; Marcia, who had constantly assured her that she had not strength for such an effort, being detained at home, writing letters to her husband."

"I have been very unhappy since we parted," said she, in the simplicity of grief, 'very unhappy; but, for the sake of Augustus, must learn to overcome my affliction.'

"You have so many remaining sources of happiness," observed Mrs. Cadogan, in a low voice; but she could not finish her sentence."

"We have all sources of happiness, if we knew how to render them available," said Susan, sighing. "But some are fated to deeper afflictions than others; some to brighter fortunes.—Yourself, dear Caroline!—How your career has prospered!—with every thing against you in the onset of life, how completely have all your desires been realized!—With health—with fortune—with an adoring husband—beautiful children—affectionate friends;—how happy you are! Do not think me despicable, if I own I think you an object of envy!"

"What would not Caroline have given for the entrance of her husband, or of a servant, to silence the ill-timed enthusiasm of her friend?"

"You must show me your little boy," resumed Mrs. Hamilton, after a long and painful pause.

"No—no!" cried Caroline, with uncontrollable emotion. "The sight of a child would be too painful to you."

"You know not," said Susan, with a quivering lip, "how well I can subdue my feelings. I must see children—I must accustom myself to see them without emotion;—with whose can I better commence my hard lesson, than with yours?—You, who are so kind a friend, will show so much indulgence to my weakness."

"I cannot—I—I—"

"Nay, dear Caroline!—Believe me to be the best judge of my own feelings! Do you know, I fancy it would even soothe me to hold a child again in my arms!"

"Not yet!—you must excuse me!" faltered Mrs. Cadogan, her heart beating more quickly with emotion than she had fancied it would ever beat again. But her will was not to be consulted. The head-nurse, proud of the heir of Everleigh, or desirous to exhibit to a visitor the magnificent lace of its cockade, thought proper to parade her charge, uncalled for, into the room; without dreaming that the deep mourning of the lady-guest had any reference to a loss rendering its presence disagreeable.

"See, ma'am," cried the old lady, approaching Mrs. Hamilton "without regard to the prohibitions of her mistress. See what a beautiful pair of hazel eyes!—Just the very moral of his papa—pretty dear!—Lord bless you, ma'am, I nursed Mr. Cadogan himself, ma'am, when he was't no bigger than this pretty daisling; and he was as like this baby, he was, as two drops of water."

But another resemblance was sickening in the very heart of Susan!—her own lost child seemed to rise before her eyes.

"Ah! Caroline!" said she, seizing the cold hand of Mrs. Cadogan, and motioning to the nurse to take away the little boy. "You were right! Forgive me!—I shall love your boy very much some day or other, I have long intended to ask you to let it be my god-child."

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, you do us too much honour!" exclaimed Cadogan, who had entered unperceived, the door opened by the departing nurse. "Nothing will give greater pleasure to Mrs. Cadogan and myself. You must persuade my friend Hamilton to take his share in your duties. Give my kind regards to him, and—"

"No!" said Mr. Cadogan, faintly. "I wish—I rather intend—I—" She stopped short.

"In a word, my dear, have you formed any engagements on the subject, and with whom?"

"Not exactly—but—"

"My dear Caroline, pray allow me to arrange these matters without your interference!" cried Cadogan, settling his chin in his cravat. "These are points I decide for myself. Supposing we call the little fellow Augustus, my dear Mrs. Hamilton," he persisted, too full of his heir to notice the agitation of his wife; and knowing that, as the Hamiltons' child had been christened 'Clement,' the name would produce no painful associations.

"As you please!" replied Susan, overcome by the triumphant joyousness of his voice and manner. "We will settle it another time."

"Good! I will write a line to my friend Hamilton. It will be better, perhaps, that the complement of the request should come from me. Are you going, Mrs. Hamilton?—Allow me to take you to your carriage."

"Good bye, Caroline," said Susan in a tremulous voice, as she quitted the room. "I shall see you again very shortly."

"I trust not—I devoutly trust not!" ejaculated the conscience-struck Mrs. Cadogan, when they were gone, and she found herself alone. "Such struggles, often repeated, would destroy me."

At length the Tories go out of office. This is a destructive blow to Augustus Hamilton. While he is absent, during one of the riots that took place about that period, his wife, anxious to discover his engagements, that she may form some conjecture regarding his safety, looks over certain of his letters; among them is one from Caroline Cadogan! Out of power, and unable to satisfy the demands of his dependents, a vindictive servant soon after publishes the connection to the world. Augustus is mortally wounded in a duel with the formalist Cadogan while his unsuspecting wife is kept in ignorance of his danger till after his death, to preserve her from the horrors of his

death-bed violences. After the death of her husband, she devotes herself to the care of her father-in-law, the fallen, disappointed, penitent Lord Laxington; and when again his death leaves her without a protector, she gives her hand to the Marquis Clancastare, Lord Laxington's ward, an accomplished, and intelligent young nobleman, who like Apollo, though possessed of every attraction, had not hitherto proved very attractive to the ladies, having been successively refused by Julia Hamilton and Marcia Berkeley. He is too good for the former, not exalted enough for the latter; but just suited to the gentle Susan, whom we are glad to leave at last in congenial company.

LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

[From the third number (just published) of "Lays and Legends of Various Nations," a welcome monthly publication; which increases in value as it proceeds. The present number contains several original communications from Mr. Crofton Cocker and others.]

MIND YOUR OWN FAULTS.

A gentleman riding along the road, passed by a *knock*, (a field of furze) in which a man was stubbing; and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out in a reproachful tone, 'Oh! Adam!' The gentleman stopped his horse, and calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying 'Oh! Adam!'

'Why, please your honour,' said the man, 'only for Adam I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and I been less curious, none of us need earn our bread in the sweat of our brow.'

'Very good,' said the gentleman; 'call at my house to-morrow.'

The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. 'Very well,' said the gentleman, 'you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind you are to enjoy all this on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate that lies on the table.'

The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought that there was little fear of his forfeiting it by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know it; and accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate—when lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. Begone to your hoeing,' said the gentleman next day, 'and cry Oh! Adam! no more, since like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience.'

THE ROAD THE PLATES WENT.

At some distance from Castle Taylor, in the country of Galway, is a round fort called the Palace of Dunderlass, where it is said Goora, king of Connaught, resided; there is not, however, the least vestige of any dwelling place; this palace was near a celebrated city called Adrahan. It is now but a village; tradition, however, mentions it to have been formerly very extensive. If the road, leading to the town, can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the remains of that which led to this, would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than the present road; except that there was an avenue of trees planted on each side, it is not easy to determine to what use it was converted. This road is called in Irish, *Boherlan da nau mins*—the road the plates went; and the story from which the name originated is odd enough.

Saint Macdagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains, to pray with a friar: when they had remained two days there, the friar was not so much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumbings of his stomach, from time to time; this made him murmur, and he said to the saint, "I beg your Saintship's pardon, but I believe you brought me here to die of hunger; your brother Goora gives a feast to his court to-day: I had, rather be there than here."

"Oh! man of little faith," replied the Saint, "do you think I brought you here to die of hunger?" And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever.

On a sudden the friar was agreeably surprised to see an excellent dinner before him. And when King Goora and his nobles returned from hunting, very hungry, they were very much surprised at seeing their plates and tables fly away! On this occasion, they did what every person might do who saw his dinner fly away, the cook with his spit, the servants and grooms, the dogs and cats, accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horseback, and ran as fast as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar, who had just begun to satisfy his appetite was terrified at seeing such a crowd ready to snatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the saint again, telling him it were better to give him nothing to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora.

"Oh, man of little faith," said the saint, "let them come." They soon arrived, and when they got within thirty paces of the friar, the saint put them in the most disagreeable situation any decent people can be in. He made their feet stick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar's repast.

I hey still shew in the rock the marks of the horse's hoof, of the men, dogs, &c., and even of the lances which were also stuck in the rock, for fear they should take it in their heads to throw them at the friar. As these marks are visible, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story, and since this time, the road has been and is still called, "*The road the plates went*."

"Oh, mighty saint, Macdough!" adds the narrator a French gentleman, whom the revolution had compelled to emigrate and who wandered through the United Kingdoms, recording his adventures with his national gaiety—a gaiety by which touches of true pathos can be alone conveyed, "Oh, mighty Saint Macdough, how much I should be obliged to your saintship if you'd deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!"

THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET

About two miles west of the city of Linrick is an inconsiderable ruin, called Mungret. This ruin is all that remains of a monastic establishment, and to have contained within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of scholars, fifteen hundred monks.

Of these monks, five hundred were learned preachers—five hundred more were so classed and divided as to support a full choir day and night—and the remaining five hundred, being the elders of the brotherhood, devoted themselves to religious and charitable works.

An anecdote is related of this priory, which is worth preserving, because it gave rise to a proverbial expression, retained in the country to the present day, 'as wise as the women of Mungret.'

A deputation was sent from the college at Cashel, to this famous seminary at Mungret, in order to try their skill in the languages. The heads of the house of Mungret were somewhat alarmed, lest their scholars should receive a defeat, and their reputation be lessened—they therefore thought of a most humorous expedient to prevent the contest, which succeeded to their wishes. They habited some of their young students like women, and some of the monks like peasants, in which dresses they walked a few miles to meet the strangers at some distance from each other. When the Cashel professors approached, and asked any question about the distance of Mungret, or the time of day, they were constantly answered in Greek or Latin, which occasioned them to hold a conference, and determine not to expose themselves at a place, where even the women and peasants could speak Greek and Latin.

BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.—The bard in whose soul, from that soul's infinity, the genius of poetry is not strong or softy enough to sustain him in the sphere of perpetual peace and brightness, may perish by the insolence of pride, and the poison of calumny, and the blows of unscrupulous hostility, and the clashing of interest, and the neglect of indifference, and the collision of his own susceptibility with the coldness of cold natures, and with the hardness of hard nature, but, even in perishing, he will see more and better things and powers that destroy him, than they themselves are conscious of, and in the waters that engulf his dying limbs will feel the embraces of the beautiful and immortal Ondines.—*Monthly Repository.*

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS PRINGLE.

We regret to learn, by a letter received from London, that this amiable man and gifted author died in that city on Friday last. Mr. Pringle brought himself early into notice, by the publication of several poetical effusions of intrinsic merit, and was connected with various literary periodicals, which acquired not a little of their celebrity from the aid of his pen. Among others of his works we may mention 'Leviotdale, and other poems,' 'Ephemerides,' 'African Sketches, &c.' He was Editor of 'Friendship's Offering,' one of the ablest of the Annuals, and he also distinguished himself as Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, in which office he laboured zealously and with ready in the cause of humanity. In private life, Mr. Pringle was universally respected for the suavity of his manners, the probity of his conduct, and the unaffected goodness of his heart. The intelligence of his death, we are sure, will be received throughout his native land, and generally wherever he was known, with feelings of profound regret.—*Scotsman, Dec. 27*

DEATH OF MR. MALTHUS.

(From the Greenock Intelligencer, January 3)

From the London papers we learn that the celebrated Mr. Malthus, whose theories regarding population have for many years excited so much attention and been the subjects of so much discussion, has paid the debt of nature. Regarding the character and achievements of this distinguished writer, the London Courier says—

He has been extravagantly eulogized on the one hand, and most unjustly depreciated and misrepresented on the other. Occasionally, perhaps, he carried his speculative notions to an excess, but in private life he was the gentlest of hum in beings, and was as little inclined as any one could be to judge harshly or uncharitably of others. There is much truth in his theory, but in some instances he wholly overlooked, and in others he did not make sufficient allowance for the circumstances that co-operate in his principles, and which he, in most cases, go far to render them practically null and inefficient. But, however defective, his researches have done a great deal of good, by exciting a spirit of enquiry, and directing the public attention to important facts and laws in a most interesting department of the national economy that had previously been much neglected. Mr. Malthus was much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a consistent good Whig, and was well entitled to, though he did not participate in, the patronage of the late Government.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A friend informs us (would we could disbelieve him) that private letters from New York bring the mournful intelligence that this excellent poet and warm-hearted independent man has had a severe attack of paralysis. These news will occasion wide and sincere grief. It is not alone that the harp of the only tragic author of our day may be forever silent,—the buoyant spirit which no reverses could subdue,—the generous spirit which no acquaintance with the world could deaden—may be lost to us. Mr. Knowles's exertions in this city for the Irish Catholic school, to which, poor man though he was, he for many years contributed annually £100, are but a type of the man.—*Glasgow Argus.*

[We find it stated in the *Glasgow Liberator*, of December 27th, that there is no foundation for the above report. No authority, however, is given for the latter statement.—*ED. ENGLISHMAN*]

MERRIT UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.—"Amongst other articles the First Number will contain; WHAT WAS LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK DONE FOR INDIA.—ESSAY ON DINING OUT.—BLACK BOY AT FIFT.—A peep at Harlequin Billy's Bear and Badger Pity.—THE LIFE OF EROSTRATUS.—THE M. P.—OASIS.—CORNIN'S RETIRING FUND EXAMINED.—CONTINUATION OF THE PARISH SQUABBLE.—THE BENGAL CAVALRY.—And several short ARTICLES and POEMS of considerable merit."

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[Vol. III. New Series, No. 73.]

Original Articles.

MY FIRST LOVE.

FLAME THE FIRST!

Timida sanguinis statuere trophæum

Where is the heart that has not vowed
A slave, eternal love, to thee
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?
The cold, the proud,—oh Love has turn'd
The marble tall with fire it burn'd

L. E. London

People may talk of their being in love, of their conquests and subjection to Love's power, and that they who have once sincerely felt a first love, can never find room in their heart for a second. They may do so, and they may still continue to talk of their affections being once fixed remaining always the same, but this, we who have had some experience in the tender passion affirm to be nothing else but humbug. What man on earth who ever fell in love with some Angel more bright and beautiful than day, but has loved himself, selfish fellow that he is, infinitely better than he would have done all the Hours of Paradise. Talk of love forsooth in a fellow who watches a few hours in the street, it may be, for his mistress making her appearance, in order that he may steal one look, one delicious glance of her. No sooner does his inward man announce to him that nature abhors a vacuum, than off he sets to some eating house, and the thoughts of his divine and lovely mistress are absorbed in the thoughts of a luxury enticing dinner. But all this our readers may say is little or nothing to the purpose. Oh Venus! to think of the time when first we fell in love, it is absolutely maddening. We were then about fifteen, and having just left school, had begun to assume those puppy-like airs, which may be observed daily in boys of greater growth. It would decidedly have been a treat to see us then, strutting about as if we had breakfasted on the kitchen poker, and looking all the while as pompous as a turkey cock in a storm. Did we meet any of our female acquaintance in the street, we instantly reddened up to the eyes, and we were in a complete flutter as to how we should make a polite bow to her. All things in readiness, our head shaken a little in order to render our Castor a little slack upon our skull, fingers adgetting to grasp the trim of it, and thus all ready we were in our own estimation about to make the lady a most respectful bow, when to our inexpressible horror and mortification, by carrying our head too high, we made a false step in the gutter, and it was all we could do to preserve our equilibrium and keep ourselves from pitching on our nose in the mud. The lady all the while, dear, sweet, and lovely creature! holding her handkerchief to her mouth to prevent her from spoiling her pretty face by laughing outright. But to the Angel of our affections, we commenced the tender passion where such sheepish business is pretty often begun, viz. at a dancing school, for the benefit of the professors of

leg twisting gave out of grown up ladies and gentlemen. It is true we could dance and that quite enough for the purpose, for God knows, we saw no reason that could make a fellow so busy as a hatter, to kick up his heels like a donkey with a bunch of broom at its tail. The said donkey no doubt considering that he was some very graceful gestures. However that be, neither here nor there, we had determined to learn dancing at a private class, because there were a number of big girls at it, whom we were of course bound to escort home, and to 'squire in the most gallant style imaginable. Love I was determined to make, and I would have paid my two guineas and a quarter twice over, merely to have an opportunity of commencing the passions and the pleasure of experiencing all the nice sensations I had so often read of in novels and other books. Heavens! how my poor heart fluttered the first night I went there. Mentally, I was repeating "that love was heaven, and heaven was love," and my whole soul was absorbed in the idea of cutting locks of lovely hair, and pressing them to my bosom, and of kissing my fair one before escorting her home. I pummed up my mouth with all sorts of shapes endeavouring to make it as small and plump as possible, nay, so far did my thoughts of mind carry me, that I was about embracing and kissing a lamp post, which my imagination had transformed into the object of my intended affections. In the midst of these delightful reveries 8 o'clock struck, and on I hurried to the rooms, capsizing in my way a poor old wife quietly taking her way along the street. I entered, there was no body in the room but the professor, the fiddler, screech, screeching away, and one or two little boys and girls changing their shoes. My mortification was extreme, for my fancy had been buoyed up to the highest pitch, and I verily believe had any staid damsel of 30 and upwards been there, I should most assuredly have had the impudence to try how far a little agreeable conversation would take with her. I walked up and down the room assuming as easy a port and bearing as I could, although I was all the time in a fever of agitation, pulling up my shirt collar, drawing my finger through my hair, adjusting my silk handkerchief, one of the best I could get for the occasion, so as to have a small piece hanging out of my pocket, and internally wishing I had brought a small looking glass with me. I was standing opposite one of the windows endeavouring by all the means in my power to get a sight of my dear person, and which by the bye was quite unavailing, when I heard footsteps and voices. My heart set a going pit-a-pat, and as the dear lovely young creatures made their appearance instead of going up to them with the sang froid I had intended, my politeness utterly forsook me, departed like a morning mist, and I stood the veriest sheep that ever had, kicking my shins alternately and blushing like a maiden at she knows not what. There were the pretty angels uttering away among themselves at me, and ap-

parently enjoying a vast deal of merriment on the occasion. My shirt collar of which I had been so vain was hanging over my neckcloth, weighed down by the perspiration which was profusely pouring down my cheeks, and my hair with all its elegant curls hanging down my cheeks like so many candlewicks or a baker's oven-duster. At last the party were all collected and I was introduced by the professor to the young lady with whom I was to fall so awfully and fearfully in love. But I must proceed to describe her, otherwise the story would not be the right thing, for who ever heard of a young lady being introduced into a story without being overhauled "in propria persona?" The girl, who was my partner, was as plump and unwieldy as a Dutchwoman or a milk-maid on a haystack, her hair which was adorned with abundance of combs and wire pins, looked like a well mixed composition of Train oil and red ochre, her eyes were very pretty and seemed about the size of rifle balls 60 to the pound, of that interesting and indefinable colour, between grey and green, though to my inexpressible uneasiness, I could not for the soul of me, say whether her oculars were bent on me or my next door neighbour. Her nose I could not well see owing to her optics, but I will recollect, that in the fervour of my early attachment I seriously meditated presenting her with a tooth brush. She was as straight as a walking stick, and her feet, her pretty feet, which were anything but small, looked as if the toes had cut each other's acquaintance and were straggling here and there like the camp followers in the rear of a retreating army. Such was the divinity of my soul, whose hand, something like a fish-ladle I was now grasping. What seemed a most unaccountable circumstance to me, was that I felt no agitation as I ought in strict rule to have done on such an interesting occasion, for all I could do, my hand would not tremble that is of itself, though the perspiration was oozing out at every pore like the courage of Bob Acres. What could I do, I endeavoured to set about it the best way I could, and though there was no necessity for my grasping her digits in such a way so soon, we being a side couple, nevertheless I commenced shaking my hand a little, staring her all the time in the face to see how it would take, but she being occupied looking at the other couples did not mind it, and I getting bolder increased the shaking till her hand was going up and down like the handle of a pump. Our turn came and off we set full tilt for the other side, but with indomitable perseverance I still retained her hand, by which means the other party had to call a halt half way. She gave a sudden jerk to separate her hand from mine, and the consequence was, the mark of my nails was left in the lovely flesh. Methinks she did not look so amiable as I possetted, and determined to do the thing in style, in dancing the balance step I gave the full swing and kept balancing up and down like the bar of a steam engine. Unluckily however a set or two after, when dancing in full fig, the string of my pump got loose, and getting under my foot would have sent me sprawling at her feet prostrate before her charms. But being, *scotchie*, right forwent her, my bullet of a head came against that heavenly bosom with the shock of a battering ram, and away she went like chaff before the wind. "With her back to the floor and her face to the foe," and my head coming against a stool made the light

twinkle before me and my masticators shake in their sockets. How my beloved got to her feet I know not, but when I regained my senses there she was before me with the look and attitude of a Pythoness, only a little less dignified, while I, scratching or rather rubbing my unfortunate pericranium, my eyes watering, stood quite dumb cowed and without a word to throw at a dog.

"It was a dreadful moment, not the tears
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish."

At last all was over, and I wished to escort her home, but my fair Dulcinea would not allow it and so I was left to chew the cud of disappointment as I best could. Next night I was very penitent, sighed frequently or rather groaned like a cow ill with the gout, or a pig with a parsnip in its throat, and turned up my eyes like a duck in thunder, or a coalheaver at his devotions. For a long time all would not do. She was set on shewing her teeth, which I could have dispensed with on more accounts than one. I endeavoured to stammer forth an apology for my conduct the night before, but could get no further than being sorry for my shoe string breaking. This gave her an opportunity to say she wished I had broken my head, which she did with a sort of grin, when I, elated with this seeming glimpse of sunshine, seized hold of her fist and applying it to my head bade her observe the protuberance; but instead of applying the balm of consolation to me, she saluted me with a blow on the face that made my cheeks tingle, and assume a "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," and it was only after repeated applications to my proboscis that I was convinced it was not streaming the purple element. "Vous avez bien avancé," thought I to myself, while I put but a poor face on the matter. This however was unction to her resentment, for now she laughed outright, and I, notwithstanding my visage was like a burning coal, was chirping away to produce something like a simper. Things went on indifferently well after this, with the exception of nearly making a halter of her scarf and committing murder when allowed once to put it round her neck, and once or twice giving her shoes to the wrong servant I had often come to the resolution of making proposals, but could not screw my courage to the sticking point, and though I had a set speech prepared through the day, somehow or other it went out of my head at night, or I was about to commence with the middle of it and instead of beginning by declaring my passion and imploring her to have pity I was very nearly beginning with "the support of our family." This was terrible, and if I did not manage matters soon, the class would be knocked up without my having been engaged, a consummation no. at all to be wished and a thing not to be thought of. I at last got a confession all ready and conned over so often that I had it as perfect as "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day," &c. Again and again did I go over it like a monk at his pater noster. In fact so full was I of it, that at dinner when asked what I would have, I began with "heavenly Angel" at last the eventful evening came; at every pause of the dance I was repeating my grand speech, and I thought that every one's feet had been regulated by some watchmakers to slow time, so long seemed the hours in passing. At last we set off. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and on our way to the fair one's home, I asked her to go by the beach

to which she consented. As we went down one of the streets leading to it, though only a short distance, I went over the confession an incredible number of times, and no sooner had we got to the beach, and a little way down than I popped on my marrow bones and had commenced with "heavenly Angel." The sand is very wet here said I getting up and rubbing the knees of my trowsers, and without another word of explanation I kept hauling her away up to the dry sand. With one hand I kept hold of her's and with the other felt that there were no stones where we were, on which I again came to an anchor, when just as I was about to begin I thought I saw some dark object moving near us, probably it might have been a boat, or sea weed, but my fancy construed it into some living thing and with some trepidation I again began "heavenly Angel, accept the devotion of"—what is that there? exclaimed I half rising. Oh nothing said she. "The devotion of a heart that—it's coming here. It's coming here again I bawled out; "here, where?" enquired she." There! "Nonsense;" "a heart" continued I "that has never failed in its"—affection for you I would have said, but at that moment it seemed as if the object was getting close to us, for I had kept my eyes upon it, and not upon my adored, and springing to my feet, I roared out as lustily as ever roared a bull calf, and set off as if the devil was at my heels, leaving my partner "heavenly Angel" to find her way home as she might.

"Oh ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

Tirhoot.

ALIF.

BALLAD.

She hath roses in her hair,
And their hue is on her cheek;
But the cankerworm is there,
In the heart that soon will break.
Her robes are like the snow,
And her skin, though lily white,
Feels the hot fever's glow
That shall kill her, ere 'tis night'
The Sybil's glance can see
A shroud across her brow;—
And o'er yon verdant lea,
A troop of mourners go;
There are tears in every eye
As it meets that dismal sight:—
—Oh, coldly will she lie,
In her peaceful sleep to night'

R. C. C.

GUTHRIE'S COMMENTARIES.

Guthrie's Commentaries on East Indian Patriotism and Philanthropy.

Guthrie's Commentaries are not quite equal to *Cesar's*; but they are not discreditable to a young East Indian. They show considerable reading and a turn for reflection. There are some inaccuracies of style in the pages before us, but it would be serving no good purpose to dwell upon such matters. We believe that the young author is not just now in circumstances to support himself without some kind of employment, which however, it is not easy in these times to procure. As to literature, it is a beggarly profession any where, and especially in India. We should think that this little pamphlet and the author's previous publication entitled an *Essay on Genius* ought to pave the way for him to some advancement. He possesses talents; and we have reason to believe his moral character is in keeping with his intellectual acquirements.

THE DEMON VISIT.

"Black spirits and
Red spirits and
Mingle, mingle, m!
You that mingle!"

Not very many years ago, lived Baron Von Artaveld, a Hanoverian Baron possessing more pride than all the Hanoverian nobility put together; and they, it is well known, are the proudest on the earth. In leaving him a pedigree of immeasurable length, his ancestors unfortunately forgot to bequeath him a fortune along with it. This was sorely felt by the Baron; and his attenuated purse of guilders had many arduous struggles to maintain the honours of the Artaveld name. These unequal contests sometimes ruffled the natural placidity of our Baron's temper; but in the end his good nature always rose to the top, like oil surmounting the surface of water. In addition to the veneration in which he held his ancestors, and on which he grounded his own consequence, a strong predilection to the ghost stories in which his country abounded, had taken a strange possession of his mind. From listening long and frequently to the history of demons, wild huntsmen, and all the other *diableries* that belong to German superstition, it is not wonderful that the old man got confused at times, and actually gave credit to the monstrous narratives that were poured into his ears. He had a daughter, lovely as summer, and playful as a fawn; even above his cherished pride, she held the sovereignty of her father's heart—she was deserving of it. Therese Von Artaveld had a smile for all, but she had a tear likewise—in the country round who was such a favorite as Therese? She grew up in her father's wild castle in the Harz, like a sweet smelling flower growing in a deep forest. She was accustomed to all the common forms of the world; for never had she left the neighbourhood of her birth-place; but there she was a child of nature, with heart healthy as in the day she was born, loving a laugh for the sake of mirth, a step springy from happiness, and with a sylph-like, spiritualized form—I am certain if any of my male readers had seen her, they could not have avoided falling in love.

The young girl was well aware of her father's peculiarities; and, I am sorry to say, sometimes took advantage of them; for to no one else did he hearken with greater attention than to his wayward child, as she related her wild and outrageous tales, generally the creation of her own fancy. And she would at times cross him in some trifling or ridiculous affair of pride; escaping from his wrath like a will o' the wisp before the benighted traveller's eyes until she had the full measure of her own fancy, when she would return and smile away the storm she had raised. Few or no visitors found their way to Artaveld Castle; and the Baron Henreich, with pride ready to jump out like Soda water from the bottle, would have certainly turned morose, had it not been for his daughter's company. It may be proper to remember, that sometime before the commencement of our story, Therese left, for the first time, the paternal mansion, in order to visit an aunt who lived at Gottingen.

The night was bleak, and a high wind moaned and whistled through the Harz firs. It was the month of March or April. Round a large wood-fire sat the Baron Artaveld and his daughter The-

rese, enjoying the species of comfort, which the red blaze, contrasted with the storm abroad, afforded.

"This is a stormy night, child;" said the Baron, pulling his seat closer to the fire.

"Yes, papa; and Steinbach tells me, he thinks it will be still stormier. Pity on those who have no house to cover them!"

"Very true, child; but let me hear the end of that story of the Demon with the burning eyes; and how he came to marry a Knight and Baron's daughter. Think you, there's truth in it, child?"

Certainly papa; my nurse Vorden says she heard it in her youth from the very mouth of the same Baron's seneschal."

"An undoubted authority;" muttered the credulous Baron; looking half doatingly on the laughing eyes of his daughter. "Vorden is a woman of veracity, proceed my child; and in the meanwhile fill my cup with some Rhuderskiemer."

His dutiful daughter entered on her tale, invented most probably for the occasion, notwithstanding the authority of nurse Vorden; but she had scarcely come to a conclusion, when the storm began to increase in fury, and at length the blast blew as if the Demon of the Harz himself was abroad. The poor old Baron, still under the effects of terror—whence the ghost-tale had spread over him, was almost losing self-possession at the sound of the tempest, which he seemed to consider to have been conjured up by the ireful Demon whose history he had just heard.

At this critical moment, a sound at the outer-gate, heard above the boisterous storm, filled up the measure of the Baron's fear. It had, certainly, a startling effect,—a stranger's arrival would have been a momentous affair even in broad-day-light, at Artaveld Castle—but now—the hour, and the storm—it was decidedly fearful—who could it be?

After waiting some time in anxious suspense, Steinbach, steward, seneschal, and factotum—for no other male servant existed in the Artaveld establishment—entered the sitting room; and with a countenance which would have been pale with fright, had not the influence of sundry cups of Rhenish prevented all such metamorphosis, exclaimed in the following words. "Noble excellency! a stranger craves the hospitality of the very illustrious and highly exalted Baron Von Artaveld; most puissant knight of the holy Roman Empire; et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

The seneschal was in the habit of addressing his master with the affected respect, by which the worthy well knew how to gain the Baron's heart; but on this occasion, from some cause or other he exceeded ordinary bounds, and so mingled his usual manner, with the grotesque, that the laughing countenance of Therese could contain itself no longer; she lifted up her eyes, and first a smile and then a laugh disturbed in a terrible manner the complaisance of her father's temper.—The rugged cheeks of Steinbach were immovable for some moments, but he was unable to avoid the baneful glances of his youthful mistress, and as if to make up for former constraint a deluge of laughter poured forth, startling the echoing walls with its noise.—The Baron looked volumes of wrath as well he might, and his daughter looked happy in her conquest over Steinbach; but the nimble Therese was instantly off her chair, and bestowed upon his brow a kiss for pardon—who could resist such a kiss? not her father, certainly—and the muscles

of the seneschal's face being now reduced to their wonted gravity, the Baron was restored to equanimity.

"What is this stranger like, seneschal?"—

"A very strange looking personage, most noble mein herr."

"Does he—that is, has he any appearance of —?" Yes, a very great one; most excellent Baron."

"*Ter Teufel!* thou sayest not so—what? think—est thou this man of the other world?"

"He is terribly black, most noble count; and as tall as the town-hall steeple of Gottingen."

The Baron shuddered—

"He says he has a message which must be delivered into thine own ears."

The Baron felt a chill creeping over him—

"*Him mel!*" he exclaimed—"a message! he may not be denied—admit him."

The stranger entered, he seemed of gigantic stature; and his dress was a dingy black rendered gloomier by the flickering light of the fire and candles. It did not escape the Baron's eye, that every part of it was of the same sad colour; neither did he feel at ease, on beholding a countenance of an unnatural red, covered with coal black mustachios; and shaded by a black hat, over which drooped a dull black feather.

"Herr count"—said this strange personage, in a voice which seemed only to belong to another world—"I seek my shelter from the inclemencies of the night"—so speaking, he threw himself upon a chair, and rolled his eyes round and round the room.—

No wonder the Baron's heart patted, patted like the ticking of a clock—only somewhat faster—it was some moments before he could loosen his tongue from the top of his mouth; at length, with a great endeavour he said—

"A stranger, be he who he may, is welcome at Artenbeld, on a night like this—may I crave thy name?"—"Not yet; *Mien herr graff*—all in good time—ho! ho!"—and he laughed a laugh that almost caused the Baron's heart to jump out of his mouth. "Let us have a strong cup of wine."—The wine was brought, and he poured a large quantity down his throat.

The rain now battered against the window shutters, and the wind howled fearfully among the ruined parts of the building.—The Baron would have given even his pedigree to have been in any other place than where he was; to his disturbed imagination the stranger seemed to have increased in stature; and as he watched his eyes, he thought they resembled fire more than a pair of natural eyes should do—so feverish had he got, that when his daughter rose, intending to go away, he intimated to her by every sign and gesture to remain; more than sufficiently frightened at the idea of being left alone with the curious stranger.

"Ho! ho! very pleasant," said the stranger; breaking the silence into which they had fallen; and fixing his red eye balls on the pallid countenance of his host.

"This is a cold night, and the fire is pleasant—I came from a hot place, thou knowest ho! ho!"

The Baron jumped half a yard off his seat at this startling assertion.—There was another pause, and a second time the stranger woke it—"I remember being in this castle when thy ancestor Oddo Von Artaveld defended it, battlement and tower against the *lauznechts* of the elector of

Saxony."—The baron looked—his whole face lengthened into fearful wonder—"That was my great-grand-father's father; he lived three hundred years ago—ho! ho! ho! how old am I think—est thou? Pledge me in a cup, Herr bon Artaveld." The Baron more than hesitated to do so; he thought the stranger's eyes burned redder; and he felt that it would be a tacit compact with so mysterious a guest—"Pledge!" cried the stranger, in a voice of thunder. "I do—I do," said the Baron, reduced to the last stage of terror—"Thou thoughtest me not sufficient good company to pledge cups together—eh? ho! ho! ho!" and the stranger's screeching laugh ran through the whole apartment. At this the Baron started up in a paroxysm of terror, hysterically exclaiming—"the demon with the burning eyes!" His daughter supported him, and he comparatively recovered. The stranger began—

"So thou knowest me—I'm a capital acquaintance—eh?—ho! ho! my master has sent me with a message to thee."

"*Alle guten Geister, loben den Herrn!*" ejaculated the Baron without being able to say more—"Listen," said the Demon, rising up—"My master says, thou shalt give me this maiden in marriage."—"My daughter!"—

"If thou refusest then woe upon the Henrick der Artaveld! the curse of my master and myself shall be upon thee in this life and for ever."—"O my daughter! and to a Demon!" muttered the poor Baron; every limb and every muscle trembling and perspiring with fear.

"Dost thou agree? Be quick;—for I must soon be on my way." The Baron turned towards his daughter—the Demon came near him—His flesh crept with horror—"I agree"—he scarce was able to articulate—"Excellent!" said the blushing Therese, clapping her hands—"What dost thou mean, Papa, by going to marry me to a Demon—so wild a looking one too—I thank thee for thy kindness"—she added, dropping a little immitable curtsy. The Baron stood half way between terror and surprise—he was now completely bewildered.

"Herr Demon will it please thee to doff thy lion's skin"—and the terrible black stranger by throwing off several articles of false clothing, not to omit the mustachios, and the red-paint from off his face, stood a good handsome youth, with light auburn hair, smiling very deceitfully on the wicked countenance of Therese. "Papa" said she, taking the stranger by the arm, "this youth is "Ernest Beterspelt of the town of Embden, and student of Gottingen university, and now my affianced husband," curtesying again "I met him at my aunts."

"What! what! and this is no Demon, and ye two have played upon me thus to force from me such a promise, knowing well that thou couldst never have obtained it otherwise to a man so much beneath thee in rank. O! Therese—thou hast broken thy father's heart."

"No indeed, Sir I hope not, I have only given thee a son-in-law."

"Never—my promise is not binding."

"It is, and it must be."

"Never—the son of a paltry bartering merchant marry a daughter of the house of Artaveld! with sixteen quarterings."

"And no guilders!" interrupted Therese—"now for my high birth, Ernest here shall give us guilders."

"Silence! disobedient girl, such a marriage may never be. Master Earnest Beterspelt, since such be thy name, out of my house."

"A promise is a promise," still replied the teasing Therese. "My dear papa keeps his promises as religiously as his honour; and if I had not been aware of the truth of this, I would never have joined Ernest in a plot which was only to cheat papa to bestow happiness on his own favorite Therese."

"By the three Kings of Cologne! never shalt thou marry him," cried out her exasperated father. Some four days after Artaveld Castle saw a sight which it had not done for a long time, a feast going forward according to the best means of the Artaveld family. It was the marriage feast of Ernest Beterspelt and Therese Von Artaveld.

CALCAR.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"Oh! who shall fix the delicate lines that keep
The bounds 'twixt love and passion's vortex deep?"

GRATTAN.

Love and Friendship are sentiments, which the ingenuity of man has contrived to place in a hundred different lights, so far as the one regards the other. To decide which of these lights display them in their proper colours, is a task that can never be achieved; since, like those peculiar plants that bear flowers of different hues when produced in different soils, they take their character from the minds in which they are born, and, from the intellectual pasture which fosters them, derive their depth of shade or acquire their peculiarity of tint. There are minds, where Passion—which may be called the spurious plant—springs up alone, to the utter exclusion of tenderer and more delicate growths; and, in like manner, there is a constitutional chill which denies even to the soberer vegetation of Friendship, the sap to nourish it, or the warmth to raise it. It is only the truly noble mind, that can at once produce both love and friendship, without permitting the exuberance of the one to overshadow the other. Friendship has been termed an avenue that leads to the labyrinth of Love; but methinks it is rather a neighbouring pathway, less exposed to the versatilities of sun and shower, and leading over a far different nature of soil with a track more level and smooth, if less picturesque than the other. Love leads the pilgrim over hill and dale, through bosky bourns and tangled thicket,—where the fragrant and thorns of the prolific roses alternately soothe the senses and wound the person; but Friendship pilots through a clearer region, where the path glides on gently, since its local asperities have been levelled by the pioneerism of tranquil reason, whilst the neighbour avenue has admitted more boisterous emotions to range through its dominions, rendering the roads that traverse it, now a field of lilies, now a bed of thistles! Friendship has also been called a phoenix, from whose ashes springs up a warmer feeling, baptized by the name of Love; but I do not think that this is often the case; Love may melt down into Friendship—but I question if Friendship can so readily be transformed into Love. They are passions so distinctly differing, the one from the

other, that they seldom infringe on each other's privileges or encroach upon the particular walks allotted to each; and thus—though Love may occasionally resign its votary to the calmer caresses of Friendship—the throne of Friendship is seldom, if ever, usurped by Love. It is a mere paralogism to call them *rival* plants; they are not rivals,—they are twins, that twine their tendrils leaves together. Friendship is the older shoot, and may survive its more luxuriant brother; but should Friendship be the first to fade away, Love participates in its withering, and with it dies.

Man's love has been recognized as a thing of ephemeral Sovereignty; this is too generally true, but it is not invariably so. Woman's love is a thing of more stability, and clings—like the ivy to the ruin—through the sunshine of prosperity, and the shower-burst of adversity, to the object on which its first fervour and freshness have been lavished. Sir Walter Scott has said that “maiden are fugitive essences;” will he then add, that the perfumes which are exhaled from the sweet flowers of Love and Friendship, flit away with the vehicle that conveys them and prove fugitive as the forms they float around? Yes, this he may say—love can only last with life; but in the bosom of pure, uncontaminated woman, first love only becomes extinct when life itself has ceased to animate the pulses. In the breast of man, love is a passion possessing the heat, the force, the brilliance, but the evanescence of the meteor;—and, like that bright but fleeting passenger of the heavens, it too often falls into the fen, or the morass—there to be extinguished by the unwholesome vapours of putrescence and decay. In woman's breast, it more generally takes the similitude of the clear, calm, shining light of day; which no clouds—though they may momentarily dim—can utterly obscure: but which smiles, on and on, through the varying hours, till night—like death—creeps in to fling her dusky mantle over its soft effulgence.

Yet how many fatal instances are there on record, of the melancholy passionateness to which the sentiment of love may be carried, in a female bosom, when that bosom has been unregulated by piety, uncontrolled by purity, and unswayed by the delicacy of feminine propriety. Even in the saintly annals of the Catholic Kalender are found the most touching proofs of the struggles of a human with a divine love, in the female bosom. Listen to Saint Teresa:

“*Ohime! Quanto Son' infelicissimi i dannati,—non possono amare!*”—

This is indeed the religion of the voluptuary!—the rival creed of the Moslem's, which paints Paradise as being worth the winning solely for its rivers of milk and honey, its vases of roseate wine, and its clusters of dark eyed Houris.—Yet, is there not something peculiarly feminine in the impassioned exclamation of Saint Teresa?—“how unhappy are the *Damned*, since they cannot love!”—for what, to woman with her yielding heart and her fervent spirit, is earth, in all its glory,—Heaven, in all its gorgeousness,—without love?—There is a sort of piety that is almost sensual,—sensual in its desires—dreams—and extacies; yet is it still Piety—for it only has birth in the hearts of the Passionate—the *Passionate, who are pure!*—

Madras.

R. C. C.

Selected Articles.

MONSIEUR DUPONT.

ABSTRACT OF THE NOVEL OF THAT NAME BY THE CELEBRATED PAUL DE KOCK, WHICH HAS NOT YET BEEN TRANSLATED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Paul de Kock is the novelist of Parisian middle life, and with due allowance for the caricature to which comic novelists are subject, is famous for the truth and humour of his portraits, for the vivacity of his incidents and dialogue, for a certain Voltairian turn in his style, an abundance of sense, of good nature, and now and then on little pathos. Two of his best novels have been made known to the English public by the excellent translations, entitled *Andrew the Savoyard*, and the *Modern Cymon*. The novel of which we here give an abstract is not one of his best; but it happened to be near at hand, and the author writes nothing which does not contain amusement and character; as the reader will see by our sketch. Madame Moutonnet, who persuades her husband she is “a fine woman,” because she is large, and who is jealous of him though she never loved him—the little old clerk who has been trained into slavery without being reconciled to it, and who is tricked out of his involuntary coach and dollar—and the grateful but mortified Monsieur Dupont, with his double watch-chain and his eyes a-top of his head, who is so astonished to find out that his wife loves him, and breaks his neck to return to her, are all portraits after general, as well as Parisian, life, though strongly and amusingly marked with the characteristics of their own country.

M. Eustache Moutonnet was a rich laceman of the Rue Saint-Martin. He was a man much esteemed in his business, for he had never let his bills be protested, or failed in his engagements. For thirty years that he had been in business, he had regularly attended to his concern from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. He kept the day-book and ledger himself; Madame Moutonnet carried on the correspondence out of doors, and transacted business with the dealers; the shop and till were confided to the care of Mademoiselle Eugénie Moutonnet.

M. Moutonnet, notwithstanding the grandeur of his position, could not be said to command in his own house; his wife ruled, ordered, and disposed of every thing. When she was in a good humour (a rare occurrence) she would allow her husband to go and take his cup of coffee, provided that he went to the coffee-house at the corner of *la Rue Mauconseil*, because there they gave plenty of sugar with their coffee, and M. Moutonnet always brought home three lumps to his wife.

This regulated life did not prevent our portly laceman from finding himself the happiest of men; so true is it, that “what is one man's meat, is another man's poison.” Moutonnet was a man of simple, peaceable tastes, and, like a child, it was necessary to his happiness to be led.

Madame Moutonnet was past forty; but she had made up her mind to stop the encroachments of time at thirty-six. Madame Moutonnet was never pretty, but, being a large woman, she had persuaded Moutonnet that he had a very fine woman for his wife. She was no coquette, but she desired to bear the bell for wit and beauty. She had never loved her husband; but would have torn out his eyes had he never dared to prove unfaithful. Madame Moutonnet was very jealous of her rights. In fact she herself was a very “dragon of virtue.” The fruit of this convenient union of domination and docility, was one pretty, unaffected, sensible, and tender-hearted girl, eighteen years of age at the commencement of our story, fond of her father and afraid of her mother. A kindly, stout young woman, named Jeanneton, and Bidois, an old clerk, completed the domestic establishment of the Moutonnets.

One day, at dinner, when Moutonnet was plying his knife and fork with vigor, that he might return presently to his ledger, Madame Moutonnet, “assuming an air almost amiable,” said to her husband, “Monsieur Moutonnet, to-morrow is the day of Saint Eustache.” “No! really!” said the laceman, trying to seem astonished, though for eight days past he had kept a strict watch upon the barometer, to see if the weather promised to be fine on his name-day. “Are we so near the 20th?” “Yes,

* In France it is the custom, instead of the day on which a person is born, to keep that of the saint whose name they bear.

air, to-day is the 19th of September.' 'You are right, my dear.' 'I never forget that day, sir.' 'You are very good, Madame Moutonnet; and you know I never forget Sainte Barbe;—dear heart!' 'We are not talking at present of Sainte Barbe, sir, but of Saint Eustache, which we shall keep to-morrow.' 'You are right, my dear.' 'I have arranged a little pic-nic party for the Wood of Romainville; does that suit you, sir?' 'How, my dear? suit me! I am delighted!—the Wood of Romainville, you know, I was always fond of!—'

• 'That charming wood, the lover's good.'

'We are not talking of lovers, Monsieur Moutonnet; you are always so foolish!' 'My dear, it is the fault of Saint Eustache now.'—'Recollect yourself, sir;' and a severe look made M. Moutonnet comprehend that his daughter set next him, and could understand all he said upon such forbidden subjects; and so the good man was silent, and his wife continued:—'I have invited a good deal of company for to-morrow, and I have endeavoured to make a good choice among our acquaintance. I think you will be satisfied with my choice.' 'My dear, you know that I always am!' 'Let me speak, M. Moutonnet; if you interrupt me so every instant, we shall never have done.' 'You are right, my dear.' 'Let us see who will be there.—First, there will be we three, and Bidois: I shall not take Jeanneton, because I do not wish to leave the house empty; I should not be easy. M. Bidois will carry the baskets; besides, you know, it amuses him.' 'Yes, ma'am,' said the old clerk, forcing a smile to hide the face he could not help making at the notion of carrying the baskets. 'I warn you, Monsieur Bidois, that they will perhaps be a little heavy to-morrow, for we shall be a great many, and, except bread and wine, which we shall get at the guard-house, we shall take every thing with us,—but, you are strong, you are active.' 'And I shall be able to relieve you too, sometimes,' said M. Moutonnet. 'Not at all, sir,' said Madame; 'I do not intend that; I do not wish you to tire yourself in the morning; by evening you would be good for nothing.' 'You are right, my dear.' 'Well, then, return to our company: we shall have M. Bernard, the toyman, and his wife, their daughter Mini, and their little clerk, E-tève. Monsieur Bernard is a very agreeable man, full of wit and gaiety. When he is in company, he sets every thing going, and that is what we shall want; if we had no one but you, Monsieur Moutonnet, to amuse the company!—' But, my dear, it appears to me—' 'Hush! I am going on: Madame Bernard is far from having her husband's spirit, though she has plenty of pretension, and is for ever putting in her word.'

In addition to these, M. Gerard, a perfumer, his wife, his sister, and little boy came to the pic-nic; and M. Dupont and M. Adolphe Dalville, a clerk in a neighbouring linen-draper's, are introduced, to enlarge the party beyond the fatal number of thirteen.

M. Dupont was a flourishing grocer, about forty years of age, living in the Rue aux Ours. He wore a queue and powder, because he thought it became him, and because his perruquier told him that it gave him an air of distinction. His sky-blue coat and yellow waist-coat gave him a sort of fantastical appearance that quite agreed with the astonished expression of his eyes at the top of his head. He caressed with complacency two watch-chains that hung at his waist-band, and every word he spoke was listened to attentively; he believed himself seducing and witty, having all the self-sufficiency of folly supported by riches; in fine, he was a bachelor of great importance to all who had daughters to marry.

The day is fine, and the pic-nic prospers by favour of the relaxed severity of Madame Moutonnet. The first thing proposed upon entering the wood is a game at hide-and-seek. Eugenio Moutonnet and Adolphe Dalville have some time regarded each other with an eye of inclination, though the vigilance and austerity of the lady's mother have prevented any familiar intercourse. The opportunities of hide-and-seek however enable them to avow a mutual passion, and swear eternal constancy. After dinner, during which Madame Moutonnet is incensed against her husband for attempting to carve a fowl, and quarrels with the toyman's wife who assists him, the younger part of the company join a village dance. The spirited toyman, something exalted by drinking, provokes the villagers to thrash him. This unpleasant circumstance draws upon him the displeasure of Madame Moutonnet, already angered against his wife, and she is at last enraged to that degree, that a total breach takes place between

the families. A storm separates the remaining company into two parties, and the Moutonnet family with young Dalville seek shelter at a coffee-house. Adolphe goes out to find a coach, and Bidois is sent soon after to assist in the search; Dalville however, with great zeal, succeeds in finding one first, and he and the Moutonnets leave the inn, without waiting for Bidois, and, to the great chagrin of the coffee-house keeper, without taking anything; for Madame Moutonnet thought it would be superfluous to do so. Meantime Bidois returns unsuccessful, sheltered, as to his head, by one of the empty baskets. After dinner he had manoeuvred so skillfully as to achieve the loss of the other with some bottles, part of the remains of dinner. Some turkey, and other broken viands are in his pockets, for Madame Moutonnet would have nothing left behind if she knew it. 'Where are my friends?' said he, replacing the basket under his arm. 'They went away in a coach,' said the master of the coffee-house, with a snuer. 'Gone—in a coach!—without me?' 'They called you. Is not your name Belloie?' 'Bidois, if you please.' 'Bidois, Belloie,—it's the same thing.' 'No Sir, it's a very different thing.' 'Well,—however, they have gone without you, finding you did not come back.' 'Gone without me!—let me return on foot in such weather, when I have broken my back all day with carrying their dinners!—Madame Bernard was right in calling Madame Moutonnet a tyrant!' 'They can't have got far,' said the coffee-house keeper, 'and if you run, I dare say you will catch them at the barrier; it was a yellow coach.' 'Do you think so—Let us see.' And Bidois ran out of the coffee-house.

'At length, having passed the barrier, the old clerk sees a hackney coach. 'I see it!' he cried, 'I shall have some rest now; keep it up!' the sight of the coach redoubles his vigour. He jumps forward, running haphazard among the brooks and marshes into which the road-way turned, to the great detriment of his stockings. He overtakes the coach; and it is a yellow one. 'Stop, stop!' cried Bidois, running by the side of the coach, in a voice choked with exhaustion. The coachman, thinking some one was making game of him, paid no attention. 'Will you stop?' cried Bidois, again; 'you have got some people who were waiting for me, and I will give you something to drink.' 'Ah! that's another thing,—if they are your acquaintance,—' said the coachman, stopping his horses; 'so get up, master.' Bidois did not want this invitation repeated; directly the coach stopped, he ran and opened the door. A cry issued from within. Ah! my God! it is my husband!' said a strange voice. 'Her husband!' cried a man; 'quick let us be off!' The opposite door is opened, and the gentleman flees, leaving behind him his hat; while the lady saved herself at the expense of her shawl, her gloves, and her handkerchief, leaving Bidois dismayed upon the steps. 'Hallo! what does this mean, old fellow?' cried the coachman, surprised to see his passengers off in such a hurry. 'Hey! Pardieu!' responded Bidois, 'it means that bad luck follows me every where.—I was mistaken, your passengers were none of my friends.' 'Oh, very well! you're a pretty humbug to play me such a game as this.' 'How do you mean? humbug!—do you think I did it for the pleasure of it?' 'Indeed I do, my man. But, you see, it can't pass in this way. You have frightened the two fares I was carrying, so that they have taken to their heels; but I can't do without my money. Its no use your speaking; I took them up at the pavilion François, and as that is outside the barrier, they were to give me a dollar; so, now then, you must give me a dollar.' 'I give you a dollar?' 'Yes, my fine fellow, it's agreeable to ye.' 'Nonsense! you are joking. Why should I pay the fare for people I know nothing about?' 'We are not talking about whys and wherefores; you have made my passengers run away, and you must pay me my fare, or we shall see.' The coachman, fearing that Bidois would run away too, jumped from his box; but the old clerk had no strength left for running, and he quietly suffered himself to be seized by the arm. 'Come, pay us, and have done with it.' 'I will not pay,' said Bidois, with an air of decision; 'for I owe you nothing.' 'Very well! then let us go back to the guard of the barrier, and there we'll make you understand sense, my little man.' Saying this, the coachman backed his coach, and took Bidois before the clerk of the barrier. 'But,' said Bidois, to the coachman, 'you can pay yourself, for they have left some things in the coach.' 'Do you take me for a pick-pocket? I shall go and give those up to the prefecture.' 'I'll undertake that no one will come to reclaim them.' 'That's no

business of mine. What right have you to put people out in this way with your basket cap? I don't wonder you frightened them; they must have taken you for the devil.'

'There was a general laugh at the piteous appearance of Bidois when he heard himself condemned to pay. In rummaging his pocket for his purse, he let fall the remains of the turkey, which he had taken from the basket when he put it on his head. This added to the gaiety of the bystanders. 'It seems the gentleman does not lose any thing when he dines at the eating-house,' said the clerk of the barrier, laughing. 'Sir, that is my affair,' said Bidois, peevishly, putting the bird back into his pocket, 'don't you go and make me pay duty for this turkey's leg.' 'No, Sir, turkeys don't pay duty.' 'That's lucky. Come, coachman, if I pay, I hope at least I may ride.' 'That's all right.' 'Where were you taking that gentleman and lady to?' 'I was to set them down at the Boulevard du Temple.' 'Very well; you shall set me down at the Porte St. Martin.' 'That will do, come along.' They leave the barrier to go to the coach. It still rained, and Bidois said to himself, 'At least, if I do pay dear for it, I can stretch myself at my ease, and sleep to the Porte Saint-Martin.' Poor Bidois! It was doubtless written in the book of fate that he was not to reach Paris in a coach. Before they had got to where the coach stood, four officers, quicker than the old clerk, came up, opened the door of the coach, and jumped in, exclaiming, 'At last we have found one! this is not bad!' 'What the devil now,' cried Bidois, running to the door, 'they have found one, have they! Very pretty, upon my honour,—stop a moment—Gentlemen, gentlemen,—getting on the steps—this coach has been waiting here an hour—for me.' 'I have no pence, old man,' said one of the officers, taking Bidois for the waterman; which was excusable, seeing now the storm had deranged his dress. 'Another time,' and he pushed him away roughly, shutting the door. 'One moment, gentlemen! What do you take me for,' cried Bidois, trying to seize the door; 'I am a citizen of Paris; I have engaged this coach, and I have paid for it, and it is mine; you cannot take it.' 'You see we can, for we are in it.' 'You must get out, gentlemen. Coachman! explain it to the gentlemen.' The coachman, enchanted to have got another fare, contented himself with mounting his box without answering poor Bidois, who ran backwards and forwards from the coachman to the door. 'This old fool will stun us with his noise,' said one of the officers. 'Gentlemen, you must get out of my coach.' 'What, give up the coach to you? My fine fellow, if do I get out, it will be to crop your ears. Come, coachman, we are in a hurry, and can't stay listening to this drunken fellow!' 'All right, sir.' And the coachman applied the whip to his cattle. Bidois went and sat down on a post, viewing with an air of consternation, the coach which had taken his dollar, and left him in the middle of the street. At last he got home, and went to bed without a light, lest in getting one he should be stopped by Madame Moutonnet, still to do something more.

Adolphe and Eugenie had sworn eternal fidelity. Their vows, however, did not preserve Adolphe (who is a sort of Tom Jones,) from the perseverance of a young dancer, nor Eugenie from maternal tyranny. One morning, Madame Moutonnet came into her daughter's room, and informed her that M. Dupont was to breakfast with them, desiring her to pay particular attention to her toilette. The foreboding girl dresses slowly, delaying as long as possible her appearance in the breakfast-room. At length she dares delay no longer. Her parents and M. Dupont are already there. "'Come in, my child,' said Madame Moutonnet, perceiving Eugenie trembling at the door; 'Come in. M. Dupont, go and give her your hand.' 'You are right, you are right,' said M. Dupont, leaping to Eugenie, 'that is what I was going to do, when I saw Mademoiselle.' The grocer conducted Eugenie to a chair. She seated herself without saying a word; but the frequent swelling of her bosom shewed that she awaited with anxiety the result of this conference. Meantime her papa, who seemed to wish to say something but did not dare to break into the conversation, contented himself with coughing in different tones, and taking frequent pinches of snuff. Breakfast is served. Then rain is talked of, then the fine weather, and then the trade of grocery; a part of the conversation in which Dupont makes a figure, taking occasion to make good use of brown sugar and pepper, and mixing it liberally with his discourse. At length Madame Moutonnet made a sign to her husband to keep silence, and addressed Eugenie: 'My child, you are now sixteen years of age, and your education is completed;

you know the duties of a counter, and, thanks to my example, I think you understand the management of a home.' 'Yes, certainly,' said M. Moutonnet; 'she is quite able to manage.'—'Hush silence, if you please Monsieur Moutonnet. I early inculcated in you principles of virtue and wisdom, which'—'Madame,' said Bidois, (whose curiosity is excited by the appearance of mystery,) putting his head into the room, 'I cannot exactly make up M. Dupuis' account.' 'That will do, that will do, Bidois; we are busy; I will look at it by-and-bye.' 'Oh, very well.' Bidois went away against his will; but he had had time to see every body there, and that was something; upon these premises he could employ himself in making conjectures. In short, my child,' continued Madame Moutonnet, 'thanks to my care, you are in a condition to marry, and you will prove yourself worthy of your mother.'—'Yes, my love, she will be worthy of you,' said M. Moutonnet; 'I always'—'Will you be silent, Monsieur Moutonnet? will you let me speak? I never saw you so talkative!—Nevertheless, my child, we should not yet perhaps have thought of marrying you. Seeing your youth, we should doubtless have waited some years, if a brilliant and a solid offer had not been made for you.' Dupont, finding that he was now brought upon the carpet, rocked and fidgeted himself on his chair, turned his eyes about after the most agreeable fashion he could, playing all the while with the chains and trinkets of his two watches. 'Yes, my child, a brilliant offer has been made for you. The person who seeks you in marriage has every right to your affections.' Here Dupont rose, and bowed to Madame Moutonnet. 'A man who joins to an agreeable exterior—(Dupont rises and bows)—those qualities which are essential to render a woman happy!—(Another standing bow from Dupont)—A man of an age befitting a husband; a man who wishes to make you happy, who loves you tenderly; who is rich, very rich; and, what is more, economical, and perfectly versed in business.'—All this while Dupont does nothing but stand up and bow.—'A man, in short, in whom I know no defect.'—Here Dupont, sitting down too suddenly, rolled on to the floor. Bidois, hearing a noise, pretended that he thought he was called. He assisted the grocer to regain his seat; and the future bridegroom, to avoid the like accident, determined to hear Madame Moutonnet to an end, quietly on his chair. 'In fine, my child,' continued Madame Moutonnet, when the storm was over, 'in the portrait which I have drawn, I do not doubt you will recognise Monsieur Dupont, our sincere friend;—well, you are not deceived; it is he who has asked your hand, and it is he to whom we have determined to marry you.' The result of this discourse is a fainting fit on the part of the poor girl, who endeavours to avert her calamity in vain. Nor is Adolphe, who makes a frantic appeal to Madame Moutonnet, more successful; he is dismissed, and Eugenie locked up in her chamber. The wedding-day approaches. 'M. Dupont had already made his purchases. He had bought the wedding present, into which he insisted on thrusting some packets of Bayonne chocolate, and *pâté de guinave*. Eight days beforehand he ordered an entire suit of clothes for himself; he engaged his perruquier to invent something new for his head; he purchased some new trinkets for his watches, which, with the old ones, made such a noise, that he could be heard a hundred yards off, so that every one drew out of his way, thinking that it was a horse with bells. M. Dupont was enchanted at making such a sensation, and he smiled at all the world, and all the world smiled at him.' He engages more rooms over the shop he occupies, to enlarge his apartment; and takes into his service Jeanneton, who has been dismissed by Madame Moutonnet, being respected, with reason, of favouring the younger lover. Jeanneton has the address to persuade Dupont, that she has left her place for the sake of following her young mistress. At length, the wedding-day has positively come. 'From five o'clock in the morning Dupont was beside himself; he had bathed and scrubbed himself nobly, and settled his head-dress. He walked up and down, from room to room, all about his lodging; he ran backwards and forwards between his shop and his looking-glass, now calling upon Jeanneton, now upon his shop-boys, to assist him at the one or the other; for the first time in his life, perhaps, he forgot the price of sugar and coffee. What with going and coming, and running about, the grocer managed to get over the time, till it became necessary for him to put on his new suit; black coat, waistcoat, and small clothes, white silk stockings and buckled shoes. Dupont spread them all out before

him, and stood for an instant in admiration. 'Decidedly there is nothing wanting,' said he, applying himself to the duty of putting them on. The coat and waistcoat do very well, but the small-clothes are rather tight. 'Deuce!' said Dupont kicking to stretch them a bit, 'they pinch a little. My knees feel as if they were held in a vice! Certainly, they set all the better for it; not a fold; they fit like a glove!' The grocer calls Jeanneton and his apprentices. 'How am I?' 'Superb, sir.' 'And the cut?' 'Admirable.' 'You seem to have a little difficulty in walking, sir,' said Jeanneton. 'Ah! that is my small-clothes; but I hope they will be better when I have worn them a little; besides I have no other black ones, and one can't be married in yellow small-clothes. But, they suit me, don't they?' 'Admirably, sir.' * * *

'Well, I am ready. Let's be off—my gloves?—my hat!—nosegay?—Are the three glass coaches at the door?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Have the coachmen nosiegays?' 'Yes, sir.' 'That's right.' Do they give them to the horses? 'Not commonly; but if you wish it, sir, some can be fastened to their ears.' 'Let 'em; it will be more handsome, more brilliant. Faith, one is not married every day, and I wish my marriage to be talked of—Joseph, run and buy some branches of orange flowers, and have them put to the horses' heads.' 'Yes, sir; and to their tails?' 'A bunch of amarantus to each tail. I like to do things in grand style.'"

Dupont is married to Eugenie. Meantime Adolphe has heard that his father is sick. He hastens to him, and finds him in a consumption. At length the disease approaches a crisis, and Adolphe watches over him with the tenderest care. One night M. Dalville, feeling easier, persuades his son to seek a few hours repose. Long watching and exhaustion threw Adolphe into a profound sleep, which lasted till late in the following day. What is his astonishment on waking to find his father's hand in his, but cold, and motionless. The father has come to die by his sleeping son. Having buried his father, he returns to Paris, where the news of Eugenie's marriage drives him to despair. Soon after, he hears news of an uncle who has died abroad, and left him a large fortune. In acts of benevolence, and new affections, he strives to forget his first love. Eugenie, though married to Dupont, and living in his house, insists upon being her own mistress, and, with Jeanneton's assistance, who had already procured her a separate apartment, manages to preserve her fidelity to Adolphe, till the unexpected sight of her early lover throws her into a dangerous illness. Dupont studies in vain to please her; and when at length her illness postpones his hopes *sine die*, he sets off on business to Marseilles. Eugenie recovers, and chances to see Adolphe escorting, with unequivocal assiduity, another lady to whom in fact he was about to be married. This works such a change in her sentiments, that she writes a kind letter to call home her well-meaning, though troublesome husband. "My wife! a letter from my wife!" cried the grocer, "what can that mean! She must be at the point of death!" He reads, and his astonishment increases at every word. "Hereafter you will find in me a submissive wife.—Good heaven! Is it possible! How reflecting! A submissive wife!" Ah! it is absence that has done this. My wife adores me, now she sees me no longer. Poor little dear!—A submissive wife! Dupont is intoxicated; he jumps up, and runs like a madman to his landlady, tells her to pack up, and then flies to the posthouse, where he arrives panting and blowing. "Quick! quick!" cried he, "want some horses, a coach, postillions!" "Where is the gentleman going?" "To Paris." "When does Monsieur wish to set out?" "Instantly; my wife is waiting for me. What is the quickest mode of travelling?" "Faith, sir, going post is as quick as any." "Post! Very good; I go post." "Will you take a chaise?" "A chaise! two if it is necessary." "How many horses?" "How many can you put to?" "Two, three, or four, as you like." "I'll have five then; and you had better put them all one before the other, that they may run the faster." "It would be impossible to drive them, sir." "Put them all abreast, then." "Why, sir, then we could not fasten them to the coach." "Well, put them how you like; I don't care how they go, provided they go like the wind." "Will you have two postillions?" "Three, and a courier to go before. My wife is waiting for me, and I am in haste." The chaise, postillions, courier, all come to the door. He jumps in. Such an extraordinary *turn-out* puzzles the neighbours. "Is it a prince *incognito*? an ambassador? a general? or any

other great man?"—"Who is it, postillions?" They answer, "It is a wholesale grocer going to his wife." Dupont pays like a prince, and his courier announces his arrival at the inns with great importance. The innkeepers make great preparations. Fires crackle, spits turn, all the saucepans are on the stoves, and the scullions at their places; the servants hasten to prepare a room for the illustrious traveller. A man who has a courier does not dine at the common table, and, as he does not stop the night, they must repay themselves for it in the dinner-bill. The sound of horses and whips announces the arrival of the great man. The master, cap in hand, goes out to receive him. The mails adjust their dress, the ostlers quit their horses, the travellers fill the windows from the top to the bottom of the house, the peasants and idlers of the town flock about the gate. Dupont alights, and his unmajestic figure surprises the assembled gazers. He insists on taking a hasty *snack* in the outer room. "If my lord—Monsieur—your greatness, would go into the inner room, where there is a dinner laid out." "No occasion for so much trouble, my dear sir, I am very well here." "Will Monsieur dine?" "Why, I am hungry. The coach has jolted me exceedingly, and that gives one an appetite. I think I should like a morsel of something." "The dinner of Monsieur the traveller is prepared." "Ah! Parbleu! There is no occasion for this ceremony. Let me have a plate of potatoes and a bit of Gruyere cheese, with half a bottle of wine." "How, sir!" "I ask you for a plate of potatoes, and some Gruyere,—but let it be good, for I understand it; if you have not got any good, I can send you some famous cuscus." At length the speed at which he travels, breaks down the coach. A bright idea strikes him. His courier is always in advance; therefore horseback is quicker travelling than riding in a coach. He buys his courier's horse, boots, spurs, and whip; and half citizen, half courier, pursues his uxorious race to Paris. He finds horseback not so easy as he took it to be, and can scarcely keep his seat. He soon loses a boot, then another, and at last poor Dupont and his horse jump down a quarry. This is a more tragical ending to the farce than the good-natured eccentric deserves. It serves, however, to free Eugenie, who is, a year after, united to Adolphe Dalville whose half-and-half attentions had disgusted his other mistress so much, that he obtained the dismissal he had already wished. Madame Moutonnet is charmed at her daughter's marrying a man of fortune; and Bidou becomes his steward, and teaches his tenants arithmetic.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

HISTORY OF ARNOLD DU TILB.

Arnold Du Tilb, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the Upper Languedoc, who, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the object of a criminal prosecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet, only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's residence, lived a little farmer, whose name was Martin Guerrie, married to a modest handsome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himself of the Spanish province of Biscay; they had a son; and, for their situation in life, possessed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in consequence of a dispute with his father-in-law, Martin suddenly quitted his family, and, charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or cooled in his affection towards his wife, although she had conducted herself with exemplary propriety, had not been seen or heard of for eight years.

It was during this long absence (to lovers as well as husbands a dangerous interval), it was at this time that Arnold du Tilb, the subject of our present article, who had formerly seen and admired the wife of Martin Guerrie, meditated a most perfidious and cruel stratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly resembled the absent man; like him, too, Du Tilb having for many years quitted his country, was generally considered as dead; and having made himself acquainted with all the circumstances, connexions, and general habits of Guerrie, as well by collateral inquiries, as by actual association with him during two campaigns as a private soldier, he boldly presented himself to the wife and family as her long lost husband.

The risk he incurred and the difficulties he encountered were considerable: a thousand little circumstances

which it is easy to imagine, but unnecessary to describe must daily and hourly have led him to the brink of destruction; indeed, it is not easy to conceive how he could succeed, unless the unhappy dupe of his delusion had been herself a promoter of the deceit, which does not appear to have been the case.

The stranger, at once, and without hesitation, was received with transports of joy by the wife and all the family, which at that time consisted of four of her husband's sisters and an uncle: one of them remarking that his clothes were somewhat out of repair, he replied "yes," and in a careless and apparently unpremeditated way, desired that a pair of taffety breeches might be brought him. His wife, not immediately recollecting where she had put them, he added, "I am not surprised you have forgot, for I have not worn them since the christening of my son; they are in a draw at the bottom of the large chest in the next room; in this place they were found and immediately brought to him."

The supposed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way with song and dance; and he enjoyed the privileges and pleasures, he shared the emoluments and cares of a husband, and a few days after his arrival, repaired to Rieux to transact some necessary law business, which had been deferred in consequence of his absence; the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whose suspicions of imposture were first excited by a traveller passing through the village; this person hearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared, that eighteen months before he had seen and conversed with an invalid of that name in a distant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and children in Languedoc, but that it was not his design to return during the life of his uncle.

The stranger being sent for, and privately questioned, repeated in a clear and consistent manner what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehensions of the uncle that the real Martin Guerre was still absent, and added, that since quitting his wife, he had lost one of his legs in the battle of St. Quintin.

The family, alarmed by this account, now saw, or thought they saw, many little circumstances, which had before escaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mrs. Guerre cohabited, and by whom she had two children, was not in fact her lawful husband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her mistake; and she loudly, and with tears insisted that her present domestic companion was her first love, her real and original husband; it was not till after several months that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to prosecute the impostor.

He was taken into custody and imprisoned by the order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence, and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court followed by a number of people whose curiosity was naturally excited; the deposition of the traveller, concerning the absent Martin Guerre, was first read, the uncle, the sisters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias, were next closely questioned on their oath; some declared that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre, others as positively insisted that he was the identical person, corroborating their testimony by many collateral circumstances; but the greater number averred without scruple that the resemblance between the two, if two there were, was so great, that it was not in their power to distinguish; the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favour of the prisoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to say in his defence, he answered, without embarrassment, that the whole was a conspiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who, taking advantage of the easy temper and weak understanding of his wife, had contrived the story in order to be rid of him, and to get possession of his property, which he valued at eight thousand livres.

The uncle, he observed, had for some time taken a dislike to him, had frequently assaulted him, and in one instance would have killed him by the stroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the prisoner on the weakness of his wife's understanding, served to diminish the surprise of the court at her being so easily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring, in any manner they were able, to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinsman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of the reasons which first induced him to quit his house and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had passed his time; that he had served in the French army seven years, and on his regiment being disbanded, had entered into the Spanish service, from which, being impatient to see his wife, and sorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a considerable expense he procured his discharge, and made the best of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithstanding his long absence and the loss of his hair, he was directly and universally recognized by his old acquaintance, and received with transports of joy by his wife and sisters, particularly by his uncle; although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to stir up the present prosecution against him.

The prisoner, in consequence of certain leading questions from the judge, gave a minute description of the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place in Biscay, where he said he was born (still insisting that he was Martin Guerre) mentioning the names, ages, and occupations of the relations he had left there, the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, also the persons who were present at the ceremony, as well as those who dined with them; which, on referring to collateral evidence, were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and credible witnesses, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold du Tilb, swore that the prisoner was not and could not be Martin; one of these, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and, observing that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the disgrace it would bring upon his family.

These persons also insisted that Martin Guerre was tall of a slender make, and, as persons of that form frequently are, awkward and sloping in his gait; that he had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his nose was flat and that several scars were to be seen on his left eyebrow, and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they observed that Du Tilb was a middle-sized, well-set man, upright, with thick legs, a well-formed nose, and without anything remarkable about his mouth or lips; they agreed that his countenance exhibited the same scars as that of Martin.

The shoemaker, who had for many years furnished Guerre with shoes being called, deposed, that his foot reached the twelfth size, but that the prisoner's was rather short of the ninth; it further appeared that he formerly had, from his early youth, been dexterous at cudgeling and wrestling, of which the impostor was wholly ignorant.

As a strong circumstance against the person accused, it was added that his manner of speaking, and the sort of language he used, though at times artfully interlarded with patois and unintelligible gibberish, was very different from that which used to be spoken by the real Martin Guerre, who being a Biscayan, spoke not wholly Spanish, wholly French, nor wholly Gascon, but a curious mixture of each; a sort of language called the Basque.

Lastly, and what seemed to make an impression on the court, the prosecutors referred to the internal evidence of the offender's character, which, they proved, had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme; they produced satisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedness and uncleanness; a common swearer and blasphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accusation lay heavy upon the prisoner, a pause ensued for deliberation, and the court, fatigued by a long and patient examination of a host of witnesses, took refreshment; the town-house being still crowded by persons impatient to give their testimony in behalf of the prisoner, whom they considered and pitied as an injured man.

The first parties next examined astonished the judge and staggered the whole court. They were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of sound understanding, and of character unblemished; they positively swore that the man in custody was "their dear brother Martin." Two of their husbands, and thirty-five

per-sons born or brought up in the neighbourhood corroborated their assertions; among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianoche, or, as an Englishman would call it, the sack-posset, after they were put to bed on their wedding-night, declared, as she hoped for everlasting salvation, that the prisoner, and the man she saw in bed with the bride, were the same person.

The majority of these last witnesses also deposed, that Martin Guerre had two scars in his face, and that the nail of his forefinger, on the left hand, in consequence of a wound received in his childhood, grew across the top of his finger; that he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger; the judge ordered the culprit to stretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this description.

It further appeared that, on his first arrival at Artigues, the prisoner addressed most of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of those who had forgotten him, several circumstances with respect to the village, on the subject of births, marriages, and deaths, which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he also spoke to his wife (as he still insisted she was) of certain circumstances of a very peculiar nature.

He who could give an assumed character so strong a resemblance to reality, and so dextrously clothe falsehood in the robes of truth, was no common impostor; like other great villains, he must have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this business, the wife being called, her pretended husband solemnly addressed and called on her, as she valued peace of mind here, and everlasting happiness hereafter, to speak truth without fear or affection, that he would submit to instant death without repining if she would swear that he was not her real husband; the woman replied that she would by no means take an oath on the occasion, at the same time, she would not give credit to anything he could say.

The evidence on both sides being closed, and the defence of the prisoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnold du Tilb guilty, and sentenced him to suffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, who not long after ordered a copy of the proceedings, and the convict, to be forthwith transmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of justice as well as registry of royal edicts, wisely determined to take no decisive step in the business till they had endeavoured to get sight of and secure the man with a wooden leg, as described by the traveller; the uncle strenuously insisting that he and no other was his long-lost nephew.

A commission was called to examine the papers and call for new evidence, if necessary; descriptions of the person and circumstances of Martin Guerre, the absent husband, were also circulated throughout the kingdom. At length, after several months had elapsed and considerable pains had been taken, the absentee was fortunately discovered in a distant province, conveyed to Toulouse, and ordered into close custody, with particular directions that he should have no intercourse with any person whatever, even at his meals, but in the presence of one of the commissioners; who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themselves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a solemn and final re-hearing, and a list of such witnesses as would be required to appear before the parliament, was in the meantime sent to Rieux for the purpose of preventing the trouble and expense of conveying to Toulouse, so large a number of persons who had crowded the court and streets of Rieux.

The parliament assembled at an early hour; the former proceedings were read; the prisoner still persisted in asserting his innocence, and complained of the hardship and injuries he had suffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being asked if he knew him, undauntedly answered, "No." The injured husband reproaching the impostor for the perfidiousness of his conduct, in basely taking advantage of the frankness of an old companion, and depriving him of his wife and property, Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuser.

The present was thought a curious instance of audacity contrasted with simplicity of heart and unassuming manner; an impudent and flagitious adventurer who had for several years enjoyed the wife and property of another, and, in the face of his country, endeavouring to persuade the injured man out of his name and personal identity; it was further observed that the gesture, deportment, air,

and mode of speaking of the prisoner were cool, consistent, and steady; while those who appeared in the cause of truth were embarrassed, hesitating, confused, and on certain points contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four sisters, and the uncle had not yet seen the real Martin Guerre; they were now called in court; the first who entered was the eldest sister, who, the moment she caught sight of the man with a wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming with tears, "Oh, my dear brother, I now see and acknowledge the error and misfortune into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The rest of the family, as they approached, confessed in a similar way how much they had been deceived; and the long-lost Martin, mingling his tears with theirs, received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderness and affection.

But, towards his wife he deported himself very differently: she had not yet ventured to come near him, but stood at the entrance of the court trembling and dismayed; one of the sisters, taking her arm, conducted her to Martin, but he viewed her with sternness and aversion, and, in reply to the excuses and advances she made, and the intercession of his sisters in her behalf, "That she was herself innocent, but seduced by the arts of a villain," he observed, "Her tears and her sorrow are useless; I shall never love her again; it is vain that you attempt to justify her, from the circumstance of so many others having been deceived,—a wife has always ways of knowing a husband unknown to all the world; in such a case as this, it is impossible that a woman can have been imposed on, if she had not entertained a secret wish to be unfaithful. I shall for ever regard her as the cause of all my misfortunes, and impute solely to her the whole of my wretchedness and disgrace."

The judge, reminding the angry husband that, if he had remained at home, nothing of what had happened could have ever taken place, recommended lenity and forgiveness.

Du Tilb was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, sacrilege, rape, and theft, and condemned to make the *amende honorable* in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck and a lighted torch in his hand; to demand pardon of God, the king, the nation, and the family whom he had so cruelly deceived; it was further ordered that he should be hanged before the dwelling-house of Martin Guerre, and that his body should be burned to ashes; his effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and as the day of execution approached, was observed to lose his firmness; after a long interview with the curé, he at last confessed his crime, acknowledging that he was first tempted to commit it by being frequently mistaken for and addressed by the name of Martin Guerre; he denied having made use of charms or of magic, as many suspected, very properly observing, that the same supernatural act which could enable him to carry on his deception, would also have put it in his power to escape punishment.

He was executed according to his sentence, first addressing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

This singular narrative is authenticated by the respectable evidence of Gayot de Pitaval, and related in good Latin by the worthy De Thou.

AFFECTING ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—Poggio has commemorated in his *Facetiae*, (Jest-book) a mortifying explanation which a noisy declaimer provoked by his overweening vanity. A monk preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors, was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her grief to remorse of conscience, excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse. "Holy father," answered the mourner, "I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labor of an ass, which was left me by my late husband. But alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief."

REMARKS ON ADVICE-GIVING.

From Mr. Bentham's "Deontology."

There is a class of people in the world, offensive intruders, forward hypocrites, and bold users, who, under the mask of friendly advisers, are great creators of misery.

Not that, on every occasion, the counsels of the adviser even though injudicious, can be taken as evidence of an unfriendly purpose. For foolish though it be, hastily concocted and inconsiderately communicated, it may have had its source in sympathy, and be really a mark of good will.

But such cases are exceptions. Selfishness untouched by sympathy is ordinarily the inspirer of the instructive counsellor. Pure selfishness is abundantly sufficient for the production of the character. And without good grounds for believing that credit is to be given to benevolence, it may, with great probability, be presumed, that some quality, far removed from benevolence, gave birth to the intervention.

It is clearly then demanded by morality, that advice-giving, as a habit, should be abstained from; and if the demand for it be obvious and undoubted, if the case be clear and urgent—that it should be accompanied with such statements and reasons as will, in so far as may be, plead its excuse and justification to the person advised, and cause to him as little suffering as may be necessary to give the advice its intended effect. Without strong evidence both of the necessity for its application, and the probability of its success, virtue requires the suppression of the advice, and the abstention of the adviser.

Revenge itself sometimes takes the shape of advice-giving. For a gratification of ill-will a man censures another in the shape of counsel. He visits another with the burthen of evil, for obtaining a small pleasure in the infliction of that evil. In so far as the inflictor is concerned, no doubt the infliction of evil is good, for no action can have its source in any other motive. However enormous the evil may be, and however trifling the pleasure of inflicting it, still the pleasure is good, and must be taken into account. But the law of effective benevolence requires that the advice you give to a man, or the evil-speaking of him, necessary to do him good, should lead to no waste of evil. Only in the absolute necessity of drawing on him punishment from the popular source, or sanction, are you authorized to speak evil of him to others; and then be sure there is reason to believe that the awarded punishment will bring a result of good.

The great secret perhaps of giving advice successfully, is to mix up with it something that implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects, and as much as possible of an acknowledgement of the other party's merits.—[Ed.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

(From the Quarterly Review for January, 1835.)

In the last edition of Mr. Wordsworth's works there are contained no less than between three and four hundred sonnets. These productions differ from those which we have hitherto dwelt upon, in exhibiting less, or perhaps nothing, of the peculiarities of homeliness in subject and style by which the latter are characterized. This form of poetry, not admitting of the breadth and magnitude which is requisite to give effect to his more characteristic style, has led Mr. Wordsworth to lay aside the implements of the architect and assume those of the sculptor. Few are the works of art in this kind which are so pure in their material, so graceful in their execution, so delicately wrought, so exquisitely chiselled. Yet bright and ornate as many of these productions are, there is in them, no less than in his other poems, a constant abstinence from antitheses and false effects. The words are always left to be used, first and mainly because they are those which best express the meaning; secondly and subordinately, because they convey to the ear the sounds which best harmonize with the meaning and with each other. There is hardly one of these three or four hundred sonnets which ends in a point. Pointed lines will, sometimes occur in the course of others, as thought will sometimes naturally take a pointed shape in the mind; but whether it takes that shape or another is obviously treated as a matter of indifference; nothing is sacrificed to it; and at the close of the sonnet, where the adjectitious effect of the point

might be apt to outshine the intrinsic value of the subject, it seems to have been studiously avoided. Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close; but is thrown up like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness. To none, indeed, of the minor forms of poetry are Mr. Wordsworth's powers better adapted; there is none to which discrimination in thought and aptitude in language are more essential; and there never was a poet who reached so near to perfection in these particulars as Mr. Wordsworth. That sonnet may be instanced which, standing at the head of the second part of the miscellaneous series, presents to us, as it were, a picture-gallery of his predecessors in this walk of the art:—

'Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief;
'The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!—vol. ii. p. 125.

When have we poetry and criticism mingled more generally than in these fourteen lines of rapid retrospect, into which, without any apparent labour of compression, how much is compressed! What ease, gracefulness, and variety attend the procession of the verse; and after rising in animation, with what a gentle fall does it die away upon the ear at the close! This is the 'clausula aut cadentia,'—the 'as placidè elabendi,' which was anciently so much esteemed in the science of music.

Amongst the Sonnets to Liberty there are some loftier strains than almost any that have been sounded upon historical and contemporary themes, since the breath ceased that uttered that tremendous imprecation—

'Avenge, oh Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!—

we say loftier than almost any, for we cannot forget Mr. Southey's 'Ode, written during the Negotiations, with Buonaparte in 1814.' The catalogue of massacres in the penultimate stanza, followed by the summary of murders in the last stanza of that ode; the grave and not ungoverned, but at the same time irresistible and fiery vehemence which pervades it, have made it always appear in our eyes the most awful judgment that ever was denounced in song. Mr. Wordsworth's series of Sonnets to Liberty arose, also, out of the events connected with Buonaparte's domination; but he writes more in sorrow than in anger, whilst Southey, like Milton, fulminates his censures more in anger and scorn than in sorrow,—pursuing the oppressor in a just and virtuous spirit, but also in a spirit deeply vindictive, and with what would have been in old times 'a mineral hatred.' The dignified and melancholy anger, the anger 'slow and spiritual,' with which Mr. Wordsworth contemplates the tyrant's career, admits more of meditative thought into his effusions on such topics; though dull must be the reader to whom these also are not 'soul-animating strains:—witness the following, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture:—

'TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rattle tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
Oh miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. 'Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'—vol. ii. p. 255.
Bear witness, also, the 'Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland:—

'Two voices are there: one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

I here came a Tyrant, and with holy glees
Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven,
Thou from the Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft
Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left,
For, high souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee! —

Vol. II p 257.

MRS HANNAH MORE

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of M^{rs} Hannah More. By William Roberts, Esq 4 vols. London 1834.

Had it been possible for any literator, with Mrs Hannah More's correspondence at his command, to produce an uninteresting work under the title which we have transcribed we are obliged to confess our belief that the task must have been accomplished by Mr Roberts. The regard with which Mrs More honoured him would of itself be a sufficient pledge for the purity of his intentions, and we willingly acknowledge that, in his own part of this bulky book, he has occasionally expressed unimpaired feelings. But the selection of him for this undertaking appears on the whole, to have been about as unfortunate as any that could have been thought of. He writes with the facility of a practised turner of period but with the confusion and verbosity of one whose brain has been less exercised than his hand. He sees, and therefore describes few things clearly, nor has he any notion what the things are concerning the history, manners, and deportment of such a person as Hannah More that his biographer ought to have made it his business to describe. His method of compiling and arranging is so clumsy that if any one can extract from this book a distinct notion even of the principal events and dates in her life he must have bestowed more attention on the materials of which it is composed than the editor himself has thought fit to do. If you and month be not written at the top of the sheet, Mr Roberts never even seems to think of trying to make out the date from the contents thus, for example, he states it as doubtful whether Hannah's first visit to London was in 1773 or 1774 though a letter printed in vol. I p 48 distinctly settles the point in favour of the latter year while he gives another dateless letter at p 56 as the first she wrote from London, though that letter is full of the praises of the Journey to the Hebrides which was not finished until January, 1775. We shall not waste space in exposing more of his blunders of this class though the book swarms with them. A more serious and legally peevish mischief is that Mr Roberts takes part with nothing but the peculiar views and prejudices of the religious sect, if it may be so called, to which Mrs Hannah More in the latter years of her life, lent the distinction of her too exclusive favour. All the earlier, brighter, and we take leave to say by no means the least honourable pages of her history have accordingly but little interest in his eyes, he seems to be throughout in the vein of apologising for her ever having been on terms of intimacy with anybody out of his own little pale, forgetting that her place within that circle was in no trivial degree, the fruit of the eminence which she had previously attained to without it, unconscious that her power to serve the cause which she ultimately adopted would have been comparatively nothing, had the range of her experience been as limited as that of her biographer's sympathy.

Authors as we had occasion not long ago to show in a tabular form, are generally speaking, a long lived race, and Mrs More offers no exception to the rule. She died September 7th, 1833, in the 89th year of her age, having been born in 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where her father kept a small school. One of Mr Roberts's correspondents, however, is exceedingly anxious, more so than we should have expected in this quarter, to show that Hannah was come of a gentle race in Norfolk, and we read that her father, Jacob More, had originally been designed for the church, but laid aside this plan of life in consequence of the failure of a lawsuit, by which he was deprived of a landed estate worth in those days 8000*l.* per annum. The lady adds —

'We who are spared to see the result of this trying dispensation of Providence, must pause to meditate a

while on his infinite wisdom and mercy, more particularly when we look at the descendant of the more fortunate cousin, who enjoyed his unjustly gotten wealth but a short time. Death entered his dwelling, and his eldest son soon dissipated all the property, as he lived in the lowest state of profligacy.'—p 9.

This is all we are told of the lawsuit and its results, and we must say it appears to us queer enough, that a lawyer like Mr Roberts should permit his fair friend to babble thus complacently about 'unjustly gotten wealth,' which was gotten only in the usual course of the administration of English justice. Moreover, we do not exactly comprehend the lady's logic when she points out an extraordinary and memorable example of divine wisdom and mercy in the termination of the lawsuit against Mr. Jacob More. What she means probably is, that had Jacob got the estate, Hannah would never have written 'Celestia,' &c, &c. But none of Hannah's books were written under the pressure of poverty,—when she wrote the best of them she was rich, and we can see no reason why she, though brought up in a wealthy squire's house in place of a poor schoolmaster's, might not have cultivated both religion and literature quite as zealously as she actually did. But the truth is, we feel considerable doubts as to the authenticity of this whole story. When Jacob's lawsuit was decided, if there ever was such a lawsuit, that is to say, before he settled in Gloucestershire, about one hundred and twenty years ago 8000*l.* was a very large income, it was at the least equal to 16,000*l.* a year now. The family that possessed such property in Norfolk must have been well known and probably highly connected—yet here is all the trace we find of its very existence—and, to conclude, it would be satisfactory to have one instance besides of the heir to an estate of 16 000*l.* or even 8000*l.* a year, having been originally designed for the church. Sure we are that when any heir to a large landed estate adopts that profession, it must be under the influence of feelings too powerful to be easily baffled, and we do not understand on what principle a profoundly pious youth who married a famous daughter and sat down for life in a small village school should have been too loth to eschew those means of proceedings through the university to holy orders which the piety of our ancestors placed within the reach of the poorest. One word still more seriously who doubts that divine Providence overrules the destinies of individuals and of families? But it seems to us that they who, in the spirit of certain sectaries are constantly ready to point out the specific objects and methods of its operation are scarcely less presumptuous than the self-declared interpreters of unfulfilled prophecy, and thus witness 'Death entered his dwelling &c—her now boldly proclaiming that such a visitation was the righteous and correcting sequel of the at worst mistaken verdict of a Norwich jury, A.D. 1729 must be allowed to be worthy of the most pitiable era of puritanical cant.—*Quarterly Review* for Nov 1834.

TO MUSIC.

TO BECALM HIS FEVER

Charm me to sleep, and melt me so

With thy delicious numbers,

That, being ravish'd, hence I go

Away in easy slumbers.

Oh, make me weep

My pains asleep,

And give me such repose,

That I, poor I,

May think thereby

I live, and die, 'midst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,

Or like those maiden showers,

Which, at the peep of day, do strew

A baptism o'er the flowers.

Melt, melt my pains

With thy soft strains,

That, ease unto me given,

With full delight

I leave this light,

And take my flight for heaven.

HERRICK, 1620.

HUMAN NATURE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

We have a trifling matter of controversy to adjust with the accomplished person to whom this book* is attributed. In an article upon fashionable novels in a former number we ventured to allege that fashionable life does not present a very interesting aspect of human nature, and that the stronger affections and profounder passions of men are to be found more abundantly in rural retirement; and we quoted Dr. Johnson and the shepherd in Virgil in support of the assertion, that Love is a native of the rocks. We are thus contradicted:—

'There have been some who think that love is a native of the rocks; but its birth-place matters little, when once it is called into being, for it can thrive alike wherever it is transplanted. It shrouds itself in an atmosphere of its own creation, and sees the surrounding objects through the medium of its own fanciful halo. The existence of colour depends not more on the rays of the sun, than depends the hue which is lent to all that is external, upon the internal feelings of the mind. The bustling scenes of gaiety may appear ill suited to the indulgence of deep feeling; yet the mind which is preoccupied by one absorbing thought has not only an inward attraction that bids defiance to the intrusions of others, but has even the power of converting into aliment all that should tend to destroy its force. The crowds that pass before the eyes of a lover seems but as a procession of which his mistress is the queen. If he talks to another, it is to listen to the welcome theme of her praise from the voice of partial friendship; and if the actions of others ever attract his attentions, it is to observe, with the jealous watchfulness of a lover, the manner and reception of those whom he regards as rivals.'—*Dacre*, vol. i. pp. 120-1.

And elsewhere we are informed, that under the smooth varnish of social politeness, and in the unromantic scenes of gay frivolity which the nineteenth century yearly exhibits in a luxurious and civilized metropolis, every variety of human passion is to be found in the same force as in the age of chivalry itself; 'for though that age is past,' says the authoress, 'the age of nature and of feeling remains.'

From the time when we first took a pen in our hands, we have never felt a pleasure in being contradicted; and now that we have grown old and rigid in our ways of thinking, we cannot get over these passages. When we said that other times and places were more favourable for the growth of the feelings than a fashionable drawing-room of our days, we spoke expressly of the more fixed affections and the profounder passions. Now it is not to the maxim which affirms the perennial character of nature and feeling that we will yield this opinion. We do not deny—never meant to deny—that there may be animating hopes, sentimental sorrows, outbreaks of passion, smiles, tears, hysterics, in as large a proportion amongst sofas and ottomans, as in any 'antre vast or desert wild' that ever existed. Moreover, they may be as lively and passionate while they last—but it is not in the nature of things that they should be as fixed and profound. A rapid presentation of new objects will of necessity accelerate the succession of the feelings. It is impossible that, under such circumstances, the character should acquire the strength which is imparted to it by uninterrupted, undivided, habitual and rooted affections. It is impossible that the affections should acquire the stability which strength of character can alone impart. The despair of May 1834, suffered by Lady Emmeline Errant of Curzon Street, because Lord Thistle-down left her off, may be as great perhaps as that of Mistress Millicent Mowbray, whose lover was killed in a tournament of 1434;—but Mistress Millicent's would be an affair of two or three years, whereas in Lady Emmeline's case, so volatile and a new object would usher her into the 'genial month of June' in a genial frame of mind, bearing no marks of the casualty.

Human nature, it is commonly said, is the same in all ages and places. In these current sayings there is generally much truth involved, and but little discrimination. It might be said with as much of truth (both dogmata being partially true), that human nature is different in all ages and places—

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man: and who was he?

* *Dacre*, a novel edited by the Countess of Morley.

Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.'

That is, the universal elements of humanity (so exquisitely touched and summed up in the beautiful poem from which we quote) did as certainly exist in that man as in any.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth—
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe—a smile—a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

'The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

'He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

'He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb.
Oh! she was fair—but thought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

'He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

'The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

'The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eyes
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

'The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN!'

These stanzas, which, with some little allowance for poetical licence in the seventh, are as true as they are beautiful, go far to exhaust the generic attributes of man. But when we pass to the different species and classes, though in none is any elementary quality absolutely extinct, yet do we assuredly find some, even of the most elementary qualities, sensibly modified and subdued. The human nature of Mayfair is still human nature no doubt, and passions will come of it as the sparks fly upward; but the form which is there given to the element is more that of the fireworks than of the furnace.

The authoress of '*Dacre*' deals with humanity under these forms—imparting, however, to the lovers of her creation, the constancy and ardour, which she insists upon extending to fashionable life. Though we dissent from the general opinion, we do not object, of course, to individuals in the class being supposed to be exceptions, or to the endowment of those individuals in order to make heroes and heroines of them, with qualities which, though not characteristic of their class, are not certainly absolutely incompatible with such a situation in life.—*Quarterly Review* for Nov. 1834.

MAN.—The mind is the man; and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth. The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge, wherein many things are reserved, which kings with their treasures cannot buy, nor with their forces command.—*Bacon*.

* 'The Common Lot,' by the poet Montgomery. We mean, of course, the individual properly designated Montgomery, and, properly also, designated a poet; not the Mr. Gomery, who assumed the affix of 'Mont,' and, through the aid of certain newspapers, has coupled his name with divers other adjectives not less fictitious.

THE KEEPSAKE FOR 1835.

Edited by Frederick Mansel Reynolds. 12mo. London, Longman and Co.

(From the *London Literary Gazette*, November 1834.)

The literary contents of the *Keepsake* this year may be divided into two parts—the common-place, and the wretchedly bad. With the exception of some graceful lines by Mrs. Norton, on the worn-out subject of *La Valière*, there is not a poem which can be called even tolerable. Of the stories, “*Worldly Wisdom*,” by Lady Augusta St. John, and a melo-dramatic “*Tale of Terror*,” from the French are the only two that have a touch either of nature or originality. * We seem to have read them all before, and turn away weary from the often-used materials. We begin to think that they are wrought by steam, and woven by one given pattern. But some of the poetry is too good, i. e. too bad, to be taken for granted. First, a translation from the German, by Sir William Somerville:—

“A pilgrim maiden, young and fair,
A convent wandered to;
She pulled the bell before the gate,
And brother Francis sped it straight,
His feet without a shoe!”

We leave this melancholy predicament for “*Lines in an Album*,” by Lord * * *, on “*Les Noirs peignent l’Esprit, et les Bleus peignent l’Ame*.”—

“Thus sings, if I conjecture right,
A poet of certain age:
I’m not of his opinion quite—
Nor Byron—melancholy sage!
Black eyes with him were all the rage—
For instance—I forget the page.”

We omit the questions from Byron, and proceed to his lordship’s comments:—

“So then Katinka’s eyes were blue—
A pretty doll-like thing!
The very image, love, of you—
The eye, the magic colouring,
The laughing look, the auburn hair—
I see thee, love! I see thee there!”

Omitting the ordinary proportion of “*roses*,” “*coral*,” and “*ivory*,” we arrive at the dark-eyed beauty:—

“But thou, young rival for the prize,
Glowst there no soul in those dark eyes?
And through their soft and fringed disguise,
Flash forth no deep felt sympathies?
And he, the votary of the blue—
The boudoir poet—said he true?
Oh, could we read that soul of thine!
Oh, could we learn to trace
Each pure warm thought, each glowing line,
By feeling’s hand on duty’s page,
Inscribed within that heart of thine!
Oh for the power to disengage
One little captive from its cage,
To gild the sunshine of thy face!”

Can our readers discover any meaning in this volley of the parts of speech? We own that we cannot. To be sure, “your true no meaning puzzles more than wit.”

We are greatly perplexed, too, by the lines that illustrate “*Gipsy Children caught in a Storm*.”

“Whose dark grandeur oversweep
Earth, and air, and sky, and deep;
Hamlets, and the city’s towers;
Bastioned walls, and trellised bowers;
Peasant’s hut, and chieftain’s hall—
Ever the same to each and all.

Yet terrible, and strong they are,
These sounds of elemental war—
Chariot wheels of charging host;
Wild waves dashed on rock-bound coast;
Multitudinous din of voices,
When some city’s soul rejoices;
Distant roar of lions, deep
In woods were midnight shadows sleep,
Roll of doubling drums, or peal
Of chariots, or fierce clash of steel:
These things scarce may be likened be,
Regal tempests, unto ye!
When, with clamour of stern noise,
Ye revel in your whirlwind joys.”

Certainly Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley has on this occasion been, as Shakespeare says, “at a feast of the languages, and stolen the scraps.”

To say nothing of the badness of the poem, the spirit of the following song is quite unfit for an Annual like the present:

“*The Bourbons*, 1830. By the author of ‘*Miscærimus*.’

Let their blood float like water—

They have rushed on their fate!

The ruthless! their slaughter

They shall expiate.

Oh France, the delightful, the fertile, once more

On the plains is the standard of Discord unfurled;

And, writ in indelible letters of gore,

Thou wilt read thy red lesson again to the world.

Take the sword then in hand, and extirpate the race!

Let them lie on the land

They have sought to disgrace,” &c. &c.

One verse is enough—and enough, too, of the work before us. An Annual ought to be a collection of all that is lightest and most graceful in literature. But, truly, the pocket-books of ten years ago do not contain greater rubbish than the volume we now dismiss.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY FOR 1835.

Edited by the Countess of Blessington. 12mo. pp. 264. London. Longman and Co.

* We must congratulate our fair editor on a great improvement in the present volume, which does equal credit to her skill and taste. We observe that this year the *Book of Beauty* is varied by portraits: many of whom realise Croly’s graceful lines—

“Yet this is no soft image of the thought,

Though genius here has stamped its glorious hand;

This form has not from yon blue heaven been brought;

Not yet gone thither—still the rose is fanned

By life and love’s sweet airs.”

It is but fair that the actual should contend with the ideal; and some of the faces here may vie with the more imaginative creations of the pencil. Most of these portraits are illustrated by the editor; and she has shewn much tact in the graceful offering she has laid on each shrine. It is no easy task to write about the living; but this has been done here in a refined and charming manner. The very sweetest story is one by D’Israeli the Younger. It is given to a “female face of seventeen,” by M’Clise, which looks the charming history attached to it. It represents a girl—almost a child—just in the time

“Between the rosebud and the rose full blown.”

She is caressing a carrier-dove; and—for there is a letter suspended from the wing—not for its own sake only. The expression thrown into her face has something irresistibly soft, subdued, and pensive, in its tenderness. There is a sweet and fanciful fairy tale by Lord Albert Conyngham; and one of Mr. Landon’s very best dialogues between Addison and Swift. We quote the lines to Lady Georgiana Russell by Lady Blessington; a song by Edward Fitzgerald; and some ingenious definitions of love by Letch Ritchie.

“THE LADY GEORGIANA RUSSELL.

By the Countess of Blessington.

Yes, she is fair as is the opening flower
That on her bosom blooms its fleeting hour;
And the brown tress, whose glossy silken braid
Upon her round cheeks throws its softening shade,
Is like the moss that veils the maiden rose
Which, ‘neath its shelter, rich in blushes glows.
What candour beams o’er all her placid face,
Where youth has strewn its evanescent grace!
What innocence sits throned upon her brow!
Long may it linger, beautiful as now,
Uncoloured by a shade of envious care,
As moon-lit snow serenely bright and fair!
Oh! daughter of an old and generous line!
A noble ancestry indeed is thine!
And the pure blood that tints thy virgin cheek,
Were we its source through ages past to seek,
How many gallant hearts, the brave, the good,
Have glow’d with honour, fed by that good blood!
It warm’d the heart of her,—that peerless dame,
Whose story has been writ by deathless fame;

* “Lady Rachel Russell.

Not all that grandeur, all that power can give,
Like her bright name in history shall live!
Daughter of Russell! may her virtues find
Their light reflected in thy lucid mind!
Mayest thou have all her worth, without her care,
And be but—no!—thou art already fair!

“ IANTHE.”

By Edward Fitzgerald, Esq.

Day had gone down, and evening hung
Her shadow o'er the hill;
Day had gone down, and yet she clung
Beside the lattice still:

She looked upon the river,
No bark its waters bear;
She heard the aspens quiver,
No footstep glideth there:
'There was a time it needed
No eye to strain its sight;
Is all—is all unheeded!—
Oh! will he come to-night?

'The silent stars, he told me,
The sad and silent stars,
To-night should see him fold me,
Despite my lattice-bars:
The hurried clouds are shading
The lamps of yon kiosk;
The wearied moon is fading
O'er minaret and mosque:
The steed—the steed has faltered,
That never failed before;
The heart—the heart is altered—
Oh! will he come no more!

The token-flowers she culled him
Have lost their hues of spring;
The lute that oft had lulled him
Sleeps with a voiceless string!
Alas! Love ever closes
His sweetest song with sighs;
Love ever bathes his roses
With tears from maiden's eyes:
A morning song he sings us
Of blooming skies and bowers;
The evening gifts he brings us—
Pale cheeks and withered flowers!

DEFINITIONS OF LOVE.

By Leitch Ritchie.

The history of the heart I hold to be very nearly the same in all men. The apparent difference consists in the strength or faintness of the impression made upon the mind by things always the same. All men have their first love, their second love, and their third love; but some men do not know that they have had any; while others imagine that they have had a great many more. The history of love is like a picture engraven upon a plate of adamant with inimitable boldness and delicacy, depth and lightness, simplicity and art. But its effect depends mainly upon the paper subjected to the impression. The heart of man is like that paper—clouded, spongy, spotted, smooth, hard, coarse, fine, or soft, as it may happen. In some cases the lines appear fairly rendered; in others they are blotted and confused; in others they become so faint, on exposure to the air of the world, that they are nearly or altogether invisible. The history of love is divided into three books. The first is like a fairy tale; the second is like a poem; the third like a chronicle. The first is the only one we re-peruse in after-life with unmixed complacency. No matter what may have been the fate of the heroine—the catastrophe of the story—it is associated with all our best and most beautiful feelings; with the spring-time of the heart, when our young bosoms opened like a flower, in an atmosphere of light, and music, and perfume. The recollection of disappointment has no annoyance; the memorials of death bring back no sorrow; we walk that shadowy past with complacency, even to strangers; it seems as if the fearless, guileless spirit of early life returned with the theme. The second era of love is very different. At that epoch the world began to mingle with our dreams—the world—comprehensive word including strife, envy, hope, terror, delicious joy, and bitter, burning tears. The history of this period is a secret and a mystery, which in most cases descends with us to the grave. In public we recoil from its associations with terror: in private, they crimson or blanch our cheek at the distance of half a century; yet the narrative would, in general, seem to a listener to be the most common-place

imaginable. Alas! it is not the events that give it importance; it is the thoughts—the imaginations—the stirrings, and heavings, and writhings of the wrung spirit amidst the terrible lessons of early experience.”

We have now only to repeat our congratulations, and dismiss the beautiful book of public favour.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.—We regret to state, that Mr. Thomas Cunningham died on the 24th of October, at his house in Princes Street, Lambeth, in the 58th year of his age. He was a native of Galloway; a skilful mechanic; a good scholar, and a kind and warm-hearted man; and for twenty-four years chief clerk to the distinguished Rennie, and his sons Sir John and George. But he had other merits, which entitle him to a notice in this paper; he was a poet of no common genius, and a writer of prose fiction, at once pathetic and humorous. Of his skill in song, the following beautiful composition will speak, it it has been printed as the work of Burns, and is not unworthy:—

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

Among the briks sae blythe an' gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The lanties chauntit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans hyskit bra',
An' gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out owre the hyls o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,
As down we sat the the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
An' saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawning coost a glimmerin' e'e
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It isna goud, it isna gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, gooth I,
The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',
An' O! sae blythe thro' life I'll steer
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
An' our gudeman cas hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That owre the muir meand'ring rowes;
Or unt amang the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills an' dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotia's healthy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' joyous swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Where friendship dwells, an' freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms, an' muircocks craw.
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

As he has left many short poems, songs, and prose tales, it is likely that his brother Allan will compose a brief account of his life, and publish a selection from his works.

COLERIDGE.—In a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, at some Hall in Fetter Lane, he divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda,—who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

CHARLES PARBURY, Esq.—We regret to learn that Charles Parbury, Esq. of the firm of Parbury and Allen, publishers to the East India Company, died suddenly on the 6th instant, in the 57th year of his age.

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THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

OR
JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1835.

[VOL. III. NEW SERIES. No. 74.]

Original Articles.

MEDICAL TRANSACTIONS.

*Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society
of Calcutta, Vol. VII. Part. II.*

There are few circumstances more remarkable in this age of reform, than the alteration which has taken place within the last twenty years in the interest evinced by the Medical profession in India, as a body, relative to those branches of science more especially belonging to their own avocations. Formerly nothing was more common than to hear Indian Physicians reproached for the apathy and indifference with which they regarded every kind of medical research. It is true that there were a few brilliant exceptions, and these were the more remarkable, from the paucity of labourers in the field of science, too few indeed to afford the reciprocal stimulus to exertion arising from emulation, generous rivalry, or friendly co-operation.

This unhappy state of indifference to improvement, or the advancement of professional knowledge depended in a great measure on the want of any permanent association for the purpose of fostering and encouraging research, and which might claim from Physicians in every part of India that systematic attention to interesting daily occurrences, which observes, records, and compares the various phenomena worthy of notice, the accumulated units of which afford the sure grounds for the advancement of science.

The formation of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, and the series of researches in medicine and the allied branches of science, which have been conducted by its members, and published in their volumes of Transactions, have completely removed from the profession in India, the reproach of indolence and apathy above alluded to. No part of the Society's former publications has a higher claim to consideration than the portion last brought before the public, which contains much highly interesting matter connected with Botany, Chemistry, Medicine, Surgery and Natural History. The manner in which these subjects have been selected and arranged is highly creditable to the judgment and industry of Mr. Hutchinson the Secretary, and the Committee.

There are thirty-eight papers and essays published in the body of the work, and in the Appendix, a few of which may be particularly noticed here. The first is a description of some rare and curious plants by Dr. Wallich, the Vice-President of the Society; this paper, besides the scientific accuracy of the Botanical descriptions, is remarkable for that enthusiastic warmth of sentiment, which is characteristic of the author, and marks the animation and interest with which he enters on the investigation of every scientific subject.

The author's remarks on the Glaucoed or bloom of plants are interesting.

"I avail myself of this opportunity for making a few remarks relative to the production of glaucoed or bloom of plants. Although this substance in a remarkable degree covers all the herbaceous parts of our plant (which in fact derives its specific name from the circumstance), and is in part easily separable, yet it cannot be altogether removed, as is proved by the surface beneath always continuing opaque and of a dull-green pallid colour; nor is a fresh or exterior layer again reproduced when once it has been rubbed off. In the common castor oil plant, the case is quite different. Here the bloom is likewise very copious and easily separable; but after being removed the surface below appears quite shining, and it is reproduced again as often as it is removed. Several plants of the red variety, which had been raised from seeds sent down from the Botanic Garden at Saharunpore, in 1832, were growing within a few feet from each other in one of the nurseries of the Calcutta garden; they measured from 12 to 14 feet in height. One of these plants was densely covered throughout with glaucoed; all the other individuals were perfectly destitute of it, and had a uniformly red and glossy surface. During the rainy season of the succeeding year, in the months of June, July, and August, the following experiments were made. I rubbed of every particle of bloom from the individual first mentioned, so that the stem, branches, and leaves became quite naked and shining. Within a fortnight a thin layer of bloom had already formed, and in six or eight days more, the surface was as much covered as it had ever been before; this process was several times repeated, and uniformly with the same result. Imagining that the numerous glands which covered the lower half of the petiols, and even the sides of the branches near their insertions, in the other individuals, might be in some manner connected with their having no glaucoed, I removed all these glands, not only from the adult petiols, but likewise from the young shoots as they began to appear; but although I continued doing this for several months in succession, no vestige of bloom was to be seen on any part of their surface. I should observe here that the pair of large sessile glands, which are found at the apex of the petiol of this plant, was present also in the glaucous individuals; their removal had no sensible effect whatever; and it is a curious fact, that all the plants continued perfectly healthy and thriving, producing abundance of flowers and fruits, notwithstanding the repeated treatment they underwent of having their bloom and glands rubbed off. A large inoffensive sort of black ant, which is found annually to frequent this plant in search of the matter exuding from the glands, continued in great numbers on the petiols, notwithstanding the removal of the glands and the complete cicatrizations which immediately followed the operation. In *Musa glauca*, Roxb. the sheathes of the leaves are very thickly covered by a white powdery bloom which is constantly reproduced.

The preceding experiments seem in some degree to invalidate an observation of Professor De Candolle in his *Physiologie Végétale*, a work unrivalled for the vast store of information which it contains, and the perspicuous manner in which it is written. In the 2nd vol. p. 232, that most eminent botanist says: "Malgré l'extrême analogie qu'on observe entre la cire excrétée par les feuilles et par les fruits, elle m'a présenté une différence physiologique que je dois mentionner. La poussière des prunes peut être enlevée

plusieurs fois en les brossant doucement avant leur maturité, et à chaque fois elle se reproduit. Celle des feuilles de ficoides ou des cacalies une fois enlevée, ne s'est pas reproduite, et semblerait être excrétée par les feuilles seulement pendant leur jeunesse." If I understand this passage correctly, the reproduction of the bloom on certain fruits is contrasted with the incapability of its reproduction on other parts, at least on leaves. With respect to *Meembryanthemum* and *Cacalia*, the fact is undoubtedly as stated by the author; but it certainly does not hold good as far as regards the two plants I have mentioned above."

The next article is an account of the discovery of a new principle in the blood by Dr. O'Shaughnessy. The distinguished position of this gentleman as a chemist, and his brilliant career in the field of science in Europe, are well known. It is only surprising that in the course of a vast number of experiments performed by the author in examining the blood of Cholera patients in Europe, that the existence of *Sub-rubrine* was not before ascertained. The Medical Society may be congratulated that the discovery was reserved to be made by one of its members in this country. The description of the characters of the new principle is distinguished by the usual elegance and precision of style of the author; and still more remarkable for the modesty and caution with which the discovery is announced. The points of resemblance between sub-rubrine and some previously-known principles of the blood are pointed out, and the chemical differences of the same substances are also shown to amount to absolute antithesis on other points. The existence of a principle heretofore overlooked in the blood is sure to attract the attention of scientific men in this country as well as in Europe, and the author's experiments will doubtless be extensively repeated, and the results strictly criticised. The sub-rubrine must be readily detected by ordinary chemists as the new principle is stated to exceed in amount the fibrine of the blood. How is it that in the numerous experiments of Denis, and Lecanu, on healthy blood, as well in the author's own recorded experiments on the blood of cholera patients, the existence of this remarkable substance, in such large quantity should have been heretofore overlooked, the analysis of the above distinguished individuals accounting for the whole quantities of blood examined, with the loss of only one part in 1000, while the new principle is said to vary in amount from 10 to 15 grains per 1000? Which of the principles previously acknowledged to exist in the blood, is to be robbed to the amount of 10 or 15 parts in the 1000, (of the whole quantity of blood examined,) to make place for the 15 per 1000, of sub-rubrine now to be placed on the list of ingredients existing in the blood, in addition to the principles previously acknowledged in that fluid? Is animal chemistry still in its infancy, that so large a quantity of a remarkable ingredient should have been heretofore invariably overlooked?

Among the other papers of interest, an account of the epidemic diseases of the year 1833, by Dr. Mouat, claims particular attention: it is drawn up with all the minute and scientific discrimination which characterise the numerous productions of Dr. M. that have been published in the Society's Transactions.

Dr. Hutchinson's paper on the Land-Scurvy, is a valuable addition to medical accounts of the diseases of the natives of India, and like the author's report on the alvine diseases of Asiatics it

evinces a deep and continued interest in the welfare of the poorer orders of natives, highly creditable to his philanthropy as well as professional talents.

An account of the Climate of Van Diemen's Land as a resort for Invalids from India, by Dr. T. G. Dempster, now stationed at Dum-Dum, is replete with interest to every class of European residents in India, and well deserves a place among the valuable collection of essays on climate which the Society is publishing. The author states that

The mean temperature even of summer is extremely moderate, and any condition of the atmosphere, favourable to the production of miasmata, cannot continue long in operation, by reason of the frequent vicissitudes.

The annual quantity of rain, which falls, is less than in England. The country is in general elevated, and the water speedily carried off by running streams. High winds prevail at all seasons of the year; and the tall and scantily-leaved forest trees admit a free circulation of air, through most parts of the uncleared country. Dead leaves, and other decaying vegetable matter are consumed by the fire, which often takes place in the forest during summer. It is worthy of remark, that scarcely a forest tree is to be found in any part of the Island, which does not bear on its trunk marks of burning.

In estimating the benefit to be expected from the climate of Van Diemen's Land, it is well to bear in mind, that our experience of its effects on invalids from this country is yet limited; and that it may not of itself, warrant any very confident general conclusions. This experience, however, so far as it goes, is eminently favourable. Every one, of whose case I could obtain an account, had experienced great and decided benefit; with the exception of a few persons, who arrived in the colony, either labouring under, or having a strong predisposition to thoracic disease. But several, who in the end afforded the most triumphant proofs of the unaided effects of the climate, did not begin to improve, until they had resided many months on the Island.

In recommending a voyage to Van Diemen's Land, the medical practitioner, who has made himself acquainted with the nature of climate, will of course be guided by general principles. But so far as our present knowledge and experience go, I think we may safely conclude that, with a very few exceptions, all invalids for whom a change of climate is deemed necessary, may hope to derive the fullest benefits of such change, by a temporary residence in Van Diemen's Land.

Van Diemen's Land has, in one respect, a great advantage over all the other places in the Indian seas, usually resorted to by invalids from this country. The towns, the streets and shops, the inhabitants, manners and customs—all are English; every thing tropical is left behind and forgotten for a time; and old pleasing recollections renewed; and morbid associations and habits, broken and destroyed. The advantage of such moral remedies, in aiding the cure of long continued chronic disease, every physician will fully appreciate.

The first paper in the appendix by Mr. Farnell shows the melancholy uncertainty of our medical men being able to renovate the qualities of vaccine lymph by obtaining a fresh supply from the cow in India, as was sincerely hoped might be done last year. A disease nearly resembling variola in its characters and fatal tendency appears to have been in some instances propagated from the cow in India. There are several short and interesting surgical papers, by Messrs. Burnard, Spilsbury, Storm, Lander, Daunt and Bell, which cannot be noticed in detail here.

THE PANDIT.

In the village of — near the holy city of Banâras, there lived many years ago a *Pandit* who, though well versed in the *shâstras* and the general literature of the Hindoos, was yet as indigent as the sons of Genius too often are in all countries. He was however contented even with the very little that Providence had bestowed upon him. His *shishos* or disciples were all men of wealth and influence, and consequently could have granted him any thing he desired, but, unlike the present avaricious and unconscionable *Brâhmans*, who to maintain themselves, do not scruple to strip the poor and the helpless of their little all, he did not think it justifiable to pamper himself with the fortunes of others, especially when God had endowed him with mental faculties, by the exercise of which he could just contrive to maintain himself. His highest wish was, to be usefully employed under some individual who knew how to appreciate knowledge and patronize genius, and thus in time to gain independence which is so favorable to the prosecution of studies. To many it may appear strange, that a man of the *Pandit's* talents met not with sufficient patronage and encouragement from his countrymen; but this surprise will cease when we consider, that learning in a poor man is like the pearl in a shell which the vulgar treat with indifference, but the value of which the wise and the well discerning alone know.

The *Pandit* put his invention on the rack, cogitated deeply as to how he might obtain his much desired end, and at last he hit on a plan, which, he had not the least doubt, would succeed.

He knew that in a village adjacent to his own, resided a very wealthy native who, unlike the baboons of the present day, had an ardent thirst of knowledge, for the acquisition of which he would invite learned *Bhattachârgias* to his house and converse with them. The *Pandit* made up his mind to go to him and display the great erudition he was master of, by which he was sure of getting into his favor. Full of these bright hopes, the following day he went to the residence of the wealthy man, and requested the porter to apprise his master that a *Pandit* was come desiring to speak to him. The report being given he was sent for. After the usual ceremonies of salutation were over, the rich man requested the *Pandit* to sit down and very politely enquired the purport of his visit. The *Pandit* thinking this a fit opportunity of giving a specimen of his abilities replied, Sir, I beg in the first place to intimate to you that I am the son of Saraswati* and have a step-mother whose name is Lakshmi† Now these two could never live together in amity and peace. They have had continued bickerings and jealousies amongst them; and it was only a few days ago that having had a dispute, the latter left the house and I know not where to find her. I am however given to understand by some persons, that she has for a temporary time taken up her abode in your house; I am therefore come to enquire whether this information be correct.

The son of *Plutus*, possessed of no ordinary talents, immediately understood this brief and beautiful allegory, which indicated the good sense and erudition of the speaker. He was so much

pleased with the amiable disposition and extensive knowledge of the *Pandit* that he ordered his *Dewan* to give him a present of a large sum of money. Subsequently when after an examination he was found to be superior to all his other *pundits*, he was placed at their head, and was consulted upon all important occasions.

ALPHA.

TO A FRIEND, WITH AN AUTUMN ROSE.

There are flowers of Autumn, sweeter far
Than the lithe, inconstant spring buds are,
Than the summer blooms of radiant show
Which flaunt in troops, in cluster flow!
These are but Nature's week-day hoon,
Scatter'd in haste—and they wither soon,
They are for swillers, to entwine
With braided locks where the tapers shine,
To trophy the wine cup, and bloom for an hour,
Near the cheeks which they emblem in Mirth's jovial
bower

Gather them, gather them, ye that may! •
Type and trophy shall swift decay!
They shrink from the sun, and they bend to the shower,
And the beauty that wears them's a fading flower
And Mirth goes out like the taper's light
Wasting the more for its beaming bright—
But give me, give me, the flower more rare
That waves its stem in the Autumn air!
Like holy Friendship, that blooms alone,
When the sunny-aky-tribes are past and gone.
'Tis nature's work in her Sabbath rest
Matur'd at leisure brightest and best—
Fairer of hue, 'mid the fading it glows
And is not the Autumn's, the thornless rose?
And therefore I pluck it, and give it to one
Whom it emblem's the best—who is striving on,
Vitality lovely in Autumn hours,
Sweeter and dearer than hosts of Spring flowers!

C. E. R.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

You bid me sing of love,—to me
'Tis a forbidden theme,—
The shade of a reality—
The memory of a dream
For Youth, who gives such visions bright
As Reason must reprove,
Yields to dull Manhood's lesser light—
—I cannot sing of love.

Yet there are hearts which care and age
Can neither change nor chill,—
Hope's disappointment, Sorrow's rage,
But make them harder still;
Not so with me!—The world hath cast
A carn my hopes above :—
I weep the present,—wail the past,
But cannot sing of love!

R. C. C.

LONDON LITERARY NEWS.—Campbell is on his way back from Algiers. Wordsworth is in London—so is Southey. The latter has fallen off very much in health and spirits, and the illness of his Lady increases his gloom. Mr. Thomas Cunningham, the brother of Allan Cunningham, is dead. Among the deaths also is that of Mr. Bordwine, Professor of Fortification at Addiscombe. He is known to many members of the Indian community and is connected with literature by his publication of the proposed system of Circular and Reverse Fortification. His abilities as a teacher and his impartiality as a judge of merit must be remembered by many of his pupils in India. The liveliness of his manner, the shrewdness and condensed brevity of his sayings, and his generous hospitality rendered him very popular.

* The Goddess of wisdom.

† The Goddess of wealth.

Selected Articles.

TWILIGHT ACCUSED AND DEFENDED.

A monstrous thing has happened. Here is a correspondent of "ours, and a pleasant one too, and witty withal, aiming a blow at our gentle friend, *Twilight*! What possible mood could he have been in? Did he expect a friend who had disappointed him? or a new book? or a letter? Was his last bottle of wine out? Or did he want his tea? Or was he reading, and could not go on, the servant not being in the way to bring candles? Or was the evening rainy? Or had he said anything wrong to any one else, and so was out of temper? Or had he been reading something about twilight, badly written, a "twaddle," and so was disposed to go to an extreme the other way, and be perverse in his wit? His first verse looks like it. Or had he a tooth-ache? or a head-ache? or nothing to do? Or had his fire gone out?

We should almost as soon have expected a blow from him at gentleness itself, as at our gentle dusk friend, the mildest and most unassuming of the Hours, meek, yet genial withal, like some loving *Mestizo* or *Quadroon*, something between fair and dark, or dusk and dusker, who, by her sweet middle tone between merit and the want of pretension, and by having nothing to arrogate, and much to be prized, charms the amorous heart of some contemplative West Indian, who is tired out between the flare of his whiter favourites, and the undiscerning presumption of his black. Certain it is, that, vehemently howsoever he speaketh, we hold him not to be in earnest (the less so by reason of that enormity); but, in order to prevent the peril of any false conclusions, in minds accustomed not to such facetious perversity, and still more to take the opportunity of vindicating the character of our gentle friend, and make our correspondent remorseful the next time he sees her (for having even appeared to treat her ill), we have thought it incumbent upon us to follow up his hard words with others more filly soft and overwhelmingly balmy. Oh, there is nothing like defending a good easy cause, and a tender-hearted client. It makes one, somehow, so sure of triumph, so able to trample on one's enemy with the softest foot and the most generous reputation—so gifted (dare we say it?) with the pleasures of malignity by the very exercise of benevolence. Mark you, dear reader, with what a tender savageness we will set him down. Yet he rails in good set terms. There is no denying that. Far be it from us to deny it, who shall only gain the greater praise from our refutation. Hear him how he sets with the ingenious impudence of his pun and his alliteration—

A TRIMMING FOR TWILIGHT.

How I despise the twaddle about twilight,
That most unserviceable sort of sky-light;
Weak wavering gleam, that, wending on its way
Towards the night, still lingers with the day.

Twilight's half-and-half affair, that would
With all its heart be moonlight if it could;
Dim, but not dark; you pause at the bell-handles,
'Tis scarce worth while to conquer it with candles.

Twilight is eve grown grey before its time,
Mystified mummer, ape-ing the sublime
Day with its eye half closed, and half a-peep;
The afternoon, making believe to sleep.

'Tis like that forming frown yet undefin'd
That yon half-smiling female face has got,
As tho' it hadn't quite made up its mind
Whether it should look angrily or not.

Twilight's an interloper in the sky;
The face of nature painted with one eye:
Something between blank darkness and broad light,—
Like dotard day coquetting with young night.

A dame *passé*, who, growing old and wan,
Affects to veil the charms she feels are gone;
Knowing her day is o'er, the wily jade
Enwraps the ruin where the sunshine play'd.

Lovers love twilight, but I'm not a lover;
And why they love it I could ne'er discover;

For light is passion's parent: do ye deem
Beauty no debtor to the radiant beam
That lamps its loveliness; say, can we know
That beauty lives, and one bright glance forego?
Or is't fancy of love's selfish art,
To close the eyes, and see but with the heart.

Haply 'tis so: in love's delirious trance,
The raptur'd soul grown jealous of the glance
That has a joy beyond it, dims the light
To lend to young imagination sight.

Fancy that peoples darkness with bright rays,
And makes a darkness that it thus may gaze;
How is't that every feeling fond, intense,
Tempt us to lose awhile our visual sense?

Is it superfluous? We drink love thro' it;
'Tis then in us; we can no longer view it
By gazing outwards; now, a glance to win,
Our eyelids close, and turn their sense within.

This is digressive, but enough for me;
Lovers, in fact, are no authority;
So, as I said at first, old twaddling twilight,
Be still the lover's gleam, you sha'n't be my light.

Thou'rt day declared a bankrupt offering round
A dividend of ten-pence in the pound
Plague take such compositions; I'll for one
Have twenty-shillings' worth of light, or none.

Not day-break, but day *broken*, light fades fast;
Do as thou wilt, thou'rt sure to fail at last.
"Come, sealing night," before the twilight flies,
Put out the mocker with your starry eyes.
Dusky-hued coward! has begun the race,
Darest thou not look dame Dian in the face?

Now flickering fainter, now more darkly dull,
"I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain!"
Come, light the candles; struggle not,—'tis vain.

Is that thy shadow, lingering on the moor?
No matter; you shall never come in-door.
The stars come out at thee, pale day-diminisher;
Now the moon gleams at full,—ay, that's a finisher.

Beneath the hillock's shadow, cloak'd in grey,
Cautiously creep before the light away;
But when the morning moon grows sick and pale,
Then, stealthy stepper, come across the vale.

Child of the mist, isthmus 'twixt light and shade!
Shadow of chaos, from which earth was made!
Day, dying of decline! doubt-dreaming ray!
Thy presence saddens me—away!

W. L. R

"Away—away!" Our correspondent must have been in a great hurry, to speak thus to the poor gentle twilight, which has not a word to say for itself, unless it be the muffin-bell, the next thing in humbleness of sound to the sheep-bell. We take him to be a prodigiously active and eager spirit, with an ultra flow of health and life, and never easy but when occupied, perhaps not then, unless the occupation perfectly suits him. But he has a soul withal; you may know it even by what is implied in his style of abuse; and therefore it is not the twilight he hates, but the absence of something which he wanted instead of it. Yes; assuredly he has been "snubbing" the poor Quadroon, like some lordly planter, because somebody else has not brought him his sangaree.

He lets—we cannot say the "cat out of the bag"—but the dove out of the cage—in what he says about lovers. He tells us he is "no lover," merely in order to avoid what he knows to be conclusive against him; and, in fact, he runs into a digression about love, on purpose to disprove his own argument. Besides, if he happens to be so limited or so lucky in his circle of acquaintances as to be in love with nobody, he must love all sorts of loveable things, otherwise how could he write so well about loving? and if a man loves anything at all, he must needs love so mild and loving a thing as the twilight. (Here are a great many repetitions of the word "love;" but it is a pleasant note, and will bear reiteration like the nightingale's.)

Furthermore, in this passage of our correspondent's about love, compared with certain letters which he has written to us privately, urging us to give an article on "Coleridge," we have detected him in the fact of his disingenuousness; for this very passage has manifestly been suggested by some stanzas of that favourite of his, in the poem intitled the "Day-Dream." It is a lover's picture of twilight in a room, and is so beautiful and true, that it might serve, alone, as an answer to all the stanzas of this pretending rogue:—

My eyes make pictures when they are shut :
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow, and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O, Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bow'r my beautiful green willow.

The shadow dance upon the wall,
By the dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee;
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Very beautiful, and spiritual and truly loving. But lovers, the most honourable and delicate, have a trick of taking other advantages of the good-natured twilight; and the poet goes on to let us know as much:—

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play.

Far be it from us to deny the merits of light and seeing. Beauty was surely meant to be seen as well as loved, or why is it so beautiful? But it is a maxim with us never to deny the merits of one good thing because there is another; and twilight, where love is, has its loveliness also, as well as lamp and daylight. One of the greatest tests of true love is the sense of joy imparted by the mere presence of the beloved object, apart from light, speech, or anything else; and twilight, somehow, rewards us for the sincerity and generosity of this feeling, by bringing us nearer to the object of our affection, in its abolition of intermediate objects, and a general sense of its mild embracement.

Come—let us consider what our correspondent would say further in behalf of the twilight, if he were in the humour for it. We wish we had time to say it in verse; but here we heave a great sigh (one of the sighs of our life); and as we always feel ashamed of sighing in the midst of this beautiful creation (of which to be able to discern a millionth part of the beauties, is to waken up as many consolatory angels, who lie in wait to become visible to loving eyes) we shall proceed to express ourselves in our accustomed prose, from which, at all events, the love of what is poetical cannot be excluded.

Twilight is the time between light and darkness, when the facility afforded for action by the daylight is over, and the aid of candle-light, for the renewal of action, awaits our pleasure to renew it or not. It is therefore the precise time, of all others, which seems designed by nature for meditation. We say, by nature; for though we hold it to be man's nature to be artificial as well as natural, yet it is natural for him, being a thinking being to "take pause;" and nature in this gentlest and most intermediate hour seems to offer it him. The greatest part of his duty is over (we hold, that in a more civilized state of society it will *all* be over, except for purposes of entertainment); he cannot see work; he cannot see, very actively, to travel; his very hook begins to fail him, unless he has determined to keep up the train of his reading, and goes nearer and nearer to the window, and at last he must give it up. He is therefore thrown upon his meditations.

Now "think a little."

Not of your cares, dear reader, if you can help it; not of your work; not of other people's faults; not of your own. There is time enough to attend to those, when we have more light—unless indeed you do it in great charity, first towards the faults of others, and then towards yourself (having earned the right), and always provided, you end, as indeed you must if true charity meditates with you, in resolutions befitting the mildness and considerateness of the hour. We would not even have you think of the sufferings of others, provided you think of them at any other time, and do what you can to help them. Twilight is a placid hour, and you must entertain it with placidity or not at all. You must have so acted, or so wished to

act, at other times, as to be able to give gentle welcome to gentle guest. You must be worthy of the twilight.

(Here our correspondent gives a great wince; and begins to inquire of his conscience, whether he has ever cracked any one's skull, or written any impiety except the above.)

Now let us think of all mild and loving things,—of our childhood, of the fields, of our best friends, of twilight itself and its shadows, of the quiet of our fireside, and the fanciful things we see in the glowing goals, of the poets who have spoken of evening, of the beauty of stillness, of scenes of rural comfort, of the travels of the winds and clouds, of stories of good angels, nay, of dear friends whom we have lost, provided we have lost them long enough or loved them well enough to consider them with reference to the beauty of their own spirit, rather than to their absence from ourselves. Perhaps they are commissioned to be good angels over us:—perhaps they are now this minute in the room, smiling in the certainty of their own lovingness, and the knowledge of our future good; ay, and (as far as their sympathy with our present struggles will permit) smiling to think even how startled we should be to see them, if it were within heaven's knowledge of what is best for us that we should do so. For God is the author of mirth as well as seriousness, and considering what security of belief in good there must be in celestial natures, we may conceive some little stooping to it even in the happiness of heavenly checks.

"Let us think" of that, and of all other possibilities beyond the regions of mere earthly utility, not expecting it nevertheless. It is the privilege of the imaginative, that they include everything which is good, besides seeing a germ of it at the core of the thorniest evil.

We put these words, "let us think," within marks of quotation for a reason very proper to mention in this place; for we scarcely ever begin meditating at twilight without calling them to mind as uttered to us by the beloved parent to whom we are indebted for most of our aspirations after anything useful or beautiful. She would say to us sometimes at this hour, when our spirits appeared to her to be a little too incessant, "Come—let us think a little." And then we used to sit down on a stool at her side, and look at the fire, and be led into a sedate mood by some story she would tell us of her own mother, or of the sea, or of some great and good people of old.

So now this is good hushing time, is it not, reader? and fit for keeping a little from the candles; and not what our ultra-lively friend (now growing remorseful) would make of it. You and we are sitting on each side of the fireplace, one of us with a knee between his hands, and the other with a child between his knees, and there is a fair friend with us, and we are all as quiet as mice, our faces lit up by the fire, and our shadows shifting on the wall. When we speak, it is in a low voice; for twilight has thus also in common with the sweetest of its friends:—

Its voice is ever soft, gentle and low,—
An excellent thing in "Twilight"

W. L. R. shall come in among us, if he is "very good."

W. L. R. You see before you, sir, a penitent.

Ed. I see before me a suspicious quoter of impudent plays.

W. L. R. I appeal to the lady's face, sir.

Ed. Oh, you're a very cunning appellant, sir, and the lady's face will get you a pardon for anything—There—Don't tumble over the little boy. But with what face you can come in, after saying you are "no lover?"

W. L. R. Excuse me. Whatever I might have said before, real or pretended, and whatever new presumption I may be guilty of now, nobody can look on this lady's face, without—

Ed. Hush, hush, not so very loud and enthusiastic. (All laugh.) You see how little he was in earnest. The moment he hears of a comfortable party and a charming woman, he is for being in the midst of it, twilight and all.—Come, as we are Christian people, we will give him, by way of penance, what shall be no penance at all. He shall recite to us Coleridge's poem, intitled 'Frost at Midnight.' There is mention in it of a fireside and of the little fluttering film on the bars before us; and the spirit of the whole piece is suited to the occasion, quiet, reflective, and universal. The last line is the perfection of ideal sympathy.

W. L. R. (suppressing the vehemence of his enthusiasm in order to recite with a gentleness fitted to the lines, and gradually growing softer and more seasonable, till nothing can be better given)—

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side,
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And exalted silence. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which flutters on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making its companionable form
Whose puny flaps and freaks, the idling spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind
Pensive, have I gazed upon the bars
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come.
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt,
I had to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams,
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book,
Save if the door half open'd and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leapt up,
For still I hop'd to see the stranger's face—
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike.

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought,—
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! for I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And nought—nought lovely but the sky and stars;
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach,
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the white thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Leigh Hunt's *London Journal* Nov. 1834.

TYTIAN'S PORTRAITS.—It may be said of them, that it is they who look at you, more than you who look at them.
—Northcote.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BUTTERFLY.

I have outlived three score sunsets and ten. Summer is no more—and her warm honeyed breath I find no longer gently resisting the motion of my wings, and lifting me from the ground. The flowers, too, are dead—or dying now around me. The sunny beams, in which I floated as in a sea of gold, grow fainter every day, and every day the sun returns but for a shorter period. It is then time that I should lay my wings at rest, and that the holy sun, whose rays have been my life, should now withdraw me from this vegetable world—to dwell for ever in its realms of warmth and light.

Threescore days and ten! a longer life than is vouchsafed to any of our favoured race. I am not vain—but yet I may surmise that the experience of such a life may not be without its use and moral for the world.

I can give little account of my birth and parentage. Conjecture is open—but spark-like is the light I could ever obtain on this immaterial question, though my mind was early turned to the inquiry by the impertinent question as to “who I was,” put to me by a fair but conceited tulip. Prompted by affection, I searched in every quarter for information, but little was my success, and the time lost was great: so much so, that, when I returned to my goddess with what I hoped might prove satisfactory information, I found her charms so greatly on the wane, that I began to wonder what had brought me thither, and so flew off again, humming a favourite air, “I am free, I am free!” And so the tulip lost her lover, and gained no information.*

But this is what I either remembered, or had heard of myself, before I was myself. When I first woke up, it was in a field of waving grass, and it must have been its angry war, as the wind levelled its proud crests to the earth, that woke me up. All was sweet around, and bright and sunny. But so soon as I found the use of my wings, and that I could remove from the uproar by their friendly aid, I pushed off, and settled in a more tranquil spot. Methought I had had a dream—a long and pleasant dream—of wandering among trees and over leave—of living well and banqueting for ever, and that my life was one continual feast. Could this have been reality? no, it must have been a dream, for life is not quite all enjoyment. But after this, it seemed as if there came a blank—a dream within a dream—a helpless sleep, perchance. I thought I was alone, alive, but could not move; not dead, but yet no life was stirring in me. Perhaps—mytheious thought—I grew as grows the seed I've seen the gardener strew upon the ground. I may have been enclosed, like it, within a husk, and my wings have been burst forth like opening leaves!

Say, first, of life before, or life to be,
What can we reason but from what we see?

What strengthens me in this belief is, that one with whom I always was at enmity, did tell me once, but in scorn he said it, that he had seen me long before lying like a clod among the cloids, rolled up in a shapeless, ugly mass. (The latter description can never have been true, but let it pass.) How many minutes' labour have hypotheses, built on these slender foundations, cost my philosophic mind! One thing I learnt, however, by the incident—that is, to gain information even from the lips of an enemy.

In my career there has been much to puzzle me. Passing my days mostly in a region of flowers, I observed that there was one enormous creature who tended them continually: sometimes beings like himself would visit us, and stare about—and look upon the flowers; but in their stupid faces, I never could perceive the love which I bore to each flower. These beings are too big—they cannot see one hundredth part of what goes on around them. I have seen them poke their noses into a rose—and say “'twas sweet,”—but their gross senses cannot taste the intoxication of the odour of a flower—and then, like us, reel joyously above it till, overpowered with

* There seems hardly verisimilitude enough in the love between an insect and a flower, considering there are creatures more kindred to their nature. Yet our correspondent (besides the visits manifestly paid by a butterfly, and the phrase “love for flowers,” and what else the depth of his floral philosophy might say for it) has critical warrant in the Persian loves of the nightingale and the rose; and Dr. Darwin was inclined to think that insects were portions of flowers let loose,—warmed into distinct life by an unusual glow of the vital spirit.—Ed.

delight, they sink upon its bosom! The gardener I always liked (his huge size he could not help) for he really loved the garden—and long before the sun arose to shine upon the flower-beds and trees, he would come whistling down the walks. But will it be believed, that this superior being paid the respect of an inferior to the poor creatures who so seldom came to taste the fragrant breath of nature? I may be asked, how I know the tokens of respect and fear among men? Have I not hovered around the toils of the spider, when a poor fly has supplicated for life and liberty? and may it not be affirmed that the subdued voice and humble look speak the same language with both man and fly?

It is but an unworthy task for an old butterfly—one o'er whom a long life has passed, and bleached the hair of his head even as the grass of the meadow is bleached by the sun's rays—it is, I say, for one so sage, so ripe, so time-honoured, a ridiculous task to record the events of his youthful loves. But yet, in all candour, I confess that the recollection of those events fills me with delight (one excepted, which I shall narrate) as the recovery of some sense long lost. Yes, time has destroyed these things, as the plain of waving green was levelled by the scythe; but still how fragrant did the insipid grass become when lying die'd, scattered, and dead—scattered by the spoiler, too, upon its own hearth! Such is the hallowed light thrown over the past: such are the uses of adversity.

I have already touched on the subject of my first amour, when my fair friend was too particular as to my pedigree. But there remains another to narrate, which, as I have known insects whose complexions changed with the colour of what they took for dinner, so, its progress and its end being luckless and unhappy, for ever after tinged my joyous nature with the dark hue of melancholy. My heart was wrapped in darkness. And yet, who could have read my feelings? How smooth my feathers still—how sleek and clean my feelers—my head how nicely powdered; and my wings—ah! who to have seen me pour the only fluid on those well-formed limbs, could have presumed to think me wretched, and that concealment, like a worm in the bud, preyed on my heart?

I loved a hily (time was the thing was common, but now the *papillon* has spurned the *fleur-de-lis*.) I found my love returned, and, for a time, things prospered gloriously. Hours went—returned—and still found me at her side. We lived but for each other. She said not much—what would you have a virgin say?—but then she looked so sweet! One luckless evening I was lured away, on some excursion, no matter where or wherefore. Oh, unhappy hour! on my return, I found a spider, a bloated wretch, had usurped my place. He now reigned triumphant, and the noxious cannibal had spread his fearful net over that fair head which I most adored. In despair I fluttered away, almost sinking to the earth, cursing him—as only butterfly can curse—and hating her for her inconstancy. I consoled myself, however, with making this reflection,—that, to retain the female heart, you must watch over it as zealously as the miserly ant guards her ill-gotten grain.

It was not till sometime after this that I discovered how my passion had hurried me into indiscretion. In quitting Lily so precipitately, I had done her wrong, for I learned that the spider was but an unwelcome intruder, and would have forced her affections. To me she looked for succour, while I—mad fool!

How often have I since reflected that even flies cannot see everything, and that it behoves them to be very circumspect when other beings are concerned!

A joyous life I led of it too, for a long period before this. Fanned by the zephyr, courted by the rose, floating for hours in the sun-beam, bathing in the transparent softly scented dew, watching every opening flower, and catching their first sweet breaths as they softly sighed forth life—these were but a few of my daily pleasures. With what delight I rocked upon the taper branches of the lavenier, till sleep crept over me! And then came night, and with the bright moon, whose beams reflected strange unwonted beauty alike upon the plainest and the loveliest objects.

But now I come to the most fearful event of my troubled life. Near where I dwelt there lived a glow-worm, round whose cheering light a jovial set of us were wont to congregate o' nights. A chirruping knot were we, and often have we made the night gallop through her course to the music of our revels. When the club dispersed, I used to mount to my retirement aloft, and there

gaze on the friendly lamp of my light-hearted friend, till I dropped asleep. One night I woke from dreams of these happy meetings—the merry notes of my mates rang in my ears—and I thought they were keeping it up without me, and accordingly determined to drop in upon their revels; but, strange to say, no light shone below, as was usual. I looked about, and at last perceived it above me. This was strange; but, without thinking, up I mounted. Higher still and higher, but no nearer did I approach. They are keeping it up, thought I, with a vengeance. I wonder where Master Gnat got his wings to mount so high! Time flew on, and so did I, but it was of no avail; the enticing light was as distant as ever, and the malicious rogues were moving off as fast as I could move on. Meantime, the air grew colder, the zephyrs were cross, and handled me most roughly. I felt myself beating about in space, nor knew I where to fly. My heart failed me, and my strength was gone; and I had fallen back into the realms of darkness, had not the strong winds caught me in their arms and hurried me onward, now a hopeless victim, till I landed suddenly on the earth. Unhappy wretch, I had mistaken a star for the light I sought! and now, for punishment, I found myself a bruised wanderer in a land of strangers. Here, then, have I sojourned, unknown, uncared for.

Commiseration is dear to the heart of a fly; therefore have I put pen to paper, in the belief, that when dead, my tale will at least draw one tear from the well of grief springing in every heart. This hope will throw a glow over the sunset of my days. For, although neither gouty, nor flying with the aid of crutches, still I am very old—I feel it. My voice is weak in physical power; but, from my age, I think it intitled to be heard. If time is not at an end—if other butterflies should ever live to love, and to mistake an unapproachable for a friendly light—to them I leave this long memorial of my patriarchal days, now so near their closing. Here ends my task.

Here, too, ended his innocent life. One moment sufficed him to die, whose creation had been the miracle of months. The butterfly is dead, "his wings are at rest," his bright eye shall no more be dimmed by a passing cloud—his pure loving heart no longer be vexed at the puzzles of insect life—nor his bones rattle in the cold blast of coming Autumn.

PSYCHOPHILUS.

ADVENTURES OF RIPERDA.

This account of Riperda, may, to some, look too much like a page out of history; yet surely a Dutchman who becomes a Spanish Catholic minister, and dies a *bashaw*, may be considered a curiosity, in the more fantastic sense of the word. Riperda was truly what is called an adventurer; that is to say, a man formed only to go on from one adventure to another, without obtaining any settled and noble success. He was of a class of men, whose brains, very clever in all the rest, appear to want a portion common to the rest of mankind, and necessary to keep them in equilibrium. A bit of it seems broken off, or omitted; and so the poor creature keeps turning about from project to project, and creed to creed, like the convert described by Butler:—

A convert's but a fly, that turns about,

After his head's pulled off, to find it out.

Riperda was a native of Groningen, towards the close of the seventeenth century, for the materials of whose singular life and adventures we are indebted to the late Dr. Campbell, and for many new facts to the ingenious rector of Bemerton (Archdeacon Cox).

The last writer, admitted to sources of information which few private men can have any access to, has, in his Apology for Sir Robert Walpole, performed the task committed to his care in a dexterous and pleasing manner.

It must be confessed, that when the transactions of ministers and statesmen are to be delineated and laid before the public, a writer is placed in a situation peculiar and delicate; more particularly when those individuals to whom he is indebted for important papers, are immediate descendants from the illustrious persons whose history he writes.

To investigate characters, and decide on measures when party zeal, inflamed resentments, and family prejudice, have not had time to cool, has been aptly compared by Horace, to treading on ashes, beneath which unextinguished fire is concealed. In such cases, an author has a difficult part to set; to avoid the bias of gratitude and

private interest; to speak not only truth, but the whole truth; to avoid exciting the malignity of powerful enemies, but at the same time to preserve unblemished his integrity and literary reputation with the public.

Riperda, the subject of my present page, inheriting from nature, activity, and acuteness, and uniting to a warm imagination a more than moderate confidence in his own abilities, applied with indefatigable industry to literature and science.

After a well-planned and well-executed education, under the superintendence of his father, who was descended from a good family, in the province where he resided, the young man passed the earlier part of his life in the army in which he deserved and obtained promotion.

His military progress added a general knowledge of the world and agreeable manners to his more solid acquirements; but he suffered no pursuit, either of business or pleasure, to interrupt the cultivation of his mind. His morning hours were sacred; and while his associates in winter quarters were lost in the stupefying indolence of superfluous sleep, or in recovering from a nocturnal debauch, the more diligent Dutchman was trimming his early lamp. He exerted himself more peculiarly in procuring information on every subject directly or remotely connected with manufactures and trade; he made himself acquainted with the population and the wants of the different powers of Europe; with the natural produce and raw materials each country yielded, and the various commodities they were under the necessity of providing from their neighbours.

Having formed himself precisely for managing the concerns of a mercantile country, soon after the peace of Utrecht, he was appointed envoy from the United Provinces to the court of Madrid, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with the King of Spain.

This complicated business he conducted with so much address, and turned his book knowledge, which men of business are so apt to think so lightly of, to so much account, that he attracted the favour of Cardinal Alberoni, who, from being a curate in the Duchy of Parma, had, by fortunate and well-improved incident, gained the patronage of the Princess Ursini, and was, at the moment, prime minister of Spain.

At Madrid, he found Mr. Doddington, who was sent on a similar business, by his master, the King of England.

The English envoy, better skilled in borough arrangements than the intricacies of foreign politics, derived so much benefit from the correct official statements and the authentic documents of Riperda, that he received many warm acknowledgements from Lord Townshend, at that time a cabinet minister at the court of London.

These flattering circumstances first occasioned the subject of our present article to meditate establishing himself in Spain; he was induced to this project by remembering that it required no very consummate abilities to pass for a deep politician at Madrid, where many foreigners had been advanced to high honours and confidential trusts, who had no other recommendation than a good voice, a dexterous finger, a pleasing countenance, or a handsome leg.

Finding the Protestant religion a considerable impediment to his advancement, he publicly abjured the faith in which he had been educated, and was eagerly admitted into the Catholic church.

This change of opinion, or of profession, so favourable to his political career, does not appear to have improved his morals; for in a pecuniary transaction, Riperda was accused of imposing on Mr. Doddington. This ill-timed incident lost him Alberoni's favour, and he was soon after dismissed from the lucrative post of superintendent of a royal manufactory, to which he had been appointed.

The Dutchman always repelled this degrading accusation with spirit, insisting that the money received, ten thousand pistoles, was no more than a moderate reward for the important diplomatic benefits he had conferred, by advice and communication, on the infant statesman, that being the appellation he bestowed,—alluding, I apprehend, rather to his want of experience than of years. He asserted that part of the cash had been actually expended in obtaining secret intelligence for the Englishman. Who shall decide when statesmen disagree? Sometimes, in these collisions, a spark of truth, useful to honest men, is struck out.

Riperda observed that, on this occasion, he had acted towards the unfledged envoy as a prudent physician would treat an illiberal and parsimonious patient, who

invidiously picked out of his opinions and advice during accidental conversations, without offering a fee: he had paid himself.

It is not easy now to decide on the positive criminality or relative equity of this transaction; it must, however, be confessed that internal evidence, deduced from the subsequent conduct of Riperda, and the left-handed, characteristic cunning of his countrymen, who generally overreach themselves, tell rather against him.

But this obliquity of conduct does not appear to have retarded his political progress: he joined the enemies of Alberoni, and, in the place from which he had been dismissed, having been kindly noticed by the royal family, was frequently consulted by the principal secretary, Grimaldo; and, what in Spain is an object of the greatest importance, Riperda became a favourite with the King's confessor.

In this advantageous position, he intrigued and caballed against the cardinal; contributed powerfully towards his dismissal; and, dazzled by the bright prospect which opened before him, confiding in superior abilities, or his personal influence with the King, he was ambitious of succeeding the ex-minister.

But, when his appointment was proposed in council, strong representations were made against the placing at the head of his Majesty's government an alien and a new convert from heresy, whose integrity was already suspected.

A further discussion was delayed by Phillip's abdicating the Spanish throne; but, when the royal seceder resumed his crown, Riperda was still his confidential favourite, and ingratiated himself more particularly with the Queen, by promoting a marriage between Don Carlos and an Archduchess of the House of Austria.

On this occasion, he was sent ambassador to the Emperor of Germany, and during his mission to Vienna, acquired considerable popularity, as well by the unqualified warmth of his declarations in favour of German connections, as by the hospitality of his table, the splendour of his retinue, and the punctuality of his payments.

A new system of politics, different views, and probably the pecuniary embarrass with Mr. Doddington, gradually estranged him from his former attachment to England, and he poured forth a foul stream of virulent invective against this country for hesitating to fulfil her engagements, one of which he positively insisted was an immediate and qualified cessation of the important fortress of Gibraltar.

In reply, it was acknowledged that the subject had been pressed by the Spanish minister, and a promise made to take it into consideration; but when the outrageous statesman was informed that, in Great Britain, the will of a sovereign, or the wishes of his minister, are impotent and ineffectual without parliamentary concurrence, he burst into passionate, vehement, and unbecoming expressions; threatened that he would land twenty thousand men in Scotland, send home the Elector of Hanover, and place the lawful sovereign, a legitimate descendant of King James II, on the English throne.

Having concluded with the Emperor a treaty, by which the King and Queen of Spain were highly gratified, he hastened to Madrid, where he was received with rapturous acknowledgments, but he treated his friend Grimaldo with ungrateful coldness, and the day after his arrival was appointed to succeed him as principal secretary of state; he transacted business at the council board and with foreign ambassadors, thus enjoying the uncontrolled authority of Alberoni, without the name of prime minister.

But it was soon found, with all his predominating address and eminent talents, that he was unfit for the high office he filled; that he was vain, turbulent, and insolent; without regularity, prudence, moderation, or consistency of conduct; in a word, that he possessed great power, and attainments, but wanted prudence and common sense.

The King, by more frequent intercourse, soon saw the deficiency of Riperda in these indispensable requisites, and in short time he ceased to be a favourite.

It is not improbable that the minister became giddy from the height to which he was elevated; being hated by the officers of state who were obliged to attend him, and detested by the people, his situation was awkward and perilous: yet at a crowded levee he had the folly or the assurance to exclaim, "I know that the whole kingdom is irritated against me, but their malice I defy; safe under the protection of God, the blessed virgin, and the goodness of my intentions."

The general aversion every day increasing, and Riperda's imprudence keeping pace with his unpopularity, it was found necessary to remove him. His dismissal, according to the usual court etiquette, being called a *resignation*, and his temper smoothed by a liberal pension.

But this pacific treatment had no effect in quieting the exasperated Dutchman; his angry passions raged with unabated fury, and he vowed eternal vengeance against a country so blind to his merits.

Being possessed of secrets which the English ministry were anxious to become acquainted with, he opened a clandestine intercourse with the English ambassador, Stanhope; his former friend, Doddington, having been recalled.

The curses of the people, artfully fomented by his enemies, were by this time not only deep, but loud; he was fearful of an attack on his person, and he fled to that gentleman's house.

His intrigues with England, and other hostile designs being now discovered, he was dragged from his retreat, taken into custody, and imprisoned in the castle of Segovia.

Taking advantage of infirmity or neglect of his keepers, and assisted by a female domestic, who first pitying had then loved him, he bribed a nocturnal sentinel, and by means of a rope ladder effected his escape.

With these companions, and after a long, anxious and fatiguing journey, he reached Oporto, and embarked without delay for England, where he was received with respect and attention by the King's ministers.

But when Sir Robert Walpole had gained from the fugitive every necessary information, he was gradually neglected, and, as is the case with all betrayers of their trust, at last despised, even by those who had derived advantage from his treachery.

A man like Riperda, who had directed national councils and had been listened to by kings, who abounded in pride, and swelled with indignation, could not but feel this degraded situation most acutely. After two years passed in the English metropolis, in unavailing impatience, passion and regret, but with undiminished hatred against everything Spanish, he withdrew to Holland.

In that republic he found an agent from Barbary, who being acquainted with his story, conceived that his thirst for vengeance might be productive of important advantages to the sovereign by whom he was employed.

This person was an envoy from that barbarian whom we condescend to call the Emperor of Morocco. He assured Riperda that all his efforts in Europe would be ineffectual, in consequence of the important changes which had recently taken place in continental politics; but that on the borders of his master's territories in Africa, he might annoy his enemies and gratify his revenge most effectually; that he would there possess the advantage of a geographical position, in which, to defeat the Spaniards would be to exterminate them, and that he would receive ample rewards from a grateful ally stimulated by the hereditary impulse of eternal hatred and national antipathy.

Riperda heard and was convinced: revenge, the most infernal, but the most seducing of all our crimes, quickening all his measures and smoothing every difficulty, with the two companions of his flight he sailed for Africa, and after a prosperous voyage, announced his arrival and the object of his views to Muly Abdallah, who eagerly accepted his services.

The Dutchman, who, like his countrymen, for a productive cargo would have trod on the cross at Japan, embraced the Mahometan faith, adopted the dress, conformed to the manners, and gained the esteem of that African chief.

In less than two months he was advanced to the post of prime minister, and shortly after appointed commander-in-chief of his forces, with unusual discretionary power.

The new general, animated by the spur of the occasion, lost no time in improving the army placed under his guidance, by every means in his power.

He represented to Abdallah the insufficiency of the desultory and irregular modes of attack generally practised by the Moors, which, although at their first onset they sometimes break down all before them, are, if they fail, generally productive of irrecoverable confusion, slaughter, and defeat.

With the Emperor's permission, Riperda, for so I continue to call him, although the renegade had assumed another name, with the Emperor's permission, he rigidly enforced the severe maxims of European tactics, silent and

prompt obedience, irresistible energy, patient and cool dexterity, which, at the mouth of a cannon, the mounting a breach, or the springing of a mine, convert an otherwise unmanageable mob into a compact magic machine, various in form, but of tremendous power: a widely spread line, a hollow square, a wedge, a column, or a platoon.

Thus improved and thus directed, the barbarians attacked the Spaniards, and irrevocably defeated them: their leader was created a bashaw, and died at Tetuan, in extreme old age, some time in the year 1737.

Such was Riperda; with a strong mind, and talents improved by assiduous cultivation, placed on elevated ground, and possessing a considerable share of book learning, and no small portion of general and local information, he missed the high road to happiness in all his parts and all his acquirements did not guard him against obliquity and crooked policy, which in this, as in most instances, generally defeat their own purpose. He has added to the many instances which pointedly prove, after all the contrivances of cunning, and the deep stratagems of finesse, that honesty is the best policy; that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths of peace.

ADVENTURE OF EUSTACHO CHERUBINI.

This account, which was first published, if we remember, by Mrs. Graham, in her "Six Months Residence near Rome," has been repeated by Mr. M'Farlane in the "History of Banditti;" but we are not aware that it has hitherto appeared in any publication which gives it so cheap an introduction to thousands, as one like our own. The undoubted authenticity of the terrors so naturally painted by the poor apothecary, produces the last degree of interest, by uniting certainty, with surprise, and a domestic familiarity with the remoteness of wild stories. The narrative is given in a letter from the person principally concerned.

Castel Madama, August 30, 1819.

I send you the detailed account you requested of the misfortune which befel me on the 17th current. Early on the morning of the day, the factor (baillif or farm-agent) of the Cavaliere Senturio Bischi, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance, as a surgeon, being necessary, both to Signor Gregorio Celestini, and to the nun sister, Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli. I passed through all the parish of San Gregorio and that of Tivoli, as far as the second arch of the antique aqueducts which cross the road two miles from that town, to a spot commonly called the narrows of Tivoli, without accident. And here I must observe, that it is impossible for the road, from its natural position, to be better adapted for banditti, or more terrible to travellers. After passing the bridge *degli archi* on the way to Tivoli, it is bounded on the left by a steep hill, covered with thick underwood, which reaches to the very edge of the road; the other side is a continued precipice of great height, and quite perpendicular to the plain, through which the Anio runs below. The breadth of this road is very little more than sufficient for a carriage, so that it is not possible to perceive the danger, which may easily be concealed in the thicket above, nor to fly from it on either side when it bursts out upon one, and therefore one must inevitably become the victim of lawless violence.

I had scarcely passed the second arch of the antique aqueducts, when two armed men rushed from the thicket, near a little lane to the left, and stopped the way; and pointing their guns at the factor, who was riding a little before, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former. We had both dismounted on the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back instantly, and to walk before them not by the road to Castel Madama, but that to San Gregorio.

The first question they asked me was, whether I was the Prince of Castel Madama, meaning, I fancy, the Vice-Prince, who had passed a little before. To this I answered, that I was not the Prince, but the poor surgeon of Castel Madama; and to convince them I spoke truth, I shewed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments; but it was of no use. During our

walk towards San Gregorio, I perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march we met at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after, we met another man, and an old woman whose earrings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey.

In the meadow by the last aqueduct, the horses which I and Bartolomeo had ridden were turned loose, and after passing the ravine, called *dell' Valcatore* we began to pass the steepest part of the mountain with such speed that, together with the alarm I felt made me pant so violently that I trembled every moment lest I should burst a blood vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the hill where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. The factor Marasca then talked a good deal to the brigands, shewed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly, but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed my mind that I was betrayed by him.

The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet case by me, said that he had reflected upon my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Livoli to attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought me pen, ink, and paper, and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that thirteen assassins, and the fear of death could inspire me. While I was writing he sent two of his men who were ploughing a little lower down the hill to San Gregorio, but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they were come, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Livoli for Signor Celestini, and in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted as a token. This countryman, who was as civil, as he was wary, prudent and fit for the business, accepted the commission which I gave him, and after having afforded me some encouragement without however offering the brigands, he gave me some bread which he had with him, and set off for Livoli, the chief desiring him to take one of the horses we had left below, that he might make more speed. The ploughman from San Gregorio was sent with him, but not quite to Livoli, and only to await at a given spot the return of the peasant of Castel Madama.

We were remaining in the same state in expectation of the return of the messenger, when, in about three hours time we saw, in the distance, a man on horseback, coming straight to us, which we believed to be the man returning. A little after, however, several people were seen together, which the chief took to be the armed force of Livoli. He abused one of his companions who had broken his spy glass the day before, because he could not obtain a more satisfactory view of them. At length having made the best observations he could he concluded that there was really an armed force advancing, and gave orders to his men to retire to the highest and most woody part of the mountain, obliging me and the other prisoner to keep pace with them. After a long and painful march, finding himself in a safe place he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger, but, as he still delayed, the chief came to me and said perhaps it might happen to me, as it did to a certain inhabitant of Viletti, who had been taken by this very party that entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the wood, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a forerunner of my own speedy death.

However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately.

I thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking carelessly about among the brigands, looking at their arms and making angry gestures, but he did not speak. Shortly after he came and sat down by me, it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he rose and cried, 'I have a wife and children, for God's sake spare my life,' and thus saying, he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him, a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time, the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger still stained with blood, into his sheath, then turning to me he announced the death of the factor in the very words, 'do not fear we have killed the factor because he was a scurvy, such as you are not scurvy, then he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murder him, and if the force had come up he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief seeing that the money did not come from Livoli, and being a little lest troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do and said to his companions, 'How shall we dispose of our prisoners, we must either kill them or send them home, but they could not decide on either, and he came and sat down by me. I am remembering that I had a little money about me which I might have sent together to thirty pauls (thrice crowns) to give them a hint to him to gain his good will. He took it in good part, and said he would keep it to pay the spy.'

After this it came on to rain heavily, it was already twenty one o'clock (about four in the afternoon, English time) and I was wet to the skin. Before the rain was quite over we heard some voices from the top of the hill above us on the left hand. Then a strict silence was kept, that we might discover if they were the voices of the messengers from Livoli, or some party of the troops of whom they seemed much afraid. I endeavoured to convince them that it was probably the messenger. They then called out 'Come down,' but no one came, nor did we ever find out who it was, so we remained where we were.

After another short interval we heard another voice also from above, on the left, and then we said, surely this must be the messenger. But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and even with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them, and thus prepared to stand on the defensive they cried out, 'Come forward!' In a few moments the men appeared among the trees, one of them the peasant of Castel Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini at Livoli, the other, the ploughman of San Gregorio his companion.

As they were recognized they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered—'It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue after climbing these mountains, with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostitute myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money. It was all that could be got together in the town.' Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters, being answered that there were two, he gave them me to read, and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding them exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble. His companion also received a small present.

The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get anything, released them from this spot. I, therefore, and the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoners, and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of

changing place. I asked why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief said that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama, and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw who gave me his arm during our rocky journey. At length we reached the top of the mountain where there were some pools of water, formed by the rain that had fallen a little before; and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times, but I found it impossible to eat the bread.

The journey continued over the tops of those mountains which succeed one another, till we arrived at a place known by the name of S. Sierla, about midnight. There we saw an ass feeding, and heard some one call to us, to ask if we had seen the ass. The chief in a feigned voice, answered, Yes; and then made the man from Castel Madama desire him to come down from the ass. It appeared that the man was afraid to come down; for which reason the chief said that if he were near enough, he would have stuck his knife into him. Piqued that the shepherd was afraid of them, he said, "Did one ever hear of a shepherd being afraid of the brigands!" When the man at length came down, they reproached him with his fear; but he, taking courage, said he was not afraid, and invited them to his hut. The ass was then taken and a great coat put upon his back, with a shepherd's coat of sheepskin, upon which I was mounted, and we went on to the hut, where there was a thatching-floor. This was the only time I saw them drink anything but water. The chief told me they were always afraid when fresh wine came, lest it should be drugged; and that they always made whoever brought it, drink a good deal of it; and if in two hours no bad symptom appeared, they used the wine.

After this, we went to the sheep-fold, which we reached about the fifth hour; and where we found a quantity of boiled meat which the brigands tied up in various handkerchiefs, and a great coat, together with some cheeses. Before we left the fold, the chief, reflecting that the messenger was not come back from Castel Madama, began to think he might have made his escape entirely, because he was one of the prisoners from San Gregorio, and determined to make me write another letter, and accordingly brought me all that was requisite for writing; and ordered me to tell my friends at Castel Madama that if they did not send eight hundred crowns the following day, they would put me to death, or carry me to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than the above-named sum. I consequently wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also by word of mouth, if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire that they might be sent to Livori and sold for whatever they might fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with my effects to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but the man, with his usual coolness, said it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during night; on which the chief told him he might remain in the sheep-cote all night and set out at daylight: "But take notice," said he, "if you do not return at the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit." The peasant tried to persuade them that perhaps it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town, at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief said that they had no time to waste, and that if he did not return next day by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini.

After they had given their orders they left the countryman at the sheep-fold, to wait for daylight before he set out for Castel Madama, which was about three miles from it. The brigands then set off, carrying me with them, and obliging a shepherd to carry the great coat, in

which they had wrapped up the cold meat and cheese. And now, instead of the low thicket which it was so difficult to walk through, we came to fine, tall timber trees, where the road was comparatively smooth, except where a fallen tree, here and there, lay across it. At this time I was overcome by fear in consequence of the new threats I had heard to kill me next day if the whole sum of eight hundred crowns was not brought by the twentieth hour; for I thought it quite impossible that so much money could be collected at Castel Madama. I therefore recommended myself to God and begged him to have compassion on my wretched state, when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and, taking me by the arm, he assisted me to walk, and said, "Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man from Castel Madama, I assure you that tomorrow you shall go home free, however small the sum he brings may be. Be of good cheer, therefore, and do not distress yourself! At that moment I felt such comfort from the assurance of the outlaw, that he appeared to me to be an angel from heaven; and without thinking why I should not, I kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for his unexpected kindness.

When we again reached the thicket and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep and I had the slugs to rest on as before and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great coat, and he and the second chief lay on each side of me. Two sentinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the sentinels came and gave notice of day-break. "Come again then, when it is lighter," said the chief, and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigand and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect upon me. I started, and said, "What bird was that?" They answered, "A hawk." "Thank God!" I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings I cannot forget the stinging and torments of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but after the death of poor Marasca, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impudence. A little after this we all arose and walked on for about an hour, when we came to a little open space in the midst of the thicket, where the brigands began to eat their cold meat, inviting me to join them; but I only took a little now and then, without bread. After they had breakfasted they lay down to sleep, the second chief giving me his great coat to wrap myself in, as the ground was damp. While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour, they all arose, and filed off one by one guard to a higher place, leaving a single sentinel to me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some resolution about my life, and that the new sentinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution; but he very soon said to me, "Be cheerful, for to night you will be at home;" which gave me some comfort; but as I could not entirely trust them, I had still an internal fear, which however, I endeavoured to hide. Shortly afterwards we were called to join the rest, our station being now on the mountain, commonly called Monte Picione, not very far from the ancient sanctuary of Montorella. There we remained the rest of the day only going out of the way once, on the approach of a flock of goats, that we might not be seen; but we soon returned.

Then the second chief who said he was of Sonnino, and one of the five who went to treat with the President of Frosinone, began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in pulling them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them, were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying

that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon, without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses without fear of treachery; but otherwise they would not trust to, nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded anything with the prelate sent to Fronsione to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the Pope's own lips; and he repeated this samerementment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows.

One of the brigands begged me to endeavour to obtain from government the freedom of his wife, Marincia Carcapola di Pisterno, now in the prison of St. Michael in Rome. Another said to me, "Have patience, Signor Cherubini; we made a blunder when we took you; we intended to have had the prince, who according to our information, should have passed by at that very time." In fact, he was to have travelled that road, and just before I passed, not the prince, but the person commonly called so, the vice-prince, or agent, Signor Filippo Gazoni had gone by, but fortunately for him they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy, who was leading his horse. The banditti bit their fingers with rage when they found that they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. The brigand who said all this had the collar of the Madonna della Carmine round his neck, and said to me, "Suffer patiently, for the love of God." Then the chief came to me and told me he was not very well, and desired me to prescribe for him, which I did in writing. Another, the same who had taken my watch from me, told me that the watch did not go, and slewed it me. I found that he had broken the glass and the minute hand. He said it I had any money he would sell it me; but I gave it him back saying nothing, but shrugging up my shoulders. Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief, taking out his watch, said it was now twenty o'clock. He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to return to the sheepfold which we had left during the night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to the second letter to Castel Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now in; if he were not come, he ordered him to wait three hours; and if he did not come then, to return alone. The shepherd obeyed, and after an hour and a half he came back with the countryman and another shepherd, who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns. They also brought a few shirts of home-spun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat, and a little wine to recruit me. But I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine, the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which, they gave me leave to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their civility, and for my life, which they had had the goodness to spare.

On the way homewards the two men of Castel Madama informed me, that the prisoner from San Gregorio, who was sent the day before with the first letter to Castel Madama for money, and who had not been seen since, had really been there, and had gone back the same day, at the hour and to the place appointed, with the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven crowns sent from Castel Madama; but the robbers having forgotten to send any one to meet him at the place agreed on, because we were a great way from it, the messenger returned to town with the money, after having waited till night, carrying back the intelligence that the factor had been killed, which alarmed all my townsmen who began to fear for my life. I found that the last six hundred dollars had been furnished half by Castel Madama, and half by Tivoli.

I went on towards Castel Madama, where all the people anxiously expected me. In fact, a mile before I reached the town, I found a number of people, of all ranks, who had come out to meet me, and I arrived at home a little before night, in the midst of such public congratulations and acclamations as were never before heard, which presented a most affecting spectacle. I had hardly arrived, when the arch-priest Giustini ordered the bells to be rung

• The Virgin Mary.

to call the people to the parish church. On the first sound all the people flocked thither with me, to render public and devout thanks to the most merciful God, and to our protector, Saint Michael, the arch-angel, for my deliverance. The priest had done the same when he first heard of my capture, and soon after, when he sent the six hundred crowns. Both times he had assembled his congregation in that very church, to offer up supplications to the Lord to grant me that mercy which he deigned afterwards to shew.

I cannot conclude without saying that the epoch of this my misfortune will be ever remembered by me. I shall always recollect that the Lord God visited me as a father; for at the moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he moved the city of Tivoli, and the whole people of Castel Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and to sell their goods in so short a time, and with such profusion, for my sake. The same epocha will also always remind me what gratitude I owe to those, particularly the Signora Cartoni and Celestini, both Romans, who, with such openness of heart, exerted themselves in my favour. I now pray God that he will preserve me from all the bad consequences which commonly arise out of similar misfortunes; and I am always

Your Affectionate Friend,

FESTACIO CHERUBINI.

THE BOAT OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now rude, and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;

Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay,
But Time flies swift his flying oar,
And on we speed—away, away.

Should chilling winds and rain come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a sunnier hour,

And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which Life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all,
To sink into the void below:

Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms,
Together linked, go down the steep.

[Book of Beauty for 1835.]

CORNEILLE.—An imposing and interesting ceremony lately took place at Rouen, the inauguration of a statue to the memory of Corneille. This statue is formed of an enormous mass of bronze, weighing altogether 4540 kilogrammes, and was executed under the direction of M. Gregoire, the architect. The principal Civil and Military authorities of Rouen were present at the ceremony, as well as deputations from various literary and scientific bodies, and great numbers of ladies and gentlemen connected with the town. The persons whose presence excited the greatest interest, were the following surviving members of the family of the great Corneille: Made-moiselle Jeanne Marie Corneille, M. Alexis Corneille, Inspector of the Academy of Rouen, his lady and children, M. Joseph Michel Corneille, and M. Xavier Corneille; both these latter gentlemen have official occupations at Rouen. M. Dumas, in the name of the Dramatic Commission, passed an eloquent eulogium on the merits of the poet; and the conclusion of his address was hailed with salvos of artillery. The whole ceremony passed off with great éclat.

TYLNEY HALL.

By Thomas Hood. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834.
Bailey and Co.

It has always been a doubtful point with us, whether Mr. Hood's talents were of a kind calculated to produce a good novel. The perusal of *Tylney Hall* has turned the doubt—Can Mr. Hood write a novel? into the certainty that he cannot. Most of the characters are common-place as the narrative;—a wearisome succession of mistakes and caricatures as fatiguing as the repetition of practical jokes; a squire copied from Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone; a Creole from Kashiagh; an old woman from Meg Merriles; a severe magistrate from Brandon; such are venerable materials of the present work. Bits of oddities and quaintness, and one or two detached scenes, are amusing enough; but they do not combine—and their whole is a complete failure. Mr. Hood's mind is of a very peculiar cast—a cast most opposed to the production of an animated, natural, and interesting fiction. His great skill is in placing things in an old light, finding out "smiles of dissimilitude," and thinking what no one would have thought of but himself;—or a simile has just occurred to us. Have any of our readers ever visited Greenwich Park?—of course they have. Summer and sunshine have tempted them to ascend the hill nearest the hospital. On their arrival at the top, an old sailor stands with glasses of all powers and colours: one lengthens, another widens the object, a third repeats it in grotesque combinations, a fourth represents the landscape covered with snow, a fifth as seen by the light of a conflagration, while a sixth, like the Tyrian dye for the hair, turns it to a dusky purple. Now, Mr. Hood's mind's eye sees through such glasses. The effects are odd, amusing, and pleasant; but they won't do in the long run. We soon want the green earth and the clear sky in their own fair reality. But Mr. Hood has no glass for this view. *Tylney Hall* has some odd characters; but they are caricatures, and their companions are copies. There are droll scenes, but they are farce; while the graver portions are either forced or borrowed. Moreover, what chills the action of the scene to the last degree is the extent of eloquence—the actors make such long speeches. The Creole, after his cousin's murder, when the unfortunate brother who has been the unhappy perpetrator of the deed is in agony and confusion, addresses him in a "discourse" (justly so termed by the author) of some two pages. Indeed, the whole arrangement of this murder and its consequence is most improbable and unnatural. The elder brother is killed by a chance shot from the younger one. Why is no where represented as a fool, yet only a fool could have committed such an act in such a manner, or would have fled under the circumstances. He must instantly have perceived that his cousin having directed his aim, must have been perfectly aware that he was entirely innocent of intention. The careless letter of the Creole to a friend, conjured up expressly for "that occasion only," is quite out of keeping with his cautious and reserved character. But the third volume is filled with the ordinary run of romance writers' improbabilities.

Recurring, however, to the pervading features of the whole work, we may remark, that the superabundance of fox-hunting phraseology is a great drawback on any interest that might be created. To most novel readers this jargon is unintelligible; and to those who do understand it, the quantity renders it tiresome. Mrs. Deborah's (the housekeeper) divisions of sentences, and pauses in wrong places, also become too fatiguing from repetition: the same humour which may tickle us with a slight touch, becomes a sad bore when we are perseveringly dilled with it.

Another marked defect of *Tylney Hall* is, that nearly all the *dramatis persone* are more or less Tom Hoods, that grave and gay, high and low, intelligent and ignorant, are all addicted to the use of quaint expressions to verbal epigrams, and to droll word-chasing. Never before did we meet with so fanciful a set.* But to make amends for their ludicrous propensities, the three boys who figure in

* Of this, and of the author's best touches in other respects, it is but fair to offer some of the most happy specimens.

The Change before Death.—"In such a case, the sparkle of the eye is but as the unflashing of an expiring taper; and the rosy forgery of health upon the cheek resembles only those ruddy sunsets portending gloom and tears."

A Woman in a rage throws down a Basin.—"In fact, the Tartar, as of old, began to rise on the ruins of China."

A Duel.—"The Lord be praised! ejaculated Mrs. Twigg, 'Mr. T. was never concerned in any honourable affair in his life; and so little used as he is to dwelling and letting off

the tale have old heads on their young shoulders. They are experienced worldlings at school, and perfect Machiavels in their first year at college. There is neither nature, nor what painters call keepings, in any part. The "sequestered Rabbitts' inn on 'the skirts of a forest' becomes the centre of dense population within fifty pages; and the doctor's boy of this hitherto lonely spot is found carrying out as much medicine as would physic the most crowded quarter within the range of a London practitioner—"his basket fell with a hideous crash, followed by the powerful aromas of squills and camphor, æther and asafoetida; while a flood of mingled hue meandered along the floor, the acids and alkalies hissing at each other like enraged serpents." Could extravagance, caricature, and improbability, go farther?

"Unlucky Joe," a fellow married to misfortune, no matter what he attempts, is the most original portrait in the novel; yet the principal incident in his list of calamities is founded on his being accused of a capital felony, and (what will lawyers think?) examined by the justice on his own oath against himself. "The oath was recited by the clerk, and Joe kissed the book. Prisoner, what is your name?"

"Now, then," said the magistrate, with a manner meant to be particularly impressive, "now, then, Joseph Spiller—and remember you are on your solemn oath—pray tax your memory, and inform us how you were employed during the morning of Friday, the 21st." "Starving, was the brief answer."

Joe, however, escapes being hanged on his own evidence—no thanks to the author.

Having alluded to the personal misadventures with which these pages abound, the ensuing will be a fair specimen of the rest. We need only observe, that the first speaker in the dialogue is the son and heir of Mr. Twigg, the gentleman giving the fete-champette.

"I say, sir, you a scaly chap, now, not to come in character! You promised me, honour bright, you know; and, thinks I, it will be a hat and feathers, and a long cloak, for you've just got the cut of the mug, and the brown chops for a Spanish Don." "I gave no such promise, sir," answered the Creole, sharply. "Come, that's good un!" exclaimed the cub. "And I suppose you didn't promise to give us a little spouting? And you don't remember, neither, the bit of speeching in the laze—the porgat, the portrait's the thing,—and truth stamp on it!" "I am no strolling player, sir," said St. Kittis; "but perhaps you mistake me for some of your acquaintance?" "No, I don't," answered the cub, with a knowing wink, "I'd swear to your phiz any where, and no mistake. Who are you? Why, you're Watty Lytel, alias St. Kittis, alias Gyp." "The time and place protect you, sir," said the Creole, between his teeth, "or his offensive familiarity should be chastised." "Punished, eh?" said the cub; "if you're for a turn-up, don't stick about trifles; the company's dullish, and a bit of a row will brighten 'em up. For my part, I'd as soon fight in a ring of ladies and gentlemen, as prigs, sheneies, and costermongers—and we needn't strip. So shy up your castor, and my tile won't be long after it." "I have no inclination, sir," said the Creole, "to convert this garden into a bear-garden." "All sogrum!" said the cub, adopting a favourite phrase of the highborn and highbred Fulke Greville; "didn't Hamlet and P'ing-um-bob fence before the king and queen, and all the court? It's only doing the thing more like English things, if no worse happened, he'd be sure to shoot away his own fingers, or something."

An Introduction.—"Miss Twigg rose and performed a very elaborate curtsy, as if for the instruction of her mother; Twigg on his own part made one of those tradesman-like bows, when the body bends but the legs cannot for the counter; while his son kept repeating his ducks and bobs at Miss Rivers, whose eyes unfortunately would not 'come to the lower.'"

The following is sweetly expressed:—

"But rocks have their flowers, and deserts their fountains; and from the hard arid nature of the parent sprang a beautiful plant, so instinct with a gushing sympathy for human sorrow as to resemble that weeping tree which refreshes the parched inhabitants of earth with the moisture it has collected from heaven."

The laborious is exemplified by the annexed, which is, nevertheless, one of the prattiest conceits we can quote:

"Like a long-standing cup of tea, life generally grows sweeter and sweeter towards the bottom, and seems to be nothing less than syrup of sugar at the very last. The desponding, hopeless crowd of the fatalist, however, was one specially calculated to sicken the heart and to sadden the soul, and to wean the owner from a world paved all over with black stones."

men, with fists instead of foils.' 'No, no; I'll be a party to no such parodies of Shakespeare,' said St. Kitts, with a laugh; for he prudently reflected, that it is better to dance with a bear than to fight with him; and, besides, the altercation had begun to attract the notice of the by-standers; he readily took, therefore, the hand that was held out to him, and accepted the cub's invitation to see 'something worth seeing,' at a distant part of the grounds. 'There it is,' said the cub, pointing, with a chuckle, to a garden-engine; it's chuck-full, and a regular sneaking job I had to get it held on the sly. Come, man, pump away like a fireman, and I'll guide the pipe.' 'I must first know what it is to be got under,' said St. Kitts, 'before I help to play upon it.' 'Why, the arbour, to be sure, answered the cub; 'those green boards are the back of it. Tilda is Flora; and that's her temple; and as it's hotish weather for her and the flowers, I'm going to give them a benefit.' 'You must excuse me,' said the Creole, 'but I will be accomplice in no such plot; I detest practical jokes.' 'Backing out, eh?' said the cub, regarding his companion with a look of contempt. 'Why, she'll only give a squawk; I've often cold-pigged her of a morning. But no matter—I can do it myself. So here goes.' The speaker immediately seized the handle of the pump, and plied it vigorously with one hand, while the other directed the pipe upwards, so judiciously, as he would have said, that the jet of water, after rushing some yards aloft, fell in a heavy shower through the lattice-work which composed the roof the lower. A loud scream, as he had predicted, arose from the interior of the temple."

There is a whimsical account given of the preparations needed for angling:—

"If it wasn't for your everlasting poetry," said Ringwood, one day, "I shouldn't hear so much of my everlasting sporting. I wish to God you would hunt or shoot a little yourself, instead of being such a bookworm. There's fishing is a quiet, studious sort of thing." 'Never!' answered Raby with emphasis. 'I cannot bear the thought even of impaling a poor inoffensive worm on a hook to writh in agony till he is drowned.' 'But you might have a fly,' said Ringwood; 'and, as you are so squeaming, you need not even impale a real one.' 'True,' said Raby; 'but I happen to have read Cotton, with his direction for making artificial ones, and really I have no inclination to go through the varied course of sporting which would be requisite only to furnish me with dishing.' 'If I know what you mean,' exclaimed Ringwood, 'may I be pounded!' 'I speak,' answered Raby, 'from the book, I was tempted to read the instructions carefully for their whimsicality. To get only the materials for palmers, and stoneflies, and duns, and other technicals would take up a greater portion of my life than I am disposed to spare. For instance, I must go bear-hunting, and scuffle with an old black brin for a little of his skin, being particular to have him well tanned by the weather; then I must draw a badger for a bit of fur; then I must take an otter for ditto; and then grope the banks for a water-rat and a water-mouse, if there be such an animal. I must beg the squire for a pluck of hair at his black spaniel on the inside of the ear, and must remember at Oxford to buy or steal a bit of a barge-sail. I must go hawking to get the herl of a heron, fox-hunting for the fur of an old red reynard, coursing for the scut of a hare, the blackest I can get, and shooting for a rook's wing, a lapwing's crest, and a partridge's tail. I must climb up trees for martins and squirrels, comb black greyhounds with small-tooth combs, and go swine-shearing for sanded hog's down. Last, not least, I must shave our black Tom cat, if he will let me, for the sake of his whiskers; and then, turning him round, I must take a twitch out of his tail!"

An amusing *mélange* of the *débris* of a party disturbed by a cow—the loosening of the said cow being the result of another of young Mr. Twigg's practical jokes—may be added.

"The following are but a few of the objects which the Hon. Mr. Danvers beheld which he looked on. Item. A huge cold round of beef, surrounded by the froth of a trifle, like an island 'begirt with foam,' with a pigeon perched on the top instead of a cormorant. Item. A large lobster, roosting on the branch of an epergne. Item. A roast duck, seemingly fast asleep, with a cream cheese for a mattress and a cucumber for a bolster. Item. Brown, in an ample writing-paper ruff, well sprinkled with elaret, reminding the spectator irresistibly of the neck of King Charles the First. Item. Topsy-cake, appropriately under the table. Item. A puddle of cold

punch, and a neat's tongue apparently licking it up. Item. A noble ham, brilliantly powdered with broken glass. Item. A boiled rabbit smothered in custard. Item. A lump of *blanc-mange* dyed purple. Item. A shoal of prawns in an ocean of lemonade. Item. A very fine boiled turkey, in a harlequin suit of lobster-salad. Item. A ship of sugar-candy, high and dry, on a fillet of veal. Item. A 'hedge-hog' sitting on a hen's nest.—Vide Mrs. Glasse's Cookery for these confectionary devices. Item. 'A floating island,' as a new constellation, amongst 'the moon and stars in jelly.'—See Mrs. Glasse again. Item. A large pound crab, sitting upright against a table, and nursing a chicken between its claws. Item. A collared eel, uncoiled, and threatening, like a boa constrictor, to swallow a fowl. Item. A Madeira pond in a dish cover, with a duck drowned in it. Item. A pig's face, with the snout smelling at a bunch of artificial flowers. Item. A leg of lamb, as yellow as the leg of a boy at Christ's Hospital, thanks too the mustard-pot. Item. A tongue all over 'fummery. Item. An immense Macedoine of all the fruits of the season, jumbled together in jam, jelly, and creams. Such were some of the objects, interspersed with Serpentine of sherry, Peerless Pools of port, and New Rivers of Madeira, that saluted the eyes of the expectant guests, thus untimely reduced to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The unfortunate hostess appeared ready to drop on the spot; but, according to Major Oakley's theory, she refrained from fainting amongst so many broken bottles; whilst Twigg stood with the very aspect and attitude of a baker's journeyman we once saw just after a stumble which had pitched five rice-puddings, two custard ditto, a gooseberry pie, a currant tart, and two dozen cheesecakes, into a reservoir of M'Adam's broth from dints. The swamping of his collation on the art in the Thames was a retail concern to this enormous wreck. His eye-brows worked, his eyes rolled, his lips quivered with inaudible curse, and his fingers twitched, as if eager to be doing something, but waiting for orders from the will; he was divided, in truth, between a dozen rival impulses, suggested to him all at once—to murder the cow, to thrash Pompey, to quarrel with his wife, to disinherit his son, to discharge the cooks, to order every body's carriage, to send Matilda back to boarding-school, to go to bed suddenly ill, to run away God knew where, to hang himself on the pear-tree, to drown himself in the fish-pond, to burn the marquee, to turn inndel and deny a Providence, to get dead drunk."

We must conclude by repeating our firm conviction that, quaint, old, and humorous, as Mr. Hood is (and his forte lies in short performances replete with these qualities, not forgetting, either, some of his pathetic and natural poetical compositions), he will never write a good novel—at least if we may judge by the present production.* And be it observed farther, that sundry indelicate expressions, to say the least of them, deform these pages; we will not cite them, but end with one sample, which we consider to be still more obnoxious to tight sense and feeling.

"With all his seeming lowliness, he had at bottom a deal of the devil's 'darling sin,' 'the pride that apes humility.' Out of nothing, it is written, 'God created the

* We this day give our candid opinion of *Tynney Hall*; but the subject requires a few explanatory words from us independently of our impartial criticism. In all affairs in which we are concerned, whether literary or other, we like to make a clean and honest breast of it: if we have erred, to confess it; and, if we have been in the right, to dissipate misapprehension or repel misrepresentation. It has ever been our established principle in the *Literary Gazette*, when works were sent to us previous to publication, that if we could say nothing favourable of them, we were at least bound to say nothing to prejudice them before they regularly appeared. To this rule we have steadfastly adhered; and, except in three or four instances, where we were unaware of the fact of the issue having been delayed, we have never prejudiced an author with whose production we could only have become acquainted through an act of courtesy. We are sorry to have been charged with an error of this kind in the case of *Tynney Hall*, our brief notice of the first volumes of which, in our No. 225, preceding, we are now told, the appearance of the entire novel. As an unconscious departure from our own principle we regret this, and can only excuse our hastiness by stating that the publisher himself assured us in writing that the third volume would be ready ten days before the date of our *Gazette* of the 11th October. Perhaps we ought previously to have taken pains to ascertain the real circumstances; but in every other respect we feel that we have done but our public duty, from which neither private friendships, nor any other consideration whatever, have induced us to deviate in our long and often trying course.

world; and as out of nothing Twigg had created some thirty thousand pounds, he considered himself as a sort of deity who had wrought a miracle."—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD Esq.*

As the projector of the periodical work which bore, and which still bears, his name, Mr. Blackwood may well be considered a distinguished public character, under whose auspices the fame of Scottish genius has been carried to the remotest corners of the earth: as a man and a Christian, the memory of his many virtues will ever be cherished by all who enjoyed his private friendship.

William Blackwood was born in Edinburgh, on the 20th of November, 1776. Although his respectable parents were in a much humbler station of life than that which he himself ultimately occupied, he received an excellent early education; and it was his boyish devotion to literature which determined the choice of his calling. In 1790, when he was fourteen years of age, he entered on his apprenticeship with the well-known house of Bell and Bradfute; and, before quitting their roof, largely stored his mind with reading of all sorts; but especially Scottish history and antiquities.

When he had been six years with Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, he went to Glasgow, to be manager for Mr. Mundell, then in extensive business as a bookseller and university printer. Mr. Blackwood had the sole superintendence of the bookselling department; and he always spoke of the time he spent in Glasgow as having been of the greatest service to him in after-life. Being thrown entirely on his own resources, he then formed those habits of decision and promptitude for which he was subsequently so remarkable. He also corresponded regularly with Mr. Mundell and his friends at home—a usage from which he derived great benefit in the formation of that style of letter-writing which, in the opinion of many competent judges, has seldom been surpassed.

Mr. Mundell, however, gave up business in Glasgow; and, at the expiration of a year, Mr. Blackwood returned to Messrs. Bell and Bradfute. In 1799 he entered into partnership with a Mr. Ross, which connexion was, however, dissolved in a few years. He then went to London; and, in the shop of Mr. Cuthell, perfected himself in the knowledge of old books.

In 1804, Mr. Blackwood returned to Edinburgh, and commenced business on his own account on the South Bridge, as a dealer in old books, in the knowledge of which he had by that time few equals. He soon after became agent to Murray Baldwin, and Cadell, and also published on his own account, among other works "Grahame's Sabbath," "Kerr's Voyages," the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," &c. In 1812 appeared his famous catalogue, consisting of upwards of fifteen thousand books in various languages, all classified.

For many years Mr. Blackwood confined his attention principally to the classical and antiquarian branches of his trade; and was regarded as one of the best-informed booksellers of that class in the kingdom; but, on removing to the New Town of Edinburgh, in 1816, he disposed of his stock, and thenceforth applied himself, with characteristic ardour, to general literature, and the business of a popular publisher.

In April 1817, he put forth the first number of "Blackwood's Magazine," the most important feature of his professional career. He had long before contemplated the possibility of once more raising magazine literature to a rank not altogether unworthy of the great names which had been enlisted in its service in a preceding age: it was no sudden or fortuitous suggestion which prompted him to take up the enterprise in which he was afterwards so pre-eminently successful as to command many honourable imitators. From an early period of its progress, his magazine engrossed a very large share of his time; and though he scarcely ever wrote for its pages himself, the general management and arrangement of it, with the very extensive literary correspondence which that involved, and the constant superintendence of the press, would have been more than enough to occupy entirely any man but one of first-rate energies.

* Agreeably to our promise, we are now enabled to offer a slight testimony of our regard to our late contemporary, whose *Magazine* and our *Gazette* started into existence at the same period.—*Ed. L. L. G.*

No man ever conducted business of all sorts in a more direct and manly manner. His opinion was on all occasions directly expressed; his questions were ever explicit; his answers conclusive. His sunderly might sometimes be considered rough; but no human being ever accused him either of flattering or of shuffling; and those men of letters who were in frequent communication with him, soon conceived a respect for and confidence in him, which, save in a very few instances, ripened into cordial regard and friendship. The masculine steadiness and imperturbable resolution of his character were impressed on all his proceedings; and it will be allowed by those who watched him through his career, as the publisher of a literary and political miscellany, that those qualities were more than once very severely tested. He dealt by parties exactly as he did by individuals. Whether his principles were right or wrong, they were *his*, and he never compromised or complimented away one tithe of them. No changes, either of men or of measures, ever dimmed his eye, or checked his courage.

To youthful merit he was a ready and a generous friend; and to literary persons of good moral character, when involved in pecuniary distress, he delighted to extend a bountiful hand. He was in all respects a man of large and liberal heart and temper.

During some of the best years of his life, he found time, in the midst of his own pressing business, to take rather a prominent part in the affairs of the City of Edinburgh, as a magistrate: and it must be admitted by those who most closely observed, and even by those who most constantly opposed him in that capacity, that he exhibited on all occasions perfect fairness of purpose, and often, in the conduct of debate, and the management of less vigorous minds, a very rare degree of tact and sagacity. His complete personal exemption from the slightest suspicion of jobbing or manoeuvring was acknowledged on all hands; and, as the civic records can shew, the most determined enemy of what was called *reform* was, in his sphere, the unweary, though not always the triumphant, assailant of practical mischiefs. Already the impression is strong and general among the citizens of Edinburgh, of all shades of political sentiment, that in William Blackwood they have lost a great light and ornament of their order; a man of high honour and principle, pure and patriotic motives, and a very extraordinary capacity.

In the private relations, as in the public conduct, of his life, he may safely be recommended as a model to those who come after him. He has left a widow, exemplary in all the domestic virtues, and a family of seven sons; and two daughters—all of whom are at home, excepting the third son, who is in the service of the Hon. East India Company, as Lieutenant of the 59th regiment, Bengal N. I. His two eldest sons have announced that they will carry on the business in which from boyhood they were associated with their honoured parent; and as they were generally esteemed for their amiable dispositions, their talents, and their integrity, it cannot be doubted that, if they continue to tread in his footsteps, they will not want to aid and sustain them, under the load of duty which has untimely devolved on them, the assistance of their father's friends, and the favour of that great party which, through evil report and through good report, he most strenuously and efficiently served.

Mr. Blackwood died at his house in Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 16th of September, 1834, at six o'clock A. M., in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His disease had been from the first pronounced incurable by his physicians. Four months of suffering, in part intense, exhausted by slow degrees all his physical energies, but left his temper calm and unruined, and his intellect entire and vigorous even to the last. He had thus what no good man will consider a slight privilege—that of contemplating the approach of death with the clearness and full strength of his mind and faculties; and of instructing those around him, by solemn precept and memorable example, by what means alone humanity, conscious of its own frailty, can sustain that prospect with humble serenity.—*Lon. Lit. Gaz. Dec. 1834.*

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—We are glad to hear that this vast undertaking has at length obtained the aid of government. The sum of 250,000*l.* it is said, is to be advanced for its completion; the work will therefore be forthwith resumed under the superintendence of the original projector.

BRINGING OUT.

We have often been inclined to think that the gawky silliness of young men in the upper ranks of society in England, along with prevailing pursuit of wealth, formed an obstacle, almost insurmountable, to the cultivation of female intellect. Here is what Mr. Bulwer says on this subject in his late work on France:—"How is it possible that an Englishwoman, such as we ordinarily find the Englishwomen of London society—how is it possible that such a woman should possess the slightest influence over a man three degrees removed from dandyism and the Guards? What are her objects of interest but the most trumpery and insignificant? What are her topics of conversation but the most ridiculous and insipid? Not only does she lower down her mind to the level of the emptiest of the male creatures that she meets, but she actually persuades herself, and is actually persuaded, that it is charming and feminine to do so. She will talk to you about hunting and shooting—that is not unbecoming! oh, no! But politics, the higher paths of literature, the stir and action of life, in which all men worth anything, and from whom she could borrow any real influence, are plunged—of these she knows nothing, thinks nothing—in these she is not interested at all, and only wonders that an intellectual being can have any other ambition than to get what she calls good invitations to the stupidest, and noisiest, and dullest of the stupid, hot, and dull drawing-rooms of London. There are of course reasons for all this; and I agree with a late work in asserting one of these reasons to be the practice which all England insists upon, as so innocent, so virtuous, so modest, so disinterested, viz. 'bringing out,' as it is called, a young woman at sixteen, who is ushered into a vast variety of crowded rooms, with this injunction—'There, go; hunt about and get a good,' which means a rich, husband.

This command—for Miss is greatly bored with papa and mamma, and the country house, and the country parson—is very readily obeyed. Away she starts—dances with this man, sighs to that; and as her education has not been neglected, she ventures, perhaps, at the first onset to give vent to a few of those ideas which her governess, or her reading, or the solitude of her early life, have given birth to. Woe upon her! The rich young man who has such a fine property in—shire, and who is really so very good-looking, and so very well dressed, opens his eyes, shrugs up his shoulders, turns pale, turns red, and looks very stupid and very confused, and at the first opportunity glides away, uttering to an acquaintance, 'I say, what a blue that girl is!' Never mind, my good young lady! In a second season you will be as simple and as silly as your chaperon can desire. Do but go on—a constant succession of balls and parties, and listless conversations, will soon make you all the most plotting mother can desire; and all I regret is, that when you have at last succeeded in the wearisome aim of your youth, when you have fixed the fate of some wealthy and perhaps titled booby, a constant habit of dullness will have been generated from the stupidity that was necessary to secure him.

Of late years this misfortune has been increasing, because of late years fortune and rank have been more entirely separated from talent and education; to such a degree indeed has it increased, that no man, after his reason has burst its leading-strings, ever now exposes himself to the insufferable ennui of general society."

* We omit the oath which accompanies this elegant expression.

FOOLS THE BEST LOVERS.

This, too, observe—that men of sense, in love, Dupes more complete than fools and blockheads prove; For all that knowledge lent them as a guide, Goes off entirely to the lady's side; Whereas the blockhead rather sees the more, And gains perception that he lack'd before. His honest passion blinds the man of sense, While want of feeling is the fool's defence; Arm'd with insensibility he comes, When more repell'd he but the more assumes, And thus succeeds where fails the man of wit; For where we cannot conquer, we submit.

CRABBE.

NUMBER OF PLANTS.—According to Humboldt, the species of plants at present known amount to 44,000. Of these 6000 are *cryptogamous*, or having neither blossoms nor visible fructification; the remaining 38,000 are *phanerogamous* plants, or those which have visible organs of fructification, and are thus distributed:—

In Europe.....	7000
Temperate regions of Asia.....	1500
Asia within the tropics, and islands.....	4500
In Africa.....	3000
Both the temperate regions of America.....	4000
In America, between the tropics.....	13,000
New Holland and the islands of the Pacific.....	5000

He also states that the proportions of plants which grow in latitudes 0°, 45°, and 68°, to be as the numbers 12, 4, and 1. Within the tropics the *monocotyledonous* plants, or those having only one *cotyledon*, or seed-lobe, as the grass and corn tribe, palms, and the orchis family, are to the *dicotyledonous*, or those having two seed-lobes, as 1 to 6; between the latitudes 36° and 52°, as 1 to 4; and at the polar circle, as 1 to 2.

"LIMERICK BELLS."

No. 1.

In the *Calcutta Literary Gazette* for the 10th January, 1835, among the original articles appears a paper, entitled "Limerick Bells," attached to which is the signature G. W. S. In your *Gazette*, the *Literary Gazette* of Madras, for the 11th April 1835, the very same story of "Limerick Bells" is inserted as original but with the signature VIATOR. There is some slight alteration in the drawing up and language of the story, but it is the same story after all, and a very pretty one it is still. Having appeared exactly three months sooner at Calcutta than it did at Madras, it was no longer an Original contribution when it reached you.

I do not exactly see why the original matter of our Madras Juvenile *Gazette*, should be gleaned from the pages of its Calcutta cotemporary, nor can I approve of Viator's conduct in sending it you as original, if so he has done—is it fair?

Saint Thome, 26th April 1835.

No. 2.

To the Editor of the Madras Literary Gazette.

My Dear Sir,—I read not without pain in the *Literary Gazette* of the 2nd instant a communication dated from Saint Thome, and announcing somewhat severely on the circumstance of the little tale entitled "The Limerick Bells" being sent to you as original when it had already appeared some months ago in a Calcutta Journal.

I am sure it is unnecessary for me to say a single word to convince you that I would not willingly have palmed upon you a twice told tale, but for the satisfaction of your correspondent and for my own justification in the eyes of all your readers it is imperative on me to state distinctly that the article in question was inserted in the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, a paper which I never see, entirely without my consent or knowledge as the Editor of it will I feel convinced unhesitatingly admit.

In the month of October of last year I sent the *Limerick Bells* together with a few Stanzas as a contribution to the *Bengal Annual*. The latter were published in that work, the former was not. I had therefore every reason to conclude that it did not suit the taste of D. L. R. and accordingly transmitted it to you, slightly changing its form and wording as your correspondent truly observes, and affixing to it a fictitious signature in the place of my real name which probably would have been appended to it had it found a place, as I intended it should, in the pages of the *Bengal Annual*.

Except for the reason that I think we Mulls should support our own periodical rather than one issuing from the Press of another presidency, I should not of course have objected to the insertion of this tale in the paper which first made it public, on the contrary I should have been proud and happy to see sought of my writing holding a place in the pages of so talented a Journal. Yet I cannot but think it would have been no more than commonly considerate in D. L. R. had he ordered the transmission to me (being acquainted as he was with my address) of a copy of the periodical it did actually appear in, as it was not the one for which it was transmitted to him, and as it might have occurred to him that in ignorance of his having published it I might send it elsewhere.

Further I have only to request you will do me the favor to make known the real facts of the case so soon after you receive this as you conveniently can, and trusting that your correspondent, taking warning from his present unfounded accusation thereof, will hereafter be less ready to impute unfair dealing to those who doubtless would not less than himself utterly scorn any thing of the kind. I beg you to believe me

Very sincerely yours

Voseanagram, 9th May 1835.

G. W. S.

Note.—We willingly confirm the statement of G. W. S.—
Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Beta" shall be early attended to.

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JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

Vol. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1835.

[VOL. III. NEW SERIES. No. 75.]

Original Articles.

SKETCH OF A HURRIED JOURNEY FROM
EDINBURGH TO OXFORDSHIRE.

(Extract of a private letter from an old Indian lately returned home.)

On Monday the 15th September we started by coach from Edinburgh at 6 A. M. Our road lay along the southern coast of the Forth and the north east coast of England, through Musselburgh to Berwick: we breakfasted at the latter about 9; the coach was loaded with passengers. The country we passed over was bold without being rugged, and on our left we had a constant succession of fine views to seaward. We dined at Alnwick (pronounced Annick) where is a seat of the Duke of Northumberland; a picturesque, castellated building with battlements decorated by stone figures of men, nearly if not quite as large as life, in the garb and accoutrements of the feudal times, armed and in the attitude of defending the castle against an escalade. All this is very well, though fantastic; but in order to make the most of the figures they are stationed, not *within* but, *upon* the battlements, on the sharp edge of the masonry, where no human foot, except that of a rope dancer, could find support. The day was fine and the weather cool; but our day's work was rather serious, being 120 miles to Newcastle, which we did not reach till 8 o'clock in the evening. The town was full, as, besides savans returning from the Edinburgh meeting, the Doncaster races had created a great bustle throughout Yorkshire and a prodigious influx of people. We could not procure a sitting room, nor scarcely a bed room. Being somewhat hungry, we attempted supper and were obliged to sup where we slept. We were better off next morning and had a room for breakfast; but the inn was not of the cleanest: it was in keeping with the town, which was generally of a dingy, dirty aspect, although it presented an arcade in which were really magnificent shops. But gentry are not now required for the support of tradesmen: they support one another, as the style of their displays of goods is extended to their parlours and persons, and all present alike the show—very often, I believe, the show only—of affluence. We left Newcastle about 10 A. M. and after another long ridge of 80 miles, arrived to dinner about 6 o'clock at York. We passed through Durham and had a glimpse of the Cathedral; but there was no other place of note upon the road; nor did the country, although evidently a rich one, present any object of particular interest. We were lucky in our inn at York, getting into a clean and comfortable berth at the Black Swan. The following forenoon we stayed at York and visited the Minster: the exterior is much more imposing than the interior. The latter, though vast and stately, appeared to me bare and unfurnished: there was a want of those ornaments in roof, pillars, windows, &c. which give life to

the large dimensions of a Gothic Cathedral. We went to the Minster at the time of service, and the chaunting was very good: we did not detect anywhere any vestige of the fire. We also paid a visit to the house of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, a neat building in a small but pretty garden, on one side of which stand the well preserved remains of St. Mary's Abbey, an extremely beautiful specimen of religious architecture: in one corner of the ground is an old, rugged tower of the time of the Romans. In the house are lecture rooms, a library and museum; the latter containing a beautiful collection of fossils. The castle of York is converted into a gaol and enclosed by a new wall and battlements. We left York by coach again for Sheffield, where we arrived about 8 in the evening. Much of the country was lovely; but we were now in the heart of coal-mines and manufactures, and the face of nature was perpetually disfigured by tall ugly chimnies starting up in the midst of groves and meadows and spreading a long train of black smoke as a canopy over the foliage. The road was also constantly intersected by rail ways leading to different collieries, and lines of funereal looking waggons laden with coal. As the day closed, dark, dusky fires were flickering about in all directions, where iron was melting, or coal being turned into coke, as if a party from Pandemonium was pleasuring above ground. At Sheffield we obtained accommodation at the Tontine Hotel, one of the most considerable in the place, but most particularly dirty and ill-savoured. Next morning we lounged about the town a little and saw quite enough to satisfy us of its filth and the licentious poverty of its inmates, the miserable tools of the manufacturing system—contrasting forcibly with the manufactured wealth of such establishments as that of Messrs. Rogers and Co. which we visited. In their show-room were splendid specimens of cutlery and plate: we visited also one of their manufactures of plate, adjoining their repository, and saw the process of its fabric; of which the most remarkable part was the meanness and incommensurateness, the want of space and air and light and apparatus, of the place where it was carried on. We left Sheffield at 11 o'clock and went post to Derby; but posting in England, at least post-chaise posting, is completely ruined: the vehicles are uncomfortable, crazy, dirty; the postboy is converted into an awkward Jehu who sits upon a low dickey, with probably a portmanteau under his arm: they never now venture to lash a trunk, or the like, *behind* a chaise, as its fate is certain; so much for English honesty: if there is not room *under*, it is put *over* the driving box, to the discomfort and consequent inefficiency of the driver. We arrived at Derby at about 4 P. M. and had time to look about us. It is a tolerably clean, old fashioned town with a very misty atmosphere. One of the foulest atrocities ever perpetrated in the way of architecture has been committed here:—they had a very beautiful Gothic church, the body of which required repair: instead of repairing it,

they rebuilt it in the form of a Grecian temple; leaving the original tall, grotesque tower and gateway, to which the modern adjunct is totally foreign and disproportionate. The old church, of which engravings exist, was a consistent and splendid edifice, and the tower presents that character; its tail is dwarfish, bare, cold and diminutive in itself, and is still more so by the contrast: of a verity here—*turpiter atrum, desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne*. How such an enormity could have been committed, how permitted, it is not possible, giving the citizens of Derby credit for more than Bœotian stupidity, to conceive. On the morning of the 19th at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 7 A. M. we went on to Warwick by coach and cross ways. Our first progress was to Loughborough, a poor looking town; next to Leicester, not much better though larger; next to Coventry through a rich country free from the abominations of steam chimneys and rail roads. Coventry is a town of narrow streets and lady Godiva must have had a dirty ride of it, if it was not cleaner in ancient than it is in modern times. From Coventry to Warwick, a drive of ten miles, we passed through the prettiest bit of country we had seen since we left home:—half way, upon the right, lie the remains of Kenilworth; black masses of ruins upon a lofty mound which contrast very picturesquely with the smiling landscape around them. At Warwick we were deposited in an inn of the *bas-peuple*; but with a civil host. Next forenoon we had time to survey the town which is one of the few we have touched at on our travels that had much pretension to cleanliness. We visited the castle, part of which, looking upon the Avon, is inhabited by the Earl; the fortifications, walls and towers are untenanted; but are kept in order as ruins and are massive and picturesque. There is not much worth seeing in the castle itself: in the greenhouse is the famous Warwick-Vase, a handsome specimen of Roman sculpture: in a room adjoining the porter's-lodge are the arms and armour of Grey and of his war-horse; his foraging pot, which is an iron kettle of, probably, a Janizary Regiment,—and a rib of the Dun Cow which looks like the spare rib of a whale. Leaving Warwick at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 11 A. M. we proceeded homewards through Leamington and Banbury; the former a stupid, London-looking place, much resorted to by fashionable idlers and fanciful invalids;—the latter, the only old English, countrified town we saw during our journey. After a tedious progress, which we found to prevail in general on cross roads, we got home at 6 o'clock and found all well.

I will not weary you with much more relating to our peregrination, but you must have a little bit of what our clergyman calls "the application." Imprimis, then, travelling, whatever people may say of it, is not perfect enjoyment even in England: it is very fatiguing if you traverse much space in a given time,—and tedious if you do not. Inns are not palaces, nor are they home, and you pay dearly for indifferent and more or less dirty accommodations, very questionable fare and bad attendance:—with a lady, too, there is but one mode of travelling to be sure of civility; you must, in your own carriage, or yours for the nonce, with post-horses and a woman if not also a man servant:—this is very ruinous work; but in any other way, the innkeepers make it a favour to admit you. With a man it does not signify,

as he can generally get a bed; and a coffee room, or travellers' room, provides him with meat and drink; but he must not be fastidious as to company or smells. Secundo. England is not, what I believe it to have been half a century ago, the country of a happy and healthy peasantry. There are no longer any country people: the spread of manufactures and facility of intercourse has converted all the inhabitants of the fields into the tenants of lanes, streets, alleys. You may remember this struck me when we arrived in May 1833 from India: all the people from the landing place at Weymouth to London, looked and dressed and moved like Londoners: that which I noticed in the south, I have again observed in the West and in the North. Instead of sturdy, red-faced clod-hoppers with smock frocks and fustian jackets, we every where encountered black hats and rusty brown or black coats cut in the fashion;—instead of shift sleeves and stuff petticoats, dirty chintzes and the hair in papers,—and instead of rosy cheeks in either sex, sallow, melancholy countenances indicative of low delicacy and discontent. The children, though dirty, looked healthy; but as they increased in stature, their rasset brown became sicklied o'er with the pale cast of care, unwholesome task work and the gin bottle. The frames were generally sinewy and strong enough, thanks to labour; but the faces were neither florid, nor fair, nor expressive of honest, simple feeling. This change in the aspect of the people, the result of altered habits, is in a great degree the necessary consequence of the extension of manufactures, which is converting all England into one vast work-shop, but it is in some respects the consequence of a change in the face of the country, growing out of depression of the agricultural interest and the obligation imposed on the farmer by the pressure upon him, and the wish to keep upon a footing with the spinner of stockings and the stainer of chintzes his neighbours, to make the most of every inch of soil in his possession. The country, therefore, is most jealously enclosed; a walk in the fields is a thing unheard of; I saw not even a child astray in a meadow, nor did I observe (and I repeatedly looked for such a thing) a foot path, or a stile: rustic promenades are now restricted to the road; where, instead of resting the eye on nature's universal livery, or refreshing the spirits with the fragrance of sweet flowers, the object of sight is a stage coach, and the passenger on the road side is bespattered with weed, or suffocated with dust. This is not the work of the large landed proprietors, of the aristocracy, or gentry, of counties; but of small farmers, or land holders from the towns, who have neither the power nor the inclination to consult the happiness of the labouring classes. This exclusion drives the poor to indulgences and enjoyments of a demoralizing and brutifying character and inspires them with a bitter hatred towards their superiors. Hence they furnish such ready proselytes to the levelling doctrines of radicalism and are, in many part of the country, ripe for mischief. It is most devoutly to be hoped that the blessings of manufacture may be imparted freely to other lands, or England will be the scene of great desolation and misery. I do not apprehend that the crisis is near at hand and some such lucky event as the successful competition of foreign nations, or a war,—may give vent to the difficulties which are gathering, but I do not

think the present state of things can subsist without a crash sooner or later. Such is the sum of my conclusions from what I saw in my late journeyings to and from Scotland. To be sure we travelled through the *par excellence* manufacturing districts and chiefly upon the high roads: more in the interior and in less manufacturing counties there may be more rural-ity, more health and happiness. I understand, however, that there are few places to which town-miasma does not spread, owing to the number of vehicles flying about in all directions and the multiplication of roads. There facilities of intercourse, so much boasted of, do as much harm as good: as they are upon the increase, it is impossible to foresee the ultimate result:—with which very cautious prophecy I wind up my traveller's story.

A JOURNAL OF FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF THE YEAR 1945.

BY KYLAS CHUNDER DUTT.
(A student at the Hindoo College.)

And shall we, shall men, after five and twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favorable moment we have so long waited for is come. *Junius Brutus.*

The people of India and particularly those of the metropolis had been subject for the last fifty years to every species of subaltern oppression. The dagger and the bowl were dealt out with a merciless hand, and neither age, sex, nor condition could repress the rage of the British barbarians. These events, together with the recollection of the grievances suffered by their ancestors, roused the dormant spirit of the generally considered timid Indian. Finding that every day the offences instead of being extenuated were aggravated, that no redress could be obtained by appeals to either Lords or Commons, he formed the bold but desperate resolution of hurling Lord Fell Butcher, viceroy of India, from his seat and establishing a government composed of the most patriotic men in the kingdom. It is neither a matter of surprise nor for indignation, that the born subjects of "the lord's anointed" of merry England should take up arms against their sovereign, when we consider the deep and dreadful provocations which the Indians received. It was the only method calculated to repress the brutal atrocities of the merciless conquerors. Men accustomed to scenes of dangerous intrigue and infamous cruelty soon become callous to the generous feelings of human nature. With the rapidity of lightning the spirit of Rebellion spread through this once pacific people. It is easy for the historian and the bard to depict in the most lively colours the excesses committed by revolutionary parties, but he only can truly judge of their situation who has been a fellow sufferer with those whose families, friends and companions have been butchered in cold blood—who has seen villages and towns laid waste by fire for illumination—who has beheld thousands of human beings compelled to desert their home and country and seek refuge in dens of the earth, in clefts of rocks or in the hollows of trees.

In this conspiracy were engaged many of the most distinguished men in Calcutta—Bábús, Rájás and Nábábs increased its consequence. It was conducted for some time with the greatest imaginable secrecy, and the contagion of Rebellion would probably have infested every city in the kingdom, had it only had time to perfect its machinations.

It was a beautiful evening; the hues of the setting sun, the whisper of breezes and the singing of birds made the whole scene delightful. Instead of lounging about the streets, as is generally the case, the rich and poor all huddled in the same direction. At about six a vast number of men assembled on the North Eastern suburbs of the "City of Palaces." On the left of this

spacious plain gurgles a rill, on the right it is fenced by avenues of bamboos. The front view is bounded by a beautiful Pagoda, the work of some Moslem hand, whose spiral tops reflected in a thousand fantastic colours the bright rays of the sinking sun. Within this inclosure, all was lovely—the tumultuous dashing of the waters, the hollow murmurs of the winds, and the confused melody of singing birds and human voices, made it inexpressibly enchanting. The people all sat down on the turf and the proceedings of the meeting commenced. From one extremity rose a venerable figure not above fifty or sixty. The contracted brow and the deep furrows on his cheeks marked the predominance of passion and of corroding care over age. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have the pleasure once more of witnessing my fellow countrymen, assembled to assert their native rights and vindicate their wrongs. But before we enter upon this day's topic, allow me to ask whether the proposition of each man wearing a carabine and a sword, carried at our last meeting, has been universally complied with?" A loud and lengthened peal of applause proved that it was. Bhobun Mohun, a youth of twenty-five splendidly attired in kincaub and gold, rose at the instant his venerable predecessor extended himself on the turf. He gracefully flung a richly embroidered scarf over his left shoulder and addressed the meeting with all the learning and eloquence which the Anglo-Indian College could furnish. He expatiated with a deep manly tone on the hardships and dangers to which the natives of Indostan had been subject since their subjugation by the Britons; and concluded by saying, "My friends and countrymen, I speak not to you with a wish to display my powers of rhetoric (of which I possess but little), I am not speaking from a heated imagination or blind enthusiasm, I speak only the plain and simple dictates of my heart, which I firmly believe meet with a response in all your bosoms. Consider for a moment the cruelties which from generation to generation you have suffered. What improvements in our condition could be expected from the enormities of Clive, the despotism of Wellesley, the wanton cruelty of Warren Hastings and the inordinate rapacity of our present odious Government? While the other nations of the earth are rising high in the scale of civilization, the people of Indostan are daily sinking to the level of beasts. Consider for a moment, my friends and countrymen! of what you have been forcibly bereft by these rough islanders. If you are still willing to submit to the wicked impositions of the British nation, if you are still willing to bear patiently all the refined cruelties of our present ruler Lord Fell Butcher, if your hearts sicken not at the idea of degradation, if your feelings revolt not at the thought of shackles and dungeons, I shall set you down for the most abject and degraded of human beings. But banish that thought. Let us unanimously engage to emancipate the natives from the thralldom of oppression. Let us all unite in a body, and it shall be the most glorious scene that India has beheld, when we effect the overthrow by one powerful and deadly blow of this system of injustice and rapacity."

"Friends! countrymen and chieftains! let us no more be called the weak, the deluded portion of mankind, let us no more be branded with cowardice and degeneration, let us unfurl the banner of Freedom and plant it where Britannia now proudly stands. If the consideration of rising in the estimation of the world move you not, Oh! I beseech you to look for the safety of the dear companions of your souls, the little ones, the darling of your eyes, and above all attend to the wants of our much neglected mother, the land that gave us birth."

There was a murmur of approbation and a burst of applause as soon as the young man concluded his harangue and sat amongst a group of acquaintances. In the mean time many of the audience at once exclaimed "Red coats! Red coats!" On looking forward it was perceived that about 16 troopers and 150 dismount-

* The top of the Government House.

ed dragoons were approaching the spot where they were assembled. They all jumped up and Bhoobun Mohun whistled shrilly, which was answered from some distance by the report of a gun. The little body of soldiery immediately appeared on the skirts of the plain. Two officers dressed in scarlet and gold led or rather hauled a stout looking civilian between them. The man in black, evidently terrified on seeing so vast a concourse before him, could neither walk nor speak. Being reminded by the officers to do his duty, he with no little hesitation and change of countenance read the proclamation for dispersion. The bold patriotic youth retorted gearily in the following words. "Worthy Magistrate, I am sorry we are not able to comply with your proposition; we defy you to do your worst. You see before you men who will neither be terrified by the neighing of a steed, the waving of a sword nor the flashing of a gun. We are determined to assert our liberties, when every other resource has failed, by the strength of our arms. Go tell them that sent thee that we have resolved to hurl Fell Butcher from his seat, we have renounced the allegiance of the feeble and false Harry of England, and that we mean to abide by our own laws and parliaments!" Confounded at this bold declaration, the good magistrate staggered back a few paces and was supported by a serjeant from sinking to the ground. The officers looked at each other, whispered a few words and the trumpets sounded a charge with bayonets. The youthful hero blew a shrill blast, and about two hundred turbaned figures with guns in their hands, and fifty horsemen with scimitars and lances, appeared from the side which was covered by bamboos. The unarmed retired to the borders of the plain, while a general engagement took place between the patriots and the royalists, both charged with levelled bayonets alternately retiring and advancing. The clashing of swords, the discharge of guns, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying made a fearful noise. During this bloody transaction our hero was not a silent spectator of the scene. He ordered his attendant to bring his proud war horse, and having adjusted his clothes with military nicety, he buckled his pistols round his waist, waved his sword and mounted his charger. Receiving the benediction of the venerable priest who stood trembling a few paces distant, and whispering a prayer to Heaven to strengthen his arm, he darted himself into the midst of the fray. Lieutenant Martin, mad with rage, confronted him and aimed a furious blow at him which he eluded with great dexterity. Escaping the blow, he in his turn gave a smart rap on the head of his antagonist, which made him reel in his saddle for a minute or two. "Curse on the barbarian," said he, and renewed the combat with redoubled ardour. The contest was long and furious, the coolness and agile movements of the Hindoo being a counterpoise to the great strength of the Briton. They exchanged many smart cuts, their rich and splendid dresses were hacked and hewn in a thousand places, and the nodding plume of the one and the flowing scarf of the other were mangled and torn to atoms in the fray. At length the Briton foaming with ire and exhausted with loss of blood, mattering the direst oaths of vengeance, recoiled from his saddle and fell headlong on the ground. Victory declared in favor of the patriots. About twenty-five royalists lay dead on the plain and as many wounded; while of the patriots six had expired and thirteen were severely bruised. The remaining officers of the royalists, consulting for a minute or two together, ordered the trumpets to sound a retreat. Forming themselves into three bodies they retired one by one, keeping their front towards the enemy, who continued a brisk fire. The night being advanced pretty far the patriots betook themselves to their houses to dress up their glorious exploits and to rise in the morning to consult new plans for the furtherance of their object.

We must now conduct the reader to the magnificent apartments of the Government House, the residence of the noble and humane Lord Fell Butcher. The door of

the bed chamber being slowly opened by the surdar bearer a damsel apparently of 14 with luxuriant tresses and deep black eyes, having about her a short robe of fine white linen with long and white sleeves, was discovered arranging her dress. The skirts of her robe hung down as far as the knee, displaying the calf of her leg and the delicate symmetry of her ancles and feet. Her shoes were of the most curious workmanship and a chequered silk handkerchief carelessly thrown about her neck, vied in splendour with the hues of the rainbow. An image of some Deity set with diamonds and pearls was suspended round her neck to protect her from evil. As soon as she placed her light foot upon the threshold, the Viceroy waked and jumped out of his bed and asked the bearer whether "Beeby sahib" was stirring. Being answered in the negative, he conducted the damsel along the marble pavements, and placing her in her palanquin, took a hearty farewell. The morning ablutions being over, he entered the Council Hall with the morning gazette in his hand. It was splendidly furnished—chandeliers, mirrors, pictures, arras and carpets made a gorgeous display. In the middle was placed a small table with heaps of folded letters, rolled up parchments and writing materials. After perusing the gazette for a minute or two he laid it aside and exclaimed who waits? A young officer, his hat under his arm and his sword dangling by his side, appeared, made a low respectful bow and approached his lordship. "Ho! What is d'ye call him, here?" "Yes my lord, ensign Valancourt stays without." "Bid him come hither." The officer retired and in a minute or two the ensign entered the hall. His face was patched in five or six different places and his left hand was tied in a sling. "Well sir, I hope the business of yesterday has been gloriously terminated?" The officer hung down his head and the blood gushed into his features. "Ah! ha! is that the case? Did the royalists retreat before a parcel of Bengalees? We must take severer measures now I should think. Well how many wounded and killed?" "Fifty, my lord." "Zounds! that's terrible. How did the riotous mob contrive to send so many to Pluto's gloomy region?" "There was a body of two or three hundred men in ambush armed at all points, who seeing us attack the rebellious mob with our bayonets, rushed into the conflict and—" "Made you turn your heels?" The ensign again blushed and hung down his head. "I shall see. You may go; but remain within hearing." Making a profound bow, the young man retired. After taking two or three turns about the room in deep meditation, his Lordship resumed his chair and penned the following letter.

To COL. JOHN BLOOD-THIRSTY.

*The town and fort Major of the
Fort William in Bengal.*

My Dear Col.—It appears from the information of many confidential persons that great dissatisfaction towards Government is prevalent amongst the native population. I authorize you therefore to take such measures as will be requisite for the safety of the Fort in case of a surprise or sudden attack. The publicity attending the transmission of letters through Secretaries and Boards has obliged me to have recourse to this method.

I am, my dear Col.

Your's sincerely,

Govt. House, April, 1845.

BUTCHER.

Dispatching this letter, he took a turn or two and wrote the following paragraph, which he sent to the press.

THE CALCUTTA COURIER EXTRAORDINARY,
April 1845.

We understand from a military person, that last evening a party consisting of two troopers and sixteen foot soldiers were sent by Government to quell the disturbances of two thousand men in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. The Magistrate tried his utmost efforts to persuade the people to return to their houses, but all in vain: they persisted in keeping their ground.

Selected Articles.

THE CONSPIRACY OF FIESCO.

Besides the reality of this event, there is something, however, brief, in the conjugal part of Fiesco's history, which comes home to the bosom of familiar life; nor is the trivial accident by which he died without its interest, as a circumstance contradicting the historical grandeur of his attempt.

Giovanni Lodovico di Fiesco was a wealthy, powerful, and ambitious nobleman of Genoa, which may be called the land of political experiment, as there is scarcely any form of government which it has not tried.

After emerging from the yoke of the Romans, the Lombards, and Charlemagne, it has, at different times, been governed by dukes, by counts, by consuls, podestats, captains of the people, councils of twelve and of twenty-four, and by doges; but, in spite of every precaution, has alternately experienced the evils of family cabals, aristocratic usurpation and popular insurrection.

Andrew Doria, a name still mentioned in Genoa with reverence, seemed at length sent by heaven to rescue his country from foreign interference and domestic discension. It was during this short interval of repose (1547) that the subject of our present article endeavoured to interrupt it, assisted by the intrigues of Plance and of Alexander Farnese, who then governed Rome and the Church, as Pope Paul the third. Most conspiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppressed people, or the ruined fortunes of bold bad men and desperate individuals. But, at the moment of that insurrection which I propose to give a short account of, Genoa possessed more real freedom, happiness, and peace, than it had enjoyed for several centuries; and Fiesco united in an extraordinary degree the precious gifts of fortune, fame, person, and understanding.

In the prime of life, for he had scarcely reached his twenty-second year, blessed with the affections of a wife whom he tenderly loved, the beautiful, the virtuous, and tender Eleanora, and enjoying the friendship of his fellow-citizens, he was stimulated by ambition to aim at supreme power.

To effect this purpose, he joined an arduous, which no obstacle could resist, with a deep policy and promiscuous coolness, which baffled or did not excite suspicion. Having scoured men, arms, and gallees, and distributed corn and money, under the pretence of a charitable donation, he embraced every opportunity of displaying himself to the people in splendid attire, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned, gaining the affections of all by gentle manners and graceful familiarity.

On these occasions, as he conversed with the citizens, he would sometimes lament the pride and oppressive conduct of the nobles, venture to hint that a remedy was not impossible; but, after a short pause, recommend patience and submission.

Fiesco continued to visit as usual the two Dorias, Andrew and Jeanettin, treating them on all occasions with marked attention and respect.

To prevent any suspicion being excited by exercising his vassals at his country seat, he complained that he had been insulted by the Duke of Placentia, when, in fact, that Prince had promised to assist him with two thousand men, and he was able to muster the same number himself; at the port and on board the gallees he had also many dependants.

To account for several of his armed gallees entering the harbour, he proposed cruising against the Turks.

The fatal, the guilty secret had as yet been communicated to three persons only, Calceagno, Sacco, and Verrina, three of his most confidential friends in this unwarrantable proceeding; the two first deliberate, cautious, but determined; the last, haughty, furious, and bloody-minded; each of them considering the plot in which they were engaged as a means of gratifying envy and private revenge, more than the probability of its success; but all devoted to their leader by strong personal attachment and considerable pecuniary obligation.

After many consultations, the conspirators considered the means they possessed as fully adequate to the object in view; and determined, if possible, to dispatch the two Dorias without further delay; as the vigilance, abilities, and patriotism of this family were the chief obstacles to their design.

For this purpose, they were invited to a public entertainment at the Fiesco palace; thus, a man of rank, education and considerable moral rectitude, who, a few months before, would have started at injuring a fellow-creature in the slightest degree, was stimulated, by thirst for power to stain his threshold with the blood of the venerable fathers of his country, and, under the guise of hospitality, to commit assassination. A sudden illness of Andrew prevented the execution of this part of their plan.

Fiesco thought it necessary to discover the conspiracy to Paul Pansa, the friend and tutor of his youth, respectable for his age, his learning, and integrity, hoping that he would join and assist their counsels.

Pansa replied, that from the alteration in his looks, manners, and mode of speaking, and from his associating with persons of inferior rank and doubtful reputation, he had long suspected that a dangerous enterprise was in agitation, that he had forbore from delicacy, friendship, and respect, to enter on the subject; but, although he would not betray, he could not participate in the undertaking.

The good old man conjured him, by the honours of his house, by his friendship, by his belief in that holy religion, whose maxims it had been the business of his life to inculcate and impress on his mind; by those looks which were grey in the service of his family, and lastly, by his love for Eleanora; not to throw away the real and certain happiness he possessed for chimerical and hazardous expectations; which, if they succeeded, could not elevate him to a situation more splendid, honourable, and happy, than that in which he was already placed; but, if they failed, would be productive of death, infamy, and confiscation to all concerned.

That, to many of his associates, bankrupts in fame as well as fortune, and looking only to what they could get in a general plunder, massacre, and confusion, such considerations were useless; but that men like himself and a few others, who had something to lose, would do well coolly to weigh the consequences and hazard of so momentous and irretrievable a step; neither argument nor entreaty could prevail on Fiesco, and the worthy veteran departed from his palace in tears.

The evening of the next day was fixed for executing their purpose, and a cannon fired in the harbour, by Verrina, was to be the signal that he was ready to co-operate.

An entertainment having been announced, many guests repaired to the palace, which they found crowded with strangers and armed soldiers; the persons invited, being conducted to a spacious saloon in a remote part of the building, found the leader and principal conspirators assembled, when Fiesco thus addressed them:—

The hour at length approaches when you have it in your power to relieve Genoa from the yoke of a tyrannic and haughty nobility; in less than an hour our portion will be honourable death, or the recovery and establishment of our freedom on a glorious and eternal basis,—this is the feast to which I have invited you.

The younger Doria has, for several years, been endeavouring to secure to himself and family absolute power; in order more completely to deceive, and that your chains may be indissolubly riveted, he would establish despotism under the forms of a republic; considering me as one determined to oppose his designs, he has resolved to assassinate me, but I have hitherto been preserved by Providence from his stiletto, for the purpose of restoring you to liberty.

You are grievously oppressed by arrogant taskmasters, whose pride and hardness of heart will increase, should the Doria family succeed in their wishes.

If we succeed in the undertaking to which you are called, I will immediately restore the popular government; so well planned are our precautions, and so effective the means we have taken, that success and easy victory may be pronounced as certain.

The city guards and artificers are wholly devoted to my will; their number is nearly three thousand; these, with two thousand of my own vassals, and the same number from the Duke of Placentia, wait only for my orders.

Our designs are a profound secret; the enemy is off his guard, the danger, the difficulty, the expense and anxiety have been mine; to share in the glory, to rescue yourself from slavery, and enjoy the blessings I offer, is your portion.

But, as I wish no man to engage who cannot cheerfully co-operate with hand and heart, should any person pre-

sent be averse to the business in question, let them retire to a tower which adjoins to my palace, where they shall remain in safety till the short struggle is concluded when, I pledge my honour, that they shall return unmolested to their families.

The guests, who had been invited, as they imagined, to an entertainment, were motionless and silent; but, when they had recovered, from the surprize naturally excited by so unexpected a proposal, they declared, with the exception of only two citizens, that they would support the count with their lives and fortunes: the company then partook of a hasty repast, while to each of them his post and duty were assigned.

A hard, a painful task, still remained for Fiesco; the fever of ambition, had not extinguished love; he repaired to the apartment of Eleanora, to which he had invited his friend Pansa for the evening, hoping that his interesting conversation and agreeable manners would prevent her from observing what passed; for, with a degree of cruel kindness he had not yet given her any intimation of the conspiracy.

Supporting, as far as he was able, the agitation in his breast, he communicated, in a few words, to the trembling Eleanora, the business of the night. Terrified and distracted, she rushed into his arms, conjuring him, by every tender tie, to abandon his enterprise.

The thunder of the cannon fired by Verrina shook the palace, and prevented further words; tearing himself from the friend he loved, and from the wife he adored, Fiesco returned precipitately, exclaiming, To retract, or even to deliberate, is now too late; success alone can prevent death and destruction; in a few minutes, you will be mistress or a widow of Genoa. Placing himself at the head of his companions, they instantly sallied forth. The city gates were immediately taken possession of, the galleries of the Dorias secured, and the populace in arms, crying out Fiesco and liberty, crowded through the streets; the wishes of the insurgents were accomplished. Jeanettin had rushed, at the first alarm, towards the harbour, but fell a sacrifice to popular fury; the venerable Andrew, sinking under age and infirmity, was safely conveyed by faithful domestics through a postern, to his villa, a few miles from the city. The senate assembled to know their fate, but Fiesco, for whom everything had been in motion was no more; in attempting to get on board a galley, a plank on which he trod, being insecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water; the tide was low, but the weight of his armour, the mud, and the darkness of the night prevented his extricating himself.

Thus, by an unexpected accident, which a little care would have prevented, perished an extraordinary young man, at once the ornament and enemy of his country; and his designs perished with him. His brothers endeavoured to take his place, but when the people heard that their favourite was dead, they retired, in sullen melancholy, to their houses, and tranquillity was immediately restored.

The senate proclaimed a general pardon, by sound of trumpet, and the friends of the republic mingling their tears with those of Andrew Dorea for his nephew, and Paul Pansa for his friend, soothed, by every means in their power, the sorrows of the widowed Eleanora.—*Lon. Jour.* Nov. 1834.

KEEPING BIRDS.—There are none of our customs which more mark our selfishness than that of keeping singing birds in perpetual confinement, making the pleasure of our ears their misfortune, and that sweet gift which God has given them, wherewith to make themselves happy and the country delightful, the curse of their lives. If we were contended, however with taking and rearing young ones, which never know the actual blessings of liberty, or of propagating them in cages or aviaries, the evil would not be so enormous. But the practice of seizing singing birds which always enjoyed the freedom of the earth and air, in summer, when they are busy with the pleasant cares of their nests or young broods, and subjecting them to a close prison, is detestable—loudly detestable in the case of migratory birds. They have not merely the common love of liberty, but the instinct of migration to struggle with, and it may be safely asserted out of every ten nightingales so caught, nine pine away and die. Yet the capture of nightingales is very extensively practised. The bird-catchers declare them to be the most easily taken of all birds; and scarcely can one of these glorious songsters alight in a copse or a thicket, but these kidnappers are upon it. Some of these men assure me that the female birds arrive about ten days later than the males, whose songs give notice of their retreats, on hearing which the

females alight; therefore, when nightingales first appear, the bird-catchers are almost sure of taking only male birds, which, being the singers, are the only ones they want. The nightingale, a bird which God has created to fly from land to land to crown the pleasantness of spring with the most delicious music, or lark which he has made to soar in the rapture of its heart, up to heaven's gates "cribbéd, cabined, and confined," in a narrow cage by man, is one of the most melancholy objects on earth. Let those who have hearts for it keep them, and listen to them with what pleasure they may; for my part, while I am myself sensible of the charms of freedom, and of the delights of the summer fields, I shall continue to prefer the "wood notes wild" of liberty to a captive's wail.

FAIRY SONG.

Dear Sir,—I see by your number for the present week, that you have taken up my favourite subject of the Fairy People. In return for the gratification you have afforded me, I request your acceptance of the following poetical trifle, if you think it worth presenting to your readers.—I am, dear sir, your sincere well-wisher,

October 2, 1834.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

THE FIRST OF THE FAIRIES.
SET TO MUSIC BY VINCENT NOVELLO.

WHAT ho! ye minims of earth,
Enwomb'd in your cells,
The buttercup bells;
Come forth at my call—
Come forth one and all—
'Tis Oberon calls you to birth.
Whence we came, and what we were,
Let no one ask—let no one care,
Since here we are!—since here we are!
You, Brisk, and Frisk,
With Whup, and Nip,
Come forth in your ranks,
Come forth with your pranks,
And crown we our birth-night with mirth.
Come one, come two
"With mop and mow;"
Come twenty in order meet;
And as you pass
O'er the dewy grass,
In lightning glance
Of your whirling dance,
Make rainbows with your twinkling feet.
You, Mustard-seed, go twak
With roguish freak
The nose of cramping priest;
While Cob-web there, and Nip,
Will pinch and grip
The snoring slattern in her nest.
And when the owl has wing'd his flight,
And the pearly drops of night
Hang thickest on the lime-tree flower,
You, Bean and Pea-blossom, go clamber
To the sleeping maiden's chamber,
And prank anew her window bower.
Now hey for a roundel!—So—so!
And now through the roundel we go;
My fairies keep time
To the cricket's chime,
And the laugh of our chorus—"Ho! ho!"

EFFECT OF FEAR ON A TIGER.—A correspondent transmits to us the following curious anecdote, which was extracted from a letter received from India:—During the dreadful storm and inundation in Bengal in May 1833, the estates of a Mr. Campbell, situated on the Island of Saugur at the entrance of the river Hoogly, suffered so greatly, that out of three thousand people living on his grounds only six or seven hundred escaped, and these principally by climbing to the roof and ceiling of his house. When the house was in this close crammed state, with scarcely room in it for another individual, what should come squeezing and pushing its way into the interior of the house but an immense tiger, with his tail hanging down, and biting every other symptom of excess. From reached the room in which Mr. Campbell's boy was nestled himself into one of the corners, and a large Newfoundland dog. Mr. Campbell, a European, in a very quiet manner, and shot him for some time. —*Examiner.*

APPETITE FOR FOOD—HUNGER AND THIRST.

Hunger and Thirst are the sensations by which instinct urges all animals to seek the food which is necessary for their support. The symptoms of hunger are pain at the pit of the stomach, great depression of spirits, bodily weakness, increased sensibility to cold, a disposition to sleep, rapid emaciation; and if food be still withheld, the action of the heart becomes quick and feeble, the respiration short and hurried, and the mind sinks into a state of stupor, or low muttering delirium, amidst which death closes upon the sufferer. The distress arising from excessive thirst is even of a more aggravated description; the mouth and throat become dry and heated, the tongue swells, the flow of saliva diminishes, the eyes become red, the respiration laborious, the circulation hurried, a sense of most painful constriction exists in the throat, the mouth is kept wide open to inhale every breath of air, the body becomes feverish, the mind troubled, and at length mania, terminating in death, supervenes. All animals can endure hunger longer than they can thirst; the symptoms of the latter run on more speedily to a fatal termination, and are to the sufferer utterly intolerable. The inquisitions of Spain and Italy could not devise a more cruel punishment than that of withholding a drop of water from the unhappy creature condemned to die upon the rack; and "*Drink!*" were generally the last words uttered by their dying victims.

It is interesting to ascertain the causes of every phenomenon in the animal economy, and those which give rise to the sensations of hunger and thirst have occasioned much speculation. The cause of hunger has, by one set of physiologists, been attributed to a painful sensation of the nerves of the stomach, produced by the irritation of the gastric juice; by another, to the coats of the stomach rubbing against each other; by another, to the liver dragging upon the diaphragm, or that transverse muscle which divides the chest from the abdomen, and immediately above which the stomach rests. Sir Charles Bell argues that the secretion of the gastric juice requires a provocative which is supplied by the food; and when this is not present, the nerves, wanting their wonted stimulus, suffer a sense of desire, which constitutes the pain of hunger. Accustomed, in fact, to this excitement, they acquire an aptitude for it—an orgasm—which, if not duly supplied with its accustomed provocative, experiences uneasiness, and disturbs by sympathy the skin, heart, lungs, and brain; in fact, all the organs of the system. It is quite evident that the primary sensation of hunger depends upon an irritation of the nerves; and hence any sudden mental emotion suspends the appetite. If any person, even at the most tempting banquet, receive any intelligence of a distressing nature, his appetite is immediately checked, and the previous desire for food is converted almost into loathing. Even a sense of nausea is often induced. The celebrated Van Halmont, going to dine with a friend, met with an accident, by which he dislocated his ankle; his appetite immediately forsook him, but returned as soon as the bone was set. The suspension of the appetite did not arise from the mere bodily impression, for the appetite was re-established, though the pain continued after the dislocation was reduced. The cause of thirst is more obvious, arising evidently from the extreme dryness of the membrane lining the mouth, gullet, and stomach. Its want of lubricity is such as even to excite inflammation. Hence bleeding, by reducing the inflammatory excitement of the throat, reduces thirst: so also does the warmth. When long continued, the watery part of the blood diminishes, and, accordingly, it has been found that thirst is allayed by injecting water into the veins. To appease their thirst sailors at sea often wear wet shirts. Water alone affords by no means the most speedy relief. It should be mixed with some gentle stimulus, as with a little wine or spirits. Acid drinks also, by acting as stimuli, quickly relieve thirst. To a certain degree, thirst is under the control of habit. Those who indulge in the vicious habit of drinking often, are rendered thirsty by abstaining from their usual potation; but many persons, by habituating themselves only to small quantities of liquids with their meals, seem never to experience the sensation. I have seen a lady of fifty years of age, who, under his care, was perfectly unacquainted with the sensation of thirst. Sauvage relates two similar cases, one occurred to himself, and Blumenbach quotes the bucketer as of the same description. The sensation of house on the being appeased by any narcotic substance being

introduced into the stomach. Whenever the Indians of Asia and America take a long journey, and apprehend that they will be destitute of provisions, they mix the juice of tobacco with powdered shells, and make the mass into small balls, which, when the sensation of hunger occurs, they put into their mouths, retaining them there until they dissolve. A celebrated physician was once asked by a poor parishioner for alms, when he inquired of the petitioner what he had done with his last money, to which the poor man answered, that he had expended his last half-penny in the purchase of roll-tobacco; upon which the doctor, expressing his surprise at such improvidence, was informed by the poor man that he could subsist longer on tobacco than on bread. During the trial raised by an insurance office concerning the death of a late nobleman, it appeared, from the evidence of several apothecaries in Edinburgh, that many of the poor people in this city are in the habit of taking drams of laudanum for the same purpose. Although the pangs of hunger may by such means be for a time relieved, the repetition of so imprudent an act never fails, by destroying the tone of the stomach, to entail the most abject misery on the individual.

The introduction of spirits into the stomach also relieves the pangs of hunger. It has been said, on the authority of Polidori, Lord Byron's physician, that, entertaining a dread of becoming corpulent, his lordship frequently abstained from food for many days, and in the meantime appeased his hunger by a wafer and a glass of brandy. Mechanical pressure, either internal or external, also mitigates for a time the cravings of hunger; hence many persons under such circumstances have swallowed sand, sawdust, earth, &c. An instance is related by Dr. Percival, of a madman who was afflicted with a voracious appetite, who, nevertheless, emaciated and died; and upon examining his body, a compacted mass of hay and straw was found in the stomach. It is for this end that the Kamshatkan swallows quantities of sawdust; and even the inferior animals, to blunt the sense of hunger, adopt the same practice. The manis or pangolin, which swallows its food whole, will swallow stones or coals, or any other substance, if it cannot obtain nutriment. Many other animals have recourse to the same expedient; hence, mixed pieces of coal, stone, slate, and earth, are often found in the stomach of the ostrich, cassowary, and even in that of the toad. It is the custom of some of the northern Asiatic tribes to relieve the pangs of hunger by the pressure of a board placed externally over the region of the stomach, which they lace behind with cords, and tighten according to the lesser and greater uneasiness they experience. In this country, a tightened handkerchief or girdle is sometimes had recourse to for the same purpose. It is true that these various expedients may for the time alleviate or suspend the pangs of hunger, but they afford only a temporary relief, for the explanation already given of the nature and object of the digestive process, renders it evident that the animal body continually demands the accession of new particles of matter; and if these be withheld by the want of nutritious diet, the waste of the system will exceed the amount of its reparation, and, consequently, rapid emaciation must ensue. Hence the cause of persons who die from starvation wasting so rapidly away.

If the human body be liable to present us with this wretched appearance, from the balance between the waste and repair of the system being broken by the want of nutritious particles being supplied, it is also liable to present us with the appearance of excessive fatness, arising from an excess of nutritious particles being superadded. In this case, the excess of nutrition is deposited, under the form of fat, in little cells or bags beneath the skin, and between the muscles; and the object of its being deposited in these little cells or bags is to prevent its descending by its own gravity to the depending parts of the body. The water in dropsy, not being so confined, gravitates to the extremities; and for this reason the legs of persons of a weakly habit, in whom the watery part of the blood is liable to be effused or to escape, swell at night; but the fat confined in a series of little cells, which do not communicate with each other, is retained in its natural place of deposition. The fat is then to be regarded as a reservoir of nutrition; for during abstinence, the body, as it were, preys upon itself, and is supported by the re-absorption of this substance. For this reason, we find infants always fatter than adults; the truth is, they grow fast, and a greater supply of nutritious particles is demanded to increase the bulk of the different textures of which

the body is composed. Besides this, infants, from the numerous febrile diseases to which they are liable, are more apt to suffer from repeated attacks of sickness than adults; and during such attacks, food being inadmissible, they derive their support mainly from this provision. It is stated by Dr. Stark, that, during abstinence, the fat which is re-absorbed into the system, for the time being, is more capable of repairing the waste of the body than any food that may be taken. It may be added, that the marrow which exists in the bones appears to be a provision for nutrition similar to that of the fat; hence, in the bones of oxen that have been overdriven, and in those of animals that have died of starvation, no marrow is found.

It may happen, even in the richest towns in Great Britain, that we may meet with some poor creature almost dying of starvation, and in such circumstances it is desirable that every humane person should understand how nourishment should be administered. The stomach having been long empty, and rendered consequently very irritable, will not bear solid food, or any strong liquids; such would excite vomiting, and perhaps delirium. If the pulse be low, a gentle stimulant should first be given; a small teaspoonful of aromatic spirit of ammonia in a glass of water will answer well, and, until the pulse rises, may be repeated at intervals. The greatest care should be taken to restore also, or sustain by external means, the warmth of the body; for which purpose hot flannels and gentle friction may be advantageously applied. A little warm broth or beef-tea should then be given every two or three hours; thus the digestive organs will be gradually restored to the exercise of their functions, and then solid nutriment may be given with impunity. At first, however, the liquid or solid aliment should be administered in small quantities, for the stomach and digestive organs, on being re-excited to action, are always very irritable, and may be easily over-excited, in which case delirium and fever may be induced.

In consequence of a very irritable state of the nerves of the stomach, caused probably by acidity, a preternatural appetite or craving for food often occurs, and persons so affected will frequently devour the most indigestible substances. Many instances are recorded of individuals who have sought to devour with avidity earth, cinders, spiders, toads, serpents, bits of wood, hair, soap, candles, paper, &c. Among the blacks in Jamaica, an epidemic disease, consisting of a craving to devour dirt, under the form of clay or loam, has been described by the celebrated Hunter. It is a disease, indeed, which under the term of *Pica*, is noticed in all systems of medicine, and is apt to prevail among the Swiss, the Welsh, and the people of mountainous districts who are unable, according to their passionate desire, to revisit their native country. A case is related by Dr. Darwin, of a young lady, about ten years of age, who devoured the earth out of a flower-pot, and then vomited it up mixed with bits of stone, wood, and wings of insects. Stones, glass, and even leaden bullets, have been swallowed by persons affected with this disease. In the healthy state of the human body, the appetite for food, however, admits of considerable control; for if the meals be taken at regular and fixed times, the desire for food will always recur at stated intervals. It should be noticed, however, that persons sitting down to eat when very hungry, are apt to overload the stomach before the sensation of hunger is perceptibly relieved. This is an error which should be carefully guarded against, as it is apt to cause heartburn, and other distressing maladies. The appetite for food, both solid and liquid, may be so pampered as to rest itself satisfied only by the most dainty and luxurious dishes; and thereby, it is obvious that two very grievous evils are induced. First, the stomach, like a spoiled child constantly indulged with such luxuries, becomes more urgent in its demand for the repetition of the indulgence; it acquires an aptitude and desire for highly dressed food, which, if not gratified, gives rise to painful sensations; in fact, the stomach, having been accustomed to be over-stimulated, sinks, when the excitement is withheld, into a relaxed or torpid state, and the ability to perform its natural functions becomes sensibly impaired. Second, although an evil of less magnitude to the sufferer, the habit of pampering the appetite, whereby that which was once a luxury becomes converted into a necessity, must render him liable to be placed in situations where his epicurean desires cannot be gratified, in which case he must suffer inconvenience himself, and be an annoyance to the other persons in society. Let the appetite for food, therefore, like all the other appetites or passions which are incident to humanity, be duly regulated; let parents, in particular,

remember that the plainer the food is to which they accustom their children, the better; health, happiness, and serenity of mind, are not the offsprings of luxury, but of those simple, regular, and religious habits, which should assiduously be cultivated in early life.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, Nov. 1834.

THE ANNUALS.

STORY OF AN EAST INDIAN BOY.

Within the last ten, and more particularly the last four or five years, quite a new species of publications has been established under the generic title of ANNUALS. They can hardly be called literary productions, for few of them contain any pointed matter of great value. Their principal literary merit has consisted in now and then some pretty good stories, written by popular or fashionable authors; and the chief aim of their publishers has evidently been to make them pretty picture-books. To accomplish this end, no expense has been spared; in some instances, indeed, no less than ten thousand pounds have been expended in the "getting up" of a single edition of an Annual. The arts of drawing, engraving, and book-binding, have here been carried to an extent formerly unconceivable. There can be no question that the skill now displayed in the pictorial embellishments of the Annuals, exceeds that put forth in any other department of the fine arts in England. The genius of painting and sculpture sinks before that of our copper and steel-plate engraving, which now surpasses that of any other country. In this respect, therefore, the Annuals, often humble though they be in literary pretension, have tended wonderfully to advance this department of the fine arts.

Already some of the Annuals for 1835 have made their appearance, to delight us with the exquisite beauty of their embellishments, and to put us in remembrance of those kindly affections which they are intended to cherish and exercise at the approaching Christmas. First we would speak of an exceedingly elegant book, entitled "Jennings's Picturesque Annual." The subject of the volume seems to be a Spanish romance, and it is illustrated with a series of engravings of the most exquisite beauty. The drawings are by Mr. D. Roberts, now acknowledgedly at the head of British architectural painters, and are designed to portray some of the more striking remains of Spanish and Moorish grandeur, especially where connected with naturally picturesque landscapes. We recommend this work most earnestly. The next which has attracted our attention is entitled the "Oriental Annual." This beautiful volume consists of sketches of East Indian scenery, life, and manners, with an abundance of anecdotes of tiger-hunting and other sports in the East. It is embellished with a number of exceedingly fine engravings, executed from the drawings of Mr. Daniell, and such as well charm every one with their novelty and sweetness. It is quite refreshing to turn from views of the Rialto, Italian castles and monasteries, which the Annuals have been crowded with for some years, to sketches of the interior of Mahomedan mosques, Hindoo temples, cool shady groves of palm trees, men riding upon elephants, or sultanas reclining at open verandahs in the seraglio, with attendants playing on lutes, while all around them are scattered the trifling but rich ornaments of oriental palaces.

One of the chief merits of the Oriental Annual consists in its being a readable book. It possesses a number of little sketches which will be perused with pleasure, and which we might extract for the benefit of those who will not have an opportunity of seeking the work itself. The following interesting anecdote connected with the city of Lucknow will doubtless gratify a number of our readers:—

Some thirty years since, the captain of an Indianman residing in this city, obtained an introduction to a Persian lady of great attractions, of whom he shortly after became enamoured. She returned his affections, and they married. The lady being in possession of great wealth, the husband relinquished his profession, and took up his permanent abode at Lucknow. Here he resided with his wife for upwards of three years in great domestic comfort; during which period she bore him three children. From this time the father was absent until the eldest boy was about seven years of age, when he brought him to England in order to obtain for him the advantages of a European education. It happened that the father, for some reason now only to be surmised, led his child to suppose

that he was not related to him, but merely a friend to whose care he had been committed during the voyage. Almost immediately upon their arrival in this country, the father suddenly died without revealing to his charge the relationship subsisting between them. As the boy bore the complexion of his native clime, and the features of the race from which he sprang on the maternal side, he was looked upon as a half-caste by the relatives of the deceased, who had never been informed of the father's marriage; they therefore considered that they made a suitable provision for him by binding him an apprentice to a grocer, with whom he served his time, and proved a faithful and assiduous servant. When the period of his apprenticeship was completed, the relations of his late father gave him a hundred pounds, and cast him upon the wide world to seek his fortune, at the same time discouraging any expectation of future assistance; glad to be thus easily free from the claims of one whom they deemed an incumbrance.

Without patron or friend, the deserted youth had little chance of establishing himself in his business by securing a respectable connection—a half-caste being looked upon with a kind of conventional prejudice, which it is to be hoped the late act of Parliament in favour of this slighted race will tend speedily to subdue. Thus circumstanced, he was at length reduced to such a state of destitution, that in order to prevent the accession of irremediable poverty, he became an itinerant dealer in tea, and in this humble capacity contrived to realise an uncertain subsistence, which he rendered still more precarious by adding to his domestic responsibilities that expensive blessing—a wife. He married the daughter of a labouring carpenter, with whom he casually became acquainted, without any portion but her beauty and household dexterity. She was a comely woman, and, fortunately for him, turned out an excellent manager; his expenses were therefore not materially increased.

Having been represented to the servants of a gentleman residing in the country as an honest fellow who sold excellent tea for a small profit, he found among them a ready sale for the commodity in which he dealt; and though they were keen chaffers, and generally pushed a hard bargain with him, still he was constant in his attendance upon them, as the establishment was large, the sale therefore considerable, and his money returns quick. His civility moreover was appreciated, so that he always found a ready welcome among those merry domestics.

He was one day upon the point of quitting the house, when he chanced to pass the master as the latter was ascending the steps of the portico. The gentleman seemed suddenly struck with his appearance, eyeing him with an eager and somewhat impatient curiosity. The poor huckster, for he occasionally sold other things besides tea when he found he could turn such traffic to profitable account, felt abashed at the rigid and unexpected scrutiny, touched his hat with a tremulous obsequiousness as he passed the lord of the mansion, and made the best of his way home, fearing that the gentleman had entertained some unfavourable suspicion of him. As soon as he had retired, the master asked his servants what they knew respecting him, and though this was very little, it was still sufficient to induce him to desire again to see the itinerant tea-dealer; he therefore gave orders that he should be apprised the next time the latter called. This was accordingly done; and when the poor fellow was introduced to the great man, he began to entertain fears that he was labouring under the odium of a base suspicion. The old gentleman commenced by questioning him about his birth and parentage. His replies at length convinced the inquirer that the humble vender of tea was the object for whom he had been some time in search.

It happened that this very gentleman was residing at Lucknow at the time of the captain's marriage with the Persian lady, and was in fact the only European, besides her husband, with whom she had been acquainted. He was moreover present at the marriage, and the sole attesting witness. The widow had lately written him several earnest letters from Lucknow, imploring him to use his best endeavours to recover her boy, of whom she had heard nothing for nearly twenty years. Upon receiving an appeal so urgent and affecting, the kind-hearted friend did his best to discover the lost son; but having no clue, and finding his efforts end in disappointment, he had abandoned all hopes of success, when the resemblance of the huckster to the Indian lad, as the former quitted his house on the morning of the preceding day, struck him

so forcibly, that he felt instantly convinced of their identity, which his subsequent inquiries confirmed.

The old gentleman now made the long-neglected half-caste, as he was considered to be, acquainted with every particular of his birth, informing him that the person who brought him to England was his father, and that he had a mother in India who was longing to clasp him to her bosom. She had deposited several thousand pounds in the Calcutta bank for him, and should he be discovered, and was inconsolable at his mysterious absence. Her affection never for a moment subsided: she had mourned for him as for one dead, though not without a hope of still meeting him, in spite of her long and bitter disappointment.

This intelligence came like a light from heaven upon the friendless outcast. He could for the moment scarcely believe so flattering a reality; but it was indeed true that he who had for years been reduced to the hard necessity of trudging about the country with a hawker's licence, abandoned by those relatives who should have protected him from such degradation, was destined to come into the possession of great wealth, which his former privations have taught him how to enjoy. His newly discovered friend furnished him with immediate letters to his agent in Calcutta. He secured a passage without delay, and after a prosperous voyage, reached the City of Palaces, whither his mother quickly repaired, with a large retinue, to receive and convey him to her own magnificent abode at Lucknow. Shortly after his arrival, he sent to England for his wife, who followed in the first ship that sailed after the receipt of his letter. These latter transactions took place within the last three years. The parties are now at Lucknow, living in splendour and happiness. These few simple facts might furnish the groundwork of a romance of no ordinary interest. Their authenticity may be relied on.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, Nov. 1834.

WORN-OUT IDEAS.

Every dog has his day, and so has every idea. It is quite amusing to remark how ideas become hackneyed, then thread-bare, and, last of all, worn out and for ever ruined. A really good idea is often difficult to be worn out. It will stand an immense deal of talking and tusseling; yet the more excellent it is, it has generally the greater chance of being run down, and worried at last. Not many years ago we used to hear a great deal about the Rialto. The Rialto was evidently the trump poetical idea of the time. How it became so, I cannot tell; though I suspect Lord Byron set it agoing, and then left it to itself. One could hear little else talked of but the Rialto. A picture of it was to be found in every annual; or if it was not in this year, it was sure to be in the next. The Bridge of Sighs had also a considerable run about the same time, and so had the Council of Ten; and there was a critical periodical of the latter name, which lasted a short while. I do not know what has become of the Rialto now; I have not heard any thing about either it or the Bridge of Sighs for a long while. People, I suppose, have grown completely wearied of both, and dropped them by universal consent. The Moors in Spain is another of those ideas that seems to be in a declining way. Along with the Alhambra, it formed a very pretty idea a few years ago; but something ails it now. No young poet would, in this present 1834, think of an Abencerrage as a hero; yet the Abencerrages made excellent heroes not long since.

None of these ideas, however, has been so completely worn out as the Hellespont. The Rialto was bad enough, but nothing to the Hellespont. It was for the time an all-prevailing theme. Every body talked of the Hellespont. Its length, its breadth, its depth, its colour, and its current, all excited debate. There were long papers in the magazines about the Hellespont—the old stories about Leander swimming across it were revived—the possibility of swimming across it in modern times was anxiously canvassed. Never was there so fanciful an idea as the Hellespont; yet it only had its day; it was thrust out at last by some new incoming idea; and so not a word, good or bad, has been uttered regarding it for several years. The Paraclete was an idea rather before my day; yet I have a faint recollection of the parting skirts of it; it was just going out of the world as I came in.

I do not remember of having heard much of the Medici lately: what can have become of the Medici? People

used to allude to them in an easy and familiar way in the periodicals about ten years since, as if they had lived hand and glove with them all their days. I wonder where the Medici and their literary intimates are now. Mankind, moreover, seem now to have recovered from Lord Byron. Neither he, nor the Greeks, nor Pæstum, nor the Acropolis, are alluded to once for fifty times they once were. I also miss the Bedouins. Where, can any one tell me, are the Bedouins gone? I am sure it is not ten years since they were very great people. Another of the grand topics of my young days was the Parthenon. You could not cast your eye over any periodical work without encountering the Parthenon. Nay, you could not walk the streets without seeing placards about it. Men would come abreast of you, and on boards buckled round their waists you would read "the Parthenon." That also is gone. The Scotch, in the midst of the Parthenon fever, tried to get upon it at Edinburgh; but the thing would not answer. The idea slipped down before the subscription rose high enough, and so left them in lurch with only a bit of a Parthenon on their hands. The Circassians was about the same time a leading idea; delightful subject, the Circassians! Now you may read all the current literature in England till your eyes are blind to your head, and never see the word.

About the year nineteen, a dreadful pother was got up about Mr. Southey and Wat Tyler. Little else for the time was talked about, and so much was said upon the subject, that at length people became thoroughly tired of it. It wore every body out; they could stand it no longer; and then it was quietly entombed by those who had been the means of agitating it. Any man who should now try to raise a racket about Southey and Wat Tyler would to a certainty be chargeable with a design to break the peace, and so stand a fair chance of being committed to Newgate. About the year twenty-three, as I well remember, hardly any thing was spoken of but Mr. Hayley—the great autobiographical work of Mr. Hayley. Every literary journal had its "third notice" of this amazing book; every magazine had its abridgement of it. You could not open a newspaper but you were led by some ingeniously contrived paragraph to an attestation of the importance of the Memoirs of Mr. Hayley. Even after you thought you had seen the end of it—three months after the last dropping shot had, as you imagined, let its leaden sound fall on your ear—the subject was revived in full force by the quarterlies, so that it was not until the latter part of a year was out that Mr. Hayley finally slept with his fathers. I do not exactly remember what was the next leading idea that came upon the carpet; whether it was Dr. Parr or Mr. St. John Long, I cannot recollect. I think, however, it was the former.

No sooner was the fine classical idea of Dr. Parr brought into play, than all the world of letters made a full set at it; every man was anxious to come in for a share. One magazine told us prosing stories about his smoking and beer-drinking; another tied to be entertaining on the subject of his wig—never was poor wig or any other fabric of the peruke species so well handled; a third took in hand to compare him with Johnson, and it was astonishing how close was the resemblance—quite a miracle: a fourth, one of the heavy, dull metal, gave us a disquisition on his profound knowledge of Greek, and his Preface to Bellendinus. In short, there seemed to be hardly a possibility of ending Dr. Parr. Our periodical literature was choked full of him, for I do not know how long. Authors of every description, rank, and character, wrote and wrote, and over again wrote, about him till the idea was literally worn to rags, yea to very rags. At length, greatly to the relief of all mankind, it vanished, and was no more heard of.

About the year thirty-one, Goëthe became a leading idea in England; it was thought fine to be heard talking of Goëthe; it looked as if the speaker were well acquainted with German literature, and the words German literature sounded well in company. He was thought to be a poor ignorant creature who could not prate about Goëthe, and Goëthe's Faust, and all that kind of thing. Then we had Goëthe's Wilhelm Meister—all Europe was full of Wilhelm Meister. My lady This asked my lady That if she had read Wilhelm Meister, which her ladyship said she had, although she had never been able to get through a page of it without yawning, and internally denouncing it all the time as perfect stuff—little better than Puss in Boots or Jack the Giant-Killer. Yet to say she

had not perused it would have been monstrous—quite shocking. And this was the way that the Goëthe idea was spoiled. The magazines, to do them justice, held to it as long as it would hang together, as long as there was a thread of it left. They at length gave it up as entirely finished; and you now never hear a single word about Goëthe, or Faust, or Wilhelm Meister. It would not pay, and there's an end of it.

I have remarked that Petrarch and Laura has formed a good serviceable idea in its time. It has been a capital stock belles-lettres idea, something to be used as occasion may require by the genteel school of writers. It has enjoyed about fully as good a share of worrying as the Abelard and Heloise idea, which, to say the least of it, was not a bad hack idea for the greater part of a century. I consider, however, that both these ideas are now worn out. They are as dead as the Egeria and Numa Pompilius idea, which had a tolerable run some years since, but is now, to our great relief, laid on the shelf and forgotten.

It is thus the authors, and wits, and scholars, and poets, become worn-out ideas. People are so much plagued with hearing their names in all quarters for a time, that they at last make up their minds neither to say, nor listen to one word more about them. Many men have in this manner gone down the wind, and are no more trumpeted by fame, merely because they had the misfortune to become worn-out ideas. I consider, for instance, that Sheridan is now a worn-out idea. Nothing that could now be said of him would come to any good. The public became tired of his name several years ago, and they cannot allow their minds to think more about him. Sir James Mackintosh is pretty much in the same condition, and especially his "great historical work," which, for a thing that never existed and never will exist, has certainly bored the world in its day to some purpose. The March of Intellect!—the Schoolmaster Abroad!—Junius!—the words are enough.

Popular music and songs become in regular succession worn-out ideas. Even the most pleasing pieces at length grow tiresome from familiarity, and are dropped. Mr. Bayly himself will probably allow that the most delightful of his many delightful songs cannot be kept at a certain point of popularity above a certain time. When all the world has at length heard "Oh no! we never mention her," and that perhaps several times over, all at once they agree never again to mention the subject, but to take up with something else, either by the same or another author. The more that a musical composition is liked at first, the more sure is it in time to become hackneyed and worn out. About the year fourteen, you would have heard no tune played but the Copenhagen waltz. All man and woman kind went mad about the Copenhagen waltz. It was played in theatres, and public concerts, and private companies, whistled upon the street by boys. Organs, clarionets, fiddles, flutes, pianos, and all other instruments, whether wind or stringed, were kept for months close at work, humming and strumming, and blowing, and straining, at the famous Copenhagen waltz. It met you in the teeth at every corner; the whole air was one air—and that was the Copenhagen waltz. All at once it ceased. The idea had possessed a strong constitution, and had stood an immense deal of teasing and wearing. However, it at last also came to its end, and no more was ever heard of it—not a cleep; the idea was completely, and more than completely, worn out. A few years ago there prevailed a similar mania about a song called "Sweet Home." Mercy on us, how that idea was ground to pieces on the streets of London! It was if any thing worse treated than the Copenhagen waltz, for it admitted of being sung as well as played. Every young lady consequently learned to squeak up "Sweet Home;" every young gentleman, clerk, and shop-boy, tried his hand at it. Every stage-coach guard from Brighton to Edinburgh played it on his double-keyed bugle; nay, I have even been told that a clergyman in Dumbartonshire was so fond of it as to quote it one Sunday in his sermon. Yet it, too, had its day, and its place was in time occupied by other airs. The latest torment of the British people was what they have long been in the habit of looking upon as one of their greatest blessings, "the Sea!"

It has thus been my fate, from earliest years, to be haunted and bored by many successive airs, which abstractly, as I may say, were pretty enough airs, but, being over-repeated, became practically painful. My very earliest recollection is of a song in the Mountaineers,

which began, "Faintly and wearing the way-worn traveller." Then came the Copenhagen waltz. Next "Dunois the young and brave." After that "The red red rose." Then "the Dark Lochnaagar," and "Nid noddin." Then again "Home, sweet home." Next in succession, "the Bonny-Briest-knots," and the music of "Der Frieschütz." This brought me down to the year twenty-five, when "Cherry Ripe" came in full bang, and drove all before it. By "Cherry Ripe" I was handed over to "I'd be a butterfly," and by that to "Alice Gray," as a state prisoner is handed by the lieutenant of the Tower to the sheriff, by the sheriff to the mayor, and by the mayor to the executioner, no remove bringing him the least alleviation of his unhappy circumstances. So indelibly did these tunes make their respective impressions upon me that I can tell the date of any barrel-organ by its predominant airs, as exactly as if I saw the figures upon the instrument. When I hear "Dunois the young and brave," I mark it down for 1815. When I hear "Sweet Home," I pronounce the word eighteen-twenty-three instinctively. For, be it observed, however intolerable tunes may become, they generally keep a longer hold of the organs than of the public taste, seeing that such an instrument, especially if the property of some poor Italian, cannot be altered all of a sudden. Tunes thus enjoy a kind of crepuscular existence long after their sun has set. I am very sure it is not above three years since I heard the Copenhagen waltz ground upon an organ as I was passing through a narrow fourth-rate street; being fully sixteen years after that piece had been given up by mankind at large.

I need hardly remind the world how much it has been wearied with worn-out words. Some become a serious nuisance, both in our spoken language and sign-board literature. The words Royal, Imperial, Albion, Union, and Waterloo, are thus a torment to society. They have been applied to all kinds of establishments—mercantile, scientific, and otherwise. Banks, club-houses, shops, societies, bridges, hotels, porter, and stage-coaches, all alike try to derive dignity and popularity from the use of these hackneyed expressions. As for Waterloo, I dare say it has been applied as a name to every thing under the sun. Besides these, and such like terms, there is, as one may notice, always some favourite word going its rounds, and enjoying a temporary popularity. If the word happen to indicate a taking idea, it is certain to undergo a good deal of wearing before it laid aside. "Clique" seems, in this way, to be the pet word at the present moment. It came in after "Reaction," which, it will be allowed, really stood well out, considering the immense tearing and wearing it underwent. When the Clique idea is to bid us good-bye, will depend on the rise of another equally taking.

After ideas have been pretty well worn, attempts are often made to revive them, and once more set them agoing. They become, in this way, standing subjects of botheration. Among the principal torments of this kind I reckon the canal across the Isthmus of Suez, the Deccan prize-money, and the peerage of Sir Francis Burdett. The affair of the canal seems a favourite subject among tourists both abroad and by the fireside, both with the writers of books and the writers of newspapers. All on a sudden, some day, we stumble on a paragraph in the public prints, which tells us most distinctly that "the long anticipated canal betwixt the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is forthwith to be commenced." But this is all we hear about it. Nothing more is said for perhaps two years, when again it comes the old story once more. We now make sure that the thing will be carried into effect. Not at all! Nothing is done, and nothing more is said, for two years further, when we once more observe that it is still to be done. Perhaps, however, about the year three thousand four hundred and fifty-nine, such a canal will really, *bona fide*; be executed with that let us be content. Of all the standing subjects of universal botheration, of all the worn and doubly worn ideas, the Polar Seas and the North-West Passage form the chief. For some fourteen or fifteen years, the North Pole idea has been a prolific theme of worry. An immensity of big books, and little books, as well as pictures and panoramas of all kinds, have been made to enlighten mankind on the subject; never was there so much done for any similar idea before; it has been patronised by the nation and by individuals, and formed a good picking to thousands; yet—and this is the funny thing about it—we are no wiser than we were. What we should like to hear, does any one know about the North Pole, or the

North-West Passage, or the North anything-else, more than they did twenty years since? The whole affair, indeed, is a delusion; and people are now pretty well tired of the idea. It is fast wearing out. I venture to say, there is not a citizen in London who would forego a single draught of heavy wet to know whether there be such a thing as the North-West Passage or not. The subject is exhausted.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, Dec. 1834.

LAMB AND HAZLITT.

[FROM PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB IN THE COURT MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.]

My first acquaintance with the exquisite writer and still more exquisite character, whose unexpected loss his friends are now deploring, took place at the lodgings of the late William Hazlitt, in Down-street, Piccadilly; and my recollections of the former will not be the less acceptable for being blended as they are with many circumstances and feelings to which the latter bore a chief part. Charles Lamb and myself were the only two persons, with the exception of his son; who followed Hazlitt to his almost unknown and unregarded grave. Thus my first recollections of the one, and my last of the other of these two distinguished men, connect them so intimately together in my mind, that I cannot, if I would, think of either as wholly distinct from the other. They invariably recur to me as cognate and consecutive ideas—a sort of mutual and reciprocal cause and effect—as if some necessary and natural intellectual relationship existed between them.

The truth is, that though Lamb and Hazlitt were infinitely different from each other in many features of their minds, they were infinitely alike in many others—more so, perhaps, than any other two men of their day; and there was a general sympathy between them, which served to melt away, and as it were fuse together, and bring into something like a friendly union and correspondence, those differences themselves—till they almost took the character of meeting-points, which brought the two extremes together, when, perhaps, nothing else could.

In confirmation of this seemingly fanciful theory, I would refer to two facts only, as almost demonstrative of it—I allude first to that magnanimous letter of Charles Lamb to Southey, on the latter paying him some public compliment which could only be accepted, as it was only offered, at the cost of some imputation on Hazlitt's character and pursuits. Lamb on that occasion flung back to Southey with a beautiful indignation almost bordering on contempt, and in a tone of but half-suppressed bitterness which I do not believe he ever exhibited on any other occasion, a testimony to his talents and character which he could not have merited, had the qualifying insinuation, or regret, or whatever it might be called that accompanied it also been deserved. If I remember the circumstances rightly (for I have no means at hand of referring to the record of them on either side), the gist of Southey's double offence was a mingled remonstrance and lamentation at the melancholy fact, that *such a man as Lamb* should consort with *such a man as Hazlitt*! As if any two men that ever lived were more exquisitely constituted and qualified to appreciate and admire the large balance of good over evil that existed in each other, and to explain and account for and excuse the ill, than those two men! Lamb never did a more noble or beautiful or characteristic thing than the writing of that memorable letter; and Hazlitt never experienced a higher or purer intellectual pleasure than in reading it; and though at the period of its publication Hazlitt had for a long time absented himself from Lamb's house and society, on account of some strange and gratuitous crotchet of his brain, respecting some unimaginable offence on the part of Lamb or of himself—for in these cases it was impossible to tell which)—the letter instantly brought them together again, and there was no after-division of their friendship till Hazlitt's death, fifteen years afterwards.

The other proof I would offer of the natural sympathy between Lamb and Hazlitt, of which I have spoken, is to be found in the fact, that of all the associates of his early days—indeed of his whole literary and social life, except myself—the only one who followed him to his grave was Charles Lamb. The faults of Hazlitt were faults which hurt himself alone, and which were moreover, inextricably linked with the finer qualities of his nature. And the only one of those faults which brought upon him the obloquy to which the peace and comfort of his life were sacrificed,

was the result of a virtue which nine-tenths of the world (his maligners included) have the wit to divest themselves of:—what he thought and felt about other people, whether friends or foes, that he spoke or wrote—reckless of the consequences to himself, and sparing himself as little as he spared any one else. Moreover, if a man smote him on one cheek, he did not meekly turn the other and crave for that the same process; nor could he ever persuade himself to carry away the affront quietly, merely because it might consist with his worldly interest to do so. If he was hated and feared more than any other living man, it was because he saw deeper than any other man into the legitimate objects of hatred, and was, by habit as well temper, not amenable to those convenient restraints and mental reservations which custom has imposed in order to guard against the social consequences of such untoward discoveries. Iago says it was the virtue of the Venetian dames of his day, “not to leave undone, but to keep unknown.” It was Hazlitt’s virtue—or vice if you please—not merely “to spy into abuses” (for that we can all of us do), but to feel a sort of moral necessity to drag them into the light when he had found them. He could not conceal or palliate a single fault or weakness of his own. Was it likely, then, that he would be at the trouble of throwing a veil over those of other people—especially when the only passion of his soul was a love of the truth?

Charles Lamb knew and appreciated these qualities of Hazlitt’s mind more truly and entirely than any one else, because he found the types of them in his own; the only but single difference being, that he (Lamb), while he saw the truth as related to the character of others with as clear a vision as Hazlitt did, was, by the ineffable gentleness and moral sweetness of his nature, not merely deterred from exposing it to those who might have overlooked it, but impelled to transform and translate it into symbols as its most striking opposite:—like the “sweet Ophelia,” he “turned to favour and to prettiness” all the moral evil and deformity that presented itself to his observation. He could not or would not see ugliness anywhere, unless as a spot upon the face of beauty; but beauty he could see every where, and no where shining so bright as in the midst of ugliness.—*Morn. Chron. March 2.*

A MOUSE SUCKLED BY A CAT.—A cat belonging to Mr. Smith, the respectable bailiff and agent of the Ear of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably incommoded her. I mention this, in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance:—One evening as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard which was near the fireplace, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to make use of when she is visited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance, that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse, a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour, she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouse, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for the mouse she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. She is still alive.—*Jesse’s Gleanings in Natural History.*

AUTHENTICATED NARRATIVE OF THE “AUTHOR OF LACON.”

“I have liv’d long enough,—my term of life
Is fallen into the sea and yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age—
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends—
I must not look to have; but in their place
Curses not loud but deep.”

A NARRATIVE of the eccentricities, the follies, and even the crimes of the children of genius, never fail to awaken curiosity, if not to excite interest and sympathy; we love to throw our eyes on whatever be original in character, without inquiring whether or not it be attached to a name that presents any thing worthy of our admiration. The unfortunate notoriety acquired by the author of *Lacon*, may be ascribed as much, if not more, to circumstances unconnected with himself as to his own immediate actions. Colton has left behind him “imperishable evidence” of a mind that might have purchased “golden opinions from all sorts of men;” while the major part of his life presents little more than a history of a career, disastrous and deplorable in the extreme.

His mysterious disappearance at the dark and dismal epoch of the Hertford trials, naturally brought his name before the public eye, in conjunction with those of Hunt and Thurtell; although it is by no means difficult to imagine that a man of such habits would frequent the same places, and mix in the same company with these men, and consequently become their reputed associate. It is but justice, however, to state in this place, that the author of *Lacon* had nothing whatever to do in that inhuman affair.

Avarice, of all other of the human passions, seems to have been the “predominating vice” of Colton; and for which he was remarkable at a very early age! While yet a boy at school we can trace in him the elements of his succeeding life. To gratify this most untoward propensity, it may be said of him, that “he had lost the world, and was content to lose it.”

No man was ever more generally known for the number and incongruity of his pursuits, or presents a stronger example of a mind at once sordid and sublime! To a refined and accurate remembrance of ancient erudition, he joined a familiar and habitual knowledge of modern literature. His *Lacon* alone attests the depth and universality of his powers, the strength of his arguments, and the classical purity of his style. Strange that a mind so bountifully stored should have branched out into such a compound of heterogeneous occupations.

Colton had successfully passed through the tedious years allotted to the education of a “foundation boy” at Eton, had obtained a fellowship at King’s College, Cambridge, possessed one of the quarters of the New Church, Tiverton, Devonshire, and ultimately became rector of Kew; therefore, up to a certain period of his natural life he had received nothing but benefits at the hands of fortune. The benignant star that presided over his destinies can hardly be said to have abandoned him; and his untoward disrepute and ultimate ruin and decay were attributable to himself alone. For several years antecedent to his visit to America, his eccentric habits and appearance had procured for him an unfortunate notoriety. A peculiar propensity to vulgar gamblers and pothouse politicians excluded him from that honourable rank in society to which he would have been entitled by his education and dearest connexions. The gaming tables of St. James’s

• It was during his early residence on his living at Tiverton, and practice in the church, that, among other “whims and fancies” that ever and anon filled his prolific brain, the strange and marvellous affair of the appearance of the “Sampford ghost” occupied and amused him—for to him, indeed, the then terrified and wondering world of simpletons and blockheads owed all their superstitious (laughable) amazement! Colton was the constructor of that playful cobweb to catch flies; and it was not before he was himself consulted as to the nature of the “ghost”—consulted in his sacred character as priest, and was heard by the present editor and proprietor of the *Tiverton Courier* (who afterwards issued a very clever pamphlet, which led to the discovery of the “troublesome goblin of Sampford”), to remark that “the ghost must certainly be no other than a very learned one, since it uttered, to the astonishment of the learned doctor, not only Latin, but Greek, and so on”—that the “diabolical cheat” was found out. In the forthcoming life of this remarkable man, which will be edited by a literary gentleman of our acquaintance, hundreds of the most remarkable facts will be detailed with accuracy and truth, and which will not only amuse, but enliven the world.

were his daily resort, and he was ever remarked for his desperate play and the large amount of his stakes.

We are able to give but little account of him during his residence, of about two years, in the United States, whence he proceeded to Paris, the "unsubstantial and melancholy stage" on which the closing scenes of his life were to be exhibited. On his arrival at the French capital we find him pursuing his adventurous speculations at the tables of *rouge et noir* and *roulette*, and to all appearance he was provided with a considerable stock of cash. Success marked his course on most occasions. A house in the Palais Royale paid him on one night four thousand pounds; hence his appearance in the saloons excited considerable sensation among the conductors of those establishments.

Mr. Colton took the singular precaution of converting his cash into such a form, that whatever sum he might chance to possess could be carried round his waist in a silk handkerchief. Nothing was more gratifying to him than an opportunity of vaunting his system of play, and of exhibiting his enormous gains, which he frequently counted over, with an air of triumph, in a public café. When, on the other hand, he had been got the better of, or in other words had—lost! he threatened destruction to the tables. He has often been heard to exclaim—*Nemo me impune lacessit*—"The money I have been robbed of by these fellows, they shall pay back with good interest."

But whatever might have been the success of Mr. Colton on particular occasions, the result was uniformly and unhappily that he lost all his gains, and was frequently reduced to a state bordering upon distress! He now became more than ever negligent of his dress and person; and has been constantly seen walking in the public promenades with all the appearances of extreme misery! It was about this period he formed an acquaintance with one Hamilton, who subsequently became his confidant, and acted as his amanuensis. This man is reported to have been the prototype of the character of Logic, in the farce of "Tom and Jerry." The expedients to which Mr. Colton was reduced to replenish his shattered finances rendered Hamilton a valuable coadjutor. If an English personage of wealth arrived in Paris, Hamilton was despatched with a letter, enclosing adulatory verses, or it was accompanied by a copy of "Lacon," a work dear to fame. Among those persons selected for this species of contribution were her Grace of St. Alban's, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Bridgewater, and Dr. Goodall, the early tutor of Mr. Colton. Hamilton's address was generally successful, and he has been heard to say, that two hundred pounds were realized in this way in the space of one year.

We have alluded to these incidents from a desire of furnishing our readers with a correct statement of some of the leading features of the unfortunate deceased, while we feel both affectionately and religiously disposed to throw a "veil" over his errors. As sincere admirers of genuine literary worth, happy had we been to have scattered garlands over the forgotten tomb of genius, rather than break the silence of its repose by the murmur of detraction. These considerations have also additional weight with us, inasmuch as we know that, for some time previously to the disastrous and unforeseen close of Mr. Colton's wayward and reckless life, his bodily sufferings were almost intolerable, and life became a burthen, which he frequently expressed his intention of quitting. No one also felt more sensibly the accumulated horrors of an abandoned and isolated position, and a "clouded name." He has been known to be whole days in bed, drawing from the fruitful resources of his mind that abstraction and relief which he had sought in vain among his fellow-men; his apartments, consisting of two dark and unwholesome rooms in the Rue de Chartres, exhibited a striking picture of neglect and wretchedness. It was in this pitiable state that he was sometimes discovered by persons who had known him in happier and intellectual days; and it was only by some such circumstance, that he would be induced to rise from a state of miserable seclusion. In the moments of social intercourse, his conversation afforded a rich banquet of classic enjoyment; on which occasions he would read portions of his own composition in MS, illustrating each passage with a piquancy and eloquence that gave proofs of an intellect replete with all the graces of literary refinement.

Among his unpublished works, we remember to have seen several highly-wrought specimens of brilliant thought and epigrammatic point, especially a translation into Latin hexameters of a portion of Gray's Elegy—and it is no exaggeration to say, that this translation equalled, in many respects, the singular beauty of the original.

Among those literary and other persons whom curiosity or a "noble sentiment" had induced to visit him, was a Mr. C——, of London. This gentleman probably felt with Waller, that

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and dismayed,
Receives new lights through chinks that time has made;"

expressed a manly and laudable anxiety to see him change his mode of life; and earnestly persuaded him to put on "the new man," and also took much pains to rally in his dejected acquaintance the feeling of self-respect, and bring him back to a sense of what he once had been, holding out the generous hand of undiminished regard, and administering to Mr. Colton's immediate necessity by occasional advances of money. These laudable and Christian intentions, however, were in vain, and the inmates of Meunice's hotel, where he most frequently received Mr. Colton, took alarm at the garb of misery, even while they were conscious that it was the covering of the "Author of Lacon!" Mr. Colton briefly quitted Paris for Fontainebleau, at a time when the cholera was raging in all its madness. With the design of avoiding the danger of that mysterious epidemic. He had, however, no sooner arrived at this destination than he fell into a state of excruciating pain from his old complaint; and having taken the opinion of a medical practitioner, an operation was found unavoidable, and it was consequently agreed that it should take place the following morning. He spent the evening in his usual manner, conversing with perfect calmness. Before he retired to rest, however, he wrote for some time. About four o'clock the following morning, however, the report of a pistol was heard, which had been found in his apartment, and the unfortunate subject of this memoir was found—dead!

THE LAST WORDS OF THE AUTHOR OF LACON.*

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust to change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the "bill of fare" before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast
To life's frail-fetted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led!

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night, her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out 'midst all that brilliant throng,
His fix'd and final home, from fleshly thralldom freed?

Minds that have scann'd creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sage—seal'd,
Whilst nature own'd their intellectual reign
Extinct, have nothing known—or nothing have reveal'd.

Paris, Dec. 20, Anno 1834.

Hotel Meunice.

* To the Editor, &c :—
You will herewith receive for publication, the memorable "last words" of the late Rev. C. C. Colton, who in his later days of human misery and mental wretchedness, was abundantly cautious of his literary fame; invariably speaking of himself in no other character—but as the Author of Lacon. All personal and literary friends *herr*, obeyed his desire in that respect; and to this day they speak of our unfortunate and misguided countryman and consummate scholar, as the Author of Lacon—only. I may, perhaps, in this place, be permitted to remark, that the life, and death of this unaccountable person, forcibly reminds us of the almost certain fate of distinguished abilities; namely, that
"Superior wit to madness is allied." I. H. U.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
The extinguished lights that in thy "darkness" dwell,
Would'st thou, from that lost zodiac, once restore,
That might these enigmas solve, and Doubt, man's tyrant,
quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to—die—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor hope in Heaven.

Turn then, O, man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the "cross" bow down—in that confide,
Till doubt, be lost in faith, and bliss—secured in love.

LITERARY OBITUARIES.

THE REV. F. IRVING.

Mr. Irving, the famous preacher, died at Glasgow on the 6th, aged 42. His literary productions consist of sermons, &c. In the pulpit, he was at times as powerful and eloquent as any man we ever heard; though his strange doctrines ultimately led to much controversy. He was curiously familiar with early Scots ballad lore; and when unbent in private society, delighted in repeating, or rather chanting, scraps of those national memorials

RICHARD MILLIKEN, ESQ.

On the 6th instant, at his house in Grafton Street, Richard Milliken, Esq., in his 51st year. A man more estimable in the relations of private life, or in his intercourse with his fellow-citizens—a man more beloved by those who shared in his friendship and acquaintance, and more sincerely regretted, never lived. As a father of a very numerous and interesting family—as the husband of an amiable and exemplary woman, there was no man more affectionate or more devoted; as a citizen of Dublin, engaged in a business which brought him into contact with the gentry of the country, with literary men, and the learned professions, we are satisfied that few men were regarded with greater respect, and had so many personal friends.—[We copy this tribute to an eminent bookseller and publisher from a Dublin journal; sincerely joining in the tribute of respect and regret which it pays to departed worth.—Ed. L. L. G.]

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, ESQ.

We have just read in the journals the death of this eminent author, at the age of 76. His biographical and other works are very voluminous and valuable; for he devoted his long life indefatigably to literary pursuits.

PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

At his residence in Brighton, on Monday, the 23d of December, Prince Hoare, Esq. terminated this life, in the 80th year of his age. In announcing his death our recollections are called back to the literary history of the last half century, during which, either by his connexion with authors or with artists, or by his own numerous publications, his name continually occurs to our memory and respect. He was born at Bath, in 1755, and in his father's studio he began his career as an artist; thence he came to London as a pupil of the Royal Academy, and afterwards continued his education by visiting Rome (1776), and had there as fellow-students Fuseli, Northcote, and other painters who became celebrated. On returning, in 1780, to England, he devoted himself for a while to the practice of his profession in London; but ill health compelled him to relinquish the art, in which he would otherwise probably have risen to eminence. On the recovery of his health by the fine climate of Lisbon, he directed his talents to dramatic composition, and with such success, especially in small afterpieces, that many of them still retain their original popularity. The farces of *No Song to Super*, *The Prince*, *My Grandmother*, *Lock and Key*, *Three and the Deuce*, &c. &c., from their simple and natural humour, have secured a constant repetition on the stage. Mr. Hoare produced many dramatic pieces which were never printed; but the more successful of some of the comedies and operas were published at the time. The effects of his early education, and the natural refinement and delicacy of his taste could not be overlaid

by this exercise of his talents for the stage; and the publication of *The Artist*, in 1809—a periodical work, in which he was assisted by many eminent painters and authors—as well as his *Epoch of the Fine Arts*, 1813, and other similar productions, shew that his nature possessed all the finest sensibilities, as well as the broad apprehensions of comic and humorous incident; indeed, that tone of delicate and moral sentiment seems to have been the essence of his character, for in his last publication, the *Life of Granville Sharpe*, he has manifested a gravity and seriousness of feeling which has made the work not only a display of his friend's character, but of his own. Mr. P. Hoare's last publication was a brief Essay, published not long since by the Royal Society of Literature (in the formation of which Society he had greatly assisted), on the moral power of Shakespeare's dramas. With this elegant and thoughtful paper he closed his literary career; establishing, by arguments and facts, the indispensable union of moral truths with dramatic and all literary excellence.

With these various intellectual endowments, it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Hoare was benevolent and charitable in his life; and the sincerity, integrity, and kindness, of his character, and the mild and gentle beauty in his manners, gained him the respect and delight of that refined and enlightened class of society among which he was so well and extensively known.—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.* December 1834.

CAWNPORE LITERARY OMNIBUS.

'At the earnest recommendation of numerous friends to literature, who have expressed a wish that at so large a Station as Cawnpore there should be some *Literary Periodical*, Messrs. Greenway and Co. have the pleasure to announce that *The Cawnpore Literary Omnibus*, a half-monthly Journal, will be published by them, at the Cawnpore Press, on the 1st July 1835.

'This Journal will comprise communications on Political, Military, Civil, Nautical and Sporting matters, and its pages will be open to free and temperate discussion on all subjects of general or local interest, whilst it must be understood at the same time that nothing of a *scurrilous* nature can find a place therein.

'In soliciting a fair proportion of patronage, Messrs. Greenway and Co. beg to assure the public that nothing will be wanting in the editorial or typographical departments to render *The Cawnpore Literary Omnibus* in every way well worthy of their support.

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'For further particulars the Public are requested to look at the first No. of this Journal, which will be issued from the Press in a shape somewhat resembling that of *The Calcutta Literary Gazette*.

'It would be idle for the Proprietors and Publishers to throw out anticipations regarding the *Calcutta Literary Omnibus* which cannot be realized, but they do not hesitate to state that it will be equal, if not superior, to any other Mofussil Journal, and will embrace sufficient matter to suit the taste of all classes.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

2 Rupees per Month—or 16 Rupees per Annum, if paid in advance.

THE WORST.—Once on a time it happened that a poor wight married a shrew, who led him a piteous life; she fell ill, the doctor was called in, and the anxious, affectionate husband inquired of him how his dear spouse was? Galen shook his head, and told him to prepare for the worst. "What," said he, "is she likely to get over it?"

A SPARK STRUCK.—"Who is that gentleman walking with Miss Flint?" said a wag to his companion, as they sauntered along Prince-street. "Oh!" replied the other, "that is a spark which she has struck."

A BIT.—"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

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THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

OR

JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

[VOL. III. NEW SERIES. No. 76.]

Original Articles.

TWINING ON DISEASES OF BENGAL.

The second edition of Mr. Twining's work on the climate and seasons of Bengal, and the more important diseases of the country.

The announcement of a second edition of any Medical work published in this country is so rare an occurrence, that the circumstance itself would attract attention, even were the objects of the publication now alluded to of less importance to the community at large.

It has been ascertained that a second edition is not required in more than one work in nineteen of all those that are published even in England. This will afford some indication of the value which has by common consent been affixed to this work, which now comes before the public in 2 vols. 8vo. containing nearly a thousand pages, and from being closely printed in smaller type than the first edition, must contain nearly double the matter that was in the original work. When that appeared it was very cordially hailed by the different reviewers in this country, as a work of sterling value, and though in many of its minor details somewhat defective and imperfect, it was considered at that time as the best copy from the great book of nature which had ever appeared on the diseases of Bengal.

The present edition is not only a more business-like production as far as relates to the mechanical part of the work, but is more complete in all its details. The appearance of the two volumes now before the public is a proof of the necessity that there was for such a work, and that it has been considered a useful accession to the few comprehensive and useful practical treatises which have been published on the diseases of India. There are several new chapters in this edition, new and important matter has also been introduced into each chapter, and every part of the work appears to be much corrected and improved not only as regards the more strictly professional parts of the work, but in those not less essential particulars which cannot fail to render the *clinical illustrations* more acceptable to the general reader.

The unaffected strain of courtesy evinced by the author to his professional brethren, is highly commendable. The names of many highly talented individuals, belonging to the Medical service of the three Presidencies, are mentioned in different parts of the work, to the accuracy and importance of the Medical doctrines contained in which, the several distinguished Physicians who are named, afford their testimony. The author says, "I have freely availed myself of the valuable suggestions and friendly criticism of many of the most distinguished of my professional brethren, whose aid has been duly acknowledged in the course of this work." This remark shews the high degree of mutual confidence and cordiality which has existed between the parties, in the prosecution of the most interesting objects of science, and it is highly creditable

to all concerned. The Author passes a high encomium on the professional acquirements of the Medical men now sent out in the service of the Company; it is a truly honorable testimonial in their favor, seeing that they have to pass their noviciate of 100 days on their first arrival in India, at the General Hospital, and must of course be in daily communication with the author in the wards of the Hospital and at the bed side of the patients.

The commencement of the work is devoted to the climate and seasons of this country, and to the consideration of their influence on the European constitution. Much as we often suffer from the heat in Bengal, we should hardly have supposed that the mean annual temperature is here 30° degrees of Fahrenheit above the average atmospheric temperature of Great Britain; but such appears to be the case from the data brought forward by the author, several meteorological references are introduced, among which we may particularly notice two charts of great interest, one of which shows at a glance, the highest and lowest point reached by the Mercury in the thermometer, for every day in the year; and the other chart indicates the mean monthly range of the thermometer for every hour during the day and night throughout the year. The latter it appears is taken from a most interesting little periodical that was edited by the late Captain Herbert, "The Gleanings in Science," which was not at that time patronised by the public in any degree commensurate with its merits.

The author then enters on a consideration of the influence of the climate of India on the European constitution, first in reference to its immediate or early effects on Europeans recently arrived, next on the more remote changes which are produced by a prolonged residence in the country; and then he notices the effects of the climate on the European race born and reared in India. These are most interesting subjects, not only to the European residents in India; but to the philanthropist and the statesman in Europe.

The author notices the effect of this climate on the constitution of European females, not only in the introductory chapter, but in several other parts of the work; and particularly under the head of congestive fevers, there are some remarks of a highly important practical application, which appear to be original, and the result of careful induction and long experience in this climate; for the details we must refer to the work itself.

The influence of the climate of India, on the constitution of children born of European parents, in this country, is noticed briefly, but with an emphasis and tenderness which shews how deeply the author has reflected on these subjects and how much he has devoted himself to the study of every thing which influences health, or contributes to the production of disease in India. These and similar topics will give the work an interest to every European family in this country, and render it in the highest degree valuable to the practitioner on his first arrival from Europe, and during his noviciate in India.

Regarding the effects of the climate of the Hill stations, the Author observes, that "temperature decreases according to the elevation, in a ratio which may be taken at one degree for every 300 feet of ascent; but in the climate of hill stations, various other conditions of the atmosphere besides coolness must have an influence on health. Among these may be enumerated diminished atmospheric pressure, and a more rarified state of the air, and in consequence of this decrease of density, its capacity for caloric is increased in the more elevated regions.", "Experience has shewn that the elevated regions now alluded to, are productive of vast advantages in completing the recovery of those who have been much reduced by fever, dysentery or other acute diseases, soon after their arrival in India, but before their constitutions have been much impaired by long residence in this climate; provided they are not suffering from any tendency to disease of the liver or lungs."

However he speaks with some reserve as to the benefit of resorting to the Hill stations in some diseases, and states that there are others in which injury is almost always found to be produced by a residence "at the Sanitaria at the various Mountain stations" and he concludes by saying that "the estimation in which the several hill stations ought to be held, as favorable residences for Europeans in good health, or for the children of Europeans born in this country, and whose constitutions are unimpaired, may admit of a consideration somewhat more favorable than that which is justly attached to the climate of the same places as a resource for the eradication of disease."

The gradual and prolonged influence of this climate on the European race, is strongly impressed on us by the following query, "Does the 3d generation of the European race exist in India, all the individuals being of pure European descent, and having been born and reared in this country?"

This query leads to inferences which appear not to have attracted the author's notice and consideration, or perhaps he may have been unwilling to digress or to enter on the discussion of subjects not directly connected with the professional character of his work. It is evident that if the descendants of the unmixed European race cannot exist in this country, the question of the colonization of India is idle. Some peculiar effects of the climate of Ceylon on the African race are described, which are the more remarkable, as the descendants of Africans in the Mauritius and in Bourbon are known to be flourishing, and increasing in numbers, even while they were in a state of slavery. Towards the conclusion of the work the author refers in the strongest terms to the influence of particular localities in modifying the character of fevers, and in causing those diseases, of the most malignant forms. The medical topography of almost every part of the country is now sufficiently known, and the attention of Government ought to be especially directed to this subject. There are some stations which are known to be so unhealthy that at particular seasons they do not admit of the residence of Europeans without the greatest hazard of destruction, and there are other stations which are at all times so unhealthy, that both Natives and Europeans who are sent to those places are almost always found to sink under the malignant effects of the Jungle or remittent fever, the various modifications of which are pointed out with great preci-

sion by the author. These deadly stations ought assuredly never to be occupied except under the greatest emergencies, and then only during the period that may be indispensable.

Many parts of Bengal are of this description, and some stations at the Bombay Presidency are named, "The Jungly and hilly districts" of the Banglana country between Candeish and Surat, as well as the pass of *Sundwa* "the forest of *Nowapoor*."

The means of preserving health in this country are next discussed, and the author seems not much inclined to interfere with the habits and modes of living of the seasoned old Indian, who has been 15 or 20 years inured to the climate, and finds that he can drink his bottle or two of claret every day, and always enjoy good health without deviating much from hearty English habits of eating and drinking. But as a general rule for the preservation of health in India, he directs new comers "to keep the mind tranquil but occupied, and the body cool; to avoid exposure to the sun, and to guard against the effects of sudden transitions of temperature."

Europeans who on first arrival in this country find their hands usually hot and dry, ought to pay especial attention to their manner of living, and to take great care to avoid all the ordinary causes of disease. "This may seem too trivial a circumstance to deserve particular notice, but it is worthy of remark that a *permanent dry heat of the hands*, in newly arrived Europeans, generally indicates a proneness to some visceral disease which would afford reason for believing that such persons would not endure a residence in this climate."

The allusions to the effect of mind on the bodily health, and in the production of disease, as well as in modifying the agency of medicines, are frequently to be met with in the course of this work, and these observations shew how carefully the author has weighed every circumstance which could modify the course of disease, or affect the human constitution.

The influence of affliction and anxiety of mind, whether the result of the loss of relatives and friends who were dear, or arising from reverses of fortune, must have been very often noticed by the author during the late commercial disasters of this place. During such times how pre-eminently valuable is the care of the discriminating physician who knows how to speak peace to the troubled spirit, at the same time that he prescribes for the bodily infirmity. The late Dr. Babington used often to say that there were few severe gales of wind which did not send him several city merchants, who were deeply interested in shipping, and whose feet and ankles were liable to become oedematous, at the same time that they suffered from a total arrest of digestion, in consequence of anxiety of mind.

It would be difficult in this place to introduce any account of the chapter relating to particular diseases, that portion of the work may be safely left to the judgment of the profession, whose decision was so highly favorable on the appearance of the first edition. The whole is written in that plain and unaffected style that we may say of it as the Editor of the *London Monthly Repository* said of Southwood Smith's treatise on fever. "It will be found perfectly intelligible to the general reader." There are very few persons in India, who would not find the benefit of possessing this work, which so plainly points out the nature of

many of the most dangerous diseases, and the diet as well as medical treatment that is requisite to be followed, that they will be able to avoid doing that which is injurious, and in many cases to cure themselves if taken ill at places where a medical man cannot be at once resorted to.

Throughout the work a steady quakerish sobriety prevails, with evidence of great care in the collection and arrangement of highly valuable materials; and a sort of mathematical precision in tracing out and establishing by the most minute investigation, the nature and seat of those organic changes which are connected with the correct treatment of disease; in this respect the author has been singularly successful, and his views of the nature and treatment of particular stages of disease, are in many respects both novel and interesting. His researches have undoubtedly thrown new light on many professional subjects of high importance, and have been the means of improvement in the treatment of some of the most fatal diseases which occur in the country.

The author's views of the nature of the different descriptions of fever, and especially in what he terms the remittent (or jungle) fever, are in the highest degree interesting, succinct, and precise. The sentiments of a Foreign Review, on the merits of the first edition of this work, are thus expressed. "Mr. Twining is evidently a close and accurate observer of facts, and a bold but at the same time extremely judicious practitioner; he is seldom led astray by the theoretical notions of preceding writers however eminent, but has derived his opinions mainly from his own diligent observations of the phenomena of the disease, for the prosecution of which his opportunities appear to have been most ample."

A note contains an allusion to correspondence with Monsieur Jacquemont, and exhibits the frugal mode of living followed by that lamented naturalist; as it does not appear that Monsieur J. corresponded with any other physician in Calcutta it is probable that the reference to his supply of medicines and medical instruction alludes to Mr. Twining, when he says, "une petite boîte qui renferme les remèdes a opposer a une attaque, avec une excellente instruction, un petit traite sur leur usage qui vout bien faire pour moi, le Medicin le plus habile de Calcutta." *Vide Jacquemont's letters, Paris Edition, Vol. 2.*

One remarkable feature of this work is the absence of any sort of theory, or ingenious speculation; the investigations seem to embrace that portion of each of the prevailing doctrines of the different schools, which affords the most ample elucidation of the subject; these volumes bear marks of many years of increasing toil, and contain conclusions which could only be arrived at by the most tedious course of Pathological enquiry, still there is nothing in any part of the work which is surprising, or to which the reader is not himself led, by the consideration of the facts adduced. In this respect the Author's career in the prosecution of researches relative to Medical Science has very much resembled that of the late Dr. Baillie who first published in the periodicals various reports on Medical subjects, which appeared to him likely to be useful; then a volume was offered to the public, on that particular branch of the profession in which he took the most interest. After that a 2d edition of the same work in two volumes appeared, and they were acknowledged to be very superior in the value

and importance of their contents, to their prototype, —and lastly, when Dr. Baillie died, there was that left to the profession and to the world, which made it remembered that Baillie had lived. The inference would be a high compliment, but there can be little doubt that society will ultimately apply it to our author.

VERBAL CRITICISM.

"The watch dog's voice that baid the whispering wind,
"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

To the Editor of the Calcutta Literary Gazette.

SIR,—We live among blue-stockings and Tip-hoot blues, and are surrounded by "wise men" (?) on all sides, which, considering we are in the "East," is nothing strange.

At a Tea-Party the other evening the above lines were quoted from Goldsmith's beautiful Poem, the "Deserted Village," and in the course of conversation the expression a "vacant laugh," caused some discussion, as to the correctness of those terms, in which all were not unanimous. Such authorities as were at hand, were referred to; but in none could we find the word *vacant* applied to a laugh. The opposite term to *vacancy* appears to be *fullness*, and if the former can be properly used in reference to a laugh why not the latter? yet no authority can be adduced for the expression a *full laugh*!

Piozzi, the intimate friend and companion of Johnson, and whose celebrated work on British Synonymy, the great Lexicographer is supposed to have revised, classed the following words together,

"VACANT, empty, unfilled, void, thoughtless;" but she applies none of the n to the word LAUGH.

An object on which the mind is engaged, may be *void* of sufficient interest to excite laughter; or the mind itself may be too *vacant*, admitting that there is sufficient interest in the object, to perceive it—or, there may be no interest whatever in the object, yet from the *thoughtlessness* or *vacancy* of the mind, while engaged on it, a smile or laugh is excited:—but in all these three propositions, or in any other that may be suggested, it will be found, that, it is the mind, or the object on which it is engaged, that is *vacant*, and not the LAUGH.

A loud laugh, a hearty laugh, and vulgarly, a horse-laugh, are common expressions and of daily occurrence; but Mr. Editor, we submit to your judgment whether the expression a "VACANT LAUGH" is correct? We have hitherto sent many knotty points of a like nature from our little circle, which you have kindly and ably decided to our general satisfaction, as the pages of your instructive Literary Journal for the past two years will show, and we hope you will further oblige us on the present occasion.

Your obdt. servants,

Tip-hoot, 1st June 1835.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Goldsmith appears to us to have used the word *vacant* with perfect propriety. Among its meanings, as given by Johnson, are *free—unincumbered—being at leisure*. Crabbe in his Dictionary of Synonyms makes it sometimes mean *idle*. Our correspondents are mistaken in applying the epithet *vacant* to the laugh—it is the *vacant mind* that Goldsmith speaks of, as indicated by the loud laugh.

THEATRICALS.—Mrs. Black is to have her benefit in a few days. The pieces fixed on are the *Vampire* and *Is he Jealous*. In bustling and scolding parts this actress is very successful. We hope that she will have a good house.

ELECTIONEERING SKETCH.

(Extract from a letter of an old Indian lately returned to England.)

Jan. 7th.—Oxford is the scene of an active contest; we have three candidates in the field. Mr. Hughes is a Reformer and has been returned two or three times. Mr. Stonor is a Catholic, an Ultra-Reformer. Mr. Donald Maclean is a Conservative. The first is a well meaning person who does not mind a little inconsistency and sometimes votes against his party; he is a man of property not connected with Oxford, living in the Isle of Wight:—the second advocates civil and religious liberty to their widest extent, though the Pope might disavow such doctrine; he has an estate in the county of Oxford:—the third is a barrister and a man of talent, but has no connection with the place beyond having studied at college; he is on the right side, but is obliged so far to sacrifice to the mob as to profess himself the supporter of rational reform. It is altogether gross humbug! The candidates were proposed yesterday and after their nomination, paraded the town in a most theatrical style. Each candidate had some twenty or thirty banners and flags, of blue, red, and yellow silk, with such inscriptions as “Hughes and Reform,”—“Stonor and the people,”—“Maclean and independence:” one of Mr. Stonor’s flags had a very significant motto, “Sincerity and Liberality.” Next marched in three or four long lines, a band of clarionets, horns, trumpets and trombones, making a glorious discord: then came the candidate, his friends, seven or eight abreast, locked arm in arm. Messrs. Stonor and Maclean had prodigious tails on, several hundred of retinue: Mr. Hughes had also a considerable following. Maclean’s train was, generally, a very decently dressed one. Stonor’s consisted mostly of a very motley mob, in which a few respectable persons were lost amongst smock frocks, dirty shirts and aprons, unwashed and unshaven faces, a low and ragged gang. I have had visits from all the candidates, and have met Mr. Maclean in company: he of course has my vote and has such support as the university can give; but that is not much, as the colleges have no votes and their influence is cautiously exerted, as there is a great jealousy of their interposition amongst the bakers, butchers, linen-drappers, stable keepers, ale-house landlords, *et id genus omne* who form the respectable constituency of Oxford. Mr. Maclean has all the householders of consideration on his side, and a majority of the creditable tradesmen; but it is doubtful if the numbers are with him. The representation now is not that of property or intelligence, but of *capita*, and of course the renters of houses to the extent of £10 are the most numerous part of the population of towns. That such people, utterly ignorant of, and incapable of understanding, the nature of the function which they exercise, or the fitness of the candidate whom they support,—having nothing at stake, easily excited to outrage, constitutionally rude, ill brought up, many of them degraded by habitual drunkenness,—should have the casting voice in the election of a House of Commons, is a most lamentable novelty in the history of England. Formerly, the mob was *before* the hustings; it is now *within* them; indeed, from all accounts, it is within “the great council of the nation,” for eye witnesses have described to me scenes of uproar and riot there, that would have disgraced the

stalls of Covent Garden. Nor is this to be wondered at: a man of lofty and honourable feelings cannot canvass such electors as must now be cajoled into his interest. To me it is marvellous how such men as our present candidates can have submitted to the base and dirty adulation and mean infliction of insult, which I have seen them undergo: the very idea of going, cap in hand, to a coarse, drunken, ferocious ten pound elector, is quite enough to disgust any man of the least self-respect and spirit. What is the consequence? Men of high character must withdraw from such popular representation, and the Commons will be composed of unprincipled democrats, ready to sacrifice every thing to their low ambition; or of equally unprincipled men of no party, who can make their feelings subservient to their interests; of men who have little object in being returned to parliament, except to avoid payment of their debts. I was a friend to the principle of the Reform Bill, to the abolition of close boroughs and the extension of representation to such large towns as were unrepresented; but the details of the Bill, the inordinate extension of the elective franchise, and its communication to thousands wholly unfit for it, are of a most mischievous tendency, and will secure for Lord Grey and that gifted silly-man Lord Brougham the execration of future historians. It is only to be hoped that, in this respect, the working of the Bill will be found so inconvenient, even to those for whose profit it was devised, that the measure will be modified sooner or later, and the scale of property conferring a vote be raised. As to the purification of elections which was expected from the new bill, the effect, as any rational being might have anticipated, is exactly the reverse. Money is of more importance now than ever, as the majority of voters are still more ready than ever to be bribed: a sovereign and a shilling will now buy a vote. Here is a passage of politics for you; but I will not waste more words on the subject, except to say that I know not whether I feel most contempt, or disgust, for the boasted representative of this degenerating country.

Jan. 10th.—Mr. Maclean has, I hear, been duly returned.

[We give this sketch from a Tory pen because the writer is a man of talent and was well-known in Calcutta, and because it may be interesting to our readers to hear the opinions of a Tory at such a time as this when the greater part of the civilized world is under the influence of what are termed (whether justly or otherwise) “liberal and enlightened views.”]—*Ed.*

LIVES OF THE POETS.

We copy the following from the announcement by Allan Cunningham of his intended work, “the Lives of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Coleridge.”

“Each volume is to be illustrated with four or five finely engraved heads of popular poets, after the most authentic pictures; to be published periodically, and is to equal in external elegance the late beautiful editions of Byron, Scott, Crabbe, and Burns.

For this work the author has been long collecting materials. Our poetical biography is incomplete; the valuable biographies of Johnson came down but to the days of Gray and Collins, and reach no farther back than Cowley. We want Chaucer, Jackville, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Jonson, among the elder chiefs of song, and Goldsmith, Chatterton, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Crabbe and Coleridge, among the masters of later times. The biographies of Johnson will be included, with notes and additions, and it is proposed to admit King James, Gawin Douglas, Dunbar, Henryson, and Lyndsay, into that

dark period in southern song, which nearly extends from Chaucer to Spenser, and thus render the history of our poetic literature complete.

A work of this character and extent requires much study and research. The author will endeavour to make it acceptable to the public by simplicity of narration, a style calm and clear, and criticism founded in Nature. He is promised aid from several eminent individuals: and, as he experienced in his *Life of Burns*, and *Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors*, much unlooked-for kindness from strangers as well as friends, he hopes that similar sources of intelligence will be opened to him for the present undertaking, and that letters and anecdotes, and the sayings of the Sons of Songs, with whatever throws light on their ways of life and modes of study, will be submitted to his consideration by all who feel an interest in the History of Poetic Genius.

If this work be carefully and ably executed, (and we expect every thing that is favorable to its success from Allan Cunningham), it will be a very valuable addition to the literature of the country. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton are undoubtedly the four greatest names in English poetry, and it is lamentable that in a work entitled the *Lives of the Poets*, only the last of these names should have found a place; though such writers as Smith, Sprat, Pomfret and others of a similar character are immortalized in the stately prose of Johnson.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

Home's well known tragedy of *Douglas*, went off very heavily on Wednesday last. It was far more soporific than pathetic. Whether this effect was most to be attributed to the play or to the performers it is perhaps difficult to say, but it is pretty certain that some portion of the blame must attach to both. The tragedy is not without a certain degree of merit, and actors of power might turn this to some account. It is said that during its first representation at Edinburgh, a young North Briton stood up in the pit and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Well, lads, what think ye o' Wully Shakespeare now?" David Hume gave it the preference to the *Merope* of Maffei, and to that of Voltaire. Though the critic in the Edinburgh pit was not a very impartial or a very judicious judge, and though Hume was not the best critic upon poetry that the world has yet seen (witness his critique on Shakespeare, who according to him is deficient in *harmony*, and displays a "*total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct*,") there must be some merit in the work or it would not have met the applause and popularity by which its first appearance was attended. The character of young Norval is highly attractive, and the language and versification are smooth and sounding. Gray said that there was one scene in this play, so masterly, that it struck him blind to all the defects in the world. He alluded to that in which Lady Randolph examines the jewels taken from a peasant and discovers by their aid that her son, supposed to be dead, is yet alive. The scene is certainly a pleasing one, but we are inclined to think that Gray's love of formal verse led him to exaggerate a little the intrinsic merit even of this part of the play. His high opinion of Mason's tragedies shows how his admiration of art could make him sometimes overlook the want of nature. The truth is, at least so it appears to us, that the chief merit of the tragedy of *Douglas* is the happiness of its subject, (especially for Scottish readers) the correct but unvaried

melody of the verse and the popular commonplaces with which it abounds.*

Mrs. Francis in the character of *Lady Randolph*, had a very hard task to execute in the delivery of the long, dull, explanatory speeches at the commencement of the play, and we cannot say that she made us forget its difficulty. Nothing could be more dull and wearisome. She succeeded much better, as the part improved, and became more animated and natural. *Lord Randolph* was personated by one of our ablest amateurs, who however is far more successful in comic than in tragic parts. There is a mannerism in his style and a thickness and indistinctness in his voice that mar his better qualities in the tragic line. If it were not for his talent and animation these defects would be far more seriously felt by the audience than they generally are. Still they are defects which he might easily overcome, if we could only persuade him that they really exist, and we have no reason to anticipate any obstinate incredulity on his part. His acting in comic parts is almost faultless. It is easy, animated, and judicious.

Glenalton, by the Farren of our stage, was a failure upon the whole, owing to errors of emphasis. Several passages that should have been given with a firm but not boisterous voice and a deliberate and continuous harmony, were broken into abrupt divisions by sudden starts and changes that had no legitimate connection with the sentiments to be expressed. His soliloquy in the third scene of the first act was delivered in a way which would lead those unacquainted with the play to imagine that he wished to be overheard by people a mile off. Men do not soliloquize in a voice like that of Demosthenes when he recited on the sea-shore, and was determined to hear the sound of his own voice above the thunder of the waves. We lament these errors in an actor who is capable of arriving at excellence, if he will only attend to the advice of Hamlet, and in the torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. His best scene is that in which, Ego-like, he stirs up the jealousy of Lord Randolph. There were two or three really admirable points in this part of his performance.

Mrs. Leach's *Norval* was delightful. She looked and spoke the part as well as a little woman could do. Her delivery of the celebrated speech, "My name is Norval," was chaste and correct, with the exception of her threatening movement when she alluded to the "treinbling coward that forsook his master." This is a mere parenthesis, and should be expressed with calm contempt.

The personation of *Old Norval* though not without faults, was a creditable performance.

The house, we were sorry to notice, was but thinly attended in the box-division, but the pit was crowded, as it generally is at tragic representations. A novelty occurred in that part of the house. The dance of Madame Nouveau was encored by one party and negatived by another, with a violence that reminded us of the parties in a London theatre. The *Noes* had it.—*Ed. Cal. Lit. Gaz.*

* Every one has heard of the illiberal treatment which the author experienced from the rights us-over-much amongst his countrymen. He was expelled the Kirk for writing the tragedy of *Douglas*, but received a pension from the King of England as a set off against the persecution he met with in his own country. Perhaps this added to the popularity of *Douglas*. Hume wrote four or five other tragedies now utterly forgotten, which shows that his intrinsic merit as an author was not of the highest order.

Selected Articles.

DENVIL AND VANDENHOFF.

Press of matter last week obliged us to defer our notice of Messrs. Denvil and Vandenhoff in the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*. We should be most glad to give a more favourable report of the whole performance than truth will permit us. We watched it with our best attention, notwithstanding the annoyance and interruption occasioned by a set of people who applauded Mr. Vandenhoff before and after he spoke, and who betrayed too clearly the purpose for which they came, by hissing Mr. Denvil as soon as he made his appearance. The good sense and good feeling, however, of the rest of the audience soon repressed the unfair vulgarity, and obliged the parties to pay the fine of silence for permission to renew the lease of their seats. We do not, for a moment, imagine that Mr. Vandenhoff would lend himself to such a proceeding; or that, could he have known the intention beforehand, he would not have done his utmost to counteract it—but his friends (if such mischief-making noodles can be called friends) were most injudicious. We have before said, that there is, to our thinking, more promise about Mr. Denvil than about any other actor now on the London stage. By this, we must be understood as excepting Mr. Macready. But we have also said, that he must throw himself, heart and soul, into his profession, and look upon his work as only beginning—not as accomplished. After seeing his *Othello*, our opinion remains unaltered, that he has the means within his own control, of holding a first rank in tragedy to his own profit, and to his public's satisfaction; but, if we were to say that he turned those means to the best account on Monday, we should say that which is untrue. We have been told that he had not played the part for eight years—that he had not sufficient notice—and that he had only one rehearsal. All this was unfortunate for him, and some of it was unjust perhaps on the part of the management; but these are matters which concern the parties behind the curtain, and for which no allowance can be made, when once an actor is before it. Mr. Denvil began the part well, and the celebrated speech, beginning,

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signors,
was better, far better, delivered by him than by any actor we ever heard, Mr. Kean not excepted.

Othello, as our readers know, takes an early opportunity of apologizing for being "wholly unaccustomed to public speaking," by saying,

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the sweet phrase of peace.

And yet it has been the custom with actors to exert their oratorical powers to the utmost in this speech, and to deliver it with their most studied emphasis and best discretion. Mr. Denvil gave it exactly as such a man as *Othello* would have done, and as Shakspeare, no doubt, intended it to be given;—there was no studied roughness, nor was there, on the other hand, any attempt at display beyond the natural eloquence of a heart big with the justice of its cause. He left the words to make their own way with his hearers, and thus produced the greatest effect with the least effort. Had he gone on as well as he began, he would have remained number one on the list of *Othellos*—but after this his performance was unequal. It was good, very good at times, but there were occasional pauses which, we fear, could not be accounted for in any other way than by supposing, that he was what is theatrically termed "fishing" for the words. Bad as this is in any part, in such a one as *Othello* it is unpardonable; and, although from the causes we have before alluded to, the blame may properly belong to others, the actor must bear it. Mr. Denvil received quite applause enough from the audience to bear us out, supposing that we chose to pass over his imperfections; but he has so nearly all the requisites for a great actor, that we shall not suffer him to throw away his chance for want of a little tapping on the knuckles, just to rouse him when we see him going to sleep. A few remarks upon Mr. Vandenhoff generally, will suffice to convince those of his friends who have occasionally written to inquire why we did not more frequently notice his performances, that our motives for silence have been kind. Upon his return, after some years of absence, to the London stage, we cheerfully, so far as our voice went, raised it to bespeak attention for him, and to depre-

cate his former failure in first tragedy being remembered to his prejudices. We soon, however, became convinced, that he was not even so good an actor as he used to be years ago; and, as we could not in conscience say of him that which would aid his cause, we kept silence, and left him to the remainder of the press, which has commented on his exertions with the utmost good-humour, and given him at all times the very outside credit he could expect. It does not follow that we have not watched him in the round of characters he has been playing, because we have written on them. In point of fact, we have attended to him, and we now feel bound to say, that, in our opinion, he is by no means qualified to represent the leading parts in tragedy, nor can we name one to offer as an exception; be it remembered, however, that this is but an opinion. It is rather a sweeping one certainly, but it is at least a conscientious one; and we have waited until now to give it, in this general way, in preference to inflicting upon ourselves the disagreeable task of finding fault, time after time, with a gentleman who is doing, at all events, his best to entertain others, and to benefit himself. His performance of *Iago* is, certainly, to our thinking, the worst thing he has done. In all his other parts there have been, here and there, something like redeeming touches; but, if we know any thing of Shakspeare, his *Iago* was one solid blunder. It has been the fashion to make *Roderigo* more of a vulgar booby than a silly gentleman, and Mr. Webster played it in the precise manner which has been passed from one to another for the last twenty-five years, and provoked the usual merriment in the usual places; but the bursts—the roars of laughter were he, for the first time, and we must hope, "for this night only," with *Iago*. Instead of the smiling fiend in human shape that we are wont to look for, Mr. Vandenhoff made him the merriest dog alive—a sort of fellow who would sit down with his boon companions, sing a roasting song—toss off his glass—and then rising—rubbing his hands, and slapping his thigh, say, "Now, lads, let's go and have some fun with old blackey!" Why, if Mr. Denvil had committed his murders in the same spirit, and turned the jealous and revengeful *Othello* into a "happy lawney moor," the tragedy would have been too broadly ludicrous to sit through. Although we speak of these matters jokingly, it is our duty to tell Mr. Vandenhoff seriously, that, in our judgment, so far from getting into the marrow of the great part he undertook to represent, he never so much as punctured the skin of it—and that, should he play it again, he will do well to remember, as Mr. Hazitt says, that "*Iago's* gaiety, such as it is, arises from the success of his treachery; his case, from the torture he has inflicted upon others."

A new ballet followed, which he need not say anything about, for the dancers kicked it to the audience, and after about two nights, the audience kicked it back. *Athenæum*, 6 Dec. 1834.

THE PRINCESS; OR, THE BEGUINE.

By Lady Morgan. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Without question Lady Morgan is one of the most readable of living writers. It is in vain that political critics say she is careless and flippant—walks too high-kilted at times, like the heroine of the old song; loves too much the society of landless princesses, and countesses with three tails; lards her robust English with only Italian and vinous French; and that, upon occasion, she huddles her incidents too thick together, and compels us to jump to the conclusion of her story, as her countryman leapt Newry canal—after seven miles of a race. All this may be true, yet, in spite of it, we read on, and cannot lay down her book; nay, we are troubled in our dreams with her humorous or sad imaginings, and, wakening earlier than usual, return to her volumes. What is all this but an illustration of what Goldsmith said "that a book might be delightful with fifty faults, or unreadable without a single absurdity?" In the works of Lady Morgan, and in none more so than in the one before us, there is life, and feeling, and humour, and naïveté in every page. Her heroes and heroines are creatures of flesh and blood, copied from life and not from books; they talk politics upon occasion, it is true, and occasionally not a little nonsense; nor are they at allaverse to scandal—yet they never cease to interest us—such is her natural ease of expression, and such her command of character. Her chief sin is that of—to coin a word—foreignizing our language: she cannot pay a compliment without putting it in French; nor can

a thrush sing, or a lark call down from the cloud, without her quoting Italian to show that they did so in a natural way. Of this she seems to have no wish to be cured; yet it is a disease—and, through her example, perhaps, a spreading one. Now to the work before us.

'The Princess' is a novel of politics, preaching, painting, high life and low life, with an agreeable seasoning of coteries scandal. We see by sundry mysterious hints in the new-papers, that some of the scenes are painted from real life; that one or more of the devout dowagers and lively countesses are copies from certain high-bred originals,—nay, that the heroine herself is a splendid personation of a well-known foreign princess, whose beauty and talents lately influenced the London world of fashion. Such a move within that hallowed circle may amuse themselves by comparing the likeness; for ourselves, we care little whether the characters be real or imaginary, providing they are true to the times and to human nature, and we think they are both. The leading events of the story occur in the year 1833, and the scenes are laid in London and in Belgium. Though domestic life, English and foreign, is the subject laid out for the pencil, the artist has introduced upon her canvas matters public and political, and, in one or two places, her narrative is overburthened with these details. By many—those who do not altogether love Lady Morgan—this work will be regarded as an attempt to exalt the Belgians in the scale of nations, to write them up into a people of heroic feeling and high genius. With her, indeed, they are

Too wise, too good, too brave, too every thing.

and she seems never so happy or so much at home as when she is handling some Belgian up to fame who had painted a picture, written a pamphlet, or snapped a pistol during those bright days on which they recovered their freedom.—*Athenaeum*, Dec. 20, 1834.

SKETCH OF DR. CHANNING.

Dr. Channing is not yet an old man—but for many years he has been considered by himself at death's door. It was to his hearers as if every sermon must be his last. His mind, however, is in full vigour, and his writings, and even his eloquence, in this feeble and dying state, breathe an undiminished enthusiasm. In person, he is singularly small, and of the slightest possible frame; seen in the street, wrapped in a cloak, and covered with a clerical hat, he looks a child in the habiliments of a man. (We were struck, by the way, when in Edinburgh, with his resemblance to Jeffrey, though a much smaller man even than the critic of the *Edinburgh Review*.) In private conversation, he seems dependent, affectionate; his voice is querulous and low; his step and manner marked with debility; and if you did not study closely his head and eye, you would never imagine yourself in the presence of a man in whom there lived a spark of energy. He creeps up the pulpit-stairs with a feebleness almost painful—while the congregation is hushed in anxious and breathless sympathy—sinks exhausted into the corner, and rises at last to give out the psalm, pale, and apparently unequal to the service. A dead silence follows the first sound of his voice;—and they may well listen—for never were poet's words read with such cadences of music. A prayer follows—low, brief, reverential, and wholly free from the irrelevance and familiarity common in extempore addresses to the Deity. Another psalm follows—read, perhaps, more distinctly, and with less tremulous delivery than the first—and, as the echo of the organ dies in the arches of the roof, he rises for his sermon. His cloak has been thrown aside, and he stands before his audience the slightest drapery of a human frame that would serve to keep his soul upon the earth. Across his forehead streams a single lock of soft brown hair, contrasted strongly with its transparent whiteness; his thin and hollow features are calm and merely intellectual in their painful lines; and his eye, glowing with the unnatural brightness of sickness, large, lambent and clear, beams with ineffable benignity. His voice, the most musical to which it has ever been our lot to listen, is first heard calm and deliberate, and is not much varied till he has laid down the premises of his discourse. Ten minutes have elapsed—and you have forgotten the man in the interest he has awakened by his truth-like and lucid statement of his theme. He is less a preacher to the hundreds about you, than an intelligent friend making a communication of personal interest to yourself. Your mind is wholly his own. At this point, the strange and peculiar cadences of his voice begin to strengthen and change: his

sentences are more varied—from the brief and impressive antithesis to the eloquent appeal, rolling onward with progressive pathos and energy; and his tones, which you had thought so silvery sweet, fill and gather power, and seem illimitable in compass and expression. Passive, and almost motionless till now, his slight frame seems to dilate—his countenance kindles—his lip seems burning with earnestness, and when his thin arms stretched forth, with its wasted hand, at the thrilling crisis of his appeal, he seems transformed to a prophet—instinct with supernatural revelation. He goes on, and his discourse is full of surprise to the mind and to the ear. Conclusions spring suddenly, and yet with irresistible logic from the commonest premises; and his enunciation, to which we again recur, and which is a varied in its stops, and as curious in its capabilities as an organ, changes from pathos to command—from calmness to impassioned fervour—from the most measured and lingering music to the most rapid and acceperating enthusiasm—with a wondrous facility, which seems the moderate and burning overflow of inspiration. He ceases—and disappears—and there is no stir in the congregation. He is first to break his own spell; he has given out the concluding hymn of the service before sound is heard from the entranced and breathless multitude before him!—*Athenaeum*.

STEAM.

(From the Quarterly Review's notice of Mr. Burnes's *Travels into Bokhara*.)

In considering Mr. Conolly's book in our last Number we had occasion to touch on a subject, which Mr. Burnes treats of at some length; but in truth, we have found little to add to what we said some years ago when reviewing Meyendorff's mission to Bokhara. We still, in short, consider the idea of a Russian invasion of India as a mere bugbear. Slight, however, as our apprehensions are of any annoyance from Russia, it would be quite as well that we should abstain from tempting her to make such an attempt. We regard with no satisfaction the thoughtless and uncalculated recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons to spend 20,000*l.* on an experiment to open a communication between India and England, by means of steam boats on the Euphrates. The scheme is impracticable, for the lower part of the river overflows the flat lands at one season of the year, when all traces of the channel are lost—and at another season the numerous rocky ledges, nearly approaching each other from the sides, block up the stream, and are left almost dry; while, moreover, the marauding Arabs that infest its banks, never have been, and probably never will be, brought into subjection. The suggestion is uncalculated for, as there is an excellent, easy, and expeditious route from India to Suez already practically proved—though some little impediment may exist for three or four months in the year; and it is thoughtless, because it is showing an easy way for Russia, who holds possession of the sources of the Euphrates, and of the noble forests in the neighbourhood of Mount Taurus, to forward any number of troops and supplies at the proper season on rafts to the Persian Gulf—made so much the easier by our intended improvements of the navigation. Nay, we have been kind enough to hint that a dock-yard might conveniently be established by Russia at Basora; but then, to be sure, some wiseacre who was examined before the committee, talked of our naval superiority in the Persian Gulf, always ready to counteract any injury that might arise from such a measure! It might not, perhaps, be quite so convenient, in a financial point of view, to keep up a large permanent fleet in the Persian Gulf—the most unhealthy station on the globe—at an enormous expense, for many years, merely to watch the operations of the Russians in Bussrah within a thousand miles of the Indus. Besides, it would command all Eastern Persia; and it is, moreover, the opinion of those whose opinion is entitled to respect, that, if Russia should ever think of making an attack on our Indian possessions, it will be through Persia, where we have allowed her influence to become paramount. This is the route by which western India was once conquered; and it is supposed that Bonaparte, in imitation of Alexander, would have taken that route, had not his Egyptian conquest been wrested from him. We do not think it worth while, however, to go at length into the question. The Euphrates scheme will soon turn out a bubble—and in these days of experimental millions, twenty thousand pounds may be considered as a trifle.

We cannot part with Mr. Burnes without again expressing our high sense of the abilities which he has displayed in action—and, notwithstanding some defects of plan and arrangement, as a vivid and powerful describer of natural scenes and human manners. Many years have passed since the English library has been enriched with a book of travels in value at all comparable with his. He is evidently a man of strong and masculine talent, high spirit, and elegant taste—and we expect, if the affairs of our Indian empire are allowed to go on in anything like a proper manner, to have future occasions for noticing the exertions of one who appears, in every respect, well qualified to tread in the steps of our Malcolms and Elphinstones.

THE BAD BOILED POTATO.

The following version of an old story appears in the travels of Mirza Iteza Moodeen:—There is another story of an adventure happening to a poor Highlander, from not being well acquainted with the English language. He came up to London, and was greatly distressed for want of victuals. One day in the bazar, seeing a person with a friendly expression of countenance, he stated to him his lamentable case. The man asked him why he did not go to the shop of a penny-cook, where it is usual for poor people to get food. It is here necessary to state, that in these shops poor people giving a couple of pence get a piece of bread, a portion of meat, and a half seer of beer or barley water; this kind of shop is called a penny-cook's. The Highlander forgetting the name of penny-cook, from his ignorance of the language, thought it was penny cut, and going farther on, he asked where the penny cutshop was. A man who he addressed thought that he wanted to get either his hair cut or to be shaved and pointed out a barber's shop. The Highlander going to the shop, knocked at the door, and was admitted by the barber, who seated him on a chair. The tonsor then filled a ewer with hot water, put a lump of soap in it and making a lather, placed it on the table before the Highlander, and went up stairs for his razors and other shaving apparatus. The Highlander, taking the soap and water for broth, began to drink it, and swallowed three mouthfuls; and mistaking the lump of soap for a potato, and being exceedingly hungry, he chewed and eat it. Upon the barber's coming downstairs, and seeing what had happened, he was petrified with astonishment. The Highlander taking two pence from his pocket, laid them on the table, saying, "I am much obliged to you, the broth was very good, but the potato was not sufficiently boiled."

SCRIBE, THE FRENCH DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—There is perhaps no author, whose pen has been more prolific than that of Mr. Scribe. During his theatrical career, he has written no less than 200 dramatic pieces, many of which have been translated into almost all the European languages, and played at every theatre in Europe. The yearly sum to which he is entitled, as *droits d'auteur*, for liberty to represent his pieces, is about 100,000 francs, and it is calculated, that he has received during the last twenty-two years, the enormous sum of 2,663,000 francs. He is said to be immensely rich, and has a very beautiful country house in the environs of Paris.

CORRECTING THE PRESS.—The publishers of the French 'Dictionary of French Dictionaries' have adopted a plan somewhat similar to that followed by the Stephensens and Elzivirs. The proof sheets of the work will be open to general examination for seven days previously to the operation of pulling off the copies; and a premium of 50 cents (5d.) is offered for every typographical error which may be detected. Twenty errors discovered in one or more numbers of the work will entitle the discoverer to a gratuitous copy of the whole Dictionary.—*The Printing Machine.*

LABOUR.—There is no labour more destructive to health than that of periodical literature; and in no species of mental application or even of manual employment is the wear and tear of body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those light articles which appear to cost so little labour in the various publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the service of their literary taste.

LYRICAL COMPOSITIONS SELECTED FROM THE ITALIAN POETS; WITH TRANSLATIONS.

By James Glassford, Esq. 12mo. pp. 388. Edinburgh, 1834, A. and C. Black; London, Longman and Co.

We are much charmed with this volume, which not only revives in full freshness a thousand beauties with which our memory is dimly (or somewhat more clearly) familiar, but brings us acquainted with a thousand other beauties, not unfit to be the companions of the former, but which had hitherto escaped our intimacy. From the glorious garden of Italian poetry Mr. Glassford has gathered a wreath of immortal flowers; and, what is still higher praise, he has transported them into our climate, and caused them to bloom on English ground with all the sweetness and lustre of their original growth.

The lovers of song have much reason to be gratified with this offering; and we cannot do better than compose a bouquet from it to show them what it is like, without impeding them by preface or commentary. In so doing we shall avoid culling from the most celebrated names, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and Metastasio; and select still from celebrated bards, but bards less known to the English reader.

We begin with a sombre but touching sonnet; a retrospect of life, by Sanazzaro (born 1558).

"Alas! when I behold this empty show
Of life, and think how soon it shall have fled—
When I consider how the honoured head
Is deadly struck by death's mysterious blow—
My heart is wasted like the melting snow,
And hope, that comforter, is nearly dead;
Seeing these wings have been so long outspread,
And yet so sluggish is my flight and low.
But if I therefore should complain and weep,
If chide with love, or fortune, or the fair,
No cause I have; myself must bear it all,
Who, like a man mid trifles lulled to sleep,
With death beside me, feed on empty air,
Nor think how soon this mouldering garb must fall."

In the two following our readers will recognise some exquisite thoughts on sleep, which have often been repeated by our greatest native poets. The first is by G. della Casa (born 1503), and the last by J. Marmitta, about the same period.

"O sleep, O peaceful son of the moist, still,
And shadowy night! O comfort of the mind
That suffices, sweet oblivion where to find
Repose and interval of human ill!
Help thou a heart that languishes, nor will
Take rest; those weak and weary limbs unbend,
And, hovering on thy gloomy pinions kind,
Brood o'er me, and with balmy slumbers fill.
Where is the coy and darkling silence fled?
And where the dreams which in thy quiet train
With light and timorous step were often led?
Alas! in vain I call thee, and in vain
Sigh for the dusk and dewy time. O bed
Replete with thorn! O nights of grief and pain!"

"Beneath the high and gilded canopy
Cares hover still and boding fears molest,
Our peace and hope disturbing, while in quest
Of joys that ever as we follow fly.
Sweet sleep have they on homely bed who lie,
And rudely sheltered sink of fearless rest;
Not those by whom the yielding down is prest,
Who court rich trappings of the Tyrian dye.
O, then, desist, nor e'en in thought aspire,
But turn thy wonted steps another way,
To tread the envied thresholds of the proud.
Here is not peace, if rightly you inquire;
But, whether looks or words the mind betray,
Are secret grudges or upbraidings loud."

A neat little fable by A. Bertola may here diversify our selection.

"'Yours is, indeed, a happy lot,
To live beneath a shelter such as mine;
Thus spoke a lofty spreading pine
To a pomegranate growing near the spot:
'When over head the bellowing storm you hear,
Trust to my sure defence, and banish fear.'
'I own,' the shrub replies, 'I own all this;
But, if we count both what I get and miss,

More harm by you than good is done ;
You ward the storm, and intercept the sun.
Such is at times the proud protector's aid,
Who seems to help, but keeps you in the shade."

The next sonnet, by G. Bussi, is a stirring specimen of what may be accomplished within that brief poetic span.

" Say, glory, what thou art ! For thee the brave
Will bare to thousand foes his dauntless breast,
Bent on a fleeting page his name to grave.

- And death itself by thee in charms is drest.
- Glory, what art thou ? He alike is slave
Who woos or wins thee, and deprived of rest ;
They who desire thee toil, and they who have,
With fear to lose thee are yet more unblest.
- What art thou, glory, then ? A joyless wreath
With labour bought, a fraud concealed with art,
With care and sweat procured, an empty breath ;
In life a mark for envy's keenest dart,
A flattering song sung in the ear of death :
O, glory ! lash of human pride thou art."

We add a fine ode, by C. M. Maggi (died 1699), as an example of another species of versification.

" Dost thou, my soul, complain
That while thou lov'st earth, and art inclined
For peace, yet war, and only war you find ?
These thy desires are vain,
And much misplaced thy hope on things below
The earth, thou mightest know,
A station is not of repose, but pain.
The world for which you sigh
Is full of sorrow's weed ;
One ill, perhaps, may die,
But new and worse succeed :
One billow ebb'd, another flows—
We only pass from woes to woes.
Yet from this world of grief
We peace and rest demand.
And still expect relief
At the betrayer's hand.
Pleased for an hour, but soon as much downcast,
We find the cheat, yet worship to the last.

Still the same hopes deceive,
That honour, beauty, wealth, can yield thee rest ;
An idle wish, a thought unblest ;
The peace you sue for is not theirs to give.
Thus one who seels, when racked with pain,
By change of posture for repose,
Turns in his bed, but turns in vain,
And counting rest more restless grows.
Then cease, my troubled heart, O, cease
At last thy fruitless moan !
Believe me thou shalt find thy peace
In God, and him alone."

An epigram affords us another variety ; and though we have not hitherto loaded our page with the admirable Italian, (being, indeed, well contented with Mr. Glasford's excellent versions*), we shall take this opportunity, recommended by its brevity, to exhibit both languages.

• " Se Cupido ti vede
E sua madre ti crede,
E nel più garbato error.
Tu mille volte sei
Più veziosa di lei ;
E tu non senti amor."

" If, met by Cupid in the way,
You should be for his mother taken,
Lady, forgive me if I say
He could not well be more mistaken :
Fairer a thousand times thou art,
And love is stranger to thy heart."

" L'uom d'onore, o Zerbin, sai tu qual è ?
Quel che di tutti men somiglia a te."

" A man of honour dost thou wish to see ?
Then look for one who least resembles thee."

We shall now conclude with a noble sonnet by Petrochi.

" I call on Time, who batters down that high
And spacious pile, to say from whence it rose ;
No answer he vouchsafes, but onward goes,
And spreads his pinions broader to the sky.
Fame I invoke ; O, thou who latest die
Things only of no worth, tell, what are those ?
Troubled and sad her eye she downward throws,
Like one oppress'd who pours the deep-drawn sigh.

Then, ruminating, slow I turn aside,
When on the ruined mass, with haughty brow,
From stone to stone I see Oblivion stride :
Perhaps, I said, thou knowest when or how ?
But he in low and horrid thunder cried,
I care not whose it was, mine it is now."

We have been much inclined to copy the only *sestina* contained in this volume, as a curiosity in construction ; but it would occupy more room, perhaps, than it is worth ; and we trust, besides, that what we have done will insure these lyrics a place wherever the *belles lettres* are prized, and particularly among the readers of Italian. The fanciful, the beautiful, the moral, the sublime, and the pious, will all be found within these pages, adorned and illustrated by words of classic elegance, music, and feeling. *Lon. Lit. Gaz., Dec. 1834.*

MADAME DE BEAUFREMONT AND CARTOUCHE THE ROBBER.

During the night I speak of, Madame de Beaufremont first heard a smothered noise in her chimney, and she soon after perceived a cloud of soot, swallows' nests, and plaster, which rolled down, hither skelter, with a man armed to the crown of his head. As he made the fire-wood roll into the room, with all the lighted faggots, the first thing he did was to take the tongs, and methodically replace all the sparks into the chimney : he kicked away some lighted coals, without crushing them on the carpet ; and then he turned towards the Marquise, to whom he said, Madame, may I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking ? Sir, I am Madame de Beaufremont, but, as you are a perfect stranger to me, as you have not the appearance of a robber, and as you have taken the greatest care not to injure my furniture, I cannot guess why you thus arrive in my room in the middle of the night. Madame, I have no intention to come into your bed-chamber. Will you have the goodness to accompany me to the gate of your hotel ? added he taking a pistol from his belt, and a lighted candle in his hand.—But, Sir—— Madame, have the goodness to hasten, continued he, loading his pistol. We will go down together, and you must order the porter to open the gate. Speak lower, Sir, speak lower, or the Marquis de Beaufremont may hear you, replied she, trembling with fear.—Put on your cloak, Madame, and do not remain in your dressing-gown, it is bitterly cold ! In short, everything was settled as he dictated, and Madame de Beaufremont was so overcome by it, that she was obliged to sit down in the porter's lodge, as soon as this terrible man had passed. Then she heard a knock at the window of the lodge : which looked towards the street :—Porter, said the same voice, I am Cartouche ;—do you hear,——and I have this night walked one or two leagues on the roofs of the houses, because I was pursued by spies. Do not suppose that it is an affair of gallantry, or that I am Madame de Beaufremont's lover. You would have to answer it to me ; however, you shall hear from me by the penny post, the day after tomorrow. Madame de Beaufremont went up stairs, and awakened her husband, who maintained to her that it was a nightmare, and that she had had a frightful dream : but she received, two or three days afterwards, a letter of excuses and thanks, perfectly respectful, and very well worded, in which was enclosed a safe conduct for Madame de Beaufremont, with an act to authorise her to deliver one to her family. The letter had been preceded by a little box, which contained a fine unset diamond ; and the stone was valued by Monsieur Lempereur at 6,000 francs, which the Marquis de Beaufremont placed for the sick, at the Hotel Dieu, in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame.—*Recollections of the Eighteenth Century.*

A PRETTY NOTE OF ACCEPTANCE.—Balzac sent to borrow four hundred crowns of Voiture. His brother wit cheerfully complied, and taking the promissory note which the servant put into his hands, wrote on it thus : " I, the underwritten, acknowledge myself debtor to M. Balzac in the sum of eight hundred crowns for the pleasure he did me in borrowing four hundred of me." He then returned it to the servant, to carry back to his master. " What are all Voiture's finest letters (says a French author) in comparison of such a note !"

MALAGRIDA.

Gabriel Malagrida, a native of Milan, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was a Jesuit, and, during the greatest part of his life, a missionary in South America, where he said he had conducted himself with orthodox zeal, and exemplary propriety; but, in the decline of life, forgetting his Christian profession, and prostituting the sacred nature of his office, he was accused of engaging in a conspiracy with the Duke of Aveiro, and other noblemen, and of pronouncing absolution on certain assassins, previous to the relations attempt on the life of the King of Portugal, in 1757. For this union of sacrilege and homicide, for this worst species of treason, murder, and fanaticism, he had almost escaped punishment; so powerful at that period, and at Lisbon, was the influence of the Church. During a long confinement, and in the imbecility of dotage, vanity or madness, Malagrida awakened the resentments of the Inquisition by heresy, which, in a moment, drew down on his devoted head the thunders of the Inquisition. He published a book, which he called 'The Heroic and Wonderful Life of the Glorious St Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, dictated by the same Sovereign Lady, and written with the assistance, approbation, and concurrence, of her most Holy Son.' In this curious publication, he boldly and unequivocally laid claims to divine inspiration, and celestial intercourse; he also was author of another heterodox Latin treatise on the Life and Reign of Antichrist. The poor man, being questioned on the subject of these publications, far from denying what had been alleged against him, pertinaciously adhered to the assertions in his book; and, after recapitulating a great deal of non-sensical or profane jargon concerning the subject of his History, previous to her birth, which it would be neither interesting nor decent to relate, he solemnly declared that the Almighty had repeatedly spoken to him with an audible and distinct voice. A reader of common curiosity, who should inquire for what important service the Creator of the Universe had departed from his customary mode of proceeding, would hear, with a smile or a sigh, that it was to inform a pupil of St. Ignatius; that the name of St. Anne's husband was Joachim, by trade a mason; that she founded a spiritual retreat in Jerusalem for sixty-three women of a retired life; that the building in which they lived was erected by angels; that from this female society Nicodemus, St. Matthew, and Joseph of Arimathea, had chosen each of them a wife, &c. It was in vain that Malagrida was told of the absurdity and impiety of what he said; of the improbability of God's immediately interfering, for purposes so trifling, so inadequate to his attributes and power. The Jesuit remained firm and unmoved, boldly appealing to miracles he had wrought, in confirmation of the truth of his assertions, and positively declaring that he had delivered many persons from sickness and danger, and procured heirs for others. He further informed the tribunal before whom he was examined, that having been applied to, on a certain time, for his intercession, in order to secure the succession of a noble family, they had promised six hundred milreis for our Lady of the Assumption; and that, when, by virtue of his prayers and publications, the desired heir had been obtained, and the parents would pay only two hundred, in consequence of their nonperformance of the agreement, the child in question was seized with sudden sickness, and in danger of dying, on account of the dilatoriness of its relations in paying the remainder. The same persons again applying to him on the subject, and paying the four hundred milreis, which had been promised, his prayers were repeated, and the infant restored to perfect health.

Considerable pains were taken with the criminal to prevail on him to recant, and purify himself of such unmeaning and abominable heresies; the holy office being very unwilling to proceed to extremities with an active and successful missionary, who had on many occasions proved himself a faithful and humble Son of the Church; but all reasoning, and all entreaty proving ineffectual, he was sentenced to be burned; but, as a mark of consideration for the order of which he was a member, and of mercy to the individual himself, it was directed that he should previously be strangled, the following label being affixed to the offender as he was conducted to the place of execution, where he was strangled and consumed to ashes:—

"Abandoned in the Flesh."

"Gabriel Malagrida, from Milan, for feigned relations and false prophecies, for indecent proceedings and heretical opinions, and for asserting that the three persons of the Trinity were father, son, and grandson. For various im-

postures, duplicity, prevarication, impenitence, and hardness of heart."

Such was Malagrida, who, if suffering death in support of what he avowed be any proof of its truth, afforded this test in its amplest and most unequivocal manner; he died indeed a martyr, but it was the martyrdom of a weak man, who, instead of being put to death, should have been suffered to neutralize the effect of his books, by having them received with a smile of pity and toleration.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal, Dec. 1834.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The author of the "Lounger's Common-Place Book" says there have been two songs written on the following adventure, but that they are bad. We have an impression upon our memory, that we have seen a good song upon it, though we cannot remember where,—probably in Mr. Allan Cunningham's collection of the Songs of Scotland. We should be obliged to any correspondent who could find it for us. The subject, one would think, is too affecting to be true, not to have called forth some corresponding strain.

Adam Fleming, the son of a little farmer, during the reign of Mary, inheriting from nature an attractive person and a vigorous mind, and receiving, from the kindness of a maternal uncle an education superior to what is generally bestowed on persons of his rank in society, had won the affections of a beautiful and wealthy heiress in the shire of Dumfriess. But, as seldom happens that we can enjoy any pleasure or any happiness without exciting envy or discontent in those who are less fortunate or less deserving, the preference given to Fleming by Helena Irving, before a host of visitors, excited in one of the disappointed candidates inveterate malignity, and vows of vengeance. Observing that a favourite evening walk of the lovers was on the banks of the Kittle, a romantic little stream, skirted with shrubs and overhanging rocks, flowing in a serpentine course near Abbey of Kirkconnel, the villain procured a catbane, and at their accustomed hour concealed himself in a thicket near the place. The fond pair soon approaching, he levelled the instrument of death at his unsuspecting rival; but occasioning, as he moved, a rustling of the leaves, Helena turned quickly round, saw his deadly purpose, and defeated it by throwing herself before her lover; but, in preserving him, she received the contents of the gun in her own bosom, and sunk a bloody and lifeless corpse into his arms.

Neither love nor justice admitted a moment's delay. placing his murdered mistress gently on a bank, Adam pursued the flying, the cowardly assassin with the fury of a hungry lion; soon overtook him, and seizing the merciless ruffian by the hair of his head, planted a dagger in his heart. The report of the piece, and the cries of the dastardly fugitive drawing several peasants to the spot, Fleming, instead of submitting his conduct to the justice of his country, which must have condoned it as a justifiable homicide, and without well knowing what he sought, fled towards the sea-coast, where he saw a vessel outward bound; throwing himself into a boat, he went on board, made a confidant of the captain, and sailed with him to Lisbon.

Careless of life, and probably wishing to shorten it, he entered into the service of the king of Portugal, and distinguished himself, in a military capacity at some of the distant possessions of that monarch, in the Brazils. Receiving, after many years, ample reward, and an honourable dismissal, he resolved, in the spirit of the times, to expiate the crime of a murder, to which he received such urgent provocation, but for which he could not forgive himself, by a pilgrimage to the Holy land. Having accomplished his purpose, he was anxious to pass the short space of life which remained in his native country; trusting for safety to the mercy or oblivion of his former neighbours. Soon after landing in Scotland, he determined to visit the spot where his beloved his long-lost Helena was interred: worn down by years, sorrow and the toils of war, and naturally agitated by recollecting the circumstances, and viewing the place of her death, his debilitated frame was not equal to such emotion: reaching with difficulty her tomb in the chapel of Kirkconnel, he sunk on the earth which covered her remains, and expired without a groan.

This little narrative, which the scrupulous critic may consider as the romantic fiction of a novelist, is founded on fact, supported by the evidence of authentic family

documents in the possession of a worthy baronet, who resides near the spot, and corroborated by the remains of a monumental inscription in the chapel, which is now in ruins.

GREAT MEN.

There are two kinds of great men—those who are great through temporary and local circumstances, and those who are great by virtue of admirable qualities which gain for them the esteem of their fellow-creatures in all ages and in all places. Throwing greatness out of the question, there are two kinds of what may be called important men—namely, the men who are important only in a place and at a time, and those who are of importance to all mankind now and for ever. The old thing is, that sometimes the men who are to be great and important in the latter way, seem quite trifling, while living in comparison with the men who are locally and transiently considerable. When people are dead, we judge of them by what remains of them, by the impression which they continue to make, by the utility which is found in the sayings and doings of their living days. But while they are still alive, we judge of them by a thousand paltry circumstances—the style in which they live, their official connection with imposing institutions, their figures, countenances, and dress, their birth and breeding, and their connections in the framework of society. Now, many a man may come rather poorly off in the latter respects, and yet be doing that which is to make him great unto all time. His hat may be “shocking bad,” while the head that is in it is coming thoughts that the world will never suffer to die. Hence there is often much more than justice done to one kind of great men, while the other are hardly treated by their contemporaries with common civility. Suppose, for instance, that one of our men of quality, one of our great lawyers or judges, one of our university professors, with one at any other of the classes of men who are only important in their own sphere and lifetime, and who was likely to be always great, and even that only by external and accidental considerations, were brought into a public place where there was also a man great by intellect, can there be any doubt, that, if the latter as yet bore no stamp of external honour, if the immortal were as yet unsanctioned in his greatness by some tinsel label conferred by the mortal, he would be neglected and overlooked, while the circumstantially great would carry away all the respect that was going? Even where a full sense may be entertained of the real importance of such an individual, it would in all probability be of little avail against the way of the world on this point. We can suppose Macenas never hesitating for a moment to give up an appointment with Horace in order to wait upon Augustus. We can suppose Queen Elizabeth receiving a visit from Shakespeare and Lord Buckhurst in one morning, and treating the immortal Will with comparatively little respect, notwithstanding her conviction of the infinite superiority of his poetry over that of her Lord Treasurer. If Robert Burns could have been by any chance introduced into the same company with the Provost of Dumblies, I am very sure that the most of the people there, even while listening with pleasure to the admirable songs of the poet, could have never for a moment ceased to look upon the provost as the greatest, if not the only great man, of the two. When we now read the works of this last poet, and observe mention made of the Earl of Glencairn, Mr. Graham of Finty, and other men of that order, we never think of them but as obscure individuals drawn under observation by the fame of a great man with whom they were in some kind of way connected; but such was not the state of the case in their own day. Had any of us, about the year 1790, gone into a room where Burns, the Earl of Glencairn, and Mr. Graham of Finty were conversing, can there be any doubt that we should have first made a most respectful obsequiousness to the earl, then a polite bow to Mr. Graham, and lastly directed a lateral and familiar nod to the poet?—somewhat after the manner of the nicely considering gentleman in the Spectator, with his “My Lord Duke, I am your grace’s humble servant—Sir Harry, your most obedient—Dr. Pigtail, I am glad to see you—Ha, Dick, are you there?” The difference between the rank of the belted earl and of the inspired ploughman was immense in their lifetimes; and it is equally immense now—but all in the contrary way. In fact, his lordship, though an amiable man and a patron of the bard, is felt rather as a kind of bore than any thing

else; he “has no business there.” All this might have been foreseen forty years ago, as easily as it is observed now; but we could as soon hold a brand in our hands by thinking on the frosty Caucasus, as withhold the ready-money honour we are accustomed to pay to the great of the day and of the place, to give it to the great of all space and time. Our bargain with the latter is to pay by bills at a long date, with which we burden our heirs and executors, and which the acceptor usually finds to be somewhat hard of discounting. All our cash goes another way. Hence, though the present be an age rather remarkable for the homage paid to living genius, it would not be difficult to point out instances where that quality makes no figure in comparison with even so miscable a greatness as what arises from the possession of wealth. No age has any real occasion to blame another for giving such honours to its philosophers and its poets, for every age, at the very moment it is honouring the hills of its predecessor, is granting others as long to its own great men.

All places have their great men. In a large city we perhaps find public respect expressed by the members of a court, the heads of the law, or the great peers of Mammon. In a less city, there is always one or other of those classes, or some part of them, to whom like the homage of the public. In some small ones, a few mercantile families, totally unknown elsewhere, may be looked upon for several generations as the very flower in the earth—insomuch that they have been polluted with most ludicrous vanity. In the provinces, in a town, a village, or a hamlet, there is a great one. No matter what they really are, how small they may look in comparison with the people of a somewhat more important seat of population. They are great in their own little sphere, and that is enough for all their purposes.

When these local magnificences, however, begin to move into any other district, how finely their pride takes down! Suppose the three illustrious merchant, or bailie, or bashaw of whatever kind or number of tails, pays a visit to the metropolis. He enters the city with the air of a man about to confer a favour, and who expects his readiness to be handsomely acknowledged. Porters, waiters, all kinds of people, he expects to serve him. He has made up his mind for all that. But what is the real result? Not a soul pays him the least regard, above what any man may be obliged to show for his money. He is not recognised as the great man of K—, or E—, or M—, or wherever he were, it would be all one thing. The day is passed in observing him moving, noiseless and cowed, through some crowded thoroughfare, and, recollecting that his “presence” he here when moving on his own case, you can hardly believe it is the same man. It is he, nevertheless; only he has found that there are greater men in the world than himself.

In the same manner, when a member of some limited community happens to find himself in any other place, he is very apt to allude to his own great people in those general and *only* terms which men employ in alluding to very familiar things; evidently supposing that his great people are other people’s great people, and must be alike well known every where. What is his surprise to find, occasionally, that the great Dr. This, and the mighty Mr. That, and the transcendent Sir Something or Other, who occupy all minds and all mouths at home, who are made way for on the street, and placed in the chair on all public occasions, who stand at the head of all subscription-papers, and lists of bank and insurance-office directors, and never do any thing but the half of mankind do it after them, are here altogether nameless, never were so much as heard of? In fact, celebrity of every kind is more local than most of us are aware of. Even what we think very high literary celebrity has often so near a limit as to be next to contemptible. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, possess many great men of this kind, who are respectively unknown in the places where they do not reside. Many men of British reputation, again, are unknown on the Continent or in America. The worst of this seems the effect of nothing so much as the difficulty we experience in receiving and retaining the knowledge of many names. The public mind is like a temple of a certain size, and a certain number of niches, which will only hold a certain number of statues; and the local pressure is always so great, that we generally admit, in the first place, a rush of those immediately around us, and then have to lock the door against the rest, however superior their claims. Let us turn in any direction, we see what appear the best and

most capacious minds prepossessed in this manner. Every periodical work in the empire is found to be acquainted with, and to make a duty of speaking kindly of, a certain limited number of authors, who, if we were to make inquiry, would generally be found to be personal friends of the conductors, or rather the members of a little set, who, amidst the wilderness of the illustrious, have agreed to know and like and recognise and flatter each other. The case is somewhat like that of a small party of friends who make an arrangement to sit together at a public dinner, so that they may not be lost in a multitude of strangers.

The general intention of these remarks is not to degrade or deprecate the greatness of circumstances which, in its own way, is a very legitimate kind of greatness, but, if possible, to sober the self-esteem of those whose exaltation is of that kind, which really becomes, in frequent instances, a little more than befits men professing the religion of humility. Let them remember, like the first citizen of Inferno who wore a hat, that after all they are but mortal men. Let them remember, that, great though they be in present time and place, they are nothing a few miles off, and will be nothing any where in a very little while. Yet, though it may be desirable that they should keep in mind these things, and conduct themselves accordingly, it is not necessary that any share of the respect paid to them, especially if they occupy places of trust and authority, should be taken away. It always appears to me a weakness, if not something worse, in the Scottish poet alluded to at the commencement of this article, that he should have expressed contempt for all kinds of persons adorned with circumstantial greatness, except the few who soothed him by personal attentions. A philosophical man takes the world as he finds it, and does not deem himself bound, in the rage of every new view of human life that crosses his brain to fall out with all its old-established practices, most of which are founded in some stratum or other of our common nature, and that too deeply to be easily overthrown or safely dispensed.

As for the other side of the question, it is little more than a matter of light remark. Even if men could be taught to prefer what is abstract and remote to what is tangible and present, it is questionable if any thing like the same regard we now pay to the names of the great in mind who are departed, could be paid to the actual men in life. The sentiment in the one case seems to be considerably different from the sentiment in the other. It is easy to range nine volumes of Shakespeare in our library, and set up his image for an eternal worship in our hearts. But a look, and an aid, are very different things from a man. Every living man has a place in the world, a way of gaining his bread, certain relations in society, certain peculiarities of character, and certain personal habits, all of which may be very desirable to us, and might, in the event of our becoming his friend and adulator, bring us into strange responsibilities. A name, on the contrary, is a nice thing, that we may keep dancing on our lips without any chance of its in the least injuring us. In fact, we never can be safe with a poet till he is dead. Then alone can he take his proper rank, for then alone does he become that idealised being, exempt from all human frailties and troubles, that we are always wishing him to be.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

FAMILY-PACKING OF A GREAT GENIUS.—There is a document among the records of the prison of Valladolid, from which it appears, that in June 1605, Cervantes was taken up on suspicion of being concerned in a night-brawl, which took place near his house, and in which a knight of Santiago was mortally wounded. The wounded man came to the house in which Cervantes lived, and was helped up stairs by one of the other lodgers whom he knew, assisted by Cervantes, who had come out at the noise. The magistrate arrested several of the inmates of the house, which contained five different families, living in as many different sets of chambers on the different floors. From the examination, taken, it appears that Cervantes, his wife and daughter, his widowed sister and her daughter, his half-sister, who was a *monja*, or domestic nun, and a female servant, occupied apartments on the first floor; and that Cervantes was in the habit of being visited by several gentlemen, both on commercial business and on account of his literary merit. Cervantes was honourably acquitted; as the wounded man, before he died, acknowledged that he had received the fatal blow from an unknown stranger, who insolently obstructed his passage, upon which they drew their swords.—*Gallery of Portraits.*

A STORY OF THE FALLS.*

On the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Yougheny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun, amid uninhabited solitudes, almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters.

On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport; and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered into the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water—a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered the boat, and I rowed off.

My success fully squashed my expectations, and even- ing overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade my leaving the element on which I glided along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind when nature, in her garb of decay, presents herself to the eye. It reminds me that human pride and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life dies, that the summer of manhood passes away, and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death, which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the water, curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds; his last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow and somber lustre the embrowned foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unclouded thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased: immense oaks twisted about the gigantic branches, covered with moss; lofty evergreens, expunged their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees and thick shrubs filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impenetrable mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wilder range, and added to the natural embellishment. The obscure outline of the surrounding forest assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guses. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant, about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would give way to another, and another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances; distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of fantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions; thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting-place for the moonbeams that tremoled on them, glided along the sky; the dense masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance, while, rising above them, the evening star twinkled amid its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure—it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that over-

* From *December Tales*, 1 vol 12mo.

whelmed me, at thus beholding, in the pride of loveliness, the works of the Creating Spirit.

In the meantime, the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased, that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had, since his entrance into the boat, lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land: and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness, he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an uninterrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked that, though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought, with considerable anxiety, for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them, by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing; still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undeceived whether to retain his secure situation, or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur—it was the roar of a cataract; and I shuddered and grew cold, to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope of succour, or a twig to catch at, to save me from destruction. In a few moments I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rock, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death; I had seen him in the various forms; I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. Still the beautiful face of nature, which had tempted me to my fate, was the same: the clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and far high in the heaven; with the same dazzling brightness shone the stars of evening, and, in their tranquillity, seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all my sense of surrounding objects: a mist was over my eyes; but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Suddenly I seemed wrapt along inconceivably swift: and in a moment I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong with amazing violence and rapidity; then a shock, as if my frame had been rent in atoms, succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth, to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam, and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted up from the water; but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained; I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep; but my memory was totally ineffectual to explain what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly torn, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being yet ignorance of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in a situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure; but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was; I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity, but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation; of my sailing on the river, of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Chiopile, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it; but no one was visible.

My next thought was, to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, my limbs were, I found, too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time; yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing forward about me; I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who I thought had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form which fitted round me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow; and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me; her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld.

At length the darkness that obscured my mind and memory passed away. I was again sensible, and could call to mind, with some little trouble, a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, the idea of my passing over the brink of the rocks over which the river precipitates itself, of the shock which I experienced when dashed upon the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one from whom I might rather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, I examined the room in which I lay; but no one was there: my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes, which I found deposited on a chair: being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants, and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention; and, turning round, I beheld, with no small satisfaction, my old fellow-traveller Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog; and I was busily engaged in patting him, when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded upon. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt, stood looking at us, supporting, with one arm, the old man, her father, while on the other hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them without speaking; I know not what magic made me dumb, but not a word escaped my lips.

She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch, chiding me at the same time for so doing, without leave. "I," said she, smiling, "am at present your physician; and I assure you I shall exercise the power which I have over you as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible." "Ay," added the father, "like all your sex, you love to make the most of the little power you have. But," added he, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection: he is our guest, and not our captive." By this time I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for their kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned to them; but my politeness was cut short, by the frank assurance of my host that I was welcome, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly, by his lovely daughter.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was

easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the falls of Ohiopile some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and, descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation he had great difficulty, first in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in conveying me to his father's dwelling, where I found I had lain several days, till, by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business), I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength, which promised to terminate in complete restoration. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down or slightly passing over every thing, the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to themselves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, again cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me, which they assured me was not the case.

In a day or two my health was so much improved that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling. Its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls and chimney, with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows, the porch and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass plat, edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with "wee modest" daisies, and the moss-ro-e in the middle—were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host, but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, his white-washed cottage, his garden, and his beautiful and good daughter. "And yet it cannot be helped," I repeated again and again. "How happy I should be," I thought, "in this lovely spot, and perhaps the daughter!—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love. And why should I not be happy?"

I shall pass over the period of probation which followed. Now I am married—need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, have the same attractions for me—nay, more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me, my wife loves me, and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessing, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the falls of Ohiopile.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE TOLL OF AN ASS.

When the late Lord Kaimes went to Aberdeen, as a judge upon the circuit, he took up his quarters at a good tavern; and being fatigued and pensive after his dinner, he inquired of the landlord if there was any learned man in the neighbourhood who could favour him with his company over a glass of wine. Landlord answered, that the professor of mathematics lived close by; and the Lord of Session sent his compliments. The professor was not only eminent in his science, but of various and lively conversation, though he had the defect of La Fontaine and Thomson, both great poets—that of a stupid and dull appearance, before it became enlivened by wine or company. After a respectful bow, he took his seat and looked at the fire, quite immersed in some problem he had left. Two glasses of wine were filled and drunk in complete silence. Lord Kaimes, to begin the conversation, said, "I have just passed your new bridge, wholly constructed of white granite. It is a truly magnificent piece of architecture. What may have been the cost?" "Can't

say," was the dry answer of our mathematician, who still looked at the fire. My lord surprised and piqued, said, "I saw a board put up of all the tolls to be paid by carriages and animals. Will you be so good as to inform me what is the toll of an ass?" The professor, as if awaking from a dream, quickly retorted, "I do not pretend to know; but when your lordship repasses, the toll-gatherer cannot fail to inform you." Our learned judge starting up, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "You are my man!" and they began a long and animated conversation.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES AT SEA.

THE JOHN OF BELFAST.

It was at an early period of the present century that my acquaintances with the ocean commenced. Circumstances required my presence in South America, and I sailed from the Thames in a large merchantman bound for Demerara, touching at Kingston, Jamaica, on our way. The first part of our voyage was favourable. We ran out of the Channel with a fine easterly breeze, which continued until we had fairly cleared the Bay of Biscay. This lucky beginning, however, soon received a check. A south-wester met us in the teeth, which lasted for a whole fortnight, blowing during almost the whole time a heavy gale. We had nothing for it but to lie to; and it was now that for the first time I had an opportunity of contemplating the "much-rousing sea," as Homer terms it, in all its stormy grandeur. We had a full complement of passengers; and my berth was a sofa on the starboard side of the after or captain's cabin. Another passenger occupied the sofa on the larboard side; and the captain himself had a couch made up on the bulk head, right astern. I was awoke about midnight by the mate reporting to the captain that a heavy gale appeared to be coming on. "From what quarter?" "Right ahead, sir." "Call up more hands then," rejoined the captain; and springing up, proceeded to hurry on his clothes. Ere he had half completed this business, however, the squall was upon us; the ship was in an instant thrown almost right on her beam-ends, and myself nearly pitched out of bed; which latter casualty would certainly have happened, if my sofa had not broken loose from its lashings, and, being set on castors, rattled across the cabin, and ran smack against the one to leeward, in which lay my fellow-passenger, fast asleep. The concussion, which awoke him and made him start up, threw us in a manner into each other's arms, and we sat staring at each other for a few seconds in a sort of stupefied surprise, when the vessel again heeled with still more frightful violence, a fearful crash was heard close at hand, and a deluge of salt water the next moment poured in upon us. The sea had store in the glazed window of the starboard quarter-gallery.

"Call the steward here, boy, to put up the dead-lights," cried the captain, with a coolness that made him appear in my eyes a very monster of insensibility. "And, hark ye, boy," he continued, "bring a couple of glasses of brandy and water for these gentlemen and get that sofa better belayed." He then advised us to go forward to the main cabin till the water was baled out, and being by this time dressed, he hurried on deck. My fellow-passenger and myself, having with difficulty slipped on a few clothes, scrambled forward into the cabin accordingly: the brandy and water was brought and swallowed; but all the brandy in the ship, I believe, would have not blunted my sensations that night. I never passed one of such nervous horror in my life; nor am I ashamed to confess it. I had never been at sea before, and the terrific novelty of the situation might well excuse a feeling of trepidation. The roaring of the wind and waves was absolutely deafening; the latter ever and anon lashing up against the side of the vessel, as if seeking to break through and engulf us; the heavy trampling of the crew, as they rushed to and fro upon the deck, urged immediate and pressing danger; while the shouts of the captain, amid the uproar of the elements, seemed as if at half a mile's distance. I think he must be either more or less than man, who, so circumstanced for the first time—away a thousand miles from the green earth with only a plank between him and eternity, and in the midst of an uncontrollable element, roaring and merciless as a maniac—could have sat with calm feelings and unshaken nerves. To go to bed again was out of the question; and I therefore sat down with my companion, who was as young a sailor as myself, one on each side

of the table, across which we gazed on each other's pallid countenance, and exchanged muttered expressions of awe and alarm. The morning at length dawned, and the gale having somewhat moderated, I ventured on deck; but never shall I forget my sensations of wonder and delight at the scene which met my view. All the anticipations I had formed from the descriptions of poet and painter were in a moment dissipated, and I felt how impossible it would be to transfer to paper or canvass any faithful delineation of "the welterings of the mighty deep." From windward, came on the roll of the great Atlantic in successive ridges, not curled and foam-tipped, as limners are wont to exhibit them, but each massive solid and unbroken as a green hill-side. As the mass approached, it seemed impossible for us to escape being overwhelmed; but just as the water came lipping up to the bulwarks, our vessel swung over it like a duck, and down we sunk into the deep and sheltered valley beyond, which, looking fore and aft, seemed stretched out for miles. It was indeed a splendid scene, worth the encountering of every danger to behold; and it was with a strange mixture of feelings that I recalled the words of Byron, where he sarcastically recommends a trip across the Atlantic to some of his brother poets, in order to give them "a few new sensations."

For a whole fortnight the gale continued, but we were in a fine vessel; and not a drop of the "salt-sea foam" reached the deck (except when the *scud* from the top of the waves came sprinkling over us like the finest snow-drift) save on one occasion, which was as follows:—Amongst the crew was one personage who seemed to be possessed with the very demon of ill humour. From the time we had weighed anchor, be he idle or busy, wet or dry, full or fasting, in foul weather or fair, this man's discontented disposition seemed unappeasable. His age was perhaps thirty-five, a broad-shouldered brawny fellow, but very poorly attired. He wore no shoes or stockings; his canvass trousers, which were beautifully glazed with grease, tar, and other commodities of the fore-castle, scarcely reached above his haunches, which they embraced as tightly as if the sail-maker had sewn him into them, with a strain on every stitch. His scarlet woollen shirt was left negligently open from the waist upwards, leaving his chest exposed to all weathers. His head and features resembled, in colour and formation, nothing I ever saw so much as a little round red Dutch cheese—the bullet-shape of the cranium being displayed by an old leather cape which closely encircled all above the root of the nose. His fat, plump, vermilion cheeks scarcely left room either for nose or eyes; and indeed these features, as it happened, did not require much space; the former, like that of Tristram Shandy's father, being the exact counterpart of the ace of clubs, and the latter as small, red, and fiery, as those of a ferret.

It was upon a Sunday forenoon that I went on deck, along with two or three of my fellow-passengers, to while away the time, and discuss the chances of more favourable weather—for the adverse gale still continued with great fury. That morning, indeed, it was more violent than it had yet been; a circumstance which we were at no loss jokingly to account for, on seeing who was steersman, being no other than Jack Wrathful himself, as we had dubbed the sailor above delineated. People situated as we were are glad of any excuse for amusement, and this man's causeless and pertinacious ill temper, as we looked at him rocking to and fro from one foot to the other—for even when his work was stationary, it seemed impossible for him to rest a moment in one position—and "sluivering his timbers" with his customary fervour, struck us sympathetically in so droll a light, that one and all of us burst out a-laughing. Wrathful looked furious, but dared say nothing directly to us. He resolved, however, on having his revenge, and adopted a plan which could scarcely have entered any head but his own. Our nautical readers will be aware that the great point, when a vessel is *lying to* in a gale, is so to manage the helm as to prevent her rolling suddenly to windward and meeting the coming wave, the consequence of any negligence or unskillfulness being, that she will to a certainty "ship a sea." This casualty had hitherto been so well guarded against, that we never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing befalling us. We were therefore leaning carelessly over the taffrail, chatting of various matters, when I suddenly felt the vessel quiver from stem to stern, and the next moment the voice of the mate, who was standing amidsthips, bawled out "Hold on!" Looking forward, I beheld a column of water fully twenty feet high breaking

over the foremast, and had just time to lay hold of a rope when the deck was swept fore and aft with the force of a waterspout.

For a moment afterwards I was blind, breathless, and stunned with the weight of water that struck me, and might have been halfway beneath the ocean for aught I knew. An emphatic execration uttered close at hand, gave me the first intimation of my being still safe on board the Hector; and looking round, I found that all my fellow-passengers had also escaped for the ducking. The malicious intention of the rascal who had occasioned it was so evident, that with one voice we accented him to the captain, who instantly came upon deck; but the yells and screams that began to issue from below induced us to hurry down, where a truly serio-comic scene awaited us. Of eleven passengers, eight, including one lady, the daughter of a wealthy and intelligent old gentleman, a Jew, happily led to be congregated in the cabin, the glazed skylight of which had been removed for the purpose of ventilation, so that the water had poured down upon them like a cataract, and swamped them in a moment to the depth of two feet. They imagined, one and all, indeed, that they were going to the bottom: and it was curious to remark the different aspects their alarm assumed in that moment of extremity. Two or three had thrown themselves on their knees, but their cries consisted rather of petitions for respite to their lives, than for mercy to their souls. One had snatched down a gold repeater that hung in his berth, as if (as the captain sarcastically remarked) he wished to note down the exact moment of his own death, and another had a case bottle of brandy at his mouth. The assurances of the captain of there being no immediate danger, brought them to themselves again; but there were some who probably derived a salutary lesson for the rest of their lives from that one moment of panic, at least it seemed to engender serious thoughts in several, who never appeared to have thought seriously before.

The wind at last became favourable, and, having got into the trade-winds, we ran across the tropic of Cancer with every stitch of canvass set. One afternoon it fell almost a dead calm, there being just wind enough occasionally to lift the sails and bear us forward at the rate of perhaps half a knot an hour. I was conversing with the captain on the quarter-deck, when the mate reported that there was a small schooner lying in our course right ahead, but that he could see no person on board of her. The captain looked through the glass, and having made the same observation, directed the man at the wheel to steer as close as possible to the strange vessel. In somewhat more than an hour we were within two cable-lengths of the schooner, when, although all the sails were set, no one yet appearing on the deck, our captain directed a musket to be fired as a signal. Presently a strange figure, dressed in a most unsailor-like garb, inasmuch as he was enveloped in a huge drab greatcoat, and had the remnant of a beaver-hat on his head, issued from the hold, and, rushing to the side of the schooner, bawled out in a broad Irish accent, "Stop, stop a little if you please, sir!"

"Who are you?" sung out our captain, putting the usual nautical interrogatory when ships are speaking each other.

"I'm a mishnur," sir," replied the man.

"A mishnur!" echoed our captain, repeating the words to himself; "never heard of a vessel with such a name in my life. Oh, ay (as the mate here suggested an explanation of the reply), that's your own employment, is it? But what's your vessel's name, I mean?"

"The John of Belfast, sir; and you see, we're going to Barbadoes with a cargo of tates—tates and salt beef, sir; but I believe we'll be all dead with thirst by the time we reach it. Can you give us nuthin' to drink?"

"Have you no water on board?" asked our captain, equally surprised and amused at this singular application.

"Not a cupful, sir," replied the Irishman; "that's to say, there's about a couple o' gallons or so, but Bill Kearney—that's our captain, sir—keeps it locked as he has just about as much whisky, to make grug of. He always takes it half and half."

As well as he could for laughing, our captain here directed our sails to be backed, to prevent our making headway from the schooner, and called out to the Irishman to send a boat, and he would get a supply of water.

"Send, Sir! I have nobody but myself to send!—and sure I can't walk on the surface of the say for it!"

"Where's your captain?—desire him to speak to me."

"Our captain, is it, sir!—he can't spake at present; this is his time o' day for being dead-drunk."

"Where's the mate, then?" "He's drunk too, sir."

"And where are all the crew?"

"I'm all the crew myself, sir; that is, me and the little boy—and he's drunk also. For you see, sir, our other man—that was Barney Ryan—died about a week ago of a sort of frinzy, and was thrown overboard. And well for us that he was so!—for he drank more than the whole of us put together; and if he had lived, we might all have been thrown overboard by this time!"

The whole of our crew and passengers were by this time in a roar of laughter at the naïve communication of the poor Irishman, but our captain, compassionating his condition, ordered a boat to be lowered, and directed the mate to board the schooner, and ascertain how matters actually stood. Curiosity induced me to ask permission to accompany him; and we were soon alongside the little vessel, with a hog'shead of Thames water in the long-boat. As we were nearing her, I could hear the "mishmish," as he called himself, shouting down the companion to his slumbering captain, "Bill—I say, Bill Kearney, come up here dirckly. Here are some gentlemen coming to visit you, and you lying snoring there like a pig. Get up, man, I say, for very shame."

And accordingly as we got on deck, Captain Kearney made his appearance. He was the very *beau idéal* of an Irish sailor—a clean made, active fellow, with a shock head of red hair, and a round good-humoured countenance. But for his blearedness of eye, we could see no symptoms of intoxication upon him; he saluted our mate with much easy politeness, said he was happy to see him, and concluded with remarking that it was "charming weather."

"So it would need, Mr. Kearney, I think," replied our mate, "if this be the order you maintain on board. Are you not afraid of being taken aback by a squall?"

"Not at all, sir—not at all," replied Mr. Kearney; "I knew there would be no squalls this afternoon. Besides, I had the doctor here—this is Dr. Sullivan, sir; he's a teacher, and is going out to learn the little black boys and girls to spell and write, sir—I had Dr. Sullivan to keep a look out in case of accidents. I kept him sober on purpose, while Phil Connor and I were drinking a drop to our old friend Barney Ryan's memory, who died a few days ago."

"But what would your owners say to all this, Mr. Kearney, if they came to know it?"

"Owthers!—we've no owners, sir," replied Mr. Kearney with dignity. "This bit craft is Phil Connor's and mine, 'sept a two-and-thirtieth that the doctor's brother has in her. She's employed in the butter and pig line between Belfast and Portpatrick; but as the trade is rather cut up, we thought of making a start for some of the islands hereabouts to see what could be done."

"And where are you bound for?"

"For Barbadoes," answered Captain Kearney.

"Barbadoes!" echoed our mate; "why, you're a hundred miles south of it! How do you keep your reckoning?"

"I told you so, Bill Kearney," here broke in the doctor with great bitterness; "I told you, but you wouldn't mind me at all at all! I told you that you had missed a whole day, drunk in bed as you was, without knowing of it! Set your watch by the gentleman's time, and wake Phil Connor, and let's be getting back as fast as we can. There was one fool more than enough in the world, Bill Kearney, when I took you for a sailor."

"Have you no quadrant or chronometer on board?" asked our mate in astonishment, his ideas of nautical proficiency being shocked at what appeared to me only inexpressibly ludicrous. Captain Kearney confessed his total ignorance of such articles. His only guides were an old timepiece, the compass, and the log; and it appeared, on explanation, that he had forgotten to wind up the former, upon the evening of *waking* the deceased Mr. Barney Ryan. It turned out, in short, that the whole party were a set of genuine originals; not one of them had ever been in that quarter of the ocean before—knew nothing of navigation save what pertained to the Irish Channel—and, had their water and "swait Irishness" lasted, would in all probability have sailed into the antarctic regions, had they not fallen in with us.

The individual whom they styled the doctor, and who had complacently adopted the further honorary epithet of *missionary*, had, it seems, no more pretensions to these titles than what keeping a hedge-school for instructing children how to join letters together, and get their alpha-

bet by rote, could give him. His friends, probably anxious to rid themselves of a burden, had persuaded the poor fellow to adopt the present step, he himself working for his passage. Our mate expressed his utter astonishment that they had not all gone to the bottom long since. He endeavoured, however, to instruct Kearney and the doctor respecting their present bearings, and the course they must pursue to make Barbadoes; for which, as well as the supply of water, they professed eternal obligation. The captain's watch was duly set, and having seen Phil Connor and the boy roused from their drunken slumbers, we departed. In the evening the breeze freshened, and the *John* of Belfast having got upon another track, began to beat back to her place of destination, her comical crew saluting us with three hearty Irish cheers at parting.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

SEDITION!!

What could have induced the Editor of that most chaste periodical, the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, to admit into his pages such a trashy contribution as that which appeared last Saturday under the title of "A JOURNAL OF FORTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE YEAR 1945, by Kvas Chunder Dutt?" For once our much esteemed contemporary has suffered his good-nature to be abused by a young Kosciusko of the Hindoo College, whose precocious pen ambitioned the opportunity of display on the political stage; and if the literary style of this essay be perfectly genuine, it might be entitled to some commendation as the production of a school boy. But the subject! surely such themes are not in the spirit of a College education. When the British Parliament ordered a sum to be set apart out of the Revenues of India for instructing the native population, it never could have been intended to teach them sedition.

The sequel of the story is, that a conspiracy is got up by "the most distinguished men in Calcutta—Babds, Rájás and Nawáhs," which frightens the Governor General, Lord Fell Butcher, out of his seven senses, and a party of troops is repulsed by the patriotic rabble of one Bhoobun Mohun, (which affair is represented in a very different way in a *Calcutta Courier Extraordinary*—then no longer, we fear, under our editorship) but in the end the hero is hanged, his last words being to bid his countrymen persevere in the course they have so gloriously commenced. The Native names, we hear, are genuine, those of the Babú's friends whom doubtless he thought to immortalise. The plot itself is as full of absurdity as the sentiments are of nonsense and bad taste.

* We omit the quotations from the article.

[Surely our contemporary has taken up this matter much too seriously. The young Hindú meant no evil. His article is merely *ajeu d'esprit*, and we printed it as a highly favourable specimen of a Hindú's English composition. The author has written to us to complain of the misconception of the *Courier*, and to explain that it was a mere literary essay of a *Jocosus* turn written with no political feelings or intentions.]—*Ed.*

INFANT SCHOOL.—An examination of the Infant School was held yesterday at the Town Hall in the presence of a most respectable, although not very crowded, audience. The Bishop of Calcutta addressed a few words to the Audience in explanation of the objects of the Institution, after which the Master, Mr. Perkins, gave various practical illustrations of the exercises in which the children are employed. In this short notice it is impossible to convey a correct impression of the different modes adopted to interest the Infant's mind, to elicit without straining its tender powers, to form habits of order, and to prepare for the more enlarged instruction to be given in future years. There is nothing violent, repulsive, or forced. Nothing is taught but what is adapted to the years of the children and the means employed are gentleness, the love of order, and the simultaneous action of numbers in combination. The Infant School, in both the Poetry and the Philosophy of Education for its practice is founded on the soundest principles of induction and it calls forth all the kind and gentle feelings into lively exercise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our "Subscriber's" verses will hardly suit us.

"N. A. P.'s" article is declined.

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OR

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VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1835.

[VOL. III. NEW SERIES. No. 77.]

Original Articles.

EMILY MYRTLE.

Emily Myrtle had been blessed with an excellent education. Her mind was as cultivated as her person was charming. The only daughter of fond parents, she had been separated from them in her infancy and had been sent to England whilst her father remained in India to acquire a fortune sufficient to maintain his declining years in affluence. Year after year passed away and he found his idea of a competency increasing in proportion to the accumulation of his wealth. At last he resolved on sending for his daughter instead of joining her in England. In due course of time she arrived and realised her parents' fondest wishes. A most amiable disposition, together with considerable natural talents matured by art, contributed to their enjoyment and happiness. In looking at her, they thought with pride and satisfaction on the splendid alliance which they anticipated with some wealthy individual. On this account Mr. Myrtle had contrived to exchange his appointment in the Mofussil for one at the Presidency, where he kept up a magnificent establishment and open house. Many and broad were the hints that both papa and mamma gave as to their plans for their daughter's settlement; and in all their manoeuvring to accomplish the desired object they never for a moment imagined that there could be a doubt of that daughter's ready acquiescence in their views. They were consequently much surprised at her firm refusal of an offer from a person about to succeed to the Council Board of India which entirely met their approbation. They were in a perfect paroxysm of astonishment at hearing that her affections were engaged to a young man with no other recommendation than a tolerably handsome person, and a mind and disposition congenial to her own. Papa with much vehemence declared he never heard of such stupidity, and that the girl must be mad to refuse so excellent an offer. Mamma finished a powerful invective against English education, romantic notions, school-girl fancies, and silly attachments, with "surely, my dear, you would not be so idiotical as to marry a man whose whole fortune would not light my wall-shades!" They both vowed that she ought not and should not have her own way.

Her father immediately called on the young man who possessed the undivided affection of his daughter, and told him with peculiar blandness of manner, and with a meek and hypocritical smile on his countenance, that his every wish would be accomplished in seeing his daughter married to a person capable of appreciating her real worth, that he saw no objection to his young friend as a son-in-law, although he would not exactly pledge his consent, but insisted that the young man should absent himself for a short time from her presence. In vain the young man pleaded that owing to the voyage he had already been too long separated.

My good young friend you have not lived long enough in the world. I must try the strength of your mind and principles before I give away my child; and as you value my good-will, let me not see you for the next twelve months. You may, if you like, write to my daughter, although I should prefer her not even receiving letters; but you must not visit or speak to her. Mark what I say; do what I wish, and all may be well; if not remember I will never receive you as a son-in-law. Thus situated the young man determined to acquiesce in Mr. Myrtle's wish, and consoled himself with the idea of writing all his thoughts to Emily. Mr. Myrtle was not a little pleased at hearing the result of his determination. The getting rid of his presence was a great point gained, and he resolved to turn his absence to account by representing it as a proof of inconstancy and thence form a deduction of how totally unworthy he was of so valuable a treasure as Emily's affection.

The letters from Clarence Sidley to Emily Myrtle and from Emily to Clarence were for some time full of love and confidence. Then mutual complaints of coldness and irregularity in the correspondence, then charges of neglect, then total silence; after which there is a detailed account of how these matters were brought about by the parents, and that Emily imagined herself neglected or deserted by Clarence, whilst he thought the same of her. In the mean time Emily had never informed her parents where and how she became acquainted with Clarence, and they never pressed an enquiry. For three months after the climax of the misunderstanding, Clarence's name was never mentioned by the parents in the presence of Emily. They observed with considerable uneasiness that she was gradually losing her health and spirits although they endeavoured to appear ignorant of the cause. One day poor Emily had suddenly burst into tears, apparently without any sufficient cause; her mother went gently up to her, and taking one hand in both of hers and affectionately kissing her forehead, said, "What is the matter, dearest Emily? your father and myself have observed the depression of your spirits, and although ignorant of the cause thought it better to consider it sacred than intrude upon a sorrow which our own dearly loved child concealed from us. I have watched you with the anxiety only a mother can feel, and now I treat you to reveal its cause that we may do our utmost to alleviate it. Emily, struck with the affectionate and gentle manner in which her mother spoke, could not for some time make any other reply than continued sobs; and, throwing herself into her parent's arms, faintly articulated, "Yes, yes, I have done wrong, very wrong, not to trust in the affection of a mother, so kind, so good; dearest mamma, do say that you will forgive me and you shall hear every thing, but not now, oh not now!" Mrs. Myrtle pressed her hand, but did not speak. After a short pause Emily perceived that her mother expected her to continue her story; and having in some degree recovered herself, in a calm and steady voice, said musingly, "Yes, I see my fault, dear mamma; I will let you

know every thought and feeling of my breast, and I am convinced you will not blame me. But I cannot do it to-day in my present state of excitement. I might be unjust and I certainly should be partial, but to-morrow if you will allow me to join you in your boudoir after breakfast I will tell you the cause of my distress.

It appears extraordinary that Emily should be surprised into making her mother a confidante of her thoughts and feelings. The separation of children from their parents at an early age and their not being again united till the period when every one learns to think and act for himself prevents in India the existence of that beautiful sentiment of mutual confidence which is felt between the parent and the child in England. The Indo-English child generally feels the want of a mother's love and watchfulness in the infirmities of infancy. His earliest recollections tell him that he has been sent a stranger to a distant country and his heart acknowledges the feeling of desertion long before his mind has strength or judgment sufficient to know that the sacrifice is at least equal and made for his exclusive benefit. With girls this feeling is greatly increased when they find that their parents have only thoughts of their happiness with regard to wealth and wholly omitted in their calculations the hearts of their children. Such was the case with Emily; her parents were really very much attached to her, as much as they could be to any human being. They had in their youth suffered the bitter stings of poverty. In after years when Mr. Myrtle's salary increased, and his surplus funds had rapidly accumulated they had never forgotten their own former suffering, and thought no precautions could be too great to preserve their daughter from similar evils. When Emily first arrived in India her mother's most anxious wish was to see her married. She could not appreciate the real motives that actuated her and made her so anxious to part with her immediately after her arrival, and naturally enough attributed it to a want of maternal affection. This caused her silence and prevented her seeking advice and consolation where alone she had a right to expect them.

On the following day Emily went to her mother's boudoir at the time appointed and found her anxiously waiting her arrival. On her entrance Mrs. Myrtle affectionately advanced to meet her and placed her on a couch, when Emily commenced as follows. "I ought to have communicated long since what I am now about to tell you. I trust, dearest mamma, you will not only forgive my want of confidence but continue to love me as much as you hitherto have done; and although my heart acquits me of any intentional unkindness to you, yet I feel that my judgment has erred. I will now tell you when and how I first became acquainted with Clarence Sidley. Lest his present unkindness should make me harsh or unjust I here declare that till our arrival in India he never gave me the slightest cause of offence, his conduct was always exemplary, and whatever may have brought on his present coldness, reserve and silence I cannot reflect on the many happy days passed in his society without thinking of the gentleness and generosity of his disposition and bitterly regretting the change in his sentiments. I had concluded my fifteenth year when Miss Winstanley released me from the bondage of school and treated me as a friend and companion. Encouraged by her praises I had obtained the marked approbation

of my teachers, and derived a real pleasure from the prosecution of my studies. Miss Winstanley was well qualified for the task she had undertaken, and the trials of adversity had strengthened the energies of her mind without chilling the warm feelings of her affectionate heart. The child of parents who occupied a distinguished rank in society she promised to be an ornament to it, when her father who was the senior partner of an extensive banking house was ruined by one of those dreadful commercial calamities almost peculiar to England and the English. He did not long survive his ruin, and left his widow and daughter penniless. Thus situated Miss Winstanley did not hesitate in employing her talents for the benefit of her surviving parent, and by the assistance of her friends was enabled to form an establishment for the education of young ladies of which she undertook the superintendence.

Her friends used occasionally to assemble at her house, and I was permitted to join those delightful and social re-unions. Clarence Sidley was a constant visitor and in a thousand ways endeavoured to conciliate my good opinion which was the more readily accorded from the knowledge of some of his actions, which I heard accidentally mentioned by one of Miss Winstanley's friends and to the record of which I always listened with pleasure and attention; but his manner to me was always so modest and retiring that I long thought he was influenced in his conduct more by regard and politeness to Miss Winstanley than by affection for myself. It would be needless to trace the various circumstances connected with his increasing attachment, although memory too faithfully preserves them. When he heard of my projected departure he first declared that all his hopes of future happiness depended on me. Our manners had long proved and I am afraid exposed the secret thoughts of our hearts. I candidly acknowledged that I esteemed and appreciated his character, that as at your desire I was going to India I could not at such a time dispose of myself, but that if he could obtain your consent I would gladly unite my fate with his. He submitted to my decision, thanking me fervently for having thought so favorably of him, and declared he would follow me to India, and your consent would render him far happier than he deserved to be. With a degree of consideration and sacrifice of self-interest hardly to be expected in so young a man, he acquainted me of his determination not to proceed in the same ship as myself, but promised to meet me on my arrival, as he expected to be in India before I could land. The rest of his history you know." Mrs. Myrtle listened patiently to her daughter's narrative and at the conclusion warmly pressing her in her arms, said, "dearest Emily, do not distress yourself on the subject. Clarence Sidley must be very much changed and totally unworthy of your love." "Clarence unworthy!" warmly replied Emily, "impossible!" "Oh, my dear child, you know little of the world, of man's affection, or the inconquancy of youth. It is dangerous, very dangerous to marry a young man. Never having experienced temptation he knows not the sacrifice he must make in confining his love to one object, nor can he tell when he marries, if that one is calculated to ensure his happiness. Led away by the violence or if you wish the warmth of his feelings, he imagines himself devotedly attached to the first pretty woman that condescends to take notice of him, and it is when the dream of passion

is over, that he perceives the imperfections of the idol of his imagination which appear greater than they are from the contrast they form with the excellencies he had anticipated. Hence the cause of so many unfortunate marriages. The change of a woman's affection is at all times perilous, but much more so, when a man has not acquired sufficient experience to restrain his imagination within the bounds of reason. Absence, they say, proves affection. Mr. Sidley, I dare say, has found some pretty substitute to whom he offers up his vows. Young men generally find it necessary to love something, but are not particular about the object. The last remark was uttered in a tone of irony and was interrupted by Emily's exclaiming "dear mamma, you are unjust, I am sure you are unjust; Clarence has not a changeable disposition. Oh, there must be some mistake. His last letter was so cold." "I am afraid," said Mrs. Myrtle very slowly and very gently, "that you are deceived; for on enquiring concerning Mr. Sidley of a gentleman who has just arrived from Barielly, I received as a reply that he was very well and fully engaged in paying his attentions to the beautiful Miss Howard who had created quite a sensation in the northern provinces." "Is it possible?" said Emily moving; "who is the gentleman? may I see him?" "Certainly my love, he will probably call to-day and you can then satisfy yourself. I have known the world a long time, and I can assure you from experience in spite of the vaunted generosity and warmth of youthful feelings that nothing is more common than a young man using every endeavour to engage the affections of an unsophisticated girl and then attaching himself to another from the miserable vanity of being 'popular with the ladies.' Believe me there is much more selfishness and less regard for the feelings of others when they interfere with personal gratification in youth than in age." "Oh, what a detestable world it must be!" exclaimed Emily. "It is no doubt much worse than in the innocence of your own heart you can imagine, and would be much better if it really was what it appears; however I will not distress you with this painful subject any longer." The expected visitor called, and confirmed Mrs. Myrtle's assertion that Mr. Sidley was said to be paying his addresses to a Miss Howard. No impartial person will attempt to justify Mrs. Myrtle's conduct towards her daughter. The only palliation is that her husband and herself had deliberately formed a plan for their daughter's future happiness, which they sincerely believed would be secured by the success of their schemes, and conscientiously performed their duty to the best of their ability. They determined to carry that plan into effect 'coute qui coute.' We can only lament their conduct as one of those instances of frequent occurrence in the world of wrong being committed that good may follow. After the departure of the visitor Emily retired to her own room and relieved her swelling heart by giving vent to a flood of tears. Could it be the case or was it all a dream? Clarence so gentle, so modest and unobtrusive, become a heartless coxcomb! and for the gratification of a foolish vanity could he have rejected her! No, no, of that her heart fully acquitted him, he might have been deceived, or captivated by some fairer form, but deliberately to act falsely was not in his nature.

Four months after the event above recorded, during which Mrs. Myrtle had treated her daughter with the greatest kindness and affection, the

subject of Sir James Effingham's offer was renewed by the parents in the presence of Emily, who affected to pay no attention to the allusions. However, they determined to bring the matter to a speedy issue, if possible. One day when they were alone Mrs. Myrtle communicated to her daughter that Sir James had again made an offer for her hand which both she and Mr. Myrtle were anxious should be accepted. She expatiated at length on the great advantages to accrue to the family from Sir James' wealth, rank and influence, and desired her daughter not to make any hasty answer, but in the course of a week she would expect a favourable one. Emily felt little disposed to yield to her parent's request, and prayers, tears, arguments or threats would have been equally ineffectual, had it not been for one circumstance. Taking up a daily paper and accidentally casting her eyes on the corner where the most interesting events of our lives, viz. Births, Marriages and Deaths are recorded, she read—

MARRIAGE.—At Meerut, on the 10th September, by the Revd. W. Wilson, District Chaplain, C. Sidley Esq. to Eliza, only daughter of G. Howard Esq.

Being convinced that the faint hope she had cherished had been built on sand, she no longer opposed the wishes of her parents, and consoled herself with the idea that she was performing a duty in sacrificing herself to please those who sincerely loved her and had no thoughts or wishes unconnected with her future happiness. She only insisted that all the circumstances of her first attachment should be communicated in her presence to Sir James, and promised that if he should then renew his offer she would make no further objection.

In one of the Calcutta papers of the 27th January, and in the most conspicuous part the following notice was inserted.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE. Yesterday evening the approaches to the Cathedral presented a very animated and interesting spectacle. The carriages of all our leaders of fashion, containing their owners dressed in the most elegant style, were seen in procession. In the leading equipage we perceived the New Member of Council, The Honble Sir James Effingham the bridegroom, Sir William Wintworth, and E. F. Myrtle Esq. the father of the young and lovely bride whose appearance amongst us, like the advent of an auspicious star, has created so great a sensation. In the second carriage the bride herself shone conspicuous as she sat next to her amiable and talented mother. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop.

After marriage, Emily discovered that her husband possessed many very estimable qualities, and she could not feel otherwise than grateful for his unceasing efforts to promote her comfort and happiness. Every enjoyment, every luxury that wealth or anxious diligence could procure was ever at her command, but still she was not happy.

Her trials were not yet over. During the first twelve months after her marriage she lost both her parents, within three short weeks of each other, and in eighteen months she was a widow and found herself alone in the world possessed of unbounded wealth without one person to take a sincere interest in her affairs. Having no earthly ties, and from her feebleness and sorrow anticipating an early grave, she contemplated proving the endurance of her first attachment and her forgiveness of Clarence's neglect by leaving to him, as the only being she had ever really loved, the bulk of that wealth which had been her bane.

Cool was the wind or rather the soft breath of day, as the first zephyrs of Spring in merry England,

on the mountain tops of Churrah. Cloudless was the sky, and bright were the rays of the glorious sun one morning in the month of June '18—. There was a spirit of gladness and freshness in the atmosphere. All nature seemed rejoiced. A party consisting of two gentlemen on ponies and a lady in a tonjohn were seen approaching the small but beautifully situated bungalow at Moosmye. There were traces of deep sorrow and melancholy plainly marked on the very interesting countenance of the lady. They occasionally seemed to yield to the influence of the magnificent scenery around, but the change was only for a moment, and but served to show how lovely that face must have been in happier days. On arriving at the bungalow, they found some refreshments prepared for them; after partaking of which they intended to visit a cave in the vicinity which is considered one of the attractions of the Cassiah Hills. Lady Emily, who was of the party amused herself with gazing in silent admiration on the rich variety of scenery before her. On the left hand the broad table land of Churrah presents its commanding front over which streams flow in extensive falls and urge their course over the blank sides of rocks and are received in a succession of large natural basins down a declivity of nearly 4000 feet to the level of the river below which they supply with water. The table land looks bleak and barren; but the sides of the hills are richly covered with every species of vegetation. The bungalow is situated on the very edge of a hill at a right angle with the sanatorium, and commands one of the finest views in the world. On the left is the table land above described (the first falls from which are 150 feet). Immediately beneath you the silvery S'ooma like a thin thread meanders amongst large forests which to the naked eye appear mere shrubs. In front a grand panoramic view of hills rises one beyond the other, with intervening valleys; and on the right there is an extended view of the plains; and on a clear day the houses at Silhet are distinctly visible, the prospect being bounded by the distant hills of Cachar. Lady Emily remained for some time wrapt in silent admiration of the magnificent works of nature; the sun had considerably passed his meridian, and the shades on the ridges of the hills sloping towards the plains were beautifully variegated. Nought disturbed the silence which reigned around save the hum of bees busily engaged in robbing the flowers of their treasured sweets; and as they conveyed them to a hive near the house the air was scented with the perfume of their burdens. There is nothing which tends so much to elevate the human mind and to impart a knowledge of the Omnipotence of the Creator as the contemplation of mountain scenery, in the midst of which man appears a pigmy, and what he really is, a mere fractional portion of that Creator's works.

One of the gentlemen asked lady Emily if she would proceed to visit the cave. With a soft smile she asked him to excuse her. "You must not think me inconsistent and excuse the trouble I am giving you. I feel fatigued and have, I am afraid, over calculated my strength. I wish to return home." They prepared to return to the sanatorium. Immediately after leaving the bungalow the road leads through a village by a narrow and rather steep path, along which they had not proceeded far when they perceived a person approaching towards them who had evidently just come from the plains and was going to halt at Moosmye

previous to proceeding to Churrah. His appearance was that of a gentleman apparently thirty years of age; his figure was tall and thin; as he approached nearer an attentive observer might have perceived that mental distress had caused a look of premature decay; his features were good; and, but for the dimness of his eye and the wanness of his cheek, he would have been thought handsome. As the party approached him he looked up and his eyes met lady Effingham's but were immediately lowered to the ground, and, slightly moving to one side as if to make room for the party to pass, he remained fixed as a statue. He was roused from his sudden lethargy by a faint scream from lady Effingham who had become insensible. She was in very bad health; her nerves were unstrung, and this sudden meeting with one who was still dear to her and had lately occupied a considerable portion of her thoughts, was too much for her very delicate frame. On recovering from her swoon she perceived Clarence Sidley gazing at her with a look of deep interest. "Believe me, lady Effingham," said Clarence slowly "I would have spared you this painful interview had I known you were in the hills. It was unsought on my part, I assure you." "'Tis well it has happened," said lady Emily with a violent effort at appearing calm, "I wished to see you once before"—she could not conclude the sentence but one glance at her altered form told Clarence what she would have said. "Do not distress yourself, lady Effingham, just now. You have not strength to continue this dialogue. I will relieve you of my presence." "Oh! no, no," said lady Emily "let me tell you now. The record of my history is brief; I only wished to tell you that I imagined the term of my mortal existence was hastening to a close. I wished to leave that wealth (which has been a heavy curse to me) to you and (she hesitated for a few seconds and faintly articulated) your wife." "Wife!" said Clarence, "gracious heaven! Lady Emily, what do you mean? Do you think it possible that one who loved Emily Myrtle could ever form a second attachment—No, you cannot imagine me so heartless."

Lady Effingham had recovered her spirits, and Clarence was once more seen her at side, as her accepted lover. She had been delighted at finding that he had ever been faithful to her and that the paragraph in the marriage department of the newspaper alluded to his brother Charles. "Dearest Clarence," said she, one day amongst the hills, "let me hear your promised tale of travel." "The events I have to relate," said Clarence "are of little importance, but perhaps their narrative will occasionally win a smile where I would ever wish to see one. A great portion of the time has been passed in these hills, every corner of which I have explored from Sylhet to Nukhlow and thence to the valley of the Burhampooter. Occasionally engaged as a volunteer in the attacks on the Cassiah, I have seen them in every variety of condition. I will endeavour to recall some of the scenes I have witnessed for your amusement. After my interview with your father, I resolved on accompanying my brother to Barielly, for which station he was about to start with his intended bride and her mother. Their marriage was to be deferred till their arrival, as her father wished to give her away. The scenery of the banks of the Ganges has been so often and so well described that I will not repeat an old tale. Suffice it that after some narrow escapes we reached Ba-

reilly in safety. Close to the picturesque island of Cahalgáon I saw a boat nearly dashed to pieces. I cannot at this moment imagine how it was saved : it was one of a fleet, transporting European soldiers to the different regiments in the Upper Provinces—in tracking up the left bank of the river, a short distance above the rock, the ground or tracking rope gave way; the boat was immediately carried into the middle of the stream, the dandies being on shore. It approached the rock, and was caught in a whirlpool or eddy which set in directly for the island. It turned round and round; there was one loud scream, the boat seemed to touch the rock and in an instant was past all danger and far behind it. I frequently saw wrecks of boats, but the natives were very callous on the subject as if it were a matter of daily occurrence. Too true it is that the best feelings of our hearts get blunted by too great a demand being made on them—you may imagine that in witnessing my brother's happiness I often thought of my own dear Emily. I have told you of the cold blast that passed over my heart, when I read the inflated description of your marriage. I determined to seek in danger and excitement forgetfulness of myself; respect for you prevented my tasting the intoxicating cup of pleasure and saved me from the vice of gambling, but I travelled for excitement which became necessary to my existence. Just at that period my brother received a letter from a friend in those hills which had been then recommended by the late Mr. Scott as a sanatorium; he mentioned some circumstances connected with the Cassiahs and gave some account of their determined bravery. The idea of the tented field pleased me, and I lost no time in transporting myself here. Although I have seen little of the toils of war I do not regret having come; the life I have passed might have been an happy one, it has not been a useless one. I have learnt to appreciate noble and generous actions in the coarsest garb and amongst the humblest of my species, to judge of men by their actions and not by the condition of their worldly affairs or the color of their skins. I have learnt to think less of myself and more charitably of others, and above all I have felt the spirit of true religion and have learnt to distinguish it from the ingenious and specious dogmas of disputants. I have bowed with humbled feelings to the grandeur and power of the Maker manifested in his works.

I arrived in October 18—, and was not a little surprised at the facility of approach. I had prepared myself to encounter vast difficulties and to prove the triumph of mental energy over bodily toil. You may imagine my disappointment at finding that a walk of eight hours enabled me to reach the sanatorium. But see the sun is rapidly approaching his western boundary, and we must hasten home. As opportunity offers or circumstances bring back the memory of scenes gone by, I will detail them for your amusement to-day. The vicinity of the village of Moonlue reminds me of an anecdote of Mr. Scott, when this village was first attacked by a party from the Sylhet Light Infantry. As the tojohn emerged from the arbour which had furnished them with so delightful a retreat, Clarence directed Lady Emily's attention to the village. You see it is one of Nature's strongholds as if intended to afford the comparatively defenceless Highlanders protection from the usurpation and oppression of the Lowlanders. On two sides stone walls or rather solid masses of rock piled one over the other, on the

third a precipice which is totally inaccessible, on the fourth the deficiency of rock is supplied by a dense jungle. The approaches are guarded by stone stockades which were frequently assailed without effect; from their peculiar position it seemed impossible to turn them. The commanding officer acquainted Mr. Scott, who at the time was unable to move unless supported by servants on each side, that he was afraid he might be compelled to draw off his men, and requested him to hasten from the spot. "Oh, never mind me," said Mr. Scott, very slowly who was an admirable shot and completely self-possessed, "I shall kill three or four of them and then I suppose they will kill me." The officer had not waited for a reply; his quick eye had detected a path in the jungles; and, taking with him a few chosen men, entered the village unobserved and the stockade that had given them so much trouble.

One day Clarence and lady Emily had proceeded to a village, a short distance to the northward of Churrah, to witness the ceremonies attending the funeral of a chief. The mourners assembled in one of their burying grounds which from superstitious motives are public, and generally formed on exposed situations with a road passing through them. On the present occasion the mourners attended in superb dresses made of blue velvet, formed in rather a peculiar shape cut like a bag with a large hole at the top to allow of the head and two smaller ones for the arms to pass through, large turbands with a profusion of huge feathers of different colors, but white predominated. Each man was armed as if for battle with a naked sword in one hand, a shield on the other, a bow and arrows over his back. Two or three of the chiefs had small pistols in their girths; they shouted most gloriously and danced round and round the body and then in small independent circles. The step was a furious kind of hop; quick changes of the feet and twirling round with astonishing rapidity; and dancing, shouting, crying, and cutting at each other's swords all at the same time. They afterwards burn the body and preserve the ashes in an urn which is enclosed in the monument. Clarence directed lady Emily's attention to the tomb-stones which have the appearance of druidical remains. Some of the stones are placed upright, and are thirty feet in height; others of enormous size are horizontally elevated above the ground, and supported by masses of stone. One was very conspicuous in the very centre of the burying ground: it measured thirty-six feet in circumference, twelve inches in depth, and was raised nearly three feet from the ground. It certainly is astonishing how it came there. Clarence asked lady Emily if she had observed the large stone which, thrown across a ravine at the foot of the Mahádeo pass, connects the road and forms the Devil's bridge. No one has yet even formed a guess as to how it came there; similar stones are found in different parts of the hills but their removal there must have been effected long before the memory of the present generation. It is in this spot said Clarence that I have frequently watched the Cassiahs on their market days. Considerable exchanges take place in the different articles of produce and consumption: there is very little money or circulating medium of any kind, and it is astonishing to see the manner in which the barter is effected. Although the bazar is occasionally very crowded no quarrelling or jostling ever takes place. I have frequently seen hundreds of

men, women and children assembled; but have never witnessed a quarrel.

As they left the burying ground a slight vapour rose suddenly from the valley on the south side of Churrah and formed a graceful and dark back ground: the white house at the sanatorium was in strong relief augmented by the last tints of the setting sun.

(To be Continued.)

LORD HEYTESBURY.—As the character of our expected Governor General is not perhaps very well known to this community, our readers may be interested in the perusal of the following passage from Sir Egerton Brydges' *Recollections of Foreign Travel*. Sir Egerton was fastidious and reserved, and not easily pleased, but Lord Heytesbury, (then Sir William A'Court) seems to have won his good opinion.

"We took apartments in the *Cina*, commanding a most magnificent view of the Bay of Naples and of Mount Vesuvius; and here we remained till about the 9th of December 1820. Under us were the apartments of Prince Henry of Prussia. We resided here, undisturbed, during the whole *Carbonari* revolution: not without occasional fears and warnings of the danger of remaining at Naples. A guard was mounted at the doors of the ambassadors, especially Sir William A'Court's, who resided a few houses distant from us. But I take for granted, that whatever calmness appeared on the surface, there were internal movements not at all visible to the common eye. Sir W. A'Court, who had better means of information, certainly did not think that all was as it appeared outwardly; he constantly suggested to the English the prudence of departure; and I always found Sir William A'Court of as much sound sense, sagacity, and intelligence as politeness. His manners were elegant, yet frank; his conversation easy, entertaining, and full of information."

It is fortunate that we are not to have a surly and uncivil personage in the next head of our society; for after the courtesy of our present Governor General we should be ill prepared for such an infliction.

Selected Articles.

WAR OF THE IDLE AGAINST THE BUSY.

Not the least of the troubles of a busy man is to protect himself, as he sitteth in his home or goeth about the way of the world, from the great banditti of the Idle. Does an idle man like conversation; he obtains it, not from some man equally yawning and vacant with himself, but from some active and well-plenished mind, which cannot properly spare him a moment, though he generally contrives to take an hour. Say he dabbles in literature, and, in attempts at easy writing, makes as usual somewhat hard reading; to whom does he apply to get his diction trimmed and his work licked into shape, but to some poor overdriven steer of the press, whose every minute is required for his ordinary and unavoidable labour, or who can only spare for this supererogatory drudgery some intervals of leisure which he ought rather to spend in healthy exercise, or that (to him) greatest of all luxuries, simple vacation of mind? The idle never think of plundering the idle: they are a set of luxurious dogs, and regard no booty as worth having, unless it be serious deprivation to its former owners. An hour or two filched from a half-employed man, they regard as a very poor spoil. They know he can make it up at some other time. It is the fully or overoccupied man whom they like to prey upon. Five minutes from such a person is a greater acquisition than a whole day from one who has only a little to do. A late eminent writer, who used to publish two or three novels every year, and was reputed to be one of the busiest of men, informed me that scarcely a day ever passed without his receiving some huge manuscript or other, which he was requested to read and give his opinion of; and, indeed, he said, he had far more employment of this kind put upon him than his whole time could have been sufficient to discharge. For some years, with his characteristic good nature, he would do what he could to gratify the applicants; but at length their demands became so overwhelming, that he found it necessary to reject them all on the plea of insuffi-

cient eyesight. On being defeated here, it is unquestionable that they would go to the next most busy author of the day; whoever he might be, and then to the next, and so on. Finding eagles shy, they would bang away at the capercaillies. In this they are something like their worthy fellow-loungers, the wayside curs, which, you may observe, never try to stop any thing that goes slowly, but yelp themselves almost into convulsions at travellers who gallop.

The idler, after dawdling as long as possible over breakfast and newspaper, takes cane in hand, and walks out upon a cruise against the peace of mankind—his interests entirely inconsistent with theirs, his aims entirely different; uncomfortable himself, he carries discomfort to every one; he is in fact a sort of public enemy. The professional or mercantile friend, who meets him on the way, assumes a brisker and busier air, and endeavours covertly to get upon a somewhat faster pace, in order that he may be able to pass him in a hurry-flurry kind of way, without stopping to talk. The bandit, be it observed, likes to bring down a busy man, but there is a point of haste which defeats him. It seems a fixed principle in dynamics, that if you pass him at the rate of four miles an hour, he cannot lay hold of you. At that rate your buttonhole is safe. Should he catch you, however, moving at an incautiously sober pace, he grapples at once, and is upon your quarter for half an hour's gossip, before you can help yourself. Even supposing you avoid being boarded for a year at a time, he is always sure, at least, of your nod once a-day. That you cannot avoid no more than a stage-coach can avoid the tollbars, for he lies in the way, and will have it from you. I have sometimes got and given bows with individuals of the kind, through groups of a dozen persons, whom I had caused to interpose as we passed: bows they were in eclipse; I would catch my man on the rise as he emerged, and only suppose a bow had taken place. To an idler who is ill off, a nod from a busy friend in passing is a great deal: it is news from the land of happiness—that is, of activity: it is a drop shaken over upon him from the jar of rapture. If he cannot bring you down for an hour's talk, he will make himself comfortable for the day with a good nod. But the idlers in general are less easily satisfied. They will try every shift, invent devices innumerable, practise all sorts of stratagems, to make a feasible invasion of your dominions. They hear a piece of unexpected and most astonishing news: in they come upon you with the wonder still hot upon their faces, and with all kinds of superfluous exclamations pour out their intelligence upon you. They have just seen an advertisement of something that they thought would be for your advantage, and could not rest till they came to tell you of it. In any such case, they have you for an hour dead. But suppose you are so inconsiderate as to put some little commission upon them, or to engage in something of their proposing, and which requires a little of their attention, or simply tell them something that justifies a little anxiety on their part, then are you fairly ruined—bankrupt—done for: you may now give up all other business, for this will henceforth be the only thing you are permitted to attend to. The idler has you from morning till night; he fixes you in his fangs as the spider does the fly, absolutely riots upon your flesh and blood, nor leaves you so long as any thing besides the shell and the bone remain. Oh, my friends, be guarded against allowing the idler to gain a footing of this kind with you. Keep him far off with the *chevaux-de-frise* of civility. Never allow him to lend you any thing. Never tell him that you are unwell. All such matters lead to fresh attacks. You may repeat the confession of a casual headache in the throes of chronic rheumatism, and a borrowed book in the perdition of as much time as might have sufficed to purchase a library.

Shopkeepers, especially booksellers, and others of the more genteel traders, are peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the idle, who lounge in upon them at all times, and often seriously impede the progress of real business, if not absolutely prevent the approach of customers. Yet I am inclined to think—and surely it is no personal feeling which induces the supposition—that there is no busy man who is more tormented and more seriously injured by the idle, than the busy professor of letters. Authors are divided into two great classes—those who publish frequently, and those who never or hardly ever publish. The latter write not the less for their rare publishing. They write from very weakness of understanding. Their works are suppurations. Finding print difficult, or unattainable, they contrive the next best expedient for making their labour not altogether in vain. Like the authors who lived

before the invention of printing, they read their compositions to friends, with or without extenuating suppers, or impose bulky manuscripts upon them to be perused in private. Even one auditor is precious to the idle gentleman who writes for amusement, especially if that one be an author of any note. It never once occurs to him that the habitual author holds all the affairs of the press in as much abhorrence as the doctor does his own drugs, and, instead of desiderating any concern with blackened paper of another man, can hardly endure the sight of his own. He thinks only of the pleasantness of getting praise from one who is himself much praised. Having his work read by one whose own writings are extensively perused, seems to him the next thing to being extensively perused himself. Since he is to have only one stray reader, now and then, he likes that he should be one of some importance. Thus the man, who by his compositions can delight thousands, is often detained from that glorious employment, by a necessity in courtesy to be the reader of that which never could, by any possibility, give pleasure to a single human being. Nor is it solely to gain a reader. The literary idler always entertains a kind of hope, that, by thrusting in a manuscript now and then before the eyes of a regular man of the press, some one of them will some day in some way or other catch print, as it were—just pop into types by mistake—and thus afford him the dear and long-longed-for pleasure of seeing his thoughts in another form than that wearisome and everlasting holograph. The patient wistfulness, the untiring laboriousness, the endless shapes of vanity and folly, which some men thus display before others, would, if carefully delineated, present a new and striking chapter in the science of human nature. Some are a great deal more easily dealt with than others. The least word of discouragement is sufficient; they assent hastily to the very first hint of dislike, and thrust the manuscript back into their pockets, fearful to provoke the telling of the whole truth. With such modest diffident natures there is a kind of pleasure in dealing. But others are of a different temperament. Totally unacquainted with the extent of labour and experience, which, in addition to native ability, must go to the production of successful composition, they may have thrown off some sketchy, scrappy, endless, senseless, ill-concocted, ill-arranged stuff, which in their sublime conceit is good enough for the world, and this they bring to you, rather with a demand of your admiration, than a request of your judgment. With such gentlemen a vague and courteous sentence of insufficiency will not do: they must have particulars. You mention with much reluctance one unfavourable peculiarity: they question it, battle it, and perhaps beat you out of it. You then present another: this they also contest. You all the time fight in the manacles of politeness and good nature, which of course gives them a great advantage. In the end, perhaps, they leave you in much the same condition with the gentleman who did not like Dr. Fell. You have declared you do not approve of the article or the work, and yet you are shown to have not one good and valid reason for entertaining any such sentiment. The enraged author then quits your house, after having destroyed not a little of both your time and your tranquillity, and proclaims every where that you have used him most abominably.

Such are a few of the miseries arising from the war carried on by the idle against the busy. It is a war, which only one party can be worsted, for the assailants have nothing to lose, while the assailed have hardly any means of defence. Seeing that, as long as the idle exist, they will prey upon the busy, I would suggest that some means be devised for providing legitimate and useful employment for these unhappy persons. It is not desirable that they should enter the regular labour market, and, by virtue of their independent circumstances, undersell those who work for bread. There are innumerable other ways in which they might at once benefit their species, and amuse themselves. They might form great district societies for benevolent purposes, become the all-pervading missionaries of knowledge and morality, or, like the knights of old, make a profession of succouring all that were injured and oppressed. If they were to do nothing more than interest themselves in persons who become idle through unfortunate circumstances—of whom every large town has always a large number, and a very pitiable class they are—and if by a little trouble they could form a kind of medium by which such persons might regain employment, they would be doing a very considerable service to humanity. If those who have a literary ambition would content themselves with becoming the

acting and presiding persons in little associations, for diffusing literature, and in guiding the thoughts of useful writers to their proper objects, they would oblige instead of tormenting the public, and would soon, I am persuaded find more pleasure in one week of such employment, than in an age of fiddle-faddle authorship.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, Jan. 1835.*

THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

Few persons, especially in the country, have any adequate idea of the vast and expensive enginery, as it may be called, which is employed in bringing into existence those sheets by which public intelligence is diffused so speedily from the metropolis to the remotest parts of the realm. Under a belief that an account of this complicated machinery may amuse and even impress many of our readers, we have been at some pains to collect information for the composition of one or two articles upon the subject—which, however, we must premise by a caveat, that, in such matters, there can only be an approximation to correctness, and that, if we should be found to err in any particular, we do so without the slightest intention of thereby injuring or offending any person or interest that may be concerned.

The London newspapers may be divided into three classes, according to their various periods of publication—the daily, the twice or thrice a-week, and the weekly. The daily, which are in a general point of view the most important, and which at present we have only room to notice at length, may again be divided into the morning and evening; and to these we shall in the first place advert.

The expense attending the establishing and carrying on of a London daily newspaper reaches an amount of which the most of our readers cannot have the most distant idea. To set a-going a morning paper, in particular, requires an advance of capital calculated at from £50,000 to £60,000; the risk at the same time being so great, that only wealthy partnerships could adventure on such speculation. It has been assumed that capital to the amount of £500,000, at least, is vested in the daily press of London, of which two-thirds, or nearly so, may be represented by the morning papers. The capital employed in the *Times* has been variously estimated at from £100,000 to £150,000, and the annual profit at about £25,000; the greater part of which, however, arises from advertisements, of which this paper has long been the most favoured vehicle. It is true, that, in point of capital, the *Times* stands far ahead of all the other daily papers; but several even of the evening papers are valued at £50,000, and £80,000.

The current expenses of a daily morning paper are indeed enormous. Employed upon each are an editor; a sub-editor (in some also a city editor): from ten to fourteen regular reporters, with salaries; from thirty to thirty-five compositors (some of whom, called full hands—i. e. who work the whole day—receiving £2. 8s. 6d. weekly, besides payment for over-hours; two readers, and two reading-boys who read the copy aloud while the others correct the proofs; a master-printer or foreman; machine men and boys; a publisher, and sometimes a sub-publisher: office-clerks, to receive advertisements and keep accounts; a porter, errand-boys, casual servants, &c. &c. The weekly payments made to the whole individuals on the establishment have been stated at £200; and if to this be added the other individual expenditure, the weekly amount will reach nearly £300. But the actual nature of the expenditure will best be seen by the following statement, drawn up by a gentleman formerly connected with the London press, and whose report may therefore be reckoned pretty accurate. He gives it as a fair estimate of the expense of getting out 313 papers, the number published in one year:—

	Per week.	Per annum.
Principal editor	£21 0 0	L. 1092 0 0
Second editor	10 10 0	546 0 0
City editor	10 10 0	546 0 0
Twelve reporters, each . . .	5 5 0	3276 0 0
Two readers, both	5 5 0	273 0 0
Two reading-boys,	3 3 0	159 12 0
Publisher	4 4 0	218 8 0
Clerk	2 4 0	109 4 0
Printer	4 4 0	218 8 0
Porters and errand-boys . . .	4 4 0	218 8 0
Treasurer and manager . . .	10 10 0	546 0 0
Compositors, machine-men, &c.		

including all the requisites			
for printing, each about	80 0 0	4160 0 0	
Circuits, 18 per annum, each	20 0 0	360 0 0	
Expressions of all kinds, including French			
(L. 436, 16s.), postages, carriages, &c.		546 0 0	
Occasional reports of police affairs, inferior			
chairs, requests, meetings, &c.		546 0 0	
Literary assistance not included in above,			
foreign correspondence, and occasional			
payments for private information	1092 0 0		
Office rent, taxes, lights, wear and tear,			
and interest on fixed capital	1092 0 0		
		£ 14,999 0 0	

From the preceding estimate it is seen that the annual cost of getting up the *Times* newspaper must amount to the prodigious sum of £. 15,000; but there is reason to believe that even this estimate is under the actual outlay. It is believed, indeed, to exceed by a great amount the average outlay of the other morning papers, some of whom contrive to restrict their weekly outlay to about £. 170, instead of £. 300. Few, if any, of the other editors receive so large a sum as 1000 guineas a-year for their trouble, their salaries ranging from that down to £. 600; and there are proportional restrictions in the other items of expenditure.

To meet such an expense as that just stated, depends almost entirely upon the advertisements; as will be seen by the following calculation. The average circulation of the morning papers is estimated at 5000 per day (with exceptions to be afterwards noticed), which gives in a year 1,560,000 copies, the produce of which (allowing for spoiled copies) is £. 36,000 0 0
1,560,000 stamps at 4d., deducting 20 per cent. of government drawback .. £. 20,800 0 0
Paper at 60s. per ream .. 9,750 0 0
Charge, as above 15,000 0 0
----- 45,550 0 0

Loss per annum 1,9,450 0 0

So that an efficient morning newspaper establishment, according to the present mode of conducting such papers, and with the understood average daily circulation of 5000 copies, would, did it depend upon that circulation alone, incur to the proprietors a loss of nearly L. 10,000 per annum. It is to the advertisements, therefore, that the speculators in newspapers properly look for their remunerating profit; and when the time, expense, and exertion necessarily required to force a newspaper into such a circulation as to command these, is considered, the spirit of enterprise which could stimulate individuals, or even companies of individuals, to engage in such undertakings, is placed in a striking point of view.

The expense of establishing and carrying on an evening daily London newspaper, again, is infinitely less than that of a morning one. This arises from various causes. One obvious reason is the circumstance of the evening papers not requiring to employ so many reporters, as the morning papers generally furnish them with parliamentary and other lengthened intelligence. Another reason consists in the comparative smallness of their size, together with the no less comparative largeness of the type generally used in setting them up. According to ordinary calculations, there is a difference of expense in getting up a first-rate evening paper and a first-rate morning paper, of no less than L. 7000 per annum, in favour of the former. But of course all details of this nature must be liable to error, or depend very much on peculiarities in the management of the various concerns.

The expenses of the thrice-a-week papers is not so easy to calculate, although they must be comparatively trifling. Most, if not the whole, of these journals are attached to the offices of some one or other of the daily journals, and their contents are chiefly a condensation of the matter in their principals. Thus the *St. James's Chronicle* is issued from the office of the *Standard*, the *Evening Mail* from that of the *Times*, and so forth—the same types and setting-up serving for both.

Some of the weekly papers also got up in the same manner; but they differ very widely from each other both in this respect and in the cost of their management. Several possess great originality of thinking and writing, and in no branch of literature are there men of greater ability employed. The impression of some of the weekly papers is extremely large, and, we believe, they are mostly circulated in the country.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

ANTIPATHIES.

Antipathy (from the Greek *anti*, opposite, and *pathos*, passion) is a term used in physiology to express the feeling of repugnance which certain persons experience at seeing, or being brought into the neighbourhood of, certain objects. That people are still found whose nervous system is shocked by the sight of mice, rats, spiders, eels, &c. and even by such inanimate and harmless substances as cheese and pork, is not to be doubted. But if old authors are to be believed, our ancestors had much greater variety of antipathies, and were more violently affected by them, than we. Donatus, a writer of the fifteenth century, relates many anecdotes of noble persons who would faint in the presence of a rose, and found it necessary to shut themselves up during the season of that flower, lest some friend entering with a nosegay might throw them into convulsions. Sir Kenelm Digby tells something still more wonderful: he gravely assures his readers that Lady Heneage, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, had her cheek blistered, in consequence of a rose being placed upon it while she was asleep. Francis I. of France is said to have had such an antipathy to apples, that, when they were at table, he would stuff his nostrils with bread, and one brought near his nose has caused it to fall a-bleeding. Many similar anecdotes are given respecting the horror with which individuals regarded certain kinds of animal food, or felt when it was secretly introduced. A nobleman would swoon when eels were brought to table under paste. Another individual nearly died in consequence of a friend trying to palm fish upon him under a disguise of eggs. A boy who had been brought up on nothing but bread, could never all his life touch animal food; and a Flemish girl who had been reared on milk, loathed bread, and could detect the least crumb of it in her mess.* James I. of England detested pork and ling, and his aversion to tobacco was as much physical as moral. He used to say, that if he had to entertain the devil at dinner, he would give him a pig, a poll of ling with mustard, and a pipe for digestion. According to Weinrichus, there was once a nobleman who was so much and so disagreeably affected on being looked at by old women, that being suddenly brought to an interview with one, by way of a practical jest, he fell down, and died upon the spot.

The older writers were so credulous, and information came to them so frequently through vicious channels, that we cannot place much dependence on any thing of an extraordinary character which they relate. Antipathies, however, have been treated by late writers whom we can hardly discredit. "That a human body," says the Hon. Robert Boyle, "is so framed as to suffer great changes from seemingly gentle impressions of external objects, is proved by many instances. The noise of an ungreased cart-wheel, the scraping of a knife, and some other such acute sounds, so affect several parts of the head as to set the teeth on edge. But these effects are much less considerable than those producible on an ingenious domestic of mine, whose gums will bleed upon the noise of tearing brown paper." Boyle further remarks, that "to look from a precipice will make the head giddy; the sight of a whirlpool has caused men to fall into it; and to fix the eyes upon the water beneath a ship under sail, will prove emetic—as I, for my health's sake, have often experienced. Henriicus ab Heer mentions a lady who would faint at the sound of a bell, or any loud noise, and lie as if she were dead; but as she was thoroughly cured by a course of physic, it appears that this disposition proceeded from some particular texture of her body. With regard to sounds, one hysterical woman in fits shall even communicate them to another by aspect; and to show that distempered bodies may receive alterations, while sound ones remain the same, we need only consider that the subtle effluvia which float in the air before any change of weather, are felt by those valetudinarians who have formerly received bruises, wounds, or other injuries, and that, too, only in the very parts where they happened. Others we daily see, who are disordered by riding backward in a coach, and the scent of musk or ambergris, though grateful to others, will throw hysterical women into strange convulsions." The philosopher finally surmises that, as persons experience such sensations in consequence of a distempered frame, and may when sound have no such feelings, so may the antipathies which habitually affect

* These instances are all to be found circumstantially related with the original authorities, in a very curious book entitled "Wanley's Wonders of the Little World."

some individuals for such creatures as cats and spiders, and for particular kinds of food, arise from a habitually distempered system in these persons. Among other cases, he states that the sight of spiders caused a commotion in his own blood; that the late gallant Earl of Barrymore fell a-trembling at the sight of tanseer; that the physician of a lady who had an antipathy to honey, once mixing some secretly with her medicine, caused a strange and unexpected disorder in the patient, which was only removed by medicines of a different kind. But the most surprising of all antipathies he refers to, was his own custom of falling into a shivering fit on hearing repeated two particular verses of the poet Lucan.

Zimmerman, the well-known German author, relates that he was once in an English company when the conversation turned on antipathies, which the most of the gentlemen present were inclined to treat as not existing in nature. Zimmerman himself contended that they were a reality, and arose from disease; in which opinion he was joined by a Mr. Matthew, son of the governor of Barbadoes, who added that he was himself subject to a sentiment of this kind in reference to spiders. The company only laughed at Mr. Matthew, and, by way of making some sport with him, Mr. John Murray (afterwards Duke of Atholl) fashioned a piece of black wax into the form of a spider, and with this concealed in his hand, re-entered the room, and, approached his friend. Mr. Matthew, imagining it was a real spider he held, and anticipating the most horrible sensations from the sight, immediately rushed to the wall, drew his sword to defend himself, and sent forth cries expressive of the utmost distress and fury. The muscles of his face swelled, his eye-balls rolled wildly, and his whole body became as stiff as a post. It was not for some time after being assured of the non-reality of spider, that he recovered from the spasmodic state into which he had fallen. It is to be kept in mind, as in some measure accounting for such extraordinary sensations, that the spiders in Barbadoes are much larger and more hideous than those of Britain.

Dr. Beattie treats this subject in his *Elements of Moral Science*, and mentions that he knew individuals who, though healthy and strong, were uneasy when they touched velvet, or saw others handling a piece of cork. He also states a very curious antipathy of his own. "In my younger days," says he, "if my hand happened to be cold, I could not, without uneasiness, handle paper, or hear it rustle, or even hear its name mentioned. What could give rise to this, I know not; but I am sure there was no affection in the case. Of this *papyrophobia*, I need not inform the reader, I was cured long ago." A contemporary of Dr. Beattie, Mr. William Tytler, author of the *Vindication of Queen Mary*, had the strongest repugnance to cheese, which was accordingly banished from his house, as even the smell of it offended him. On one occasion some of his children resolved to try if this sensation were real, and accordingly sewed a piece of cheese under the lining of a coat which he used to wear in his daily professional visits to the Parliament House, where the Court of Session is held. The old gentleman proceeded as usual to attend the court, but had no sooner sat down there, than he became sensible of the presence of the object of his aversion, and rushed home in an agony of disgust; nor did he recover his tranquillity till he had changed his coat. His family from this became convinced that the sensation was real, and no longer thought of troubling him about it. It may also be mentioned—though Beattie himself does not allude to it—that this distinguished poet and philosopher was possessed by a strong antipathy to a creature which is generally admired by mankind—the cock; which he anatomises in *The Minstrel* as "fell chanticler," ludicrously wishing that his sleep may be haunted by perpetual dreams of the fox.

While there is little reason to doubt the facts related by Boyle, Zimmerman, and Beattie, it cannot be disputed that most of the notions which prevail upon this subject, and many of the sensations professed to be felt, are purely fanciful. Our ancestors entertained such loose notions upon the subject, that they classed the hostility of sheep and wolf, and fox and poultry, as akin to the alleged repugnance of human beings to certain animals and substances; even assuring us that the sound of a drum made of wolf's skin will break another of sheep's skin, and that mice will fly at the sound of a fiddle strung with catgut! Some of the opinions of more recent writers are hardly more sound. If we inquire carefully into well-authenticated instances of antipathy, we shall find them less wonderful than they at first appear. They seem to consist of three kinds.

First, repugnance to certain kinds of food, which in reality is nothing else than an exaggeration of that common taste of the palate which leads us to prefer one thing to another. Second, repugnance to certain creatures and substances, which seems to consist simply in the disagreeable impression which these creatures and substances make upon the senses of sight and smell. Third, repugnance to the contact of certain substances, and to the hearing of certain sounds, which seems referable to a certain sensibility of the organs of touch and hearing. What is agreeable to the taste of some is unpleasant to that of others; we appreciate beautiful and dislike ugly objects, through causes which, however mysterious, are too constantly in operation to give us any surprise; certain smells, again, though some are indifferent to them, may operate more acutely upon olfactory organs of greater delicacy; while the preference of sweet to harsh or grating or chirking sounds, is almost universal, though more decided in some constitutions than in others, and the agreeableness or disagreeableness of certain kinds of cloth, as a first garment above the skin, must have been equally a matter of general, though irregular experience.

While all real antipathies seem thus to resolve themselves into mere varieties of nervous sensation, it ought not to be overlooked, that in many cases they have little other basement than in affection, or are the result of erroneous culture. Many females accustom themselves to a nervous shrinking timidity or sensibility, which they manifest on all occasions which they deem appropriate, and particularly at sight of a mouse or any other creature that is seldom seen. Although it is perfectly well known that the mouse flies from the human presence with a timidity implanted in it by nature, these individuals will scream at its accidental appearance, and for half an hour after it has vanished. One-third part of these exhibitions may in general be set down to real feeling; but another third may be safely laid to the account of a habitual and self-deceiving affectation, and the remaining portion to the deliberately assumed affectation of the moment—one-third to surprise, one-third to custom, one-third to an immediate desire of producing a little flattering interest. We are taught, moreover, from our infancy to regard many innocent creatures with loathing: is it wonderful that when we grow up, we should continue the practice? "A good education," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, "will prevent the growth of the greater part of these troublesome and adventitious parts of the human constitution; and too much care cannot be taken in regulating the supposed antipathies of children, by familiarising them with all kinds of objects, by exposing the fabulous stories concerning the hurtful qualities of many things which are altogether harmless; and by teaching them to view without emotion such as are really dangerous, in consequence of showing the means of defence, and the methods of escaping their noxious influence."—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, January 1835.

THE SPANISH BRIGAND.

A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted with his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller intimacy which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties in all probability never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each apparently anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied, across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this; as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers

and activity there was no escape. The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent. "But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?" replied the Spaniard; "by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them." The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so. "But my good Senor," replied the Spaniard, "you will not cross the mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!" "Well, if it must be so, let them rob me," said the English merchant; "I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and irresistible man." "They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins," replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the *posada*, to show him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand, said, "Not yet, Senor, not yet!—listen!" and he continued in an under-tone, "It was my fortune, some time since, to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone, like you; it was occupied then, as now, by the *Salteadores*; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which would cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety." "A much better thing this than a king's passport," said the astonished Englishman. "Pray what was it?—and did it succeed?" "It was only a button," replied the Spaniard; "it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you—here it is!" After searching his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously flagged silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra. "But were you really attacked on your journey?" inquired the merchant. "The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all," said the Spaniard; "but ask no more questions, and take care of the button—to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm." With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollections were disturbed, and he put his hand into his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the *Salteadores* were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreating his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they showing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button. At length they came to a low solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted and turned to the door, when his companion at the *posada* of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and gestures of an hospitable welcome. His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold, but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend. "I got here before you," said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, "and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain that what I gave

you last night would bring you in safety under my roof." The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said, "These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court and the offices of Government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country—for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough!—say no more!" The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain, who recovered his good humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little farther, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it. "You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again," said he, "and whoever has the button to produce, will be respected as you yourself have been respected. Be sure to say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adieu!" The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time—I believe some years after this adventure—the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.—*Casket of American Gems.*

THE SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

Vol. II. By Sharon Turner, F. S. A. London: Longman & Co.

The piety and learning of Mr. Sharon Turner have deservedly won him universal respect: his historical writings display a mind bent on the discovery of truth—laborious research, through new or little-trodden paths, and a high moral purpose, as rare as it is valuable in modern literature. The design of the volumes before us, is, to show the correspondence, or rather the harmony, which subsists between the writings of Revelation and the works of Creation—to prove that all philosophical investigations, whether into the properties of matter or of mind, lead directly to the belief of a Divine Author, and confirm what he has been pleased to reveal to us respecting his existence and moral government. In the first volume, Mr. Turner undertook to show how the results of natural theology accord with the Mosaic account of the Creation, especially in "the formation and system of the material laws and structure of our globe, and in the various classes of organic and sentient life that appear upon it:" the present extends the inquiry to the Divine economy in its more special relation to mankind, viewed physically and historically. It is unnecessary to dwell on the importance of such a subject—but its difficulty is equal to its importance; and we do not deem it detracting from Mr. Turner's well-deserved fame to say, that he has tasked himself beyond his powers. There is much good writing, a great deal of sound thinking, superabundant learning, and a high tone of amiable feeling in the work; but, as a whole, it is lamentably inconclusive. Bold, not to say wild, conjectures are given as solutions of difficulties, which they leave still more difficult; declamations, not always in the purest taste, usurp the place of argument; and almost the only points proved, are those of which nobody ever doubted. Still there is so much of pure philanthropy in every page—such an anxious desire to extend the honour of God and the good of man, that we cannot bring ourselves to pronounce the words of censure; and we feel, after perusing the work, that though we respect the author less, we love the man more.—*Athenaeum, Dec. 20, 1834.*

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, AND CABINET OF MODERN ART.

Edited by Alaric A Watts, London : Whittaker.

We have more than once remarked, that the theatres which have had the wisdom to class themselves, are the only ones which succeed, or deserve to succeed. So also is it with Annuals and periodicals of every description; those which possess the rallying point of a clearly-marked aim and purpose, and display in the choice of their contents the presence of a presiding spirit, are sure to survive those chance books (as they might be justly called) in which a certain number of tales, engravings, and verses, appear to have come together by accident. The 'Literary Souvenir,' as we heretofore remarked, is this year distinguished among its compeers by the exquisite character of its illustrations: and now, that the volume itself is before us, we observe that Mr. Watts has given it a further individuality, by devoting its pages more exclusively to the service of Art than any of its brethren, and in so much has he done wisely.

The literature of the present volume, so far as its prose is concerned, consists chiefly of a series of essays on painting and painters. Among the articles are a lecture by Sir Thomas Lawrance, hitherto unpublished, on the want of encouragement for historical painting in this country—a simple and interesting letter by Barret, vindicating his sunset and twilight scenes from the charge of being borrowed—a parallel between poetry and painting, by Sir Martin Arthur Shee (of whose re-published pamphlet on Art we will not here speak, lest we be betrayed into controversy)—with notices of the works of Howard, Stothard, Westall, Barret, Bonington, Ripplingille, and Lewis—a pleasant paper on Greek Female Beauty, by Mr. St. John—besides copious notes to 'The Painter's Dream,' which opens the volume, and is an enthusiastic poem by the editor.

While we agree with Mr. Watts as to the difficulty of giving variety and interest to the *novellettes*, of which Annual prose is usually made up, we also join him cordially in his determination not to banish poetry from his volume. His call for friendly aid seems to have been answered cheerfully. Three ladies, however, are his chief contributors—Mrs. Howitt, Miss Landon, and Miss E. J. Montagu, who have all "done their spitting gently." Some of the songs by the last lady are sweet and simple, but the first takes the lead; and we only do not quote her 'Fisherman's Song,' which has a holy and homely quaintness, especially delightful in these frippery days, that we may give more stanzas from her verses to the Spirit of Poetry, which require no praise of ours—their high and true feeling speaks for itself.

I see whom thou hast called—
The mighty men, the chosen of the earth;—
Strong minds invincible and disenthralled,
Made freemen at their birth!

I see, on the spirit wings,
How thou hast set them high, each like a star
More royal than the loftiest names of kings,
Mightier than conquerors are!

How thou hast cast a glory
Over the dust of him sublimely wise,
The blind old man, with his immortal story
Of a lost paradise!

How thou, by mountain streams,
Met'st the poor peasant, and from passion's leaven
Refined his soul, wooing with holy themes
In Mary's voice from Heaven!

'Twas thou didst give the key
Of human hearts to Goethe, to unlock
Their sealed-up depths, like that old mystery
Of the wand-stricken rock!

All these I see—and more;—
All crowned with glory—loftier than their race!
And, trembling, I stand back, abashed and poor,
Unworthy of thy grace!

For what am I, that thou
Shouldst visit me in love, and give me might
To touch, like these, man's heart; his pride to bow,
Or erring, lead him right?

Oh! dost thou visit me?
Is it thy spirit that I feel in all—
Thy light, yet brighter than the sun's I
Is thine this spiritual call?

It is! it is! Though weak
And poor my spirit, thou dost condescend
Thy beauty to unveil, and with me speak
As gentle friend with friend!
With thee I walk the ways
Of daily life: and human tears and sighs
Interpreting, so learn to love my race,
And with them sympathize!

Hence is it that all tears
Which human sorrow sheds are dear to me!
That the soul, struggling with its mortal fears
Moveth me mightily!
Hence is it, that the hearts
Of little children, and unpractised youth,
So gladden me, with their unworldly arts,
Their kindness and their truth!

Hence is it, that the eye,
And sunken cheek of poverty so move,
Seen only by a glimpse in passing by,
My soul to human love!
Spirit! I will not say
Thou dost not visit me; nor yet repine,
Less mighty though I be, less great than they
Whom thou hast made divine!

We shall also extract a few passages from Mr. St. John's pleasant paper on Greek Female Beauty:—

"Rarely do we find, in any part of Greece, an example of beauty in strict accordance with the classical model. Even among the Moreot girls, in the unfrequented mountains of Messenia, traces of intermarriage with the barbarian are discoverable."

"In Candia, and generally wherever the Greek population has been degraded by intermarriage with foreigners, a corresponding declension from the original standard of beauty may be perceived. Several characteristics of the pure race immediately grow less prominent. Instead of that exquisite oval outline, observable in the visages of the ancient statues, we discover a certain squareness and angularity, not unlike the distinguishing traits of the Mongols; and, in the course of a few generations, every mark of classic origin wholly disappears. The barbarians, it is true, seem, in many cases, to gain what the Greek loses; for, at present, many Turkish families, instead of the coarse Tartar features which their ancestors brought along with them from the banks of the Amoor, exhibit almost every peculiarity of the Grecian countenance, but the soul by which it was animated."

"In the genuine Greek race, indeed, nothing is so remarkable as its intellectuality; which, in the successive stages of its debasement, until it is wholly merged in the coarse features of the barbarian, is the last sign of its noble origin which it loses. And, in the women of Greece, this trait still constitutes the most powerful attraction. They are soft, gentle, pliable, but not weak. Their impassioned character, fraught with the element of every thing great in human nature, harmonised, however, by the spirit of womanhood, generally preserves them from contempt or neglect. Wherever they are beloved, they rule; not by those petty arts, which sometimes render the feeble an overmatch for the strong, but by the natural ascendancy of enthusiasm. Education, if properly adapted to the female constitution of mind, would, no doubt, enhance their value, and give to their powers a more resistless influence. But, even when their mental resources are not rendered available, they possess a vivacity and earnestness seldom found in the women of the North. You could commune with them for ever. Far less than ourselves, the slaves of conventional prejudices, they unravel with marvellous facility the tangled web of character, and confide most unboundedly where they see good ground for confidence. Their imaginations, gifted with a plastic power akin to that of poetry, if not identical, enrich even the most trivial conversation with novel and sparkling images—all feminine, all dipped in the fountain of beauty, all distinguished for that grace and delicacy which of right belong to the language of woman. Less the slave of sense, but more of passion, even than the stronger sex, they are constant and unswerving in love or hate."

"In the smaller islands of the Archipelago, very little exposed to the inroads of foreigners, the physical structure and features of the inhabitants correspond with those of the original race, even more closely than among the mountains of the Peloponnesus. But it is not in any part of Greece itself, perhaps, that the stranger enjoys most

opportunities of contemplating and comparing the varieties of Greek beauty. There has hitherto been no capital where families from all the different provinces might be seen assembled together. To-day, perhaps, you behold the natives of the islands ; and anon, passing over to the continent, you institute comparisons from memory, which, however, is seldom sufficiently retentive to enable us to judge properly of forms. Greater advantages are enjoyed in the large Mohammedan cities of the East—such as Alexandria, Cairo, and Constantinople,—where, unfortunately, the Greeks, driven by poverty from the land of their forefathers, are always found in great numbers. Happening to be at Alexandria during the celebration of the Easter festival, I accompanied the late Consul General to the Greek Convent, where upwards of 2000 persons of both sexes, from every part of Greece, were assembled. The whole building, church and all, was so crowded, that it was impossible to remain long within. Ascending, accordingly, to the upper galleries, and the roof, where many of the ladies, with their younger children, sat apart from the multitude, we enjoyed an ample opportunity of scrutinising the features and costume of the fair dames. Many were dressed in the European, but the greater number in their national style—the latter by far the more becoming. In general, the men were rather below than the middle size, but strongly built, and generally possessing most expressive and handsome countenances. Beauty was more rare among the women ; but there was one—a young, staid, grave matron,—who might have served as a model for the Minerva Medici. Their children generally were distinguished by surpassing loveliness : plump, fair, beaming with innocence and mirth—a sight that diffused an unclouded sunshine over the soul."

We cannot conclude better than by giving one of Miss E. L. Montagu's songs.

Oh dinna, dinna blame him, mither,
Dinna blame him, now he's gane ;
Bethink ye o' the days, mither,
When he was a' my ain.
We twa ha' roamed where the brakens bend
The bonnie braes amang ;
We twa had loved ere either kened
Sic love could e'er be wrang.

Oh, dinna, dinna seek him, bither,
If ye wouldna see me die—
His hand is on the steel, bither,
And his border blood is high.
Ah, seek him not wi' vengeful ee,
For I forgie him a',
An' ye maun stay to comfort me
When he is far awa'.

An' dinna, dinna greet him, sister,
Sae bitterly and sair,
Cast the tear-drop frae your een, sister,
An' mine shall weep a' mair.
Oh, never mair we'll name the name
O' this fause luvie o' mine,
But we'll turn again unto our hame,
An' the memory o' lang syn'.

But dinna, dinna curse him, father,
Ye kenna what ye do ;
Oh, think upon the time, father,
When he was gudie an' true ;
Or if that bitter word maun steal
Free lips where bleesings be,
Oh, bless the head I luvie see weel,
An' fa' that curse on me !—

We must here leave this Annual, " the last of its race," save our friend Thomas Hood's.—*Athenæum*, Dec. 27, 1834.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER.—A French officer being sent from the camp to the court, during a hard frost, had no sooner delivered his letters to the king, than the chamberlain of the household appointed him a lodging in the palace, as he was to return to the camp the next day. But he refused it, saying, " It becomes not me to lie on a bed of down, when my general and the whole army are forced to sleep on the frozen earth." So saying, he ordered some straw out of the stables, and slept in the open air. The king, hearing of the circumstance, made him a handsome present, and recommended him to the general as one of the hardiest men in his army.

THOMAS SAY.

We learn from the *National Gazette* (U.S.), that this distinguished American naturalist died on the 10th of October last, at New Harmony, State of Indiana, in the forty-seventh year of his age. We copy from that paper the following particulars of his literary and scientific labours :—" To his native genius, supported by untiring zeal and indefatigable research, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is indebted for its opening reputation. Mr. S. was among the earliest members, if not one of the founders of this Institution. His original communications to the Society alone, in the most abstruse and laborious departments of Zoology, Crustacea, Testacea, Insecta, &c. of the U.S., occupy more than 800 printed pages of their journal. His essays published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, in Silliman's Journal, &c. are equally respectable, perhaps equally numerous. His contributions to the American Encyclopedia, though highly valuable, are not so generally known. His separate work on American Entomology, and another on Conchology have met with the approbation of the learned. With the brilliant results of his laborious exertions as Naturalist to the two celebrated expeditions by the authority of the U.S. government, under command of Major, now Lieut. Col. S. H. Long, the reading public is already familiar. Some years previously, he accompanied Mr. McClure, and other kindred spirits on a scientific excursion to the Floridas. The pages of the Academy's Journal were subsequently enriched by the fruits of this undertaking. These expeditions, with occasional excursions, made with similar views, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, constitute the only interruption to a laborious course of studies, steadily and unostentatiously pursued, in his native city, in which many departments of natural science were successfully cultivated and extensively enriched by his observations and discoveries. Our lamented friend had recently devoted much of his time to the publication of his work on American Conchology, elucidated by expensive plates. He might have continued thus usefully employed for many years, had not the climate on the Wabash proved injurious to his health ; he repeatedly suffered from attacks of fever and dysenteric affections, by which a constitution, originally robust and inured to hardships, materially suffered. A letter announcing the sad catastrophe, which deprived society of one of its worthiest members, and science of one of its brightest ornaments, informs us that Mr. S. suffered another attack of a disorder similar to that by which his constitution had already been shattered, about the 1st of October : on the 8th the hopes of his friends were flattered by a deceitful calm ; on the day following, these hopes were chilled, he appeared sinking under debility, when on the 10th death came over him like a summer cloud. He died intestate and without issue, but left with his wife verbal directions relative to the final dispositions of his Library and Cabinet of Natural History."—*Athenæum*, Dec. 20, 1834.

VULGAR ERRORS.—That when a man designs to marry a woman that is in debt, if he take her from the hands of the priest clothed only in her shift, he will not be liable to her engagements—That there was no land-tax before the reign of William III.—That if a criminal has hung an hour and revives, he cannot afterwards be executed—That a funeral passing over any place makes a public highway—That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife by selling her in open market with a halter round her neck—That second cousins may not marry, though first cousins may—That it is necessary, in some legal process against the king, to go through the fiction of arresting him, which is done by placing a ribbon across the road as if to impede his carriage—That the lord of a manor may shoot over all the lands within his manor—That pounds of butter may be of any number of ounces—That bull-beef shall not be sold unless the bull have bailed previously to being killed—That leases are made for the term of 999 years, because a lease of 1000 years would create a freehold—That deeds executed on a Sunday are void—That, in order to disinherit an heir-at-law, it is necessary to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole property.

CONVENIENCE.—An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm-clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. " Oh," said he, " it's the most convenient thing in the world, for I've nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE MILLER.

John Arnold was a native of Brandenburg who exercised the trade of a miller, near Custrin, and a subject of that illustrious and philosophic warrior, Frederick, King of Prussia, who I believe needs no other addition to his name, to distinguish him from his predecessors, or the succeeding king. The mill in which Arnold lived was plentifully supplied with water at the time he purchased the lease; he had regularly paid his rent, and supported himself and family in a comfortable manner for upwards of six years.

Count Schmettau, the miller's landlord, having occasion, in the year 1776, to enlarge a fishpond contiguous to his seat, and to turn a greater quantity of water into it, ordered a canal to be cut from the stream, a little above the mill, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his tenant, who foresaw and pointed out the injury he should receive, and entreated that if the canal must remain, he might be permitted to resign his lease. This reasonable request being refused, the current of the stream was lessened, and the water so evidently lowered, that the mill could only be worked during the floods which succeed violent rains. Arnold applied to a court of law for redress, but sentence was pronounced against him, and after much anxiety from his debts increasing, while his ability for raising money daily diminished, his utensils, goods, and chattels, were at length seized and sold, to pay the arrears of rent, and a long lawyer's bill. By the advice of his friends, who knew the benevolent and equitable principles of their sovereign, he presented a short memorial on the subject to the king, whose scrutinizing eye, equally formed for minute precision and vast design, was immediately struck with the simplicity of the poor man's narrative; and though, during a considerable portion of his reign, he was reluctantly compelled, by the united perfidy and canting hypocrisy of the courts of Austria, France, and Russia, to havoc and desolation, his heart was on most occasions alive to the interest and happiness of his subjects.

Frederick immediately dispatched a private agent to Custrin, who examined the merits of the business, surveyed accurately the mill, the stream, and the new canal, and inquired particularly into Arnold's former situation, and the probable causes of his failure. By the cautious deliberation with which he proceeded, the king seems to have guarded, as far as he was able, against those opposite extremes which the most amiable virtues sometimes hurry us into. He revised with his own eyes the various evidence and pleadings before the court, and the whole of the law proceedings. Fearing also that resentment and misguided zeal might heat his imagination, warp his judgment, and lead him to injustice and oppression, the very crimes he meant to punish in others, and resolving not to trust to his own opinions, he consulted several of his most eminent cabinet veterans, who had passed in laborious study or daily practice, through the different provincial, municipal, and civil departments, before he finally determined on the conduct he meant to pursue.

Early in the month of December 1779, having made up his mind, he ordered his chancellor, the judges of the high court of appeal, and the counsellors who had approved and signed Arnold's sentence, into his presence. After describing to them the purposes for which the several posts they filled were first created, and observing that peasants or beggars were to be as full well entitled to impartial justice as a king or a noble, and that an unjust or negligent magistrate, who betrayed his trust, or a corrupt court of law, partial in its proceedings, were more dangerous in a state and less easy to guard against than a band of robbers, he laid before them their decree against the miller, and remonstrated in severe terms on conduct so opposite to the fundamental principles of equity; he admonished with warmth on their absurd cruelty, in suffering a man to be deprived of water, the only means by which he could work his mill, and then pulling him to pieces for arrears of rent. The chancellor was peremptorily dismissed from his post, the several judges and the members of the court of Custrin were taken into custody, and immediately prosecuted. A sum equal to the produce of the efforts of the miller, and the amount of the law proceedings, was deducted from the salaries of all who had a share in the unjust sentence. Count Schmettau, a haughty German baron, who had long considered his vassals as animals only a few degrees above his horse, his hounds, or his hogs, was reprimanded, and ordered to reimburse to his late tenant all the rent he had received, from the time of the canal being first opened.

My readers will probably be surprised to hear that this conduct of the great Frederick, in which the keen eye of severe scrutiny perceives so much to praise, so little to condemn, has been branded with the opprobrious epithets of arbitrary and tyrannical, by an ingenious and enlightened writer. The force of his reasoning, or the correctness of his statement, I confess myself unable to perceive, though they conclude with a potent argument which he seems to mention with indecent exultation, that the determination in favour of Arnold was reversed a few months after the king's death, and that every possible reparation was made to the honour, feelings, and interests of the injured and degraded lawyers. After every inquiry into the business, I cannot but applaud the brave old Fritz, as his soldiers used to call him. — *Lounger's Common-place Book.*

BENTHAM ON ANGER.

[From his posthumous work, intitled 'Doontology,']

Let the passion of anger be analysed, and its consequences traced. When under its influence a man is suffering pain—pain produced by the contemplation of the act which has excited the passion, an immediate consequence is, a desire to produce pain in the breast of the party who has excited the anger. Anger, then, has in it two constant ingredients, — pain suffered by the angry man, and a desire to give pain to the person by whom he has been made angry.

And now to the question of virtue and vice. As there is no anger without pain, the man who draws pain upon himself without the compensation of a more than equivalent pleasure, violates the law of prudence.

Next comes the desire to produce pain in the breast of the object of anger. This desire cannot be gratified without malevolence and maleficence. Here is an obvious violation of the law of benevolence. And here we have an exemplification of the relationship between passion and pain and pleasure; between passion and virtue and vice.

Cannot anger then be indulged without vice in both its shapes, without imprudence and without maleficence?

It cannot! It cannot, at least, whenever it rises to the height of passion. And here a more remote but more mischievous result presents itself to view, as a violation of the law of self-regarding prudence. The passion cannot be gratified but by the production of pain in his breast by whom the anger has been excited, and pain cannot be produced there without a counter desire to retaliate the pain or greater pain on him who has produced it. To the pain in the breast of the angry man there is a termination, and most commonly a speedy termination, but to the remote pain, which may be considered a third link in the chain of causes and effects, who can put a limit? Anger may have had what is called its revenge, but the exercise of that revenge may have created the durable passion of enmity, to whose consequences it is impossible to affix a boundary.

Since anger cannot exist without vice, what is to be done? Can a man exist without anger? Without anger can injuries be averted, can self-defence, can self-preservation be provided for?

Certainly not without the production of pain to him who has inflicted the injury. But to the production of this pain anger is not necessary, Anger is no more necessary than to the surgeon by whom, to save suffering or life, a painful operation is performed. No anger is excited in his breast by the view of the agony he inflicts, or by the contemplation of the greater evil which would follow but for his interference. That anger should never have place is not possible: it is not consistent with the structure of the human mind. But it may be said, and that on every occasion, and without any exception, that the less there is of it the better; for whatever pain is needful to the production of the useful effect, that pain will be much better measured without the passion than by it.

But, it may be said, there are circumstances in which not only pain—the natural effect of anger—pain purposely produced, but anger itself, the passion of anger, is useful and even necessary to the existence of society, and that these circumstances in our own country extend over the whole field of penal jurisprudence. I have been robbed—the offender, on conviction, will be capitally punished, or transported in a state of servitude. Shall I prosecute him? Not if self-regarding prudence is alone to be my counsellor, for her counsel would be—Add not to the loss inflicted by the robbery, the further loss inflicted on you by the prose-

cution. Not if I consult benevolence, for she would say —The punishment is too great for the offence. And such is the response which in the knowledge of everybody, and especially when the punishment of death is threatened, frequently determines a man's conduct.

But were the master rightly considered, the response, it might be said, would be—Yes, prosecute; for the good of the community requires that neither the suffering of the offender in the shape of punishment, nor the suffering of yourself, the prosecutor, in the shape of vexation and expence, should be grudged. Good! But I can ill afford it: pecuniary burden to me will be greater than that uncertain, unestimated, and remote benefit which will grow out of the prosecution and its results. Again, the responses of benevolence have no influence with me. Be they ever so decisive, they have not a preponderant weight in my mind.

In this case, neither prudence nor benevolence will produce action; and yet, if action were not produced, the security of society would suffer a serious shock—a shock serious in proportion to its frequency; and, if constant, security would be wholly destroyed, and the general ruin of property would immediately follow. The supposed virtue in both its forms is sufficient to preserve society, and anger, however dissocial its character, is indispensably necessary.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT THE MAURITIUS.

[From 'Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Mauritius, by a Lady,'—a truly feminine book, full of natural feeling, and description, and evincing a liberal spirit of allowance for other countries in spite of party education.]

A young married gentleman lived on an estate in a very retired and lonely part of the country, at a great distance from town. At that time the island was covered with thick forests and impenetrable jungles. Estates were far apart and divided from each other by deep ravines, high mountains, rapid rivers, or pathless woods; communication was very difficult in consequence; narrow footpaths, and devious tracts over the mountains and along the brink of precipices were the only medium of intercourse between the inhabitants, instead of the fine broad roads over which the carriages of the English now roll so smoothly. This gentleman's family consisted only of his wife, his sister, and himself; both the ladies were very beautiful and attractive. It happened, unfortunately, that some troops were stationed in the neighbourhood of the estate, commanded by a man of the most infamous character. The army of revolutionized France was a very different order from that which Condé and Turenne had led into the field; and of that army the regiments stationed at the colonies were the worst specimens, and composed of the most abandoned characters. The colonel of the military party stationed near this estate, of this description, but had plausible manners and handsome features; yet it was said that there was a certain fearful expression in his eyes which seemed to tell of evil passions and wicked deeds.

It was the misfortune of the young Madame B—to attract the attention of this bad man; he soon took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her. Shocked and alarmed, she shrank with horror from the passion she had inspired in this desperate and daring man, of whom she always had an unconquerable dread. After his declaration she shunned his presence, but refrained from mentioning his declaration to her husband, fearing that the impetuosity of his feelings would hurry him to a meeting with the colonel, which would doubtless prove fatal to him, and thereby throw her completely in the power of their mutual enemy.

The colonel continued to visit at the estate, and was always attended by a junior officer, who, being the professed admirer of this lady's sister, became a frequent guest, and it was not considered extraordinary that the colonel should accompany his friend. The unhappy lady, in the meantime, endured great uneasiness of mind, and confided to an elderly female friend, who sometimes came to visit her, the cause of her disquiet; adding, that she had a presentiment of some approaching evil which she could not banish from her mind.

Some urgent business obliging her husband to go to town for a day or two, the lady, alarmed at the thought of being at the estate without him, expressed a wish that she and her sister should accompany him. He strongly opposed her desire, alleging that the fatigue of the journey would

be injurious to her, as she was then expecting to be a mother. In vain she urged her entreaties; he at first laughed at her extraordinary wish to visit the town, and then felt surprised at the more than common grief she evinced at parting for so short a time. Bidding her keep up her spirits, he gaily bade her adieu, and, as he told his friend afterwards, saw her, on turning his head to look back, weeping bitterly where he had taken leave of her.

When his swift-footed bonnet had borne him through the avenue of trees, and turned into the narrow road he was to travel along, he looked back at her for the last time—it was indeed the last time—he never saw her again.

On the evening of his departure she was particularly anxious and uneasy, and started at every sound (as her favourite maid afterwards related), and expressed a desire that the house should be shut up at a much earlier hour than usual, and that every one should retire to bed, requesting her sister to sleep with her that night. As she was not naturally fearful, her restlessness and evident terror that evening excited the surprise of her sister and her mind. On being rallied on her timidity, he burst into tears, saying, that a great calamity, she was sure, was hanging over her, and she should never see her husband again. All these terrors and forebodings were attributed to weakness of nerves, and the delicacy of her sister at the time, and it was agreed that they should go to bed; before she retired to her room, however, she carefully examined every door and window, to be sure of all being secured.

Towards the morning of the following day, the blacks on the estate, aroused by the outcry of the watchman, beheld their master's house a blaze of flames, and by sunrise, a heap of ruins alone was seen where that happy dwelling once stood. All efforts to extinguish the fire had been in vain; it had been burning too long, and had too surely penetrated into every part of the mansion before it was discovered, for any endeavour to prevail against it. A slave was despatched to town with the dreadful tidings for his master, whose anguish at hearing the misfortune that had befallen him may be more easily imagined than described. It was at first supposed that the fire had accidentally happened, and that the two ladies had been burned to death in the house; but a small silk shoe, which was at once recognized as belonging to Madame, having been found in a narrow path leading to the river, it was then conjectured that some horrible act of violence had been perpetrated, and that the two females had been murdered in some part of the ground. Search was made for the bodies, but they were never found.

After a careful investigation of the matter, it was discovered that the waiting-maid, who slept in the room adjoining her mistress's apartment, had admitted a soldier into the house, who was immediately followed by two other men, wrapped up in cloaks. The woman, not expecting the two latter, and seeing them approach her lady's room, was about to scream out, when the soldier seized her, and throwing a thick great coat over her head, prevented her from moving or speaking, and hurried her into the house. When at length he released her from his grasp, she saw the building in flames. Such was her account; she protested that she had no knowledge of the intentions of the men who accompanied the soldier, and expressed the greatest grief at the catastrophe. Her assertions, however, were not credited, and she was taken into custody: the soldier was also taken up, and confessed having entered the house at the command of Colonel —, who, with another officer, had accompanied him. The colonel denied the charge, but the man most solemnly declared the truth of what he affirmed, at the same time acknowledging his guilt, and expressing great contrition for what he had done in obedience to his officer's commands. No doubt of the colonel's guilt remained in the minds of any; so much evil was known, and much more suspect of him, that all were ready to believe the evidence against him; yet, such was the general fear entertained of the military and so little was justice understood or attended to, that this man was acquitted, and the far less guilty accomplice of his crime was executed, calling on heaven to testify to the truth of his allegation, and accusing the colonel of having drawn him into sin, and then leaving him to his fate: the woman also suffered death. Finding the law did not punish the author of his misfortunes as he deserved, the unhappy husband challenged his enemy to combat, and, as was to be expected in so unequal a combat, he fell beneath the blows of the practised swordsman.

The mystery of this transaction has never been cleared up, and it remains unknown how the unfortunate females met their death.

A LESSON TO VULGAR MISTAKE; OR FARCE ENDING IN TRAGEDY.

A book has just appeared, intitled 'Recollections of the Eighteenth Century, purporting to be written by the Marchioness de Creqy, an old lady of whom the startling fact is told us, that she had her hand kissed, when a child, by Louis the Fourteenth, and the same hand kissed, at the age of eighty-five, by Napoleon, when First Consul! We say that the book "purports" to be written by the Marchioness, because our lively neighbours have established a regular manufactory of pretended Biographies and Recollections, which are got up with such extraordinary tact and research, that it is often impossible to distinguish between a false book of the kind and a true. We must confess, that the present work, though it contains some piquant anecdotes, does not appear to us one of the best of its sort, whether true or false. The Marchioness is fairly "mad with aristocracy," and, instead of being the kind, elegant, and judicious personage described by the editor, and often to be found in her class of life, seems as if she had written on purpose to exhibit the class as consisting of little else but those who disgrace it, or a heap of vulgar spite, pretension, and absurdity; the book really looks as if some libellous revolutionist had composed it with that view. The following story is an exception, however, to its general character; and whether genuine as to the alleged parties, is too probable in other respects to be refused a place in our list. Such fatal absurdities, in various shapes, have too often occurred in real life.

There happened not far from Montvilliers (says Madame de Creqy) an event which I do not think useful to relate to you, were it only to warn you against some sorts of pastimes, to which persons of bad taste sometimes give themselves up in the country. I mean to speak of those sorts of amusements which consist in playing tricks and in buffoonery.

Monsieur de Martainville, a young counsellor, at the parliament of Normandy, and newly married, had collected in his castle twenty persons, who were to pass the vacation there, and among the number there were several officers of the neighbouring garrisons. They bored holes in the walls and the ceiling to run through packthreads, which they had fastened to the curtains and coverlids. They dug holes in the ground and hid them with the grass, that they might trip up the horses and their riders, which must have been very agreeable to the housemen. They put salt into your coffee, pepper into your snuff, colognejuice at the edge of your tumbler, Burgundy peas into your shirts, and chopped horse-hair into your sheets. You may imagine that there were cray-fish and frogs in all the beds of the castle; for it is a fundamental idea in all provincial fun, and always, I have been told, the first thought which comes into the heads of these charming country wits. Others could never go and see the new married couple without their finding themselves assailed by all this vulgar fun and impertinent brutality, which made their castle a sort of receptacle for all the mischievous people in the neighbourhood. La Martainville expected at their house the widow of the intendant Alençon, who was called Madame Hérault de Séchelles, and who was going to the baths of Barenge by very easy day's journey; she had entreated permission to rest for some days at Martainville. It is right to tell you that she was recovering from an inflammation on the chest, that she had 60,000 francs a year, and that the Martainvilles were her principal heirs. She was an old-fashioned woman, very delicate, tiresome, and susceptible to a degree. She was one of those genuine intendants who are used to the adulation of a village, and who never take the trouble of taking up their cards at reverses; from whence the Cardinal Fleury always said to the young King, who played without ever thinking of it, "Madame l'Intendante, it is your turn to take up the cards."

"Ah now," said De Martainville to the harpies then around him, "do not play tricks during the stay of our aunt de Séchelles. Be very prudent and very serious, gentlemen and ladies: do not forget she is my relation with a succession." They had removed I do not know what president's lady, that they might prepare the best apartment for this illustrious invalid. They had placed in the chamber that they had allotted for her, all the most convenient fur-

niture, as well as all the china and the rarest Dresden porcelain of the house. They had taken care to keep hot and dressed to a turn, a large boiled chicken, with pigeons stewed with barley, and quails with lettuce, without reckoning the fresh eggs in cold water and the Alicant wine in hot water: in short, the kitchen and the servants remained under arms for more than a week, and yet Madame did not arrive! They began to be uneasy at it in the family, and the rest of the company to be out of patience. It is to be told also that the master of the house had never seen this aunt of his wife, and that she had not seen her old relation since she was five or six years old, which gave rise to the idea of playing a trick.

There was among this factious band, a little Monsieur de Clermont d'Amboise, who wished some years afterwards to marry me, but the gratitude I owe him cannot prevent me from telling you he was a nasty-looking, little, yellow, snaking wretch. They thought of disguising him as an old lady; another officer was to be dressed as a lady's maid; and, above all things, they had taken care to conceal the preparations for these disguises, which were only to be known to three or four people—but which were divulged by a waiting woman to a spark of the society. They planned trick upon trick, and they concluded to mystify the mystifiers. Therefore, while they were on tenter-hooks to receive them, and bowing and cringing in the best manner, arrived the real intendante, on whom they precipitated themselves like an avalanche; they tore off her turbaned gown, her starched frill, her mob cap, her wig; in short, they maltreated her so cruelly that it is horrible to think of! The unfortunate woman was so mortally terrified, that she could neither cry nor utter a single word—but in what she heard there were perfidious revelations:—

"Greedy ostrich, tiresome intendante—old aunt with a succession! Ah! you wish to go to the baths to tire out your heels. Here are mineral waters, there are shower baths." And it was blows and buckets of water which came over her whole body, in the midst of the most frightful noise and confusion.

After a quarter of an hour of such ducking, and of the worse treatment (she had sunk under the blows and lay senseless on the ground), they perceived that she gave no sign of life. They brought a light; they did not know the little de Clermont, and the result of the investigation was, that the poor woman was almost dead. Every one fled from the castle except her relations, who tore their hair, and whom she could not face without a sentiment of terror and profound horror. She died of it the third day; and as she had never made any testamentary bequests, it was found that her property naturally fell to the Martainvilles, which compromised them so much in the public opinion, and before their brethren of the robe, that they made a judicial disposition on this abominable mistake, and that Monsieur de Martainville saw himself obliged to give up his profession. As he was very honourable and his wife was delicate itself, they would not touch any part of the succession of Madame de Séchelles, which they gave up to their collaterals. They some time after sold their fine manor of Martainville, and they ever quitted the name for that of their barony of Francheville, which their family still bears. Madame de Mantonon has said that good taste always supposes good sense, and that is the moral of this anecdote.

ROMANITY.—The senate of the Areopagites being assembled together in a mountain, without any roof but heaven, the senators perceived a bird of prey, which pursued a little sparrow that came to save itself in the bosom of one of the company. This man, who naturally was harsh, threw it from him so roughly that he killed it; whereat the court was offended, and a decree was made, by which he was condemned and banished from the senate: where the judicious may observe, that this company, which was at that time one of the gravest in the world, did it not for the care they had to make a law concerning sparrows, but it was to show that clemency and a merciful inclination was necessary in a state: that a man destitute of it was not worthy to hold any place in the government, he having as it were renounced humanity.

ANCIENT REFORM SCHEDULE.—In old times people used to put a written schedule of their sins under the cloth which covered the altar of a favourite saint, accompanied by a donation; and, in a day or two after, re-examined the schedule, which the virtues of the saint converted to a blank.—*Fosbrooke's British Monachism.*

SONNET.—TO MY FIRE.

My little chirping fire, companion gay,
 Whose merry gambols make me less alone,
 A blessing on thy glaze! Be ever known
 At evening hour, when just the dying day
 Hath made light sad.—Thou hast a pleasant way
 Of muttering low, in many a little tone,
 Quaint syllables—that scarcely from thy own
 The cricket knows, as pausing mid his play.

Sweet is thy precept in that listening hour;
 Thou seem'st to tell me with thy quiet mirth—
 How good is hope—regret how little worth:—
 And perfect is thy love;—if Fate but lower
 The cold world leaves us,—thou, with kindlier turn,
 When sharpest frost impends dost merriest burn.

E. W.

ABSTINENCE.—The period, in which persons may subsist without taking any food, varies considerably according to their mental and physical condition; in general, where there is much mental anxiety, there is less necessity for food being supplied. In the records of the Tower of London, a curious case is detailed of one Cicely de Ridgeway, who, in the reign of Edward III., having been condemned for the murder of her husband, remained forty days without food or drink; which circumstance was considered so miraculous, that she was granted a free pardon by the king. The probability is, that this woman was surreptitiously supplied with food, there being evidently a sufficient object for attempting such an imposition. But certainly, in cases of shipwreck, privation at sea, imprisonment, and insanity, persons have lived a long time without taking food. Death from hunger occurs sooner in the young and robust than in the older and sparer subject. Dr Thackeray refers to the case of a girl, aged sixteen, who recovered after remaining eleven days without food under the ruins of a house at Oppido; a child of five or six months old, however, which she had in her arms, died on the fourth day. He also refers to the case of the unfortunate Count Ugolino, who, having been condemned to perish by hunger, was confined with his four sons in the dungeon of a tower, the key of which was then thrown into the river Arno. It is stated that the wretched parent witnessed the death of his youngest child on the fourth day, then of the others, himself sinking on the eighth, "victims of the most execrable vengeance ever recorded in the history of man."

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.—During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I., a country girl came up to London in search of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

THE EXTRAORDINARY OF SPANISH PUNDELLIOS.—Philip III., king of Spain, being taken ill of a fever and shivering in cold weather, a brazier, or pan with burning coals, was brought into his chamber, and placed near him, and, by some act of carelessness, was placed so very close to him as to scorch him. A noble, who happened to be present, said to one that stood by him, "The king burns." The other answered, "It is true; but the page whose office it is to bring and remove the brazier, is not here." The consequence of which was, that, before the page could be found, his majesty's leg and face were so burnt that it caused an erysipelas, of which he died. Phillip IV., his successor, escaped not much better. That prince being one day hunting, was overtaken by a violent storm of rain and hail; and so man presuming to lend the king a cloak, he was so wet before the officer could be found who carried his own, that he took a cold, which brought on a violent and dangerous fever, from which he escaped with great difficulty.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
 Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
 With hum of bees around, and from the side
 Of woolly hills some little bubbling spring,
 Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
 And many a bird, to warble on the wing,
 When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth
 doth fling.

O love of loves! to thy white hand is given
 Of earthly happiness the golden key;
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
 When the babes cling around their father's knee;
 And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
 Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
 And on its altar closed—for ever closed the plume.

CROLY.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—When Dr. Percy first published his collection of ancient English ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe one evening, at Miss Renolds's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head
 I walk'd along the Strand,
 I there did meet another man
 With his hat in his hand.

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
 That thou wilt give to me,
 With cream and sugar soften'd well,
 Another dish of tea.
 Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
 Shall long detain the cup,
 When once unto the bottom I
 Have drank the liquor up.
 Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
 Nor hear it with a frown:—
 Thou can'st not make the tea so fast
 As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas till the reverend critic cried out for quarter.

LORD MANSFIELD.—To some military gentleman who was appointed governor of one of our islands in the West Indies, and who expressed his apprehensions of not being able to discharge his duty as chancellor of his province, Lord Mansfield gave him this advice:—"Always decide, and never give reasons for your decision. You will in general decide well, yet give very bad reasons for your judgment."

ITALIAN OPERA.

On Thursday next the 25th June, the Italian Company will perform at the Chowringhee Theatre Rossini's Serio Opera in two acts.

I L T A N C R E D I.

<i>Tancredi</i>	Signora Schieroni.
<i>Amenaide</i>	Mrs. Atkinson.
<i>Argirio</i>	Signor Pizzoni.
<i>Orbazzano</i>	Signor Bettali.
<i>Isaura</i>	Madame Valadares.
<i>Ruggiero</i>	Monsieur Waleski.
Chorus of Knights, Soldiers, &c. &c. &c.	
<i>Leader of the Orchestra</i>	Signor Catania.
<i>Pianiste</i>	Mr. Hamerton.
<i>Director of the processions</i>	Monsieur Waleski.
<i>Director of the Chorus</i>	Signor Garate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very sorry we cannot oblige J. G. His verses are too imperfect for publication. He requires more practice in the art of versification. There is a serious error of Grammar in the third line of his second verse.

THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE

OR

JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

VOL. XI. OLD SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1835.

[VOL. III. NEW SERIES. No. 78.]

Original Articles.

EMILY MYRTLE.

[THE CASSIAH HILLS.]

(Concluded from our last.)

After this they were confined for some days to the house owing to incessant showers of rain. The damp has an effect on the spirits which is increased by the gloom of the sky. There is no unalloyed good in this world, and we would indeed be an ascetic who could not occasionally endure these evils, which occur just often enough to make the fair weather doubly welcome. Immediately the weather cleared Lady Emily proposed a visit to Moosmye, not merely because it was sacred from the associations connected with her meeting and reconciliation with Clarence, but because the waterfalls are seen to great advantage after heavy rain. The weather was very delightful, and Nature appeared inclined to show herself off to the best advantage. They visited the cave, which is curious, the stalactites ranging from the top and sides of the cave sparkle like crystals or diamonds. Various formations of stone are found on the ground the most curious and round marked like custard apples. A chimney cut out of the rock leads to an entrance or exit above the cave. After gratifying their curiosity they returned to the bungalow, and Lady Emily pointed out to Clarence the different points in the richly varied scene before them which struck her as being peculiarly beautiful. Now that she had a companion to whom she might open the rich treasures of her thoughts how differently did she feel whilst contemplating the magnificent natural amphitheatre before her. When last she was on that spot her feelings were those of awe and wonder at the magnificence of creation, now they were those of adoration and love towards the Creator. On the former occasion she had a comprehensive idea of the greatness of the combination of earth, air, sky, hills and plains, rocks and streams, the barrenness and luxuriance of nature; but now she examined and felt the beauties of each separately: delighted and happy she listened on Clarence fully sharing each feeling as it preponderated in her lively imagination. "Look Clarence, how majestically the water dashes over that rock, how bright and green the flowers and trees are on each side, how sombre and dismal the huge bleak rock appears amongst so much natural loveliness! Oh this is beautiful! very beautiful! The water like a sheet of frosted silver. How blue the sky is! Well may they call it celestial blue. And how delightful and invigorating is the breeze. Clarence, do you perceive that bird like a small speck in the endless blue before us." "Yes, it is an eagle." Lady Emily pointed to a bird which seemed by the rapidity of his evolutions to be enjoying the delightful freshness of the atmosphere: it was indeed the mountain bird, which appeared to approach them. When over

the heads of Lady Emily and Clarence (whose eyes had unconsciously followed his movements), he balanced himself with wings outstretched and gradually dropped till he nearly touched them, as if shading them with his wings, and hovered over them for a few seconds, then once more he boldly launched into the endless realms of ether and vanished from their sight. For some moments they silently gazed towards the spot whither the eagle had flown.

"Clarence," said Lady Emily, "if we were inclined to believe in the auguries of birds what omen could we draw from the manœuvres of that bird of heaven." "Emily," quickly replied Clarence, warmly pressing her hand which had long rested on his lips, "that bird told us that our trials are passed, and, if I might venture to say so without presumption, promised the future protection and blessing of Providence. It certainly appeared to sanction an union." "Thank you Clarence" she rejoined, "for your kind interpretation. I should always like to have so considerate an expounder of omens." "Look" said Clarence "at that valley beneath your feet, do you see some specks like sheep dotted over the landscape - those specks which to you appear so small form a very extensive and populous village which you will be able to see distinctly if you will look through my telescope." Clarence supported her hand as she held up the glass to her eye and Lady Emily perceived that he had rightly described the village which was surrounded by trees whose foliage was of a very dark green, and she enquired what trees they were. "They are orange plantations which supply the lower provinces of Hindusthán and the Palace City with their delicious fruit. They are carried through the Sunderbuns in small boats which make the voyage of Calcutta in from six to ten days; notwithstanding the rapidity of the transit the fruit is so delicate that it loses half its flavour. I never ventured so far but once and was well rewarded for my labour. Near as it appears from this I was three days in accomplishing the trip. I had to go to the very bottom of the valley and cross the Soorma's rocky bed, and then clamber upon the side over places which before I came here I should have thought would have afforded but dangerous footing even for goats. I crossed a very curious suspension bridge which is well seeing, independently of the thousand varied and lovely views that meet your eye at every turn. At the time I made the visit there was considerable danger, as some of the village chiefs were inclined to be riotous, but I found nothing to oppose me save the difficulties of the road, and on my return felt more fatigued than I ever remember to have felt before. I have seen another bridge like it on a spot which you would certainly think romantically beautiful, and I should like to visit it once more in your company. In the interior of the hills after leaving Nucklow, you descend some hundred feet to the Burrápanee, which flows between two hills across the river. Connecting the hills there is a suspension bridge entirely made of a kind of cord manufactured from the roots of a

particular tree or shrub; it is rudely constructed and supported by poles crossed at the centre, and each rail of the bridge rests on one of the points. The supporters form something like the figure X. The bridge was damaged and unsafe when I passed. The communication was kept up by a flat bridge made of the trunks of fir trees tightly lashed together stretching across two rocks on which the extremities rest, the spaces between are filled up with earth or thin sticks. The firs on the Assam side of the Burráhpánee are very tall and shoot straight up without a branch. The top is thinly covered with leaves and apples. I have seen them 80 or 90 forming one spar, and have measured some used as beams of a bridge across a ravine 64 feet in length. No description can do justice to the scene I wish to present to your imagination. You must endeavour to fancy yourself on the spot; your chair is placed on a flat rock forming part of the left bank of a basin, the water is clear, smooth and unrippled; on the opposite bank vegetation sprouting luxuriantly over your heads, round you trees growing between solid masses of rock, and forming with their ample branches an imperious shade, and here and there touching the waters edge as they wave gracefully to every Zephyr. As you look down the stream the scene speaks of quietness and peace, but the loud murmur of a waterfall that strikes upon the ear tells plainly that one of rude grandeur is not far off. Turn to the right and look up the stream; high up in the air the rope bridge swings majestically to and fro beneath a confused mass of rocks of every form and size. In the very centre is a steep waterfall roaring and dashing its spray on every side. The water is perfectly white, like the foam from the noble courser's mouth. See, it is caught in a basin which bubbles and smokes like a boiling cauldron. It overflows the edges, another fall and another still more steep, and then the waters mingle with the pure stream below, and all is clear and smooth as glass. The view which next struck me as being very beautiful and grand, was that where you first obtain a sight of the rich luxuriant valley of the Burhampootra enclosed on all sides by hills. The river seems nearly in the centre; its banks of sand return the rays of the potent sun in tints of golden hue. The background of the picture is filled up by low ranges of hills terminated by the snow-clad tops of the great range. Every possible variety of inland scenery is comprised within that. One view however will not lead your fancy from the scenes around us which are more varied than painter's pencil ever limned or poet's fancy imagined. The mountains are the abodes of poetry, and full many a glorious ballad might be written of the hair-breadth escapes and noble doings of these Highland chiefs.

The scenery must affect the formation of their general character, which is excellent, patient of fatigue, generous and honest in peace, daring in war. You can imagine that the fresh mountain air would not agree with a rogue. The natives have a whimsical tradition that a Wakeel or native lawyer once paid a visit to the hills with the intention of taking a peep at the snowy range from Nukhlow, but the air had so injurious an effect on his temper or health that he retraced his steps before he had been 36 hours on the mountain tops, and hurried with all expedition to the Sudder Court at —, where he used to practise. His report was so conclusive that none of

his legal brethren have ventured there since. I will no longer wander from the lovely scene before us; look! lady Emily, at those waterfalls forming so beautiful a variation in the scenery. There is a tale of sorrow attached to one of them. Some years ago a party of gentlemen visited the spot just over the falls which gives a splendid view of the plains, Silhet and part of Cachar, and amused themselves with looking down at the fall. One of the Sipáhies, who had accompanied the party while attempting to gratify his curiosity, stood in the stream which was then scarcely ankle deep, and was soon rapt in wonder whilst gazing intensely below. He stood on tiptoe, and the water rushing under his heels made his footing insecure which was increased by the dizziness. At last he was carried off his legs and fell into the first basin which is 150 feet. The whole party were struck with horror. No one liked to be the first to look down till a person more bold than the rest, ventured to take an hurried glance. He expressed his surprise at seeing the man get up and take off his waistband after which he put it under his head and composed himself for a rest; ropes were immediately procured and he was hauled up to the table land. On examination it was found that, although his musket which he held in his hand was bent in the shape of an irregular S, and his pouch box smashed, he had not fractured a single bone. The man died about half an hour afterwards, it was supposed, from the fright or perhaps the bursting of a blood vessel." "I am sorry, very sorry that you have told me that anecdote, dearest Clarence," said Lady Emily, "I shall never love that spot again." "It is well we are going below the hills," said Clarence, "or I am afraid, the numberless beauties of the scenery would make you forget the fate of the poor sipáhi." "Yes, you say truly," replied Emily, "no one could long retain melancholy feelings whilst gazing on such objects as are now around us. What is the name of that beautiful little bird flying before us with such rich plumage?" "That," said Clarence, "is the humming bird, another specimen of the gay inhabitants of the mountain air. I have often thought, Clarence, that the expression, beauty, was equally applicable to all the works of Nature. When we see a specimen of perfect workmanship in animated Nature we invariably say, oh how beautiful! It appears to me that it ought with equal justice be applied to inanimate Nature, and that the highest praise we can bestow on a scene like this, is to say that it is beautiful." "I perfectly agree with you, dearest Emily, in the application, but beauty must be always ideal; it is not an actual part or portion of the object before you, but it is the conception that your mind forms of that object which associates it with beauty. Hence the many different tastes which prevail with regard to what exact combinations may be said to compose perfect beauty. Some men see it midst the mighty war of elements, others in their harmony; some have no idea of it unconnected with the vast ocean; others cannot conceive it apart from mountain scenery. In fact, there is nothing which does not bear the impress of beauty to the imagination of some human individuals, but this proves my assertion. Beauty is independent of the object to which it is applied by the imagination of the spectator. But I will venture yet farther, and say that beauty is that spiritual portion of every thing that is presented to the human eye, which speaks of the actual presence of the Creator, and adorns every work that has pro-

ceeded from his hands. Now Emily I will ask your favorable consideration of some verses which I wrote under the impression of these feelings."

WHERE IS BEAUTY?

Say where is beauty? It is found,
In each, in every thing around.
It is a spark of heavenly birth,
That gives to particles of earth
Their all of grace and loveliness
To charm, to cheer us and to bless.

View the glad day with night contending,
The rising sun his power extending
Until the gloom and mists of night
Are vanquished by the blaze of light;
When morning zephyr's fragrant breath
Imparts new vigor, freshness, health,
Extracting from each shrub and flower
The sweetness of its dewy shower.

Stand on the mountain's lofty brow,
View Nature's varied works below;
The earth, the streams, the hills and plains,
The quiet valley's rich domains;
The wild meandering of the rill,
Or lake with surface smooth and still
Reflecting from the gorgeous west
The colors of its rainbow vest.

Survey the Ocean's vast expanse
Its gently curling waves advance
In quick succession to the strand,
When cheerful sunshine decks the land,
Or when the tempest strong shines rending,
The adverse winds in might contending,
The snowy foam with angry roar
Dashes against the opposing shore.

Stand 'neath the canopy of night
When silence reigns and stars are bright,
As woman's eyes inclined to rove
Towards the object of her love,
Or when the full moon's silvery ray
Lights the lone traveller on his way,
Is the woman's smile to mortals given
To light their thoughts from earth to heaven.

List to the cheerful matin strain
That feathered choristers maintain
When their shrill notes in anthems rise
Of grateful tribute to the skies,
I look at you deer with conscious pride
Approach the river's verdant side;
Or watch within the lucid stream
The frolic sports of trout or bream.

Mix with the crowds of human race
In each and all some virtue trace,
In age, benevolence and truth,
A generous confidence in youth,
Stand where the desert's trackless sand
Bears the impression of the Maker's hand.
Yield to the feelings of the hour,
In silence own their awful power.

Look at Alicia's changing cheek
Where the soul's thoughts and feelings speak,
Or Stella's classic form refined
Fit casket for a noble mind;
Or the glad being's cheerful soul
That truth and innocence controul,
The happy Julia's laughing eye
Her form of graceful symmetry.

See the fond parent o'er the bed
Where infant loveliness is laid,
Her anxious eyes midst hope and fear
Filled with a bright unbidden tear,
Mark the soft features of the child
In sleep angelically mild;
Or when its careless smiles impart
Sweet comfort to the mother's heart.

View human nature in that hour
When death o'er man asserts his power;
The parting soul still lingering there
The deep impression of the latest prayer,
The Christian's confidence in death
As gently ebbs the failing breath,

The certainty of future life
The end of mortal pain and strife—
Then say, oh say that beauty's found
In each in every thing around!
Yes 'tis a spark of heavenly birth
That gives to particles of earth
Their all of grace and loveliness
To charm, to cheer us, and to bless!

"I will not give a critical opinion on the verses," said Lady Emily, "but with your permission, my dear Clarence, I will keep them;—and now let us proceed towards home."

Lady Effingham's health continued to improve, and Clarence wished to leave the hills as it had been agreed that they should be married in Calcutta and proceed immediately to England. Lady Emily wished Clarence to have the command of her vast wealth, but he would not consent. One day when she had urged the matter more than usually he informed her that by the death of his father since his arrival in India he had become possessor of a large property which was entailed on the second son, and was at present Baron Sidlev of Sidley, &c. &c. that he had not mentioned the circumstance before, as he had reserved it to prove that no consideration of fortune had induced him to solicit a renewal of affection.

During the few days they remained at Churrah they took full advantage of the fine weather and visited all the remarkable and romantic spots in the neighbourhood. In passing by the Christian burying ground one tombstone attracted their particular attention that was erected by the Indian Government to the memory of the late Mr. Scott, of whose kindness and amiability of disposition and eccentricity a thousand anecdotes are told, one of which connected with the history of the hills Clarence related to Lady Emily in the following manner: "I do not know the exact date when Mr. Scott had proceeded to Nukhlow for the purpose of settling the country, accompanied by Lieutenants B—— and B—— of the Artillery and Dr. Beattie who was afterwards killed by an arrow in the head and buried near Moosunye, when the Cassials assisted by a confidential interpreter in Mr. Scott's employ arranged a conspiracy to massacre the whole party. They ascertained their movements from the interpreter. As the next day was to be a halt they determined to carry their plan into execution. About 12 o'clock Mr. Scott communicated his intention of proceeding immediately to a distant point in the hills where he thought his presence was required; and, leaving Lieutenants B—— and B—— at Nukhlow, set out on his route. He had not left many hours when turning to Dr. Beattie, he said, I know not why, but I feel convinced I ought to return to Nukhlow. The urgency of his presence elsewhere, however, compelled him to proceed. Towards evening as they passed through Mysung they saw some stir amongst the villagers. The chief came out to intreat Mr. Scott to remain at his house for the night; but the more he persisted in urging his request the more firmly did Mr. Scott refuse compliance, and proceeded on his way. On leaving the village he said to Dr. B. I intended to have halted at that village but I did not like the importunity of the chief. I always suspect extraordinary offers of kindness. It was well he did so; for it was afterwards ascertained that the chief was concerned in the conspiracy, and being unprepared for Mr. Scott's sudden appearance and doubtful of his complotters, he had re-

solved if possible to persuade Mr. Scott to remain in his house till the next morning that he might gain time to learn what was to be done. Whilst Mr. Scott was proceeding on his way the conspirators succeeded in murdering the two Lieutenants of Artillery. Their plan was arranged and carried into effect with considerable skill. Both these officers were popular and had often been referred to as umpires to settle disputes among the Cassials. Shortly after Mr. Scott had left the bungalow some villagers asked them to go to the village to settle some discussion regarding land. Lieutenant B——d told them to go to the appointed spot and he would follow immediately. He then endeavoured to persuade his brother officer to accompany him, but to no purpose. B——n replied, my good fellow, I have not so good an opinion of these hill people as you have. Strangers to our rule, they look on us with jealousy and distrust. Nonsense! said B——d at any rate I'll go. Do as you please, but you had better take my advice and stay where you are. Without further parley B——d proceeded to the spot. On his arrival, several of the villagers enquired for the other officer and asked B——d to return and persuade B——n to join him. His second mission was as unsuccessful as the first. When he rejoined the villagers they appeared exasperated and commenced their infernal work by loud clamours, and binding him to a tree set up the war dance and *whoop* and the tragedy was finished by the wife of one of the chiefs stabbing him to the heart with a dagger. They then rushed to the bungalow and found Lieutenant B——n prepared for them. With a Nāik and four Sipāhies he protected the bungalow which was well stockaded for some time, and deadly were the shots from his two double barrellled guns which he fired alternately as they were loaded by a Sipāhí. He might have held the position for a long time, had he not supposed that the rebels intended to burn the bungalow by throwing lighted arrows into the chopper. He determined on making a gallant rush through them, and tried to escape. He went inside the bungalow for a moment to fill his hat with rupees. Then with his Joe Manton under his arm and accompanied by two Sipāhies he searched for an opening, and firing both barrels, which added two more to the number of lifeless bodies, threw the rupees in the midst of them and hoping that they would pick them up, made a spring amongst them. The whole was accomplished in so short a period that the rebels were taken by surprise and allowed them to proceed to a short distance without being touched. They soon followed him down a short but steep hill and wounded him in several places. At the bottom of the hill there was a ravine over which there was not any bridge. Poor B——n thought he might gain time to load his gun if he were safely lodged on the other side; and making one enormous effort just cleared and staggered forward a short distance and fell quite exhausted. He felt that his wounds were mortal and that he could not live long. The attention of the rebels must have been exclusively directed at him as both the Sipāhies escaped unhurt. One was from the province of Assam, the other was a Goorka. Lieutenant B——n told them to make their way to Assam or to Mr. Scott, and give intelligence of what had occurred; and to leave him as he felt that he could not live long. The native of Assam ran off immediately; but the Goorka declared that it was his duty to take care of his officer, and that he would

not leave him; and placing himself near the body resolutely awaited the approach of the rebels. He was soon literally covered with wounds and fell across the body of his officer, thus proving by the sacrifice of his life that the noblest feelings and the greatest generosity may be found under a black skin. I ought to add, that on the representation of Mr. Scott this gallant soldier's family was provided for by the Government and to the present day receive the pension. It is said that to the latest hour of his life he repented not having given way to the mental conviction that struck him on the march, as from some calculation he imagined that had he listened to it he might have returned in time to save Lieutenant B——n's life.

The inscription on Mr. Scott's tomb bears honourable though feeble testimony to the real worth of his character. Possessed of extraordinary mental powers, he completely exhausted them in the service of his country and hastened in all probability his death by his unceasing demands on his too weak body to support the burden of his giant mind, and as an illustrious proof of the prevalence of the darling passion even in the hour of death the last act of Mr. Scott's life was to assemble the officers of the station near his bed side, in order that they might witness his incapacity to continue the performance of his official duties, and intreated them to make such arrangements as they thought proper for the security of his papers. His death was caused by a disease in or near the heart, and was very gradual in its approach, but it had no terror for him: he had obtained the victory over the grave; he had extracted the sting from death by performing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. Excuse my dwelling on this subject, dear Emily, but there appears to me to have been so great a nobility in Mr. Scott's mind, so generous a sacrifice of himself in the performance of his duty, uncheered by that approbation which awaits great men in our own country, unmurged by the applause of admiring millions—there is something so grand in the picture of a being endowed with great talents and distinguished in mental acquirements above his fellows, devoting his time to transplanting the virtues of the West to the distant climes of the East; and both by precept and example proving the advantages of mental superiority, that I cannot consider Mr. Scott otherwise than as one of the great benefactors of the world, nor can I hear his name mentioned without feeling the greatest respect for his memory which is revered from Sylhet to the boundaries of Assam."

At the conclusion of this eulogium Clarence and Lady Effingham directed their steps towards home, and in a few days afterwards left the Cassial hills not without regret, though the path of their destiny appeared bright and flowery before them. They were married in Calcutta; and soon afterwards the Baron Sidley and his lovely bride returned to England.

G. E. H.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—M. Nouveau's benefit is fixed for the 8th of July, when is to be performed a piece entitled "Napoleon or the Emperor and the Soldier;" after which the pantomime of "the Deserter", a grand Spectacle, Dances, &c. &c.

ORIENT PEARL.—This work is just published. We shall notice it in our next.

Selected Articles.

SIGNAL INSTANCE OF ENGLISH FORTITUDE.

In the year 1709, when the British forces were in Spain, Alicante, a place of great importance, was besieged by an army of 12,000 men. As this city and castle had been taken by the remarkable valour of the British seamen, so the siege of it afterwards, when the English defended it, was one of the most remarkable actions in this age. The following is a succinct account of the whole affair, from the time the place was invested, till its surrender:—

Alicante is a city and port commanded by a strong castle standing on a rock at a small distance from the sea, and about sixty-eight miles south from the capital city of Valencia. There was in it a good garrison, under the command of Major-General Richards, which made an obstinate defence against a very numerous army of the enemy, with a very large train of heavy artillery, and excellently supplied with ammunition. At last, the city being absolutely untenable, the garrison resolved to retire into the castle, which had hitherto been esteemed impregnable. They sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and then with incredible labour filled them with water. The troops that retired into it were Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and that of Colonel Sibourg, generally called the French regiment, because it was composed of refugees. After some progress made in the second siege, the French saw that it was impossible to do any great matter in the usual way, and therefore, contrary to all expectation, resolved upon a work, excessively laborious, and in all outward appearance, impracticable; which was that of mining through the solid rock, in order to blow up the castle and its garrison into the air together. At first Major-General Richards, and all the officers in the place, looked upon the enemy's scheme as a thing impossible to be accomplished, and were secretly well pleased with their undertaking, in hopes it would give time for our fleet to come to their relief, yet this did not hinder them from doing all that lay in their power to incommode the workmen, and at last to countermine them.

The besiegers, however, wrought so incessantly, and brought such numbers of peasants to assist them in their labours, that they having, in about twelve weeks' time, finished the works for this service, and charged them with 1500 barrels of powder, and other materials of destruction, summoned the castle to surrender on March 2d, most solemnly assuring a safe and honourable convoy to Barcelona, with bag and baggage for every person in it, if they submitted within three days and prevented the ruin of the castle; but threatened otherwise, no mercy should be shown if any accidentally escaped the blow. To demonstrate the reality of their design, they desired the garrison might depute three or more engineers, with other gentlemen of competent skill, to view their works, and make a faithful report of what they saw. Accordingly, two field-officers went to the mine, and were allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased; upon which they told the governor, that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle to the easternmost battery, unless it took vent in their own countermine or vein; but at least they conceived it would carry away the sea battery, the lodging rooms in the castle close, some of the chambers cut for soldiers' barracks, and, they very much feared, might affect the great cistern.

A grand council of war was called upon this, the French message delivered, and the engineers made their report; the besieged acknowledged their want of water, but believing the fleet might be sensible of their distress, and consequently under some concern for their relief, their unanimous resolution was, to commit themselves to the providence of God, and whatever fate attended them, to stand the springing of the mine. The French general and Spanish officers expressed the utmost concern at this answer, and the second night of the three allowed, sent to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought, inexcusable obstinacy, offering the same honourable articles as before, even upon that late compliance; but those still were rejected by the besieged. The fatal third night approaching, and no fleet seen, the French sent their last summons, and withal an assurance that their mine was primed, and should be sprung by six o'clock the next morning; and though, as they saw, all hope and prospect of relief was vain, yet there was room for safety still, and the terms already proposed were in their power

to accept. The besieged persisted in their adherence to the result of the first council, and the French met their usual answer again; therefore, as a prologue to their intended tragedy, they ordered all the inhabitants of that quarter to withdraw from their houses before five o'clock the ensuing morning. The besieged, in the meantime, kept a general guard, devoting themselves to their meditations. The Major-General, Colonel Sibourg, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thornicroft, of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, sat together in the governor's usual lodging room; other officers cantoned themselves as their temper inclined them, to pass the melancholy night.

At length day appearing, the governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in crowds to the westernmost part of the town; the governor, attended by the above-mentioned gentlemen, and about five or six other officers, went to the west batter; to inform himself better. After he had remained there about a quarter of an hour, Lieutenant-Colonel Thornicroft desired him to remove, as being unable to do any service there; he and Colonel Sibourg answered, that no danger was to be apprehended there, more than in any other place; that there they would wait the event. The lieutenant-colonel remained because his superiors did, and other officers imitated the same example; but the hour of five being now considerably past, the corporal's guard cried out that the train was fired, observing some smoke from the lighted matches, and other combustible matter near it, from whence the same ascended to the sentinels above. The governor and field-officers were then urged to retreat, but refused.

The mine at last blew up; the rock opened and shut; the whole mountain felt the convulsion; the governor and field-officers, with their company, ten guns, and two mortars, were buried in the abyss; the walls of the castle shook, part of the great cistern fell, another cistern almost closed, and the rock shut a man to his neck in its cliff, who lived many hours in that afflicting posture. About thirty-six sentinels and women were swallowed in different quarters, whose dying groans were heard, some of them after the fourth mournful day. Many houses of the town were overwhelmed in their ruins, and the castle suffered much: but that it wears any form at all, was owing to the vent which the explosion forced through the veins of the rock, and the countermine. After the loss of the chief officers, the government fell of course to Lieutenant-Colonel D'Albon of Sibourg's regiment, who drew out a detachment from the whole garrison, and with it made a desperate sally, to show how little he was moved at their thunder. The bombs from the castle played on the town more violently, and the shot galled every corner of their streets; which marks of their resentment they continued till the arrival of our fleet, which they had expected so long.

The Spanish and French historians speak of this action with all imaginable regard to the gallant defence made by the besieged, and the Spaniards called the ruined castle the monument of English courage. In the present day, under a more enlightened intelligence, we can only lament that kindred nations should ever have abandoned themselves so far to the dominion of the lower propensities of our nature, as to have come into such deadly and unhappy collision.

PITCH-GROUNDS OF TENERIFFE.

There is nothing more extraordinary in the structure of the whole island of Teneriffe, than the extensive pitch formations it contains. The part of the island in which the pitch-grounds, as they are called, are found, is about twenty-four miles from Port Spain, at a place called Point Breca. There, it is said, they are fifteen hundred acres in extent. On landing at Point Breca, which is done on a sandy beach, a person is naturally surprised to see large black rocks of pitch towering above the sand, and pieces of them rolled smooth and plentifully about the beach, like pebbles. Every step he takes is no pitch ground. Extensive masses of it are also found presenting a broad and smooth surface. In some parts it seems as if a barrel of pitch had been upset, and left to mix with the soil. The pitch, in general, is merely a superficial coating on the surface of the ground; and nothing but strict examination would allow one to believe that the fertile scene around is situated on pitch-grounds. But it is so; cottages and gardens are implanted on it, and on it vegetation thrives most luxuriantly. The pitch-ground is not one continued mass of this substance, but

it is a series of broken and irregular patches of it, the soil intervening for considerable spaces. After walking up a gentle ascent of a mile, and a quarter from the sea, over the pitch-ground, the visitor reaches an elevated basin, which is called the pitch-lake. This is a vast mass of pitch naturally collected in the form of a lake. The surface of it, moreover, assumes the appearance of one, and it is completely surrounded by a wood. The length of this lake is about half a mile, and its greatest breadth about half a furlong. Numerous pools of water abound on the surface, and the deep cracks and fissures in the pitch are filled with it, in which little fish and frogs sport about. This water is perfectly fresh and good. The pitch appears to be in some parts of great depth, if such an opinion may be justified from the cracks and fissures. It is hard enough to sustain the weight of a person walking on it, but becomes a little softened by the heat of the sun, so that persons a little distance from each other sometimes disappear by sinking gradually into the hollows formed by their own weight. On the confines of the lake, vegetation is abundant and vigorous, and pineapples grown on the pitch-grounds are said to be remarkably good.—*Voyage of the Chanticleer.*

• THE ABSENT MEMBER.

[This is taken from the new number of the 'Amulet,' just published, and is from the pen of Miss Mitford, the author of the delightful village histories. The picture seems a little caricatured here and there, but absent of mind is in itself a caricature, and whatever exuberance there is at any time in Miss Mitford's style is but truth in a state of luxuriance.]

Everybody remembers the excellent character of an absent man, by La Bruyère, since, so coldly dramatized by Isaac Bickerstaff,—everybody remembers the character, and everybody would have thought the whole account a most amusing and pleasant invention, had not the incredible facts been verified by the sayings and doings of a certain Parisian count, whose name has escaped me,* a well known individual of that day, whose *distractions* (I use the words in the French sense, and not in the English) set all exaggeration at defiance, who was, in a word, more *distract* than *Le Distract* of La Bruyère.

He, "that nameless he," still remains unvaried as an odd Frenchman, when such a thing turns up, which is seldom, will generally be found to excel at all points your English oddity, which is comparatively common. No single specimen so complete in its kind has appeared in our country; but the genus is by no means extinct, and every now and then, especially amongst learned men, great mathematicians, and eminent Grecians, one has the luck to light on an original whose powers of perception and memory are subject to lapses the most extraordinary; fits of abstraction, during which everything that passes falls into some pit of forgetfulness, like the oubliette of an old castle, and is never seen or heard of again.

My excellent friend, Mr Coningsby is just such a man. The waters of oblivion of the Eastern Fairy Tale, or the more classical Lethe, are but types to shadow forth the extent and variety of his anti-recollective faculty. Let the fit be strong upon him, and he shall not recognize his own mansion, or remember his own name. Suppose him in London, and a fire in the opposite house would, at such a time, hardly disturb him. You might, at certain moments, commit murder in his presence with perfect impunity; he would not know the killer from the killed.

Of course this does not happen every day, or rather, opportunities of so striking a character do not often fall in his way, or doubtless he would not fail to make the most of them. Of the smaller occasions, which can occur more frequently, he is pretty sure to take the advantage, and, from the time of his putting on two different coloured

stockings when getting up in the morning, to that of his assuming his wife's laced nightcap when going to bed, his every day's history is one perpetual series of blunders and mistakes.

He will salt his tea, for instance, at breakfast time, and put sugar on his muffin, and swallow both masses without the slightest perception of his having at all deviated from his common mode of applying those relishing condiments. With respect to the quality of his food, indeed, he is as indifferent as Dominie Sampson, and he has been known to fill his glass with vinegar instead of sherry, and to pour a ladle of turtle soup over his turbot instead of lobster sauce, and doubtless would have taken both the eatables and drinkables very quietly, had not his old butler, on the watch against such occurrences, whisked both glass and plate away with the celerity of Sancho's physician, Don—Bless me! I have forgotten that name also! I said that subject was contagious. Don—he who officiated in the island of Baratania—Don—no, Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aquero, that is the title in which the gentleman rejoices,—Well, the vinegar would have been drunken, and the turbot and turtle sauce eaten, had not the vigilant butler, played the part of Don Pedro Rezio, and whipped off the whole concern, whilst the good man, his master, sat in dubious meditation, wondering what had become of his dinner, and not quite certain that he might not have eaten it, until a plateful of more salubrious and less incongruous viands—ham and chicken for instance, or roast beef and French beans, was placed before him. But for that inestimable butler, a coroner's inquest would have been held upon him long ago.

After breakfast he would dress, thrice happy if the care of his valet prevented him from shaving with a pruning-knife, or putting on his waistcoat wrong side out. Being dressed, he would prepare for his ride, mounting, if his groom did not happen to be in waiting, the very first four-footed animal that came in his way,—sometimes the butcher's horse, with a tray nicely balanced before—sometimes the post-boy's donkey, with the letter-bags swinging behind him—sometimes his daughter's pony, side-saddle notwithstanding, and when mounted, forth he sallies, rather in the direction which his steed may happen to prefer than in that which he himself had intended to follow.

Bold would be the pen that should attempt even a brief summary of the mistakes committed in one single morning's ride. If he proceed, as he frequently does, to our good town of Belford, he goes for wrong things to the wrong shops, miscalls the people whom he accosts—(seldom, indeed, shall he hit on the proper name, title, or vocation of any one whom he chances to address), asks an old bachelor after his wife, and old maid after her children, and, finally, sums up a morning of blunders by going to the inn where he had not left his horse, and quietly stepping into some gig or phaeton prepared for some other person. In a new neighbourhood, this appropriation of other people's property might bring our hero into an awkward dilemma, but the man and his ways are well known in our parts, and when the unlucky owner of the abstracted equipage arrives in a fury, and demands of the astounded ostler what has become of his carriage, one simple exclamation, Mr Coningsby, sir! is at once felt by the aggrieved proprietor to be explanation enough.

Should morning calls be the order of the day, he contrives to make a pretty comfortable confusion in that simple civility. First of all he can hardly gallop along the king's highway without getting into a *démêlé* with the turnpike keepers, sometimes riding quietly through a gate without paying, the slightest attention to their demand for toll, at others tossing them, without dreaming of stopping to receive the change, a shilling or a sovereign, as the case may be, for, although great on the currency question (have I not said that the gentleman is a county member?) he is practically most happily ignorant of the current coin of the realm, and could hardly know gold from silver, if asked to distinguish between them. This event is a perfect godsend to the gatekeeper, who, confiding in the absolute deafness produced by his abstraction, calls after him with a complete assurance that he

* In writing of the forgetfulness of others, a touch of that quality may be permitted in oneself. It is in keeping, and belonging to the subject; and in good truth, if one may say of this work, *distracted*, as of that worst species of hal-lucination, called here, "they best can paint them who can feel them most;" then I am a fit recorder of all the errors, blunders, and mistakes that proceed from want of memory, I being as much addicted to forget names, and dates, and places—to write one word for another—to personate authorities, and misquote verses, as Mr. Coningsby himself. I cannot even remember the style and title of my own geraniums, and only yesterday gave away a Magellanish seedling (as precious to a geranium-breeder as an *Elm* to a gentleman on the turf) mistaking it for a *Lord Campbell*. "The force of objects could no further go."

* Erratum: For *is* read *was*. "Was a county member" will do just as well, and save the talented Editor, the eminent publisher, and respectable printer of this loyal volume from any danger of being called, unpardonable as they are, to the bar of the House, and committed to his Majesty's goal of Newgate for breach of privilege; to say nothing of his own share of the peril. *Was* must be the word.

may be honest with impunity; and that, bawl as he may, there is no more chance of his arresting his passenger than the turnpike-man of Ware had of stopping Johnny Gilpin. Accordingly, after undergoing the ceremony of offering change, he pockets the whole coin with a safe conscience. Beggars (and he is very charitable) find their account also in this ignorance; he flings about half-crowns for penny pieces, and half-sovereigns for six-pences, relieving the same set a dozen times over, and gets quits of a pocketful of money (for though he have a purse, he seldom remembers to make use of it—luckily seldom—for if he do fill that gentlemanly net-work, he is sure to lose it, cash, bank-notes, and all) in the course of a morning's ride.

Arrived at the place of destination, the house at which he is to call, a new scene of confusion is pretty sure to arise. In the first place, it rarely happens that he does arrive at the veritable mansion to which his visit is intended. He is far more likely to arrive at the wrong place, inquire of the bewildered footman for some name, not his master's, and be finally ushered into a room full of strangers, persons whom he neither visits nor knows, who stare and wonder what brought him, whilst he, not very sure whether he ought to remember them, whether they be his acquaintances or not, stammers out an apology, and marches off again. (N. B. He once did this, whilst canvassing for the county, to a rival candidate, and, finding only the lady of the house, intreated her, in the most insinuating manner, to exert her influence with her husband for his vote and interest. This passed for a deep stroke of finesse amongst those who did not know him—they who did, laughed, and exclaimed, Mr Coningsby!) Or he shall commit the reverse mistake, and, riding to the right house, ask for the wrong people, or, finding the family out, he shall have forgotten his own name—I mean his name tickets,—and shall leave one from his wife's or daughter's cardcase, taken up by that sort of accident, which is to him second nature; or he shall unite all these blunders, and leave at a house where he himself does not visit, a card left at his own mansion by a third person, who is also acquainted with the family to which so unconsciously that outward sign and token of acquaintanceship had travelled.

Imagine the mistakes and confusion occasioned by such doings in a changeable neighbourhood, much broken into parties by politics and election contests. Sometimes it did good, as between two old country squires, who, having been friends all their lives, had quarrelled about the speed of a grey yound, and the decision of a course, and had mutually vowed never to pass each other's door. The sight of his antagonist's card (left in one of Mr. Coningsby's absent fits), so mollified the most testy elder of the two, that he forthwith returned the visit, and the opposite party being luckily not at home, a card was left there also; and either individual thinking the concession first made by himself, was emulous in stepping forward with the most cordial hand-shaking when they met casually at dinner at a third place.

But Mr. Coningsby's visiting blunders were not always so fortunate; where they healed one breach, they made twenty; and once had very nearly occasioned a duel between two youngsters, lords of neighbouring manors, between whose game-keepers there was an outstanding feud. The card left was taken as a cartel—a note of defiance; and, but for the interference of constables, and mayors, and magistrates, & aunts, & sisters, & mammas, and peace-preservers of all ages and sexes, some very hot blood would inevitably have been spilt. As it was, the affair terminated in a grand effusion of ink, the correspondence between the seconds, a delicious specimen of polite and punctilious quarrelling, having been published for the edification of the world, and filling three columns of the county newspapers. It came to no conclusion; for, although the one party conceded that a card had been left, and the other that the person to whom the name belonged did not leave it, yet how the thing did arrive on that hall table remained a mystery. The servant who opened the door happened to be a stranger, and somehow or other nobody ever thought of Mr. Coningsby;—nay, he himself, although taking a great interest in the dispute, and wondering over the puzzle like the rest of the neighbourhood, never once recollected his own goings on that eventful morning, nor dreamt that it could be through his infirmity that Sir James Mordant's card was left at Mr. Chandler's; to so incredible a point was his forgetfulness carried.

If, in so simple a matter as morning visiting, he contrived to produce so much confusion, think how his goings must have expanded when so dangerous a weapon as a pen got into his hands! I question if he ever wrote a letter in his life without some blunder in the date, the address, the signature, or the subject. He would indite an epistle to one person, direct it to another, and send it to a third, who could not conceive from whom it came, because he had forgotten to put his name at the bottom. But of the numerous perplexities to which he was in the habit of giving rise, franks were by very far the most frequent cause. Ticklish things are they, even to the punctual and the careful; and to Mr. Coningsby the giving one quite perfectly right seemed an impossibility. There was the date to consider, the month, the day of the month, the year—I have known him to write the wrong century;—then came the name, the place, the street, the numbers if in London—if in the country the town & county;—then, lastly, his own name, which though so simple an operation as it seems, he would contrive generally to omit, and sometimes to boggle with, now writing only his patronymic, as if he were a peer, now only his Christian name, as if a prince, and now an involution of initials that defied even the accurate eye of the clerks of the Post-Office. Very, very few can have been the franks of his that escaped paying.

Of course his friends and acquaintance were forewarned, and escaped the scrape (for it is one) of making their correspondents pay triple postage. Bountiful as he was in his offers of service in this way, (and keeping no account of the numbers, he would just as readily give fifty as one), none incurred the penalty, save strangers and the unwary. I, for my own part, never received but one letter directed by him in my life, and in the address of that, the name, my name, the name of the person to whom the letter was written, was wanting. "Three Mile Cross" held the usual place occupied by "Miss Milford."

"Three Mile Cross— Reading, Berks,"

ran the direction. But as I happened to receive about twenty times as many letters, and especially franked letters as all the good people of "The Cross" put together, the packet was sent first to me by way of experiment, and, as I recognised the seal of a dear friend and an old correspondent, I felt no scruple in appropriating for once, like a Scottish laird, the style and title of the place where I reside. And I and the postmaster were right; the epistle was, as it happened, intended for me.

Notes would, in his hands, have been still more dangerous than letters; but from this peril he was generally saved by the caution of the two friends most anxious for his credit, his wife and the old butler, who commonly contrived, the one to write the answers to all invitations and general billets that arrived at the house, the other to watch that none from him should pass without due scrutiny. Once, however, he escaped their surveillance; and the consequence was an adventure which, though very trifling, proved, in the first instance, so uncomfortable, as to cause both his keepers to exert double vigilance for the future. Thus the story ran.

A respectable but not wealthy clergyman had been appointed to a living about ten miles off, had married, and brought home his bride, and Mr. Coningsby, who as county member, called upon everybody within a still wider circuit, paid a visit in due form, accompanied by, or rather accompanying his lady, which call having been duly returned (neither party being at home), was followed by an invitation for Mr. & Mrs. Ellis to dine at Coningsby House. The invitation was accepted; but when the day arrived, the dangerous illness of a near relation prevented the young couple from keeping their engagement; and some time after, the fair bride began to think it necessary to return the civilities of her neighbour, by giving her first dinner party. Notes of invitation were despatched accordingly, to four families of consequence, amongst them Mr. Coningsby's; but it was the busy Christmas time, when between family-parties, and London visitors, and children's balls, every body's evenings were bespoken for weeks before-hand; and from three of her friends accordingly, she received answers declining her invitation, and pleading pre-engagements. From Mr. Coningsby only no note arrived. But accidentally Mr. Ellis heard that they were to go at Christmas on a distant visit, and taking for granted that the invitation had not reached

the worthy member or his amiable lady, Mrs. Ellis, instead of attempting to collect other friends, made up her mind to postpone her party to a more convenient season.

The day on which the dinner was to have been given proved so unfavourable, that our young couple saw good cause to congratulate themselves on their resolution. The little hamlet of East Longford, amongst the prettiest of our North-of-Hampshire villages, so beautiful in the summer, from the irregularities of the ground, the deep woody lanes hollowed like water-courses, the wild commons which must be passed to reach it, and profound seclusion of the one straggling street of cottages and cottage-like houses, with the vitarage, placed like a bird's-nest on the side of a steep hill, clothed to the very top with beech woods; this pretty hamlet, so charming in its summer verdure, its deep retirement, and its touch of wildness in the midst of civilization, was, from those very circumstances no tempting spot in mid-winter; vast tracts across the commons were then nearly impassable; the lanes were sloughs; and the village itself, rendered insulated and inaccessible by the badness of the roads, conveyed no other feeling than that of weariness and loneliness. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, who although not insensible of the inconveniences of their abode, had made up their minds to bear the evil and enjoy the good of their situation, could not help congratulating themselves, as they sat in their snug dining-parlour, after a five o'clock dinner, on the postponement of their party. The snow is about a foot deep, and the bridge broken, so that neither servants nor horses could have got to the Eight Bells; and where could we have housed them? said the gentleman. And the drawing-room smokes so, in this heavy atmosphere, that we cannot light a fire there, responded the lady; never to be sure was anything so fortunate!

And just as the word was spoken, a carriage and four drove up to the door, and exactly at half-past six (the hour named in the invitation), Mr. and Mrs. Coningsby were ushered into the room.

Imagine the feelings of four persons, who had never met before, in such a situation, especially of the two ladies. Mrs. Ellis, dinner over, with the consciousness of the half-bottle of port and the quarter of sherry, the apples, the nuts, the single pair of mould candles, her drawing-room fire that could not be lighted, her dinner to be provided as well as cooked, and her own dark morino and black silk apron! Poor Mrs. Coningsby, on the other hand, seeing at a glance how the case stood, feeling for the trouble they were giving, and sinking under a consciousness far worse to beart than Mrs. Ellis's—the consciousness of being overdressed. How heartily did she wish herself at home again! or, if that were too much to desire, what would she have given to have replaced her claret-coloured silk gown, her hat with its white plumes, her pearls and her rubies back again in their wardrobes and cases!

It was a trial of no ordinary nature to the good sense, good breeding, and good humour of both parties, and each stood it well. There happened to be a cold round of beef in the house, some undressed game, and plenty of milk and eggs; the next farmer had killed a pig; and with pork chops, cold beef, a pheasant, and apple fritters, all very nicely prepared, more fastidious persons than Mr. and Mrs. Coningsby might have made a good dinner. The host brought out his best claret, the pretty hostess regained her smiles, and forgot her black apron and her dark morino; and what was a far more difficult achievement, the fair visitor forgot her plumes and her satin. The evening, which began so inauspiciously, ended pleasantly and sociably; and when the note (taken, as was guessed, by our hero from the letter-boy, with the intention of sending it by a groom), was found quietly enconcealed in his waistcoat pocket, Mrs. Coningsby could hardly regret the termination of her present adventure, although fully resolved never again to incur a similar danger.

Of his mishaps when attending his duty in Parliament, and left in some measure to his own guidance (for, having no house in town, his family only go for about three months in the season) there is no end. Some are serious and some are very much the reverse. Take a specimen of his London scraps.

Our excellent friend wears a wig made to imitate a natural head of hair which it is to be presumed that at the very best of times, it does not very closely resemble, and which, after a week of Mr. Coningsby's wearing, put on with the characteristic negligence of his habits, sometimes on one end, sometimes on the other, always awry, and sometimes hind side before, assumes such a demeanour as never

was equalled by Christian peruke at any time or in any country.

One day last winter, being in London without a servant, he, by some extraordinary chance happened to look in the glass when he was dressing, and became aware of the evil state of his caxon—a piece of information for which he had generally been indebted to one of his two guardians, Mrs. Coningsby or the old butler,—and recollecting that he was engaged to a great dinner-party the ensuing evening, stepped into the first hair-dresser's shop that he passed to bespeak himself a wig; where, being a man of exceedingly pleasant and jocular manners (your oddities, with the exception of the peculiar oddity, are commonly agreeable persons), he passed himself off for a bachelor to the artifice, and declared that his reason for desiring a wig of peculiar beauty and becomingness was, that he was engaged to great party the next day, at which he expected to meet the lady of his heart, and that his fate and fortune depended on the set of his curls. This he impressed very strongly on the mind of the perruquier; who, an enthusiast in his art, as a great artist should be, saw nothing extraordinary in the fact of a man's happiness hanging on the curl of his wig, and gravely promised that no exertion should be wanting on his part to contribute to the felicity of his customer, and that the article in question, as perfect as hands could make it, should be at his lodgings the next evening at seven.

Punctual to the hour arrived the maker of perukes; and finding Mr. Coningsby not yet returned to dress, went to attend another appointment, promising to come back in half an hour. In half an hour, accordingly, the man of curls re-appeared, just in time to see a cabriolet driving rapidly from the door, at which a maid servant stood uttering—

Where is Mr. Coningsby? inquired the perruquier.

Just gone out to dinner, replied the girl; and a queer figure he is, sure enough. He looks for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

To be sure he has not got his new wig on!—my wig! returned the alarmed artist; he can never be such a fool as that!

He's fool enough for anything in the way of forgetting or not attending, responded our friend Sally; and he has got a mop of hair on his head, whoever made it, that would have served for half-a-dozen wigs.

The article was sent home untrimmed, just as it was woven, replied the unfortunate fabricator, in increasing consternation; and a capital article it is. I came by his own direction to cut and curl it, according to the shape of his face; the gentleman being particular about the set of it, because he's going a-courting.

Going a-courting! exclaimed Sally, amazed in her turn; the Lord ha' mercy upon the poor wretch! If he has not clean forgot that he's married, and is going to commit—I don't know what you call it—to have two wives at once! and then he'll be hanged. Going a-courting! What'll Madam say? Going a-courting! He'll come to be hanged, sure enough.

Married already! quoth the perruquier, with a knowing whistle, and a countenance that spoke Benedick the married man in every feature. When? Oats wife at a time's enough for most people. But he'll not be hanged. The fact of his wearing my wig with the hair six inches long will pay him. He must be *non compos*. And you that stand tittering there can be little better, to let him go out in such a plight. Why didn't you stop him?

Stop him! ejaculated the damsel; stop Mr. Coningsby! I should like to know how!

Why? by telling him what he was about, to be sure; and getting him to look in the glass. Nobody with eyes in his head could have gone out such a figure.

Talk to him! quoth Sally; but how was I to get him to listen? And, as to looking in a glass, I question if ever he did such a thing in his life. You don't know our Mr. Coningsby, that's clear enough.

I only wish he had never come in my way, that I never had had the ill luck to have known him, rejoined the discomfited artist, if he should happen to mention my name as his wig-maker, whilst he has that peruke on his head, I am ruined—my reputation is gone for ever!

No fear of that, replied Sally, in a comforting tone, struck with compassion at the genuine alarm of the unlucky man of wig. There's not the slightest danger of his mentioning your name, because you may be certain sure that he does not remember it. Lord love you, he very often forgets his own! Don't you be frightened about that repeated the damsel, soothingly, as she shut the door,

whilst the discomfited perruquier returned to his shop, and Mr. Coningsby, never guessing how entirely in outward semblance he resembled the wild man of the woods, proceeded to his dinner-party, where his coiffure was, as the hair-dresser had predicted, the theme of universal astonishment and admiration.

This, however, was one of the least of his scrapes. He has gone to Court without a sword; he has worn coloured clothes to a funeral, and black to a wedding. There is scarcely any conventional law of society which, in some way or other, he hath not contrived to break; and, in two or three slight instances, he has approached more nearly than befits a magistrate and a senator to a *démêlé* with the laws of the land. He hath quietly knocked down a great fellow, for instance, whom he caught beating a little one, and hath once or twice been so blind or so absent, as to suffer a petty culprit to run away, when brought up for examination in virtue of his own warrant. But it is remarkable that he never, in his most oblivious moods, betrayed into an unkind word or an ungenerous action. There is a moral instinct about him which preserves him, in the midst of his oddities, pure and unsullied in thought and deed. With all his "distractions," he never lost a friend or made an enemy. His opponents at an election are pized when they get up a handbill against him; and for that great test of amiableness, the love of his family, his household, his relations, servants, and neighbours, I would match my worthy friend, George Coningsby against any man in the county.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

CORRESPONDANCE DE JACQUEMONT.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

Before we give the following extract, we think it proper to premise, that Lady William Bentinck is not more distinguished for her high rank and personal accomplishments, than for her piety and exemplary moral conduct in all the relations of life. We owe this preliminary tribute to an amiable lady, whose name we should not have been induced by any consideration to have quoted, if it had not been already obtruded on all Europe in this publication, and if the anecdotes in which she is mentioned had not been extensively circulated in our own periodical literature, without that censure of Jacquemont's ingratitude and impertinence which they so richly deserve.

Lady William Bentinck is religious, or rather endeavours to be so.—vol. i. p. 99.

For a week I was overwhelmed with attentions [at the Governor-General's country house]. There was no Lady William for any one but *me*. I spent several long days with her—*tête-à-tête*—*Chatting about God—she for, I against—of Mozart—Rousseau—painting—Madame de Staël; of happiness—and misery; and of love in reference to both—of all things, in short, which require, if not infirmacy, at least a great deal of confidence and reciprocal esteem—especially on the part of a woman—English too—religious and strict, with a man—young, a DACHION and a FRENCHMAN!*—p. 114.

This last word was utterly superfluous!—Is there a man in Europe but a Frenchman who could have penned such a passage even in the most confidential private letter?—is there a father in Europe, except a Frenchman, who would have sanctioned the publication of such a letter from a recently deceased son? Another passage, though not so flippant, is to our feeling—and, must be, we have no doubt, to that of Lady William Bentinck—still more offensive; for he would have us believe that these alleged discussions "for and against God" had a serious effect on her ladyship's mind.

"I," says he, "am no better for her attempt to convert me, whilst she, I really fear, is not quite so sure of the truth of her doctrine as she was before."—vol. i. p. 88.

We shall see, as we proceed, so many proofs of the mendacious vanity of the man, that we cannot help doubting even his most ordinary statements; but anecdotes so inconsistent as the foregoing with the character of any Englishwoman, and most especially with that of Lady William Bentinck, we reject at once, on the internal evidence, as well as on the general character of the witness.

* This is our own version—the translator having, as we shall hereafter more fully show, mistaken this and several other idiomatic passages.

There are some other ladies treated with, if it be possible, still greater impertinence, and the passages, if quoted, would give our readers a still worse opinion of Jacquemont; but we refrain from doing so, because we are unwilling to revive or prolong the pain which they and their friends must have felt, at finding their names so cruelly; and, we can have no doubt, so causelessly insulted by the visions of such incredible vanity. He does not, indeed, dare to impute any positive levity of conduct, but it must be very mortifying to English women to find their unsuspecting good-nature and innocent urbanity to a stranger,—introduced to them by their husbands and fathers,—mistaken by the disgusting coxcomb himself and trumpeted to the world as having something of a more sentimental and tender character. But if we entertained—which we do not—the slightest doubt of the falsehood of all such insinuations, it would be removed, by observing that M. Jacquemont was, or affected to be, under a similar delusion with regard to every man whom he happened to meet. A few specimens of this *Admirable Crichton* will amuse our readers and enable them to form their own opinion—if it be not already settled—that the ingenious and ingenious author; and it is in a special degree worthy of admiration, that it was not merely in the polished circles of Calcutta, and under the bright and favouring influences of Lady W., or Lady G., or Miss P., that he was thus astonishingly successful. His attraction was not *fashini*, but *fascination*—it was equally powerful over both sexes and in all situations. There was no dip in his magnetism—and in the camp of the torrid desert, or the hut of the snowy Alp—in the quarters of the Pâisien, or in the palace of the Rajah, we find him exercising the same omnipotent power. In this respect Jacquemont's work is a real curiosity, and we think it right to exhibit at some length the most marvellous portrait of personal vanity which has ever been produced to our eyes.

"My manners, which I have left natural, and have not made stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the English of the common class, have had the good fortune to please. I have spoken of all things to the best of my ability, and without affectation. Some, perhaps have liked me (*m'ont aimé*) on that account; all have shown me (*m'ont prodigué*) attention. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and universally agreeable intercourse with the English. I forgot that I knew the language very little;—"I spokelike a Frenchman. They were infinitely pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity, and my unaffected manners. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title from Paris; and no money can prevent me from saying, that it is on my own personal account (*pour moi et à cause de moi*) that every one has been so kind and hospitable. Wherever I went, I tried to pay in ready money, by giving some interest and a little diversity to the tiresome monotony of English [life]; talking, in fact—whenever I thought the folks fit to taste that pleasure so little known among the English."—vol. i. p. 113.

This—for one who is obliged to make an effort to shake off even for a moment his natural modesty—is pretty well. We may be-and-by say a word or two on the severe judgment against English manners with which he thinks it necessary to contrast and set off the superior fascination of his own: at present, we shall confine ourselves to specimens of his "genuine simplicity" and "want of pretension."

"I know not," he says, "how it is that I inspire such confidence in these people [the English society at Calcutta], that they open their hearts to me upon points about which they are afraid to speak to each other after years of acquaintance."—p. 85.

And again:—

"The English have nothing which resembles what we call society, and are almost universally destitute of that facility which we learn in it, of talking gracefully about nothings, and without dullness on serious subjects. We thus have an immense advantage over them, when we can lead them to a somewhat general conversation, the subject of which is sufficiently familiar to us, and we gradually take the greatest share in it, and to give it its tone. It

* Jacquemont, in one of his French letters, introduces one of his own English after-dinner speeches, which shows him to have been anything but accurately skilled in our language; but he had previously travelled in the United States of America, and affected, when he arrived in Calcutta, both to speak and write English—with what justice our readers will see at p. 53.

is to this artifice that I owe most of my success in what they call their society."—p. 281.

That is, the artifice of having all the talk to himself—a practice which does not usually produce such astonishing success in society. He proceeds:—

"A Frenchman has much greater facility in entering into an Englishman's friendship than another Englishman. They are like bodies similarly electrified, which repel each other. We are decidedly more amiable than they—much more affectionate; and I see that all who are worth anything are charmed with my manners."—p. 102.

But such is his extreme and obstinate modesty, that eighteen months' experience did not entirely enlighten him as to the exact source of all this fascination. Of the fact, of course he can have no doubt, but he is not quite so clear as to the cause.

"I am not yet," he writes from the Himalaya in 1831, "accustomed to the singular attraction which I exercise over the English—its effects often astound me!"—p. 334.

In another passage he gives us a kind of arithmetical measure of his own good qualities. In stating to his brother the narrowness of his allowance of 6000 francs per annum, he adds,—

"I estimate myself not according to money, but according to my own personal good and amiable qualities. By the vulgar method, I should require at least 150,000 francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should still probably remain beneath it."—p. 421.

Or, in other words, the 'personal good and amiable qualities' of Monsieur Victor Jacquemont are to those of ordinary men in the proportion of rather more than 150 to 6. This, however, must only be understood as of the relative merits of Jacquemont and an Englishman. With a Frenchman, the difference, though great, is not so enormous:

"If a thousand of my countrymen were to come into this country with double or triple what I brought, they could not probably succeed in getting into even tolerable society; by a peculiar [unique] favour I have obtained a dispensation from riches, and my relative poverty has only added to the gratification of my amour propre."—p. 168.

That is—to any Englishman I stand in point of personal merit at 150 to 6,—to an ordinary Frenchman at about 2 or 3 to 1—but one Frenchman in a thousand might, perhaps, be equally successful! And what places the truth of these calculations beyond all doubt is, that it is the English themselves—arrogant and selfish as, on all other occasions, they are—who assign to M. Victor Jacquemont this exalted place in the scale of human nature.

Nor, after he has left the artificial order of society, where men may be estimated by money, does he find that he is at all depreciated; he is, if we may venture to pursue his own allusion, a kind of Spanish dollar, which is current all the world over. He writes—

"Encamped at Moneah."—I have the happiness to please every distinguished person that I have met."

"Encamped at Sinniput."—Welcomed as I everywhere am, though an entire stranger, because I always bring the most honourable recommendations, I am soon after caressed for my own sake."

"From Delhi."—My letters of introduction always procure me a very flattering reception, but I should consider myself singularly unlucky indeed, if I did not find out in the evening that it is for my own sake that I am thus welcomed. My manners immediately force English stiffness to subside, and I metamorphose into *bonnes gens*—that is, into Frenchmen—all the English with whom I spend even twenty-four hours."

This would be very flattering to our national pride, if we could entirely believe it—to be within twenty-four hours of perfection, would imply a very advanced state of civilization; and he, that in the lesson of one day can become a Frenchman, must be already very near the summit of human excellence; but our modesty—awakened by the contagion of Jacquemont—is afraid to indulge in such presumptuous hopes, particularly when we recollect that in the passages in which he evidently speaks with the greatest enthusiasm and sincerity—we mean those which dwell on his own transcendent qualities—he seldom alludes to them by some very injurious comparisons with the unhappy English—dull and unhappy, at least, as not instructed and enslaved by his vivifying progress. But, as we before hinted, it is not the English alone who are subject to his charm.

"The English resident" writes no word from home, but Runjeet Sing has written to him about me,

and that of all-European lords he had seen, no one pleased him so much as I have done."—vol. ii. p. 9.

And then, lest it should be supposed that this was an unauthorised report of Captain Wade's, Jacquemont prudently confirms it by his own authority—

"He [Runjeet] proves it by his attention to me."—ib.

Runjeet Sing, it is well known, writes and acts to every European he sees exactly as he did to M. Jacquemont—but all the commonplaces of oriental civility pressed for honest tributes of personal admiration with this happiest of men.

Then his thoughts recur to the countless number of dear friends whom he has left scattered along the lines he has travelled, like little Poucet's pebbles in the forest—"whose friendship shows itself in his absence in a thousand ingenious ways,"—but he thinks it necessary explicitly to add—

"I owe it all to myself. I am the real architect of my fortunes. I do not allude to the 5000 rupees which I have collected in my strong box, [he however looked, as we see, to the main chance,] but to the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one."—vol. ii. p. 74.

His friends in France were, it seems, astonished, and somewhat incredulous, at the accounts he had given of the amiability of the English; but he apprises them that they have read his letters too hastily—that he meant not to say that the English were amiable in general, but only made so by his means and under his influence.

"You say," he writes to his father, "that since the English are so amiable to me they must be very different in India from what they are at home—there may be something in that—but I take to myself the greatest part of the merit of this kind of miracle."—vol. ii. p. 242.

"How singular is my fortune with the English! They assume to me an expression of kindness, in spite of themselves as it were, and probably for the first time in their lives! Your friendship for me, my dear Zoe, would enjoy the miracles I thus and without effort operate."—vol. ii. p. 260.

When a man gets to the performance of miracles, we think it high time to submit at once to his supremacy, and we therefore here close our feeble and imperfect exhibition of M. Victor Jacquemont's innumerable and indescribable virtues and accomplishments, as testified by the best-informed and most unprejudiced of all witnesses—M. Victor Jacquemont himself.

Is not all this very surprising?—We talk of the march of mind and of the lights of the age—but has there appeared, since letters were invented, such an extravagant tissue of personal vanity?—The only thing thing that we recollect at all like it is the strange Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; but here is a French savant selected by his Government as a man of science and discretion—noted in his own family, even to ridicule, for excessive modesty—who makes his first appearance in the world in higher flights of extravagant egotism than the crack-brained Italian did, even after he had astonished the world by the still unrivalled productions of his art!

RUSSIAN AMUSEMENTS.

At two o'clock I called upon Crampton, to go with him to the ice-hills, or Montagnes Russes, to which we are both subscribers. These truly national means of amusement are constructed in the Galerny Hof, a large open space near the Little Admiralty. Cayley assures me that the whole distance from tower to tower is a quarter of an English mile. They are this year three archlines higher than last year, and about forty feet perpendicular. The descent of the inclined plane from the entrance tower is prodigiously rapid, and the ice-road at the bottom is about four hundred yards in length. At the extremity of the ice-road, at the distance of four hundred yards, is erected another similar tower, with inclined plane and ice-road facing towards the entrance tower, and parallel to the first, at a little distance apart, so as to allow of a free passage between two ice-roads. This second tower and ice-road bring the performer back again to the foot of the entrance tower. The inclined planes and ice-roads have been this year, at a great expense and great care, covered with solid blocks of ice, of large dimensions and of great thickness, so that is thought the amusement will last until late in the spring. The entrance tower has a little retiring-room to its left, upon the same floor with the platform from whence the sledges descend. In this little room is a stove, and there are chairs and benches to

accommodate those who wish to repose and warm themselves, or to witness the sport at their ease by means of a window which looks upon the pline and ice-road.

The sledge upon which this extraordinary descent is made is about four feet long by one and a half wide, and eight or twelve inches high, they have cushions for the seat, and are raised a little at the foremost end, so as to prevent the performer slipping off forwards.

When I first mounted the tower and looked down the inclined plane, I thought it required courage more than human to trust ones carcass upon so frail a vehicle as the sledge, and upon so tremendous looking a precipice. However, I took courage, crossed myself, invoked the protection of the Virgin and all the Saints, and trusting myself to the guidance of a young Englishman, between whose legs I sat, upon the sledge, down I went with the velocity of lightning. At first I lost my breath with the rapidity of the motion, but afterwards I laughed, like a child in a swing, all the way to the end of the ice-road, where, our momentum being exhausted, we stopped gradually. We then got up, shouldered the sledge, climbed up the steps of the second tower, and descended its inclined plane in like manner. Upon reaching the starting-place, or entrance tower, the second time, I had the pleasure of seeing two ladies descend in safety, and came back again from the opposite point. I now determined to try my luck myself, and accordingly down I went, but coming violently in contact with one of the side barriers (for there are four on each side of the inclined plane), I was thrown off my sledge, and performed the rest of the descent upon my back. Shout of light from the top of the tower announced the satisfaction of the spectators. Nothing daunted, I scrambled up my sledge, again mounted the tower again and again descended, and was again and again thrown, to the tune of six times, sometimes upon my back, sometimes upon my side, sometimes upon my belly but without injury either to my time or temper. However, I thrice descended unthrown and hope soon to be able to conduct not only myself with decency, but even far ladies to the end of the ice road.

Nothing can be so ludicrous as the appearance of men and women shooting rapidly down these inclines. They become by their position, and by the effect of perspective, totally forgotten in such a manner that the beholder from the top of the tower sees a number of monsters rapidly following each other down the inclined planes, and along the ice road having no legs or body but only a head, and two long black arms which keep waving up and down, and guiding from time to time the sledge in its course. They look like immense black birds streaming over the surface of the sea. Some of the most lively and skillful of the performers place themselves face downwards upon the sledge, and descend head foremost with faithful velocity, but committing all, they look like seals darting into the sea. I have heard of persons skating upon one foot all the way down the plane, but I confess I should rather not behold such an exhibition, it would make my hair stand on end.—*Frankland's Review.*

CARVINGS IN WOOD.

One of the most extraordinary and curious exhibitions that we have ever seen was opened to the public on Monday last, at Mr. Stanley's rooms, in Old Bond Street. It consists of twenty five statues, carved in wood, by Andrea Bristolina, which formerly supported, as *Caryatides*, an extensive gallery in the library of the celebrated Church of St. Giovanni a Paolo, at Venice, when they were removed by Buonaparte. They represent that number of the most famous Protestant Reformers. Put the description prefixed to the catalogue conveys so correct a notion of them that we cannot do better than a reprint.

The figures are as large as life stand on emblematic pedestals two feet six inches in height, and are exhibited in positions the most expressive and pathetic. The attitudes indicate the extreme pressure which they have to sustain. The design is to represent the individuals—whose portraits, as far as recognisable, are admirable likenesses—enduring, in another state, the sufferings which their heretical opinions were believed to deserve. The action is, therefore, varied in the most surprising manner, displaying the consummate skill of the artist, and his profound anatomical knowledge. His elevated genius stamping him incontrovertibly as a man of first-rate talent, these subjects, on which he was employed great part of his life, were peculiarly suited to his exercise, and the grandeur of

design is accompanied by the most attention to detail, and the greatest facility of execution. Some of the figures have resigned themselves to their fate, the countenances bearing the striking indication of hopeless despair even here where it might be supposed the artist had little scope for the exercise of his extraordinary powers, he has embodied that idea of duty—more touching than strong action—which few artists have ever successfully accomplished.

The majority of the figures, however, indicate by the energy of action and marked expression of countenance (which is effected without the least ostentation or extravagance) the excruciating pains which they endure, but from which they cannot escape, by reason of letters by which they are bound to their places. These chains, introduced with much skill, form judicious allusions to the *tout ensemble*. The disposition of the drapery is made with a fine conception of elegance, and a considerable degree of novelty, while the semicircular arrangement allows ample field for an astonishing display of muscular effect. The pedestals are by no means the least interesting portion of the work. They present the portrait of the corresponding individual as it would appear after death, the minute hands and arms emanating from each side. These curious objects which are to be seen in the flanks, which play around the feet of the unhappy beings, and give refuge to writhing suplicants, are made to exhibit on a label suspended from their neck, a record of the period of their death, and a notice of the works in which as Calvinists, as Lutherans, or as by other denominations they opposed the church of Rome—here denounced as *the sons of perdition*—but shown in by them as *devils of great merit*.

I have seen a subject of interesting study, and in all much may be found highly deserving of admiration—one the form of the skull, in another the expression of the countenance, in another the anatomical marking of the limbs, in another the skillful management of the drapery, in another the continuance of the position. If we were required to name our favourites, we should say,—Anna Burgis, Maria Simon, John Bugenhagen, William d'Amore, Stephen Palomus, Mathew Crabball, Bernardine Ochinas, John Calvin, Desiderius Erasmus, Morus Grandensis, and Peter Pomponatus.—*London Literary Gazette, January 3d 1835.*

DIARY AND OTHER POEMS by R. Montgomery, B.A. 5th edition (London, 1834, printed by Mushell).—We refer to the *Literary Gazette* No. 93 for some remarks on the numerous allusions through which most of the author's poems are protected, and also on some of his observations on that subject in his poetical career. At present, therefore, we would not have offered another word touching a matter which seems to involve personal as well as literary considerations, but for the receipt of several letters addressed to us as having been among the earliest reviewers to notice and encourage the poet. In reply to these, we will say that we have read the *Diary* in the first "Quarterly Review," which charges Mr. Robert Montgomery with having assumed a false name (his own being Gomer), and for the purpose of imposing his works upon the public as those of James Montgomery, previously in great popular esteem. For ourselves, we do not credit the fact, and, at all events, we do not let the inference. Still, as the assertion is hazarded in so high and respectable a quarter, we think it the bounden duty of the accused to disprove it. His present volume is dedicated to Mr. Sharon Lumsden. No one can better advise the logical means of refuting a calumny, or how to put up with the allegation if it be true. No man needs what the common, vile, and slanderous press utters from its filthy dens; but no man can lift his head in society if he allow such a work as the "Quarterly Review," unquestioned, to brand him with imposture.

[Since writing the foregoing, a very pretty volume, entitled "Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Montgomery, B. A., of Lane College, Oxford, &c. with Introductory Remarks, and an Appendix containing extracts from Satires, Notes, &c." has been put into our hands. By whomsoever made, no selections could more clearly establish the truth and justice of the parody we have bestowed on the author's poetry, let the most unfair of his critics read these pages and deny his merits if they can or dare. It is a book full of beautiful composition, and good feeling, and high sentiment, and religious principle, and a better could hardly be made the companion of youth.

